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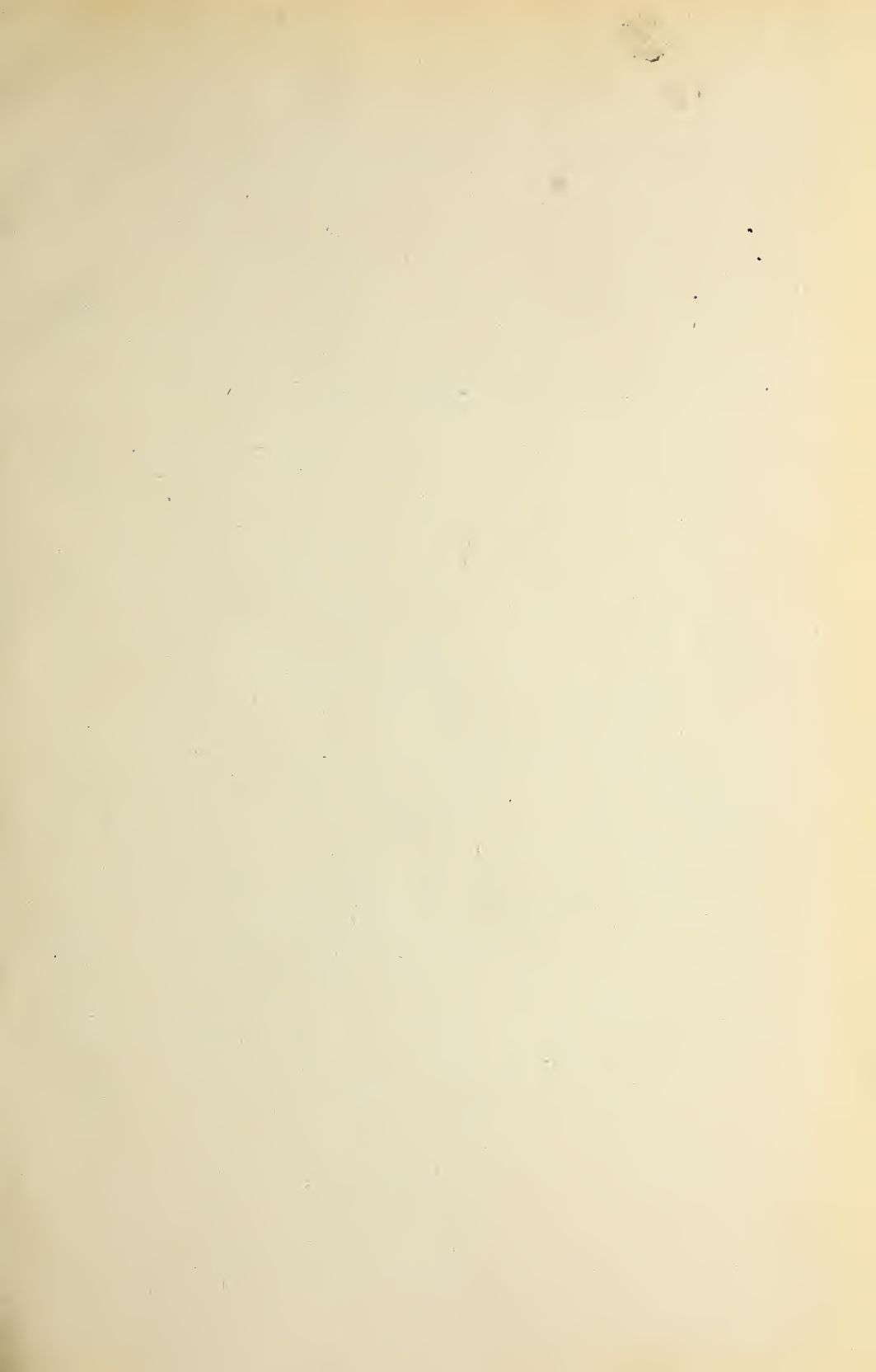
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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Volume 32

March 1905—August 1905

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VOL. XXXII.

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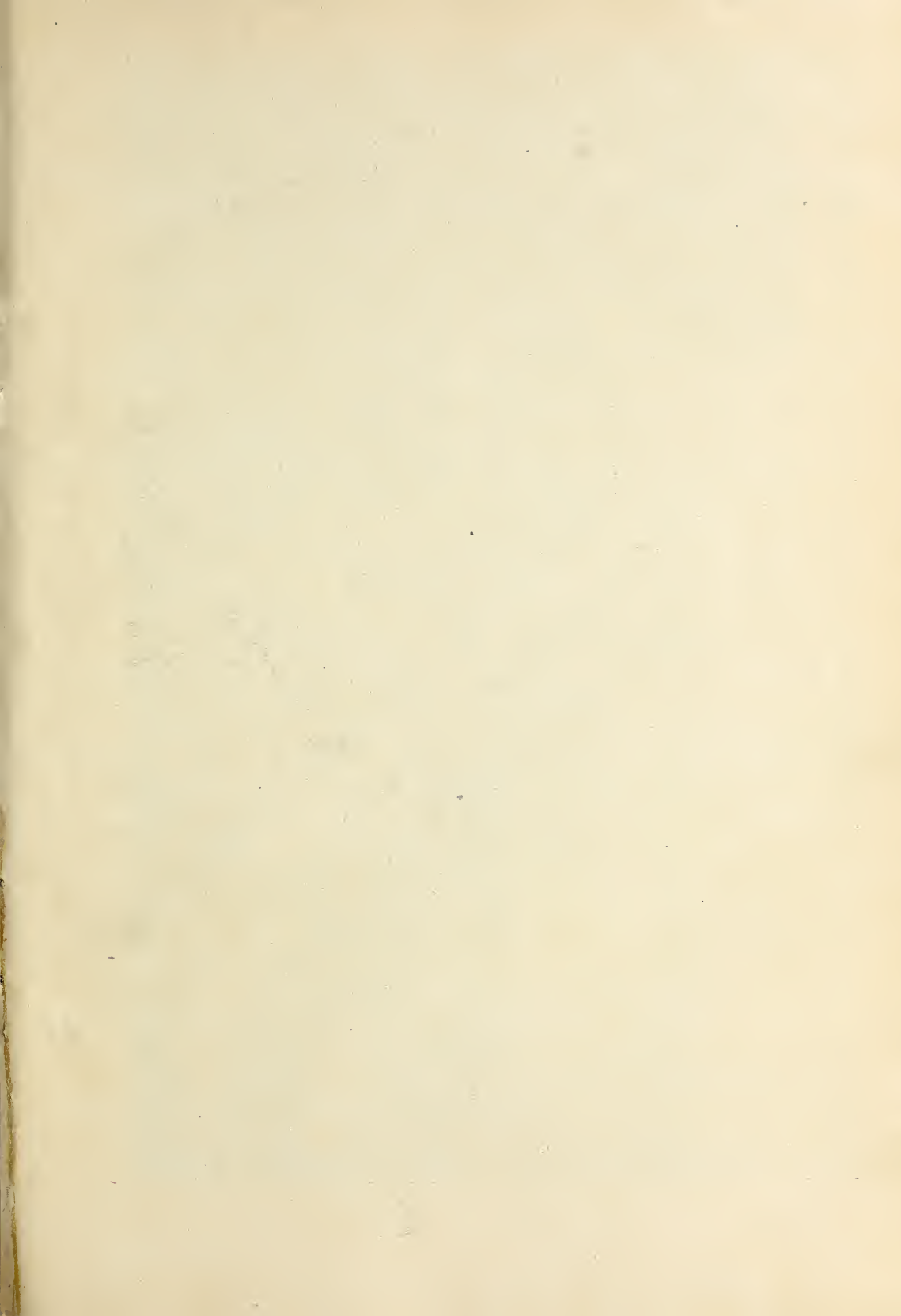
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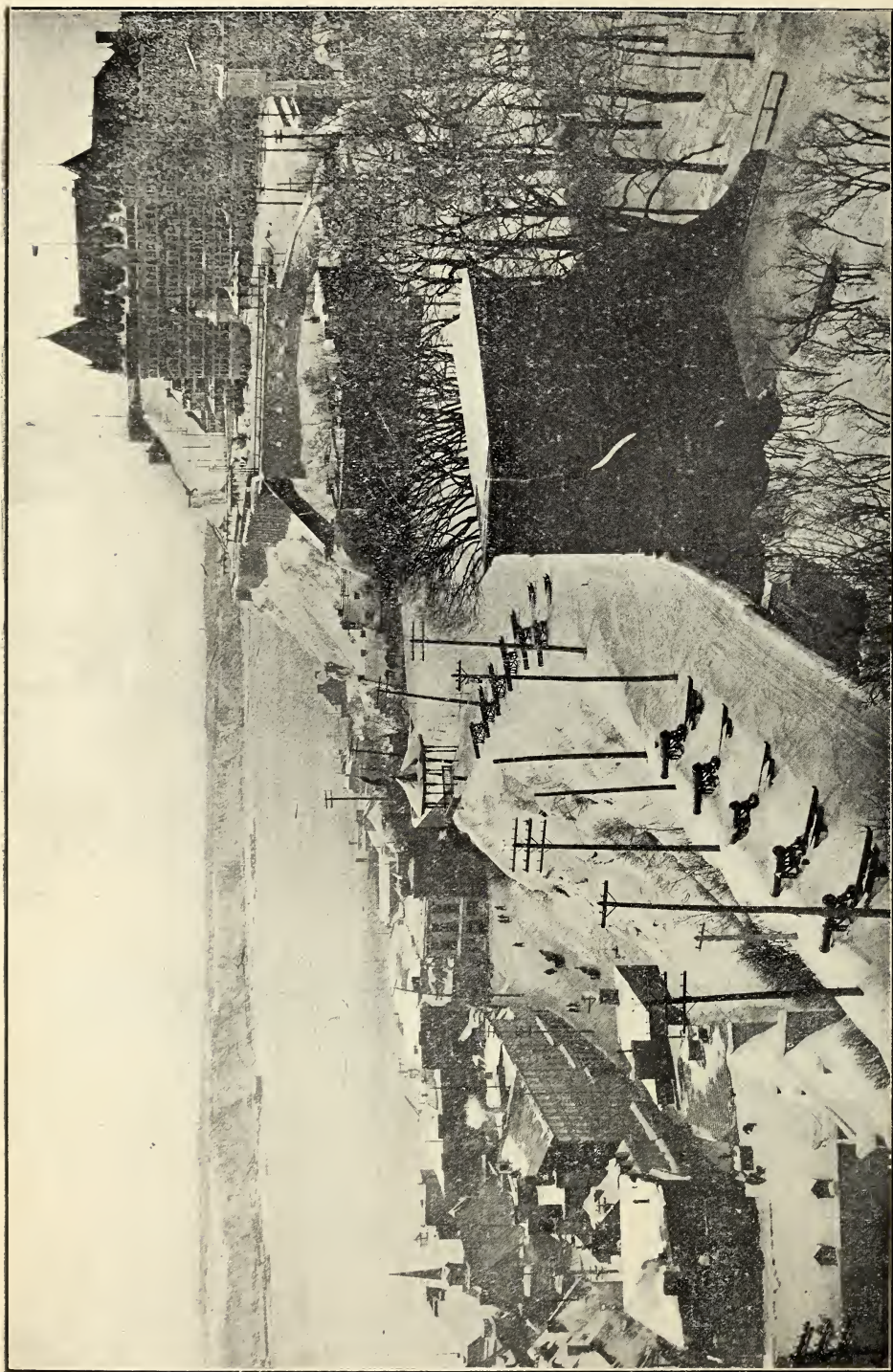
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Pastimes of the Canadian People

By G. WALDO BROWNE

NO less a personage than Voltaire, when addressed upon the welfare of France's domains in America, exclaimed derisively: "Canada? yes; a few arpents of snow!" This sneer at the climate of the Canadian country aptly expressed the current opinion in regard to the subject, until a very recent period. This fact has been very truthfully explained by another writer who said: "There is probably no other country, with the exception, perhaps, of Siberia, the climate of which has been so imperfectly understood, and so heartily abused."

This belief, more than anything else, retarded the population of the

country by the English following their conquest. After the revelations of the last few years, and the great crowds that have been, and are still, flocking to that faraway corner until recently considered uninhabitable, this does not seem possible. However, a rugged climate makes a rugged people. If Canada has been described as "three months of autumn and nine months of winter,"

"We fear thee not, O Winter!

Though stern thy face and grim;
Though vast thy strength to crush and rend
Our bodies limb from limb.

On Scandinavian mountains,

On stormy northern seas,

Our fathers braved thy wrath of yore,
Nor heeded they thy sullen roar.

Amid the bending trees."



HOCKEY IN THE OPEN, TORONTO

The industrial pursuits of a race are largely shaped by the climate as well as by the environments. It is the same in regard to the pastimes of a people. Where cold prevails, and wintry storms assail the pleasure-seekers, it is natural they should love best those sports which tend to bring them together, massing whole communities and drawing like a magnet the scattered youth of the land. Aye, in Canada the goddess of light hearts has not, most happily, fixed the boundary lines of social enjoyment at the portals of manhood and womanhood. There are none too young to clap the hands at merry-making, and none too old to join in the laughter. Pastimes are entered into with a love for the sport, not because a physician prescribes it, or because it is some passing fad to become athletic. Many of the games and diversions originated with the Iroquois Indians, who were adepts in the sports, and were one of the inheritances bestowed by them upon

their conquerors. Foremost among these was the ancient game, *la crosse*.

Scattered as they were it was natural the early settler of La Nouvelle France should seek those pastimes which would not only tend to call them together, but would bring them into most intimate friendship. If they were games of rivalry, the function of competition became secondary. We see the result of this old, fraternal, neighborly feeling to this day, when we find the average habitant willing to walk miles after a day's toil to join a company of acquaintances in an evening's social entertainment. I do not believe there is another people so thoroughly imbued with this spirit of social good-fellowship. The old-time games were enlivened with intervals of singing and story-telling. If the tale reviving ancient days was tinged with the supernatural it was the more certain to hold the attention of the listeners, each one of whom would show an eagerness to get as near to the narrator as pos-

sible, as if the effect of the words were stronger upon close contact with the speaker.

Frequently indulged in at home-gatherings were the plays of *colli-maila*, (blind man's buff), *la poste*, (post-office), *la chaise honteuse*, (the bashful chair), with many others of a similar nature. Another possibly more amusing and exciting game, was called *Madame demande sa toilette* (Madame wants her toilet). This has been so well described by M. de Gaspe that I cannot refrain from quoting entirely from him:

"Following the coffee and the usual *pousse-café* the company went out into the courtyard to enjoy the dances, and to play fox and geese and my lady's toilet. Nothing could be gayer or more picturesque than this little game played in open air and among trees. The players, of both sexes, took their places under a tree; one only stood in the open. Each contributed his or her share to my lady's toilet, one being her dress, another her necklace, a third her ring, and so forth. As soon as the player who directed the game called for one of these articles, the one representing the article was obliged to leave his post, which was promptly taken possession of by another; then, as the different objects belonging to my lady's toilet were called for rapidly, a lively interchange of positions happened between the players, the one left out in the first place striving to secure any post which might be left vacant for an in-

stant. This jolly game was continued until my lady thought her toilet complete. Finally on the cry, 'My lady wants all her toilet,' every player quickly rushed to gain another place, and the one who was left out had to pay a forfeit. This game was the source of much merriment and clamor, as well as many ludicrous mishaps."

From the earliest comers to New France, not excepting the Jesuit fathers, no fast or festival in the calendar was forgotten, and if the devout follower of that spirit of chivalry so common to his race chanced to be buried in the depths of the forgetful forest he did not lose his zeal for its observance. We have seen that Jacques Cartier was not unmindful of this custom when he christened the great river he had discovered with the name of the patron saint of heathen Rome.

As far back as 1606, upon Champlain's return from his western expedition, the poet-historian, Lascarbot, arranged what he deemed, and what was looked upon by others, as a grand reception for the heroic explorer and his companions. First a triumphal arch had been erected, supported by the escutcheons of Du Mont and Pontricourt, with the arms of France emblazoned above at the centre. A train composed of



HURDLE RACING ON SNOWSHOES

the citizens arrayed in the attire that Neptune, the god of the sea, might have been supposed to appear in with his sea legions, marched through to meet the newcomers singing songs befitting the noble occasion.

It is, however, the winter sports which have added most to the fame of the people of the valley of the St. Lawrence as lovers and dispensers of holiday enjoyment. The Iroquois, whom I have quoted before, were noted for their wintry festivals, dur-

genuity to perfect what has become known as the Canadian Carnival. This may be said to hold the cream of all forms of recreation, to combine all that is worth of festivity without awakening grave fears in the minds of religious teachers. It is an occasion in which all join and prove that civilization has conquered king winter.

In 1882 the Montreal Snow Shoe Club started the building of ice castles in America, and built a crystalline edifice larger and grander



LADY MINTO'S DOG SLEIGH

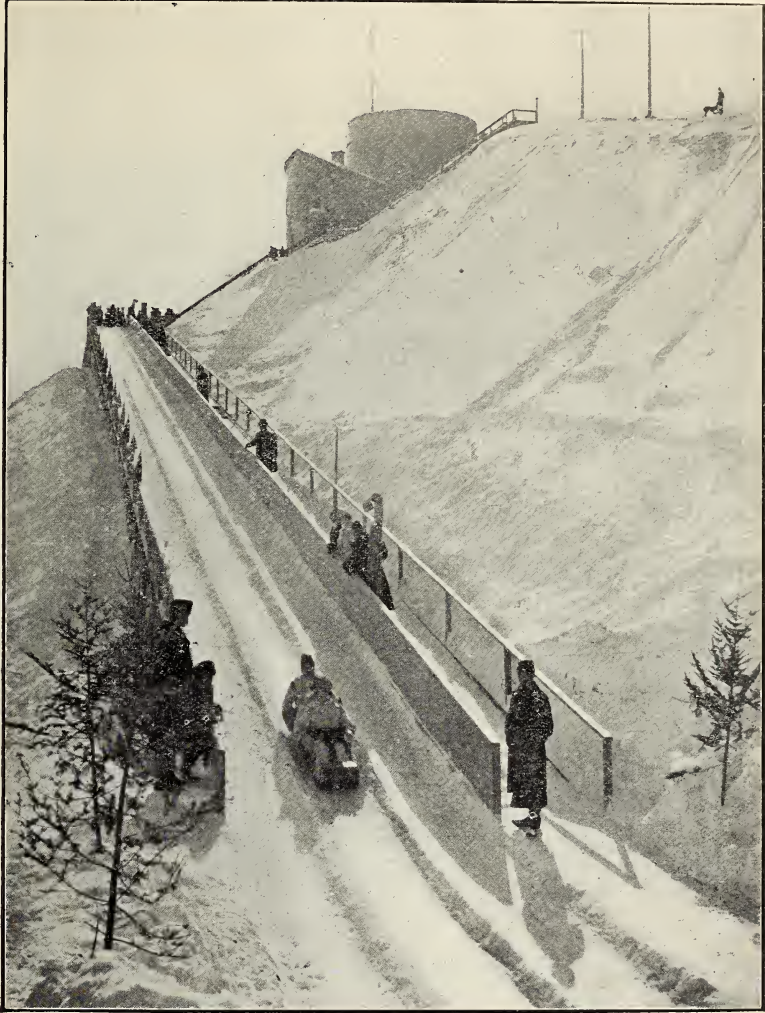
ing which the wildest orgies imaginable from a primitive race made day and night hideous. These were held every year at some place along the banks of the great river. With the advent of the white men they were modified somewhat, but even then they were often turned into scalping bees, in which some luckless missionary or his neophytes suffered. This trait of the dusky pleasure-seekers serving to cast a shadow over the carnival, while they were left to grace its wintry scene, it was left for modern in-

than that erected at Neva in 1754 by order of Czarina Elizabeth. It was completed by mid-winter, and on the 24th of February, 1883, it was opened to thirty thousand people. The weather was ideal, and the carnival lasted a week, a round of pleasure such as skating, curling, sleighing, dancing, masquerading, and that perilous pastime, tobogganing.

Montreal can well claim to have in the Park Toboggan slide one of the finest, if not the finest, course in the world. It has two chutes each nearly a mile in length, running

amid a picturesque scene. Lighted by torches, which cast fitful glares of light and shadow across the pathway, giving now and then the glimpse of some swift-flying trav-

over, but never forgives himself for not having the courage to try again. He has flattered himself with sufficient courage to make his maiden trip—falters at the last



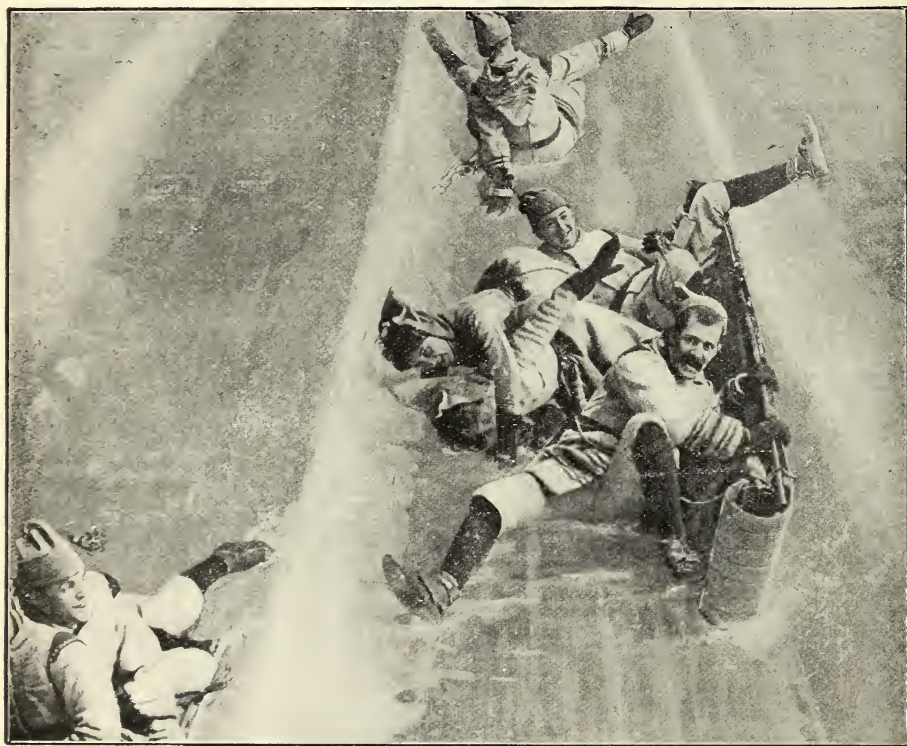
TOBOGGAN SLIDE ON DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC

eller, passing like a comet and leaving behind him a tail of snow, it has a fascination Montreal's fairest as well as her boldest cannot resist. Shooting the slide is an experience one never forgets, is thankful is

moment—suddenly finds only air beneath him—gasps for breath—closes his eyes—reels in a delirium of terror—feels a shock that breaks every bone in his body—wonders if that is not the end—has a dim con-

sciousness of being carried upward—calculates how long it will take him at that terrific rate to reach the stars—meets something substantial—a thousand stars dance before him—finds he is descending with ever increasing speed—begins to wonder if he will come down quicker than he went up—to find himself smothered in snow. When

ever seen in Canada. In Place d'Armes Square was erected a colossal ice statue of a lion on a pedestal twenty feet high and eighteen feet broad, modelled by Mr. Arthur Vincent, of Montreal. There was also a condora one hundred feet high, surmounted by a gigantic figure of a snow-shoer bearing a torch. But the crowning glory of



THE SPILL

he finally crawls out he is unable to decide if he is dead or alive. Perhaps the Chinaman's definition of a toboggan slide cannot be improved upon: "It is alle one whizz-whizz, and an hour's walk—ee alle up-hill!"

In 1885 Montreal resolved to eclipse its former attempt, and succeeded this time in producing "the grandest display of ice architecture

the ice builder's art was the palace, the like of which had never been approached." This crystal palace was 160 feet long and 120 feet wide, while its central tower was 100 feet high. It had also other towers, two of which were seventy feet, each, one fifty feet, five forty feet each, and four thirty-eight feet each in height. Russia's great ice castle

built in 1840 at the command of Czarina Anne, which was the wonder of Europe at the time, was only 56 feet long, 21 feet high and 17 feet wide.

Montreal has had two carnivals since, one noted for its Maze, a bewildering labyrinth in the Place d'Armes Square, winding about until he who followed it found himself in a high tower overlooking the city.

carnival, when sports of every sort peculiar to northland prevailed for six days of merry-making, such six days as the participants love yet to recall. Night-time was the period when the grandest possibilities were realized, when the streets were ablaze with lights of every color, and hung with weird, fantastic decorations, made the scene one of uncommon brilliancy. Where the



THE BOUNCE—INITIATING A NEW MEMBER OF THE SNOWSHOE CLUB

The next to offer attractions of this kind was Quebec, whose natural and historic features were sure to attract a crowd. The first carnival held here, in 1894, opened quite appropriately with a blizzard that made the visitors from the States shiver. But the affair was a marked success, as carnivals usually are in Canada.

Ottawa has since held a famous

Ottawa flings its huge volume of water over the Chaudière Falls were dazzling illuminations, while the toboggan slide was resplendent with many-hued lights that sparkled and danced along the snowy way. Grandeur than all this the great crystal palace looming high into the wintry sky from the Nepean Point, glorified by lights of a thousand tints, shone against the dark back-



VICTORIA RINK, MONTREAL

ground of space like some wonderful castle of fairyland.

The grand climax of this carnival was the storming of the ice king's castle on the night of its close, with the stars glittering like diamond points in the sky and the earth, wrapped in its white raiment of winter, offering a spectacle the beholder will never forget. An eyewitness says enthusiastically, in speaking of the scene :

"Thousands of snow-shoers from all over Canada, in their picturesque blanket costumes and bearing flaming torches, marched across the frozen river toward the base of the bluff above which towered the sparkling fortress. With shouts and cheers the leaders of the snow-shoers led their hosts to the attack and urged them up the sides of the precipitous cliff. Once at the top, the besiegers opened fire in a brilliant pyrotechnic display, which was equalled by the answering fire of the garrison. The defenders were seen upon the walls and ramparts apparently enveloped in flame, and they seemed like gnomes or other eerie beings from another world, making their last stand against the sons of men. This was a feature of which Ottawa was justly proud, and it is doubtful if it has ever been equalled by any other effort in a similar direction."

Well might the poet exclaim :

"Sweep onward, gaudy pageant,
In wild, uproarious glee—
Dark goblins, elves fantastic,
Strange shapes from land to sea.
Wave high the flaming torches!
Clang loud the brazen bell!
The great enchanter, Carnival,
Hath Rome within his spell!"

Snow-shoeing is a sport pre-eminently Canadian, and is earnest as well as playful. As a pastime it possesses an endless variety of recreation, an unending display of novel features and joyous excitement. Beyond the pale of social life a journey through the native woods, the tall, whispering pines, the graceful, bending birches, the queenly maples, where the subdued lullaby of the streams concealed under crystal cases falls softly upon the ear, and the clear, cold moon throws thin shadows across the pathway—all these afford the highest sense of exhilaration. The woods in winter are infinite in their moods, and a jaunt in their mysterious depths upon snow-shoes gives a more lasting impression than a trip taken in sum-

mer, when all nature wears her best livery and thought is absorbed wholly in the better things of life. Who could have dwelt for long periods in the great, solemn, boundless forests of the St. Lawrence alone by day and darkness, without feeling the presence of the Omnipotent One? We do not wonder that the red man had so many curious myths and vagaries, but rather that he did not have more. Nature has not yet wholly loosened her thrall.

It is related that an Indian from the northern wilds, after spending a few days in the city, suddenly cut his visit short so as to return to his solitary haunts. Upon being asked his reason for this abrupt change of mind, he replied tersely: "Pete no like him one damn bit. I go in de woods all summer; see nobody; like him very much; so much company. De city is very much too lonesome for me!"



At Sugar Hill, White Mountains

By ALICE CROSSETTE HALL

Here in your helpful presence, mighty hills,
 Lifting your proud heads to the brooding skies
 And gladdening hourly our wistful eyes,
 We denizens of worldly haunts, with ills
 Of body and of mind, with weakened wills,
 And burdened hearts, upon which heavy lies
 The wrong that goads, the care that never flies,
 Would seek from you that needful strength that stills
 The unquiet mind, gives courage to the soul
 To claim of happiness a larger dower,
 Allays the obtruding fears as with a spell,
 Makes broken faiths and shattered ideals whole.
 If you, O mountains, sovereign in your power,
 These miracles can work, 'tis well, 'tis well.

Across the Plains in '61

By LUCY H. FOSDICK

ALTHOUGH forty-three years have passed since I, as a little girl, crossed the plains of Colorado, with my father, mother, brothers, and sister, much that happened on the way is fresh in my mind; and thinking it may be interesting to the children of this generation, and perhaps to older persons as well, I have determined to write down what occurs to me, hoping to give others some idea of what a journey of that kind really was before the days of railroads and palace-cars.

Our family first lived in the neighborhood of Boston. My father, who had been prosperous as a civil engineer, had a large part of his property destroyed by fire. Too proud to begin life again among his old friends, he turned his attention to the New West, where he might engage in farming and cattle-raising. He first bought land in Topeka, Kansas, and was preparing to send for his family when the fever and ague broke out there. It proved to be such a terrible disease that my father decided not to stay in that locality. He therefore pushed on farther west to the region of the Rocky Mountains, where, in Colorado, he found a most beautiful and healthful climate. He surveyed the site of, and laid out, Denver, Colorado City, and several other towns. Then, having secured a house and farm in Colorado City, where it was hoped the Capitol would eventually be located, he sent for his family, and came east as far

as St. Joseph, Missouri, to meet them.

It was now the spring of 1861, and the rumors of war were becoming ominous. My mother's friends thought it a rather hazardous adventure for her to start on such a long journey with four little children, the eldest only twelve years old. However, duty called, and on Tuesday, the twenty-second of February, 1861, we left Milton, Massachusetts, in sleighs for Boston, a beautiful snow falling as we drove merrily along. We went by train to Chicago, where we stayed over one night. Even now I enjoy remembering the lunch of chicken, bread and butter, and sponge-cake, that the landlady put up for us the next day, when we set out by train for St. Joseph. On Saturday the part of the train in which we were riding ran off the track; but as the engine and the baggage-car stayed on, the passengers were all made to get in among trunks and boxes of the baggage-car, which had a big red-hot stove in one end of it, and to finish their journey in this manner. Before reaching St. Joseph we had to cross the Mississippi on a ferry-boat, a feat at that time considered somewhat hazardous. We went from St. Joseph by train to Atchison, Kansas, and thence by stage to Lawrence.

At Lawrence we stayed until the tenth of April at a hotel, while our wagons, or "prairie schooners," as

they were called, were being fitted out.

My father had four "prairie schooners," one of which carried, for the use of our family, what comforts it was possible to have. The top of the wagon had two coverings—one of canvas, and a second one of oil-cloth, put on to prevent the rain from soaking through. Inside the wagon at each end, and filling up nearly the whole floor, was a low closet, or storeroom, in which were kept dishes, some kinds of food, and clothing.

There was a small space in the middle of the wagon, where one could stand up straight. In the day time we sat on top of the closets, and at night we slept on them. The wagon, which was roomy, had a projecting shelf running the whole length of each side. On one of the shelves we had a small sheet-iron stove, in which we often had a fire when the weather was cold, and by means of which we were able to keep very comfortable. Attached to this wagon were two yokes of oxen, Tom and Jerry, and Buck and Berry. The other wagons were filled with furniture, kitchen utensils, and provisions, grain and seeds of different kinds. They were not so comfortable as the family wagon, as they were occupied only by the men who drove. Two of them were drawn by oxen. In the fourth, which was drawn by a horse and a mule, rode a man and his wife who were going with us as servants. On the way out the woman did most of the cooking. While we were in Lawrence my father had bought two mules, "Fanny Daisy" and "Kitty Dear." "Kitty Dear" broke her halter one night, and being of a greedy disposition, ate besides her own allow-

ance the grain given to "Fanny Daisy." Because of this foolish proceeding, she sickened and died. We had for other live stock, three cows, another horse, four little pigs, and a large rooster, who crowed every morning to wake us up. The pigs and the poultry were carried in a large two-storied box on the back of the wagon. The pigs lived on the first floor, the hens and rooster on the second.

By the tenth of April everything was in readiness to start. Even now I can remember how strange, and the same time how delightful, it seemed when we started on the long and tiresome journey across those vast plains, not knowing what we might encounter, nor when we should reach our destination. We had heard much said about the Indians, and either for that reason or for purposes of cleanliness my mother took us children all to the barber's and had our hair cropped close to our heads. We did not understand then just what it meant when we heard our elders talk of the Indians scalping anybody, but we found out later. After we reached Colorado, as we did in time, we often saw scalps hanging from an Indian's belt.

For the first few days after the start everything was interesting to each and every one; but as day after day passed in the same manner, I imagine that the older members of the party grew rather tired of their occupation. I do not remember, however, that we children ever wearied of it in the least. We had cards and games to occupy our attention when we were moving, and whenever we stopped for dinner or for the night, there was always something of interest either to do or

to see. We all had to search for fire-wood, and for water, which sometimes was very scarce. In making a camp for the night it was always quite necessary for us to find a place where there was plenty of water for man and beast. Sometimes in the afternoon we would see in the distance what appeared to be a large river, and great would be our delight; but as we approached the vision, it would gradually fade and disappear,—to our disgust, a mere mirage. As many times as we saw it, we could never be quite sure for some time whether it was a vision or not. It frequently happened that we had to dig for water in what was called a "Buffalo wallow,"—a place where the buffalo had found water in a depression, had drunk all that there was on the surface, and had then passed on. By digging deep enough we could find water for the cattle. For ourselves we tried to have a keg-ful of good drinking water.

The road was not always so smooth and level as the word "plains" would seem to indicate. I remember times when, on coming to a deep and rather narrow gorge, it would be necessary to lock the wheels together with a chain to keep the wagon from going too fast on the way down. There might be water at the bottom, and all the oxen would be hitched to one wagon in order to pull it through and up the bank on the other side. You can perhaps imagine what it must have been to sit in one of these wagons while this proceeding was going on. We became used to such things after a while, however, and were ready for anything that came along. A feature of the journey that I always enjoyed was Saturday

night, not when I had tried all the week to be good, but when we found a camping-place where there was plenty of wood and water, and where, after placing the wagons in a hollow square, we prepared to rest until Monday morning. For a little while all would be bustle and apparent confusion, as there was plenty for each one to do. Some went in search of wood, some brought water for cooking purposes, some made a fire, some unyoked the oxen, some did one thing, and some another until order appeared out of all the chaos and we were ready to have supper. Our food consisted principally of soda-biscuit, bacon or ham, and tea or coffee. Sweets were unknown, as were milk and vegetables. Coffee was usually sweetened with molasses. There was one thing, however, which we generally had for our Sunday breakfast, and which was always a treat—baked beans. They were prepared by the woman whom we had with us, in the following way:—they were first put into an iron baking-kettle, then the baking-kettle, which had a heavy iron cover, was placed on some nice live coals at the bottom of a hole dug in the ground. After other coals had been put on the cover, the whole thing was covered with dry grass and sods, and left until the next morning when it was taken out for breakfast, and was certainly a dish fit for the lords. The men always ate their beans with a dressing of pepper and vinegar, a combination which I soon grew to like.

On Sunday, if there happened to be a stream of water nearby, every one had a bath. Clothes were washed, and hung on the bushes to dry, and a general air of cleanliness

prevailed. I imagine that perhaps it would have been better for us all had Sunday come oftener. After we had been a few days on our journey, we began to meet Government mule-teams coming east from the various forts in Colorado; and as we were about the first emigrants going west that spring, we created a good deal of interest. The drivers of the teams would tell us to look out for Indians at certain places, as they were travelling, and if we encountered them we might have trouble. The teamsters, to be sure, generally ended their advice by telling us that if we were well armed we should probably get through all right, but we naturally felt very uneasy, and from that time dated my fear and hatred of "Lo, the poor Indian."

One morning, soon after we had begun the day's journey, we came to a fire still smouldering. Plainly, Indians had encamped near us during the night, and had just had breakfast. Another time, I remember, I saw following us on the brow of a hill, at intervals for several days, an Indian dog—a sight which kept us in a continual state of excitement. On one occasion, when we had been travelling in the heat and dust, and the cattle were suffering for water, the road seemed to disappear entirely, leaving nothing but the bare plain, as if there had been no such thing as a road thought of. The teams were brought to a halt; then, after some discussion, my father had the saddle put on Kate, our little mare, and started forward to reconnoitre. I followed him for a short distance, when he discovered me and took me up behind him. After going about a mile or more, we came to a river, on the other side of which

were high peaks of sand. From where we were it looked as if there were no passage through them. My father at once began a search for a ford. In so doing we discovered, lying near the river, a dead horse, which seemed to have been left by the Indians only a few hours before. Who could tell that the Indians were not lurking on the other side of the river among those sand-hills? Surely, not we; but we looked about for some time, until, finding a place where the road reappeared, we headed the pony into the stream and crossed in safety to the other side. Then we rode back to the teams, and glad enough we all were to have found water in such abundance. Later, in crossing the river, the top of one of the wagons caught in an overhanging tree, and was badly damaged,—an incident which made it necessary for us to remain in that vicinity over night, much against our wishes. It was one of the most weird, solemn, quiet places which I ever had the misfortune to get into. As we all felt that we might see Indians at any time, a guard was kept all night; but the only excitement we had was the sight of the first buffalo which we had ever seen. One of the men wanted to shoot one, but it was not thought wise to fire a gun, for fear that the Indians might be near. Glad enough we were when the night was over and we could leave the desolate place. Thus we traveled day after day, with almost always something to keep us in a state of more or less excitement.

Another incident I always think of, both with amusement and with consternation at what might have happened, had the affair terminated differently. We had stopped for

camp, and as the oxen were fagged, it was thought safe to let them graze a while before tying them to the wagon wheels for the night. Supper was just over, when one of the men who had gone to look for the cattle, came running into camp to say that they had stampeded—that is, had run off. Father at once gave orders for some of the men to go after them. Three jumped on their horses, and away they all went. Father then followed, leaving Mrs. Smith (our cook,) my mother, and us four little children alone in camp with darkness coming on. For a while we sat and talked, thinking every minute that the men would return; but hour after hour passed, with everything so quiet that not a sound could be heard. I think that I have never experienced such utter stillness as I did there, so many miles away from anybody or anywhere, alone on the prairie, with the knowledge that if the oxen were not found there was no way for us to get out of our embarrassing position. After a while my mother hung a lantern in one of the wagons to guide the men home.

While we were sitting there, listening to the stillness, we heard a slight noise underneath the wagon, in which we sat. Our first thought was, of course, Indians!—or some wild animal! When we finally decided to look, we found that the four little pigs (who you remember lived on the lower floor of the box at the back of the wagon), had broken open the front door of their flat, had tumbled out, and were running about the camp. The thing to do, of course, was to catch them and put them back into their box; but as they had the obstinacy of their race, it was no easy matter to make

them do what we wanted them to. So while the men were away chasing the cattle, we chased the pigs, and proved to them after a while that we were capable of doing what we had undertaken. After catching them we soon had them where they belonged, and the door fastened so that they could not get out again.

We were glad of this little diversion to relieve the suspense of our situation; but after the pigs had been caught, we took our seats and resumed our watch, for not one of us had any inclination to go to bed until we had heard from the absent ones. At last, when the hour had come to be somewhere near eleven, we heard in the distance a faint noise, which gradually grew more and more distinct, until we could distinguish voices and knew that men were coming with the cattle. Before long they appeared with not a single ox missing. It seemed that the cattle, scenting green grass at a distance of several miles, had started for it and had reached it. When found, they were so wild with the taste that to make them leave their pasturage was almost impossible, and to get them all started for the wagons had taken much time. One would break loose and run back, and then the whole process of rounding them up would begin again. They were very restless all night, and always after that they were well guarded when they were turned out to graze before being tied up after the day's journey.

When we had gone about half the distance towards our destination, we one day had a sight which comparatively few persons now living have witnessed. We had been travelling an hour or two since breaking camp in the morning,

when, in coming over the brow of a hill, we came across a herd of buffalo, crossing the road at right angles, just in front of us. The nearest ones were so close that we could see their eyes, and the farthest were like waves of the ocean, they were so many in number and so far away. It was a very exciting time for us all. The men immediately got out their guns and tried to shoot one, but as we had no experienced marksmen none of the shots took effect. The buffalo passed on, and we were obliged to hide our disappointment at not getting any fresh meat while we took our pleasure in enjoying the unusual sight of so many great animals lumbering along out of our reach. We had to stop the teams for fear we should be trampled to pieces. I have often seen tame buffalo in parks, but they have looked tame indeed when compared with the Monarch of the Plains on his own ground. We travelled all day with these buffalo in sight; yet we never seemed able to shoot one for fresh meat, but had to put up with the salt meat that we had brought with us. Another time we found some prairie hens near our camp, but when my father tried to kill one, the gun burst from too heavy a load, and just missed killing him.

It was when we were very near our journey's end, I think, that we met several teams travelling toward the east. As their occupants had fresh buffalo meat to sell, my father made some sort of trade whereby he came into possession of a few pounds. After it was cooked, however, we found it so tough that we were well satisfied at having no more on hand. Perhaps, however, the meat had come from a very old

fellow, who had grown stringy from the exercise of galloping a few hundred miles.

Twenty miles a day was our ordinary rate over the dry and dusty roads, with seldom any rain to moisten the earth or fill up the streams; so that we often on pitching camp had no more water than what we carried in the keg. Sometimes the feet of the oxen would become so sore and cracked from the dryness of the atmosphere, that the men would tie gunny bags round them to make it possible for them to travel. Poor, patient beasts! It must have been a hard journey for them. With the double purpose of lightening their load and of gaining a little exercise, some of us would often walk ahead of the wagons; but we generally were very careful not to get so far away that we could not look back and see the teams. One morning my mother, who had started ahead alone, unconsciously walked farther than usual. All at once she saw in the road just before her a large gray wolf. As he was looking at her she stopped and looked at him, and then turned for a moment to see how far behind the wagons were. To her surprise and dismay they were not in sight. Although the wolf seemed about to attack her, she determined to try the power of her eye in subduing him. Much to her delight, after she had looked at him for a few minutes, he trotted off like the most quiet and gentle animal living. After that we were more careful than ever not to extend our walks very far ahead.

After travelling for nearly a month, we reached the first settlement of white people, a place called Fort Lyon. Just before arriving

there we encountered our first Indians, who came up to see our wagons, and who greeted us with the salutation of "How How." As my father did not feel sure of their friendliness, he made us children keep well inside the cover of our wagon. After a while they let us go on, and we found that we were very near the fort. Although these were really peaceful Indians, they were the ugliest creatures I had ever seen. I acknowledge without shame that I was afraid of them, and glad we were so near protection.

I had almost forgotten to mention an incident which promised to give us much pleasure, but which caused us sorrow instead.

One night a colt was born in camp. As we children had never before seen such a funny, long-legged little fellow, we found him a source of great interest. Every day for a week or more he was carried safely in one of the wagons until we camped, and then was allowed to stay with his mother until the next morning. When a little more than a week old he was allowed to run beside his mother during the most of the day. He was such an affectionate little thing that we grew very fond of him. Then late one night, when we children had gone to bed, the men heard a noise out among the horses. On hurrying to the place, they found that a wolf was attacking the colt, and before they could drive him off, the colt was dead. We missed the little fellow in so many ways that we all felt very sad for long afterward. When the mother of the colt and a mule disappeared shortly after we had reached our home in Colorado, we surmised that they had started back to the place where we had left the

colt, as they were tracked for several days in that direction, and we never saw them again.

After leaving Fort Lyon, we followed the course of the Arkansas River for some distance, and finally came to a ranch where were living a white family with children, a fact which naturally delighted us very much. We stayed over night with them, and for the first time in nearly a month sat down to a table with crockery dishes to eat from. From the ranch it was only about two days' journey to Colorado City, where our house was waiting for us. It had been built for a store, and was a long, plain, straight building, with a door and two windows in front, and with a door and one window at the back. It contained five rooms,—kitchen, sitting room, and three bedrooms. It had no bow windows,—or any other form of modern architecture. Here, on May 10th, 1861, we unloaded our goods, and set up our primitive housekeeping. The town consisted of one street, with a store and a few houses at the other end from where we lived. A desolate and forlorn place it must have appeared to my mother, coming from the luxuries of a New England life.

Soon beginning operations on his farm, my father first of all planted a garden, in which we took an interest that was, I imagine, something unusual. Much of the time my father was away, often for several weeks at a stretch, engaged in surveying ranches then being occupied by the new settlers. For his work he was seldom paid in money, as that article was even scarcer in those days than it is now. Sometimes he was paid in lumber, sometimes in groceries, and once he was

paid in large willow baskets, made by the man for whom he had done the work. Soon after that episode he took a cow in payment, and then we had milk to drink with our corn-cakes and mush. To me milk has never had such a delicious flavor as had that first milk in Colorado. The three cows that we had started with from Lawrence had all come to untimely ends. The first one was left foot-sore at a ranch, where she died in a few days. The second one died soon afterward. The history of the third cow follows:

Not long after our arrival in Colorado City, a party of Indians came to the house and asked to trade their horses for clothes. My father happened to have two or three swallow-tail coats, to which they took such a great fancy that they offered a horse for each coat, and agreed to come next day to make the exchange. That night, when the man went to drive home the cow he found nothing but the hide and the horns; and as the Indians never came back for the coats, we felt pretty sure that some had killed the cow while others were occupying our attention in the house.

After a while we had vegetables from our garden, and it was the same with them as it had been with the milk. The flavor was a little better than the flavor of any vegetables before or since.

The children had very few companions for the two years we lived in Colorado City, but we never tired of our pleasures or of our occupations, which I remember with amusement. We spent much of our time wandering through the now famous Garden of the Gods, and in climbing the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. Often on Sunday we

would all drive up to Manitou, and with the aid of some kind of acid, which we mixed with the water from the Soda Spring, make a very refreshing drink. Nature in those days wore an aspect very different from its aspect in 1898, the summer of the Spanish War, when again I visited the spot. While living in Colorado City we had many experiences with snakes and other wild creatures. As rattlesnakes were very plentiful, we children seldom went to walk without killing one. As soon as we heard a rattle, we would at once locate it, and then, with sticks and stones would proceed to kill the snake. We generally succeeded. Centipedes and tarantulas abounded, as well as grasshoppers and insects not seen in the East.

The Ute Indians gave us a surprise now and then. One day when my mother was alone, sitting in her doorway, some Indians rode up, dismounted, and entered, one may truly say, without ceremony; for since she had determined not to budge, they brushed by her chair with such violence as to upset her. One of them stood with his arm across the door, so that she could not get out, and one sat on his horse outside, so that nobody should surprise and catch them, while the others wandered all over the house, and did many things to frighten her. When after a while the Indian outside gave the alarm, the others rushed out, jumped on their horses, and rode off. A man had seen their horses standing in front of the house so long that he came down to see what they were doing, and although they were friendly Indians, they did not wish to be caught.

Before we left Colorado City, the

Plain Indians, called the Kiowas and Comanches, went on the war-path against the Whites. We citizens of the state became very much incensed with the officials at Washington, because we ourselves were not allowed to make war upon the Indians without permission from the War Department, while the Indians could kill as many white people as they chose, and there was no redress. Finally the situation became so bad that our military governor, Chivington by name, much to the delight of the settlers, decided to take matters into his own hands. He ordered several companies of soldiers to march south and attack a camp of Indians about forty miles from where our family lived. The troops started from Denver, taking with them all private horses that they could lay their hands on. All teams were ordered to delay their travelling until the soldiers had passed by, so that there would be no danger of the Indians getting word of the expedition. I remember that my brother went out on the prairie, caught our two horses, and took them into an old vacant house while the soldiers passed by. If our horses had made the slightest noise, they would have been pressed into military service. We were about the only ones not to suffer in this respect. As for the troops, they reached the camp, surprised the Indians, and left but one or two of them to escape and tell the tale. When the news reached Washington, Governor Chivington was cashiered and his office taken from him.

After living in Colorado City for nearly two years, my father bought a ranch down on the Arkansas River. Having surveyed and dug

an irrigating ditch, he bought seeds and engaged a man to operate the place on shares. On visiting the place one day he discovered that the man had bought a ranch of his own, had taken father's seeds, and was preparing to plant them on his own land. As my father hardly liked this, he decided that it would be necessary for him to live on the ranch himself to look after things. Although he did not wish his family to leave their now comfortable home for the rude log huts of the ranch, yet, as mother insisted upon going, we packed up our goods and started. In those days the buildings on a ranch usually comprised two cabins with a covered way between. That was what we found at Booneville, the name of the postoffice nearest to our new home. The place had been named after Colonel Albert Boone, a great-grandson of Daniel Boone. In one of the cabins we had boards laid on the ground for a floor. In the room were two beds, a dining table, a big fire-place, and a few chairs. A board enclosure was put up outside for our stove. Our cows were kept at night in a yard just behind the cabin, and often I have put my hand out between the logs to rub them.

Here we lived until my father could build a more comfortable home for us. When the new cabins were built they were placed in such a manner as to form a hollow square, as that formation was considered the best mode of preparing for an attack from the Indians. We had seventeen different cabins, and had at one time a cat for each. One cabin formed the dining-room and kitchen; my sister and I occupied another; my brothers another; and the hired men slept in one or more.

Several cabins were for housing the cows. A large one was for grain. Then besides there was the stable and the henhouse. People coming from the East were very much impressed with the size of our place. A man once asked who lived across the street, as the drive-way separated one set of cabins from another,—a fact which gave the impression of a small town with cabins on each side of the road. Later the log cabins were all torn down to be replaced with adobe houses, which were much warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

We had neighbors, though none were nearer than a mile and a half. We managed to meet often, however, and with spelling-school, dancing-school, and other amusements, had a very good time. Soon after our arrival my father was appointed postmaster of Booneville. The stage stopped there three times a week each way,—a fact which explains how we sometimes had visitors from the East.

The summer of 1864 was marked in the history of Colorado by being the time when the Government tried to teach the Indians how to carry on a farm. My father, who had charge of the whole experiment, was away from home most of the summer. We would see him only once in two or three weeks. One day in August a friend told mother that he did not think it was safe for her to remain on the ranch with only one hired man to protect us, as rumors were abroad that the Indians had gone on the war-path again. After waiting a day or two for my father's return, my mother decided to leave our home and go to stay with one of the neighbors. A trunk was accordingly packed with what few valuables we

had, a wagon was loaded with our bedding, and one evening, just after supper, we started. Most of the family got into the wagon, while I rode a horse and drove the cows. When we reached the house of our first neighbor, they all ran out and went with us a mile and a half farther to a house where we all stayed for several days. While we were there my father returned, having stayed to see that the white families on the Government Ranch were conveyed to a place of safety. The Indians had come into the experiment station one day and had driven off nearly all the horses, thus showing very plainly that they did not care for farming. The attempt to teach them was never made again.

While we were living away from home one of my brothers was born. When he was a week old, our family were obliged to move into a soldier's camp, and live in a tent until November, before it was considered safe to go back to our own home. The Indians started for our settlement during this time, but meeting some teams on the way, took their revenge on those of this party. They drove off all the mules, killed the men, and hung a woman to a tree.

Snakes abounded on our ranch as well as in Colorado City. They were often found in our cabins. One afternoon, as I was lying on my bed, resting from the labors of the day, I felt a slight movement under my pillow; I turned and lifted it at one end, when, to my horror, I found a snake coiled there, thinking, no doubt, that it was a nice warm place. I snatched up the pillow and ran. The snake, quietly crawling up the side of the cabin, disappeared in the roof above, where I often imagined him as looking

down upon me. Another time one of my brothers was out looking after the cattle when a rattlesnake gave his warning and at once sprang at the horse, which he struck on a fore-leg, just above the hoof. My brother drew his pistol, shot the snake, and cut off the rattles, which numbered eleven. As the horse began at once to limp, my brother led him home, where the men gave him a large dose of whiskey in the hope that it would overcome the effects of the poison; but it seemed to have little effect, for the swelling went up the leg till it reached the chest. For several days the horse ate nothing, and seemed so ill that my brother finally had him taken to the pasture, where he might lie down and die in peace. The next morning we all went out,—to find him walking about and eating grass! In a few days he was as well as ever. On another occasion my mother caught a small rattlesnake by putting a broom down on him about the middle of his length. Calling me to hold the broom, she went after a kettle of boiling water, and then, when the snake opened his mouth she killed him by pouring the hot water down his throat.

As I look back upon the condition of things in Colorado, it seems to me that it was a country of extremes. Whenever it undertook to do anything, it acted in the most whole-hearted way. If the wind blew, it blew for three days at a time, and people never went out of doors unless obliged to. The sand and stones would be whirled against the windows, while boards and other loose articles on the ground

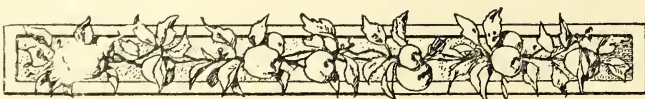
would be blown end over end and out of sight. Once the roof of an old cabin was lifted, carried right over our cattle yard, and landed safely on the ground beyond. As on these occasions it was quieter in the cellar, my mother and I often went down there to sleep.

Again if it hailed, the stones fell so large and in such quantities that everything in our gardens was cut to pieces; grain was threshed to the ground, and very little was recovered from the slaughter. If grass-hoppers came, they appeared in swarms that filled the air as far as one could see. Every vestige of garden stuff that had survived the hail fell a prey to them. Hens grew fat on them. If the river overflowed its banks, it continued to rise until families were obliged to leave their homes. Many cattle would be drowned.

Such was Colorado then, and now in later years, it has upheld its reputation for extremes by being the first state in the Union to adopt woman suffrage. My mother, notwithstanding her New England birth and bias, has herself acted as an officer in the primary caucuses.

* * * * *

This is the story of my trip across the plains; these events of my early life, in what was then the Far, and almost Unknown, West. There are, I think, few Easterners living, who have taken an ox-team trip of a month where now the Pullman makes the same journey in a few hours; and if my readers take half as much pleasure in the reading as I have taken in the recalling, I am amply repaid.



A Rural Deus Ex Machina

By MIRIAM CRUIKSHANK

“AND which one air you?” demanded Mr. Pettit.

The young woman perched on top of the stone wall, her head resting against a convenient branch of an apple tree, made a frantic clutch at her short blue skirt, dropped her book, and almost lost her balance at being so unexpectedly addressed. Turning in the direction of the voice, a fleeting notion crossed her startled consciousness that the wraith of some long departed Pilgrim father stood before her, come to protest at the vandalism of a twentieth century young woman invading his former domain; for the waistcoat, which was buttoned tightly across Mr. Pettit's expansive bosom, was of a cut made popular in the Mayflower's day, the neck-gear which swathed Mr. Pettit's fat red throat, and the broad-brimmed hat, which Mr. Pettit unblushingly wore in her presence, were of a fashion more familiar to the contemporaries of the late John Endicott than to latter day promenaders on Broadway. Then—while she still struggled with her bewildered senses, the calmly judicial voice of rural New England, with its curious flattening of vowels, and its occasional misplacement of consonants, went questioningly on.

“Are you the one from New York, or the one from Californy, or the college one, or which? I see you come out of Miss Winthrop's, so I know where you belong, but there's

such a bunch of nieces, I don't keep 'em all straight.”

“I am Miss Carewe—Anne Carewe.” The girl had regained both book and self-possession by this time. A downward glance had assured her of the fleshiness of her interlocutor; no early settler of Plymouth ever wore nether garments of the sort affected by Mr. Pettit; they were an anachronism she decided, as she continued, “I am not one of Miss Winthrop's nieces. I have taken the school for the fall term, and am boarding there. I didn't quite understand what you meant at first.” This last may have been intended for an apology. At any rate Mr. Pettit received it with a gracious nod, and seating himself, Mayflower waistcoat and all, on a neighboring stump, he surveyed the new teacher with leisurely composure.

“Miss Winthrop is a very nice woman,” he observed presently; “both of 'em for that matter, though my preference has always been for Miss Lydia. Naturally bein' a neighbor I take an interest in their folks. My name is Pettit—Josiah Pettit. Perhaps you've heard of me?”

“I think—” Miss Carewe was beginning politely, for she fancied she detected a rising inflection in the last word, when Mr. Pettit glibly proceeded:

“But I never once guessed you was the school teacher. You ain't

built like one. You," explosively, "hadn't ought to do it."

"I have to, you know," Miss Carewe objected. Possibly a sense of humor was not her strong point; certainly her mouth was very demure, and the eyes which looked beyond Mr. Pettit toward the distant blue of the bay, had a lurking wistfulness about them. "I have my living to make, and there seems to be no other way—" Mr. Pettit ignored the interruption.

"You are too—" he had intended to say "too pretty," but a certain atavism forbade—one of Mr. Pettit's ancestors had helped frame the Connecticut Blue Laws—"too young," he substituted.

"I am twenty-three," interpolated Miss Carewe, "and—"

"It ain't the work for you. You," decidedly, "better get married." Miss Carewe's eyes came back suddenly from the bay. She had heard from her hostess that Mr. Pettit was a bachelor—was it possible she was receiving an offer of marriage? His next words dispelled this illusion. "I ain't the kind to travel in double harness myself, but I can see how it would suit some people—you for instance. If you'd a been one of Miss Lydia's nieces I'd leave her to attend to it, but seein' you're alone," he cleared his throat, "I guess it won't do no harm if I look out for you a bit. Now we're acquainted I won't stop any longer. I always make it a point to get acquainted with all of them—the nieces I mean. I s'pose," rising, "I'd better be looking after them hens. *There's* a pesky one," waving his hand across the wall, "who thinks she wants to *set—now*, first of September, and winter comin' on. Hens are most as perverse as hu-

mans sometimes, though you can't stop folks up in bar'ls when they get cantankerous, more's the pity. Well, see you again soon—my place is only a little piece down. My respects to the ladies. Mighty nice women the Miss Winthrops, specially Miss Lydia," and he departed in search of the refractory hen, nodding good-humoredly.

Miss Carewe settled back into her old position on the wall, and opened her book once more. "He didn't realize how very right he was when he said I was all alone," she murmured, as she took up the thread of the story again. When the sun sank low over the water, and the chill which comes at the first breath of fall in this sea-girt region, crept into the afternoon air, she got up with a shiver. She climbed down from her perch, and made her way along the narrow lane, skirted with blackberry bushes, and sumach just taking on its first autumn tinge; she passed the little weather-beaten board schoolhouse, standing on a dreary unenclosed rise of ground, in bold relief against the golden embers of the evening sky; then turned into the vine-grown gateway of the Winthrop homestead.

The front door stood hospitably open, the light of a lamp twinkled through the quaint, many-paned window, and she caught a glimpse of Miss Lydia's slim erect figure in its close-fitting dark gown as she moved about the sitting room. There was an atmosphere of repose, of quiet restfulness about the entire household, she thought as she stepped over the wide flagging doorstep into the dim square hallway. Miss Lydia's greeting was cordial if not effusive. Miss Lydia was never garrulous, her spinsterhood was not

of that type, never even expansive, but one instinctively thought of her as dependable.

Anne Carewe laid her hat and book on the hall table, and crossed the floor to the wide chintz-covered lounge in one corner of the sitting room.

"It is so comfortable and homey," she said apologetically as she ensconced herself among the pile of primly arranged cushions, which made a soft background for its spaciousness. Miss Lydia only smiled by way of reply and seating herself near the lamp, took up a long strip of hemming which was kept in reserve for just such moments.

"Harriet will call us in to supper, presently," she said in her clear well modulated voice, with its careful indications of syllables. "Did you enjoy your walk?"

"Immensely!" Miss Carewe nestled closer among the cushions, as she answered, watching the while the capable busy fingers of the elder woman. She liked talking to Miss Lydia; she always knew that her small attempts at cleverness would be appreciated, and she found herself watching for the flash of amusement in the steady grey eyes when she related her encounter with Mr. Pettit.

"He is a worthy man—a good neighbor," Miss Lydia spoke with her customary evenness. "He has always taken a great interest in all our nieces and in our nephew—Winthrop." There was an odd new note in her voice as she said the last words—a ring that meant love, and more than love—pride, a ring that was by no means lost on her eager-eyed listener.

"You were speaking of Winthrop?" It was Miss Harriet, the

younger sister, who asked the question, coming in from the dining room in her usual noiseless fashion. Miss Harriet was forty-five, and to be forty-five in a rural New England settlement is to be so far past the glamour and glory of youth that it as well to have never been; but when Father Time and his emissaries had come to Miss Harriet, they had either overlooked her, or else had felt that to lay a finger on so perfect a piece of God's workmanship were desecration, and so had passed her by. Standing as she did now against the oak door frame, her stately dark head thrown back, her cheeks just touched with a glow that is like the sunset's tinting, and her dark grey eyes luminous with some unusual happiness, she seemed a glorified type of womanhood, gifted with all that is best in earth and Heaven. "You were speaking of Winthrop," she repeated, "then perhaps you have told Anne," Miss Carewe had easily become "Anne" during her brief tenure as an inmate of the house, "that we are expecting him to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" Anne repeated the word mechanically. In company with Miss Lydia she had obeyed Miss Harriet's signal, and gone on into the dining room. She seated herself at the table, and fixed a troubled gaze on the big bowl of scarlet and orange nasturtiums which adorned the centre of the spotless cloth. She had lived in an Adamless Eden of late and thought herself fortunate. Mr. Pettit was an amusing interlude, but then he was not in the house. She could not quite imagine a man in this peaceful cloister-like abode—and a young man! She had always understood that no such thing existed outside

of the cities in New England. Meanwhile, Miss Harriet graciously stately behind the teacups, all unconscious of her youthful boarder's mental turbulence, in a voice that was sweet and bell-like, but almost as carefully syllabled as Miss Lydia's own, continued placidly:

"He is coming for his vacation. It is rather later than usual this year. I fancy," her voice thrilled with the same note her sister's had held when mentioning her nephew, "that as he becomes more important to those with whom he is associated in business, he finds it harder to get away. He will be with us for at least a week, possibly a fortnight. We hope—" the inherited repression of emotion stretching through generations, made the conclusion of the sentence oddly formal, even in Miss Harriet's silvery tones, "that you and he will find yourselves congenial."

"You are very kind," Anne choked over the words, and buttered a flaky hot biscuit fast and furiously. Six months ago she might have felt some faint interest stirring at the prospect of meeting a strange young man, but now, when she disliked and distrusted all men, reasonably of course, she could scarcely be expected to wax enthusiastic. Miss Harriet apparently found nothing lacking in her response, however, and the meal came peacefully to a close.

When at the close of the morning session, next day, Anne came into the midday dinner, she found the invader of her paradise there before her. She cast one hurried glance at the back of a pair of broad flannel-clad shoulders, and was meditating flight, when Miss Harriet detained her.

"Anne, my dear, come right in. I want you to know my nephew, Winthrop Harden. Winthrop, perhaps you have heard us mention our young friend Miss Carewe who is teaching the school for the fall term?" Winthrop Harden arose to the full extent of his six feet, and bowed gravely, silently in Anne's direction. His dark, smooth-shaven face betrayed no emotion, pleasant or otherwise, and the commonplace acknowledgement to an introduction died on Anne's lips in its utterance, as with burning cheeks, she walked round to her own seat.

"Winthrop has been living in your part of the world for more than a year past, Anne," said Miss Lydia breaking the silence in her usual calm fashion. "Perhaps you have some acquaintance in common."

"You can never get over the narrow notion that Anne's part of the world is no bigger than a pocket handkerchief, Lydia," interposed Miss Harriet who had once gone on a trip through the great Southwest. A sisterly argument ensued, during which Anne was unnoticed, and she hurriedly ate her dinner, then pleading some work that must be finished before the afternoon session, she left the room. As she went through the side gate to the lane she heard a step behind her, and turned to find that the Miss Winthrops' nephew had followed her.

"I regret exceedingly that this should have occurred," he began composedly. "Had I but known that you were here you can rest assured—"

"And had I but known—" Miss Carewe interrupted him with flashing eyes, "that Jack Harden and Miss Lydia's nephew Winthrop were one and the same, you can rest assured

that I would never have been here."

"I was christened John Winthrop. It is my misfortune, but being a delicate tribute to family tradition, paid before I had arrived at years of discretion, scarcely my fault." The young man's manner was courteous, his tone unhurried, his eyes inscrutable. "I realize that it is a just cause for annoyance with you. However, since there is no help for it, can't we under the circumstances, for my aunts' sakes I mean, fly a temporary flag of truce? I followed you in order that we might discuss the conditions of the armistice."

"It was not necessary. I shall certainly never quarrel with you again."

"Ah, not openly of course. There is, however, a dormant form of hostility which might be noticed by an observant onlooker. My aunts are not stupid; they are, it seems, fond of you, and not precisely—er—averse to myself. It would distress them to consider us unfriendly."

"Your consideration for their feelings does you credit," icily, "but you are disturbing yourself unnecessarily. We need have nothing to do with each other, I am in school most of the day."

"We must meet at meal times—"

"No one will notice our not talking there. The New England table, I have observed, is not the place for general conversation."

"In the evenings then. Remember our society here is limited to our few selves."

"I will sit in my room."

"I cannot permit the sacrifice, even if it would not defeat its own object. My aunts would immediately take exception to this state of affairs. Then Saturday must be considered. No, I beg of you—"

"Wal if it ain't Win Harden come at last." Mr. Pettit, crimson, profusely perspiring, yet smiling; a basket of eggs in one hand, and a brilliant bordered handkerchief in the other, barred their way with his ample person. "I guess your aunts are real tickled to have you back for a spell, and this young lady," he beamed upon Miss Carewe, "will find it handy enough havin' a young spark to beau her around—" Anne made a swift detour to the left and slipped between Mr. Pettit's liberally constructed arm and the roadside hedge.

"I must go back to school," she murmured sweetly. "It is almost time to call the children in," and she hurried on her way.

"Clever young woman that," Mr. Pettit observed, shifting his basket to the other arm. "I got acquainted with her yesterday." His eyes travelled scrutinizingly over Harden's flannel-covered length. "Just come to-day, I s'pose."

"This morning, on the ten-thirty boat," answered that young man, rightly judging that this last remark concerned himself. Mr. Pettit nodded.

"Thought so, from the rig. You won't have that seam so reg'lar down the front of your pants, by this time to-morrow." He chuckled delightedly. "She was telling me," he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction taken by the school mistress, "that she has to teach for a living. Seems a pity, she ain't built for it." Harden looked polite interest and he continued, "Mabbe you know about her. Don't talk as if she come from around these parts."

"No, from New York," said Harden abstractedly, "I mean," hastily,

"I should judge so from her speech," but Mr. Pettit was gazing skyward and seemed inattentive.

"If them clouds mean what they usually do," he observed, "there's a squall due in a couple of hours. I guess I better be carrying these eggs in. Be here long?"

"Until the latter part of next week." Harden turned toward the house but just within the homestead enclosure paused. "Mr. Pettit," he said and Mr. Pettit looked back. "Going to town Saturday? Because if you are—"

"Wal—?" said Mr. Pettit, as he still hesitated.

"Thought I might go along and help take care of the eggs. It would make me feel like a boy again." Mr. Pettit smiled.

"Come and welcome," he said cordially, "there's plenty of room." He looked over Harden's shoulder at Miss Lydia standing quietly in the doorway. "She ought to get married," he said, "I told her so."

"Who?" queried the young man, his eye twinkling. "You don't mean Aunt Lydia?" The perpetual blush on Mr. Pettit's broad face grew a deeper crimson.

"No," he said slowly, "she's got too much sense. I was thinking of the other one. Good-bye. I'll wait for you on the hill on the road to the ferry, Saturday."

On Saturday morning, Mr. Pettit's venerable surrey with Mr. Pettit himself and a huge basket of eggs on the front seat, turned slowly out of the lane into the ferry road. A slender young woman in a blue linen frock and a hat that boasted more than its fair share of veils occupied the seat in the rear.

"It was so good of you to offer to take me, Mr. Pettit," the young

woman was saying. "I did need those silks so badly, and I am entirely out of writing paper. There are so many letters— Why is anything the matter with the horses?"

"Nothing more'n general cussedness," said Mr. Pettit pleasantly, flicking the grey mare's flanks with his whip. "Animals are very like humans; they balk sometimes when you think you've got 'em to the top of the hill, and sort of throw things back. Whoa there, Fanny—you're going to carry another passenger this morning. Now step up Win, and take the back seat with the lady. I've got these eggs to look after, and you know—" Miss Carewe suddenly sat up very straight.

"If you will put the eggs back here, Mr. Pettit, I will be delighted to look after them." Harden raised his hat ceremoniously.

"I had no idea you were carrying another passenger, Mr. Pettit. I could not think of discommoding Miss Carewe. Any other day will suit me." The foot that had rested for an instant on the step of the surrey, touched the earth once more; his eyes, curiously like Miss Harriet's in his softer moments glinted like steel now. Mr. Pettit thoughtfully scanned the grey mare's harness.

"Suit yourself," he said affably, "the surrey's big enough for you both, and I guess Fan can stand the load. If you folks don't feel well enough acquainted to set together, of course I can shift them eggs. Its all one to me."

"I would be so glad to take care of them," interpolated Miss Carewe, "for I could not think of interfering with Mr. Harden's plans."

"And I assure you—" Mr. Harden began stiffly, and then—whether

Fanny had grown weary of this fruitless discussion, or whether the constant flick of Mr. Pettit's whip along her flank was as the dropping of water wearing upon stone, was not precisely clear. Certain it is that she forgot her peaceful record, and the dignity of her fifteen years, and reared—reared suddenly, breaking the harness and sending the surrey down the hill backwards, with Mr. Pettit grasping frantically at the basket of eggs and Miss Carewe uttering a little frightened cry.

After all it was not such a serious happening, for the vehicle, once on level ground, swerved a little, then settled into its customary decorum, while Fanny after one gladsome kick of her heels, as though testing the extent of her unexpected rejuvenescence, stood still, awaiting developments with sleepy, innocent brown eyes. It was serious enough however, to bring John Winthrop Harden to the foot of the hill almost with the surrey itself, and to make him demand in a new shaky voice, very different from his ordinary composed accents, if Miss Carewe were hurt.

"I guess there ain't nobody hurt," said Mr. Pettit, "except them eggs, and they—" he gazed ruefully into the contents of the basket.

"It was all my fault," said Miss Carewe mournfully, "if I hadn't been so silly—"

"It was mine, I'm afraid," interrupted Harden in a voice that was still far from natural. "If I had not insisted—"

"It wa'n't nobody's fault that I know of," put in Mr. Pettit, "though it's just as good a subject to quarrel over as any other, I s'pose," the pair now standing side by side on

the grass-grown path, blushed, "but since them eggs ain't in just top of the market condition, and there's some little patchin' doin' on this harness, I calculate we'll put off goin' to town to-day unless—"

"I can't do anything for the eggs, I am afraid," said Harden regretfully, "but I am something of a genius at harness mending, and if after we've put that straight, Miss Carewe will allow me, I think I might persuade Aunt Harriet to let us have the buggy, and—" Miss Carewe blushed again.

"I hate to trouble you," she murmured hastily, "but perhaps after we have helped Mr. Pettit, we might talk it over."

Half an hour later Mr. Pettit guided the now thoroughly subdued and repentant Fanny into his own gate.

"There was seven dozen eggs in that basket under the seat," he reflected, "and twelve dozen in the other, and they're sellin' for thirty-five cents a dozen, but it was worth it. That boy is shrewd enough in some things, but he never once remembered that old trick of Fan's of buckin' when you tickled her in the wrong place. It was the old set of harness, and anyhow—I can take it out of their wedding present." He looked back toward the lane, down which two people were walking in the direction of the Winthrop homestead, and a soft light crept into his shrewd old eyes. "She wa'n't the one from Californy, nor the one from New York, nor the college one," he mused aloud, "but I knew when I first see her that she ought somehow to belong—to Miss Lydia," and smiling, he drove on toward the barn.

An Old Account Book

By MARY ABBOTT RAND

IT does not need the date, "1769" to brand it old. Here are witnesses in the blistered, yellow cover, the yellowed, parchment-like paper and the plain chirography of long ago.

There was once a "Grandfather clock" in the living room of an old farm house in the province of Maine. Turn back its hands past one hundred and seventy-five Septembers and see it ticking away the minutes of a golden afternoon when a young man comes into the living room with a freshly-bound leather book under his arm. He puts it on the lightstand with an air of business importance, reaches an ink horn from the high mantel, mends a quill, and with deliberate exactness writes the following:

"Joel Brooks, Clothier, His Book. Bought September 23 Day, 1769. The Price four Shillings and eight Pence, lawful money, witness my Hand, Joel Brooks, Clothier. This is the Book of my Accounts, and the Lord give me grace and understanding to keep a good Account and I will bless His Great Name."

A pious prayer, Joel, and one it would be well for modern book-keepers to copy. Perhaps,—for human nature is weak—Joel cannot pose as a model in every respect.

The first entry reads:

May 8 Day 1771

Reckoned with Melzar Perkins and there was nothing due as witness our Hands,

MELZAR PERKINS

JOEL BROOKS, Clothier.

o o o o o

June 2 Day, 1782.

Amasa Fuller, Dett

To Joel Brooks, Clothier:

For a Hat: 000.60
and for keeping four yearlings Sixteen

weeks and for keeping three yearlings from December 25 Day to May 2 Day 1783, then reckoned with Amasa Fuller and balanced all Accounts and are even,— 000

As witness our hands

AMASA FULLER,

JOEL BROOKS, Clothier.

July 5 Day, 1780.

John Grant for keeping one yoke of steers to pastur. They were in pastur 14 weeks.

March 18 Day, 1771.

Then reckoned with Pelez Bartlett and there was due to me one Sider Barrell.

o o o o o

JOEL BROOKS.

The title of "Clothier" seems now to drop and Joel does not give himself a distinctive title. What it is we may perhaps infer from the next entry:

June 6 Day, 1782.

Silas Cary Credit

One qt Rum	00.40
and for One Gallon of Rum	001.50
and for One Gallon of Rum	001.50
Sept. 2 Day One Gallon of Rum.	001.50
and for One Bushel of Apples	00.40
and for One Gallon of Rum	001.50
and for One Bushel of Corn	00.60

March 24 Day, 1800.

Elippaz More to Joel Brooks, Dettter.

For stock and for other things he had when he went away for work he did on my Place.

One Yoke of oxen	40.000
and for Three Cows	42.000
And one Year old	16.000
And Seven Sheep	19.000
One Colt	25.000
One Pork Tub	1.50
One Great Bible	3.000
Three Hogs	12.000

and for Borden his wife and one third part of the woollen (wool and) flax for two years and six months, and the child one year and six months.

Now a fresh page is turned and we read of

"Occurrences on the Farm for 1817 beginning April 31 Day. Weather, etc.

"Began the piece of land joining the sheep pasture, carried manure and harrowed it, it having been ploughed the Fall before.

May 5—Sabboth. Today finished the field of wheat—very foggy and cold. Wind N. W.

Didn't go to meeting, did you, Joel?

Sabboth 12. Plowed in the orchard. Cold.
May 16. The orchard green.

May 18. Planting corn and preparing to plow. Trimmed apple trees.

Sabboth. Plant Potatoes.

May 29. Plant Peas in the Garden.

June 1. Very much rain.

June 3. Mowing by the Barn.

June 5. Trimmed the Plum Trees.

June 7. Replanted Corn.

Sabboth. Pleasant. Went to Uncle Sam's and had a good time.

June 11. Drew stones for the platform. Got some Chocolate root. Begin to take down chimnies and fix the room for weaving.

12. Plant Beans in Corn. Cut Bean-poles.

13. Hoe some of the Corn. Repair Hedge.

14. Stick and hoe the Beans and potatoes in the garden.

Sabboth. Rain.

17. Worked. Cold.

18. Hoed rest of the corn.

27. Carried sand from the cellar. Sam helped a little.

28. Worked in the cellar. Took up part of the drain, being stopt.

July 1. Filled in part of the drain, furrowed the corn.

Sabboth—Cleaning the cellar.

7. do do do

8. do do do

9. do do do

10. do do do

11. do do do

12. do do do

Probably Joel concluded that a farmer's life must be "do, do, do" to the end.

Most of the following leaves are blank. He does not tell how he wooed his wife, Barbara, nor whether the hired man "Elippaz" married without his approval his daughter, Millicent.

Towards the end of the book he writes this:

March 5 Day.

This day Millicent moved away. These are the things she carried away:

1 Three Year old Heifer,

A chest and warming pan,

One Great Wheel,

One Flax Wheel,

Three Chairs,

One Table,

One Bedstead,

One Bed-cord,

One Tea pot,

Two Quart Bason,

One Candlestick,

Half case knives and forks,

One sett tea cups,

6 Earthen Plates,

6 Pewter Plates,

One Tongs and Shovel,

One Sugar Bowl,

One Feather Bed,

3 New Sheets, one Cotton, two Linen.

One Coverlet.

In another hand is written:

Joel Brooks, born 10 Day Apr. 1746.

Joel Brooks died August 24, 1831.

Barbara Brooks died August 26.

It does not need highly-colored spectacles to read between the lines of this old account-book. And what a meagre life! "Ditto! Ditto! Ditto,"—Sabbath and week-days alike, for it would appear no church spire diverted his mind from earth to Heaven. Had he been born later, he might have become a magazine writer. It is evident he had a tendency toward the quill and ink-horn.

His eighty-five dull years wore away at last and Joel and Barbara have been done with earth for over half a century.

But the old "Grandfather clock" is solemnly ticking the minutes of another's life and Joel's account-book lies on my desk.



My Lady Truth

By IRENE P. MCKEEHAN

My lady Truth, I lay my hands in thine,
And vow to be thy vassal all my days,
To hold thee dearer far than love of mine
For kindness, pleasant living, or fair praise.

My lady Truth, thy service is not light,—
So I have heard from thy leal men of yore,—
Yet I am glad to be thine own true knight,—
To carry weapons in thy holy war.

My lady Truth, gird on my sword for me,
And I will never take it off again
Till I have fought a worthy fight for thee,
And proved my valour on some caitiff men.

My lady Truth, though I so boldly vow,
Still I am but a maiden knight in arms,
And I would beg a favor of thee now,
To give me strength in midst of war's alarms.

My lady Truth, I pray thee lift thy veil,
For then the image of thy royal face
My heart shall hold in peace when foemen rail,
And it shall comfort me in every place.

My lady Truth, my plea thou grantest not;
So be it: had I never eyes to see,
I could not bate my loyalty one jot
For it is due entire to God and thee.

But, lady Truth, since I have goodly eyes
And they have ever lacked the sight they crave,
I'll wait until my deeds of high emprise
Shall draw from thy sweet lips approval grave.

Then, lady Truth, thou'lt lead thy simple squire
Up fearless to the presence of thy Lord,
And there shall be revealed my heart's desire,
That I have won in darkness by my sword.

Christian Science Church Architecture

By ALFRED FARLOW

THERE is little life or promise in any movement which is not supported by a deep-seated motive, and since it cannot be gainsaid that the building of churches on the part of Christian Scientists is



well determined; they furnish a direct proof of an existing vital purpose. The mere fact that a denomination only twenty-five years of age, and neither large in numbers nor unusually wealthy, has been able with apparent ease to construct such a vast array of edifices at an expense ranging from \$30,000 to \$1,000,000, evidences a degree of liberality which is supported by something more than mere sentiment. Even duty struggles hard in its efforts to govern conduct if there is no trustworthy promise of results.

The building of churches on the part of Christian Scientists has been prosecuted for the purpose of meeting certain demands, and the liberal and cheerful response to this enterprise by those who represent the Christian Science movement, the conviction of duty felt by them, has been fostered and sustained by a conscious certainty that every dollar expended in accord with the pur-

pose intended would bring its sure return. Feeble indeed are the efforts of those who believe themselves to be laboring without results.

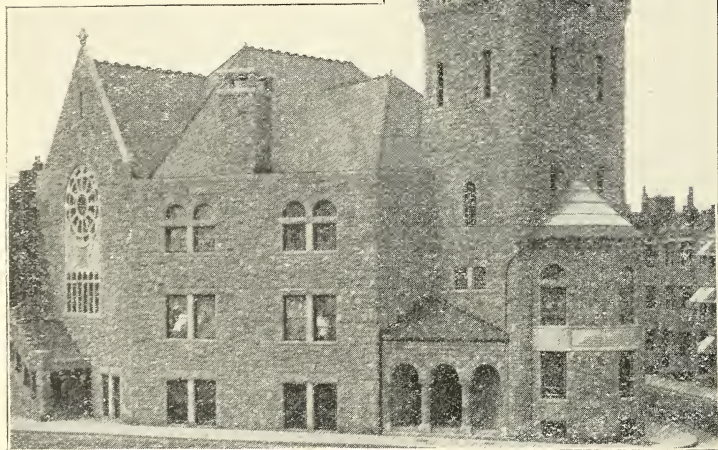
The Christian Scientist is not an exception to this rule, and, while having a satisfactory insight into spiritual realities, and being willing to abide by Paul's injunction, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth," he places less value upon gold and silver than in former years, he is not willing to part with these until he is convinced that he may do so to some avail, and his interest in the building of churches will be in proportion to his convictions that church edifices will redound to the welfare of mankind.

The very nature of Christian Science destroys in its true adherent any desire for mere display, personal adornment, aggrandizement, or benefit. To him there is left, therefore, only the prospect of doing good and benefiting others. Even the desire to look well and to have his enterprise appear to advantage is prompted by the unselfish desire that such may serve as a means of good to others.

The magnificent and substantial buildings which have been erected by the Christian Science movement, and which have been dedicated free from debt, mark a vital interest in these undertakings which has perhaps not been paralleled by any other religious society of its age in the history of the world, and we shall, therefore, touch later in this article upon the animating pur-

pose and influence back of this splendid demonstration of liberality.

The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, is of the Romanesque type throughout, with a tower 120 feet high. The walls are built of Concord granite, random ashlar, quarry face, with trimmings of New Hampshire pink granite. The building is fireproof throughout, being constructed exclusively of stone and iron. Its cost



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, BOSTON, MASS.

was \$200,000, and the ground was valued at \$40,000.

The entrances to the building are of marble with doors of antique oak, leading into a vestibule with a mosaic floor. Two marble stairways lead to the auditorium, which is seated with pews of curly birch upholstered in old rose plush. The floor is of white Italian mosaic with frieze of old rose, and the base and cap of pink Tennessee marble.

The auditorium will seat 1100 persons. The chancel is of mosaic work with richly carved seats following the sweep of its curve, with oxidized silver lamp stands of the Rennais-

sance period on either end. The organ is an unusually fine instrument of vast compass with æolian attachment, and cost \$11,000. Its external design is Romanesque to harmonize with the building.

The first floor of the tower is the Directors' room. The second floor, opposite the auditorium, is the room which was designed and constructed exclusively for the use of the Pastor Emeritus, Mrs. Eddy, and is toned in pale green with relief in old rose, and very handsomely furnished by the children of the denomination. Under the auditorium is the vestry into which open six large class

rooms; it seats 800 people. The windows of the church are all of stained glass with pictorial designs.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Concord, New Hampshire, is a gift from the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, to the church of this denomination in her home city, and

out in strong contrast. This edifice is one of the most beautiful pieces of granite work we have ever seen.

The main approach consists of a broad granite platform running the full width of the building and raised several steps above the sidewalk. On the left is the tower, surrounded by a stone lantern of great

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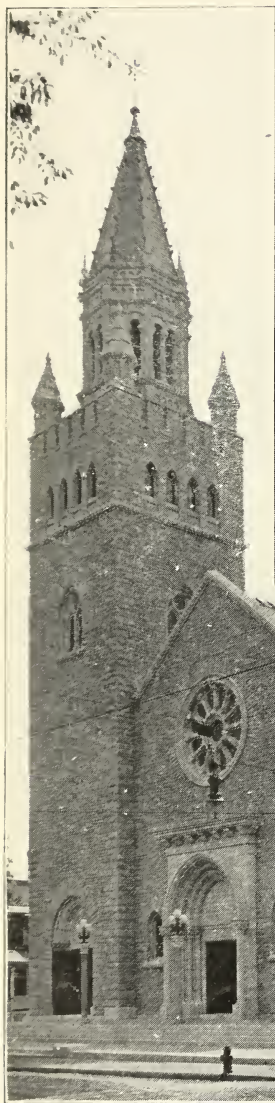


INTERIOR OF MOTHER CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

was erected in 1904. It is built in what is known as the Italian or Southern Gothic. The ashlar may be technically described as split granite rock face laid and with horizontal beds and random end; an original treatment for granite. The trimmings of the church are of the same granite carefully tooled, which gives it a whiter tone than the dark ashlar, thereby causing it to stand

beauty, rising to a height of 165 feet above the street. At the entrance is a spacious vestibule with beamed ceiling. The auditorium is Gothic in style, with nave, transepts and aisle arches. Its seating capacity is about 1,000 and the cost was over \$200,000.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Toronto, Canada, is a light buff brick structure in Renaissance style,



resting upon a base of brown sandstone and having an ornamental slated roof supported by trusses spanning the width of the building and resting upon the buttressed walls.

The main auditorium, raised above the street level to form a ground story, is rectangular and has a seating capacity of 500, with seats ranged longitudinally and curved around the Readers' platform which, with the pipe organ, is placed at the middle of one side. The church cost about \$30,000, and was erected in 1898.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City, is situated in the residence section of the West Side, at the junction of 96th Street and Central Park West. The edifice measures 100x151 feet, and is built of Concord, New Hampshire, granite. The seating capacity is 2,200, and the auditorium, which is lined with imported marble, is considered by

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, CONCORD, N. H.

architects to be one of the finest in this country.

Immediately over the vaulted ceiling there is a spacious Reading Room, reached by elevators from either end of the building. The cost of the building was \$1,185,000, all of which had been paid in prior to the

dedication in November, 1903. The acoustic properties of the auditorium have been pronounced perfect by singers and speakers.

Second Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City, located at 68th Street and Central Park West, was erected in 1900 at a cost of \$370,000,

the land \$145,000; total \$515,000. The seating capacity is 1,300. The style of architecture is a Greek treatment of French Renaissance. The structure is built of steel, faced on all four sides with Dover white marble, foundation of Concord granite, topped with copper dome in centre.

The interior is finished through-

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Toledo, Ohio, is constructed after the early English style, with a tower. It is built of Amherst blue sandstone,—an Ohio stone.

The auditorium is nearly rectangular and has a seating capacity of 500. By opening the two parlors and gallery the seating capacity is increased to 800. It is decorated in



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, TORONTO, CANADA

out in mahogany with marble wainscoting. The entrances open into foyers finished in Italian marble. The staircases are of Italian and Tennessee marbles. The edifice is lighted by 3,000 electric lights mostly concealed and reflecting the light, forming a striking feature of the edifice.

ivory and gold. The windows and sunburst of opalescent glass are ruby and all shades of amber. The chairs are curly birch, natural wood. The porch is made of heavy rock faced stone, like the rest of the building. The vestibule has a mosaic floor, and on each side are commodious cloak rooms. The church was

built in 1898 and cost about \$34,000.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Cleveland, Ohio, is built entirely of Berea sawed sandstone masonry. Its facade has a charm in its beautiful Corinthian effect, from its fluted columns and heavy stone periment.

The recessed loggia is reached by

from the foyer into the Sunday School room which is in size about 25 feet by 40 feet. The building was erected in 1904 and cost \$80,000.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Chicago, Illinois, which is designed in the purest Grecian Ionic style, is faced with Bedford stone. The



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ascending three or four broad steps and is lighted from underneath the pediment, and from above at night by retired electric lights. From the loggia three double doorways open into the foyer, which extend across the entire front and almost the entire depth on the south side of the building. Double doorways open

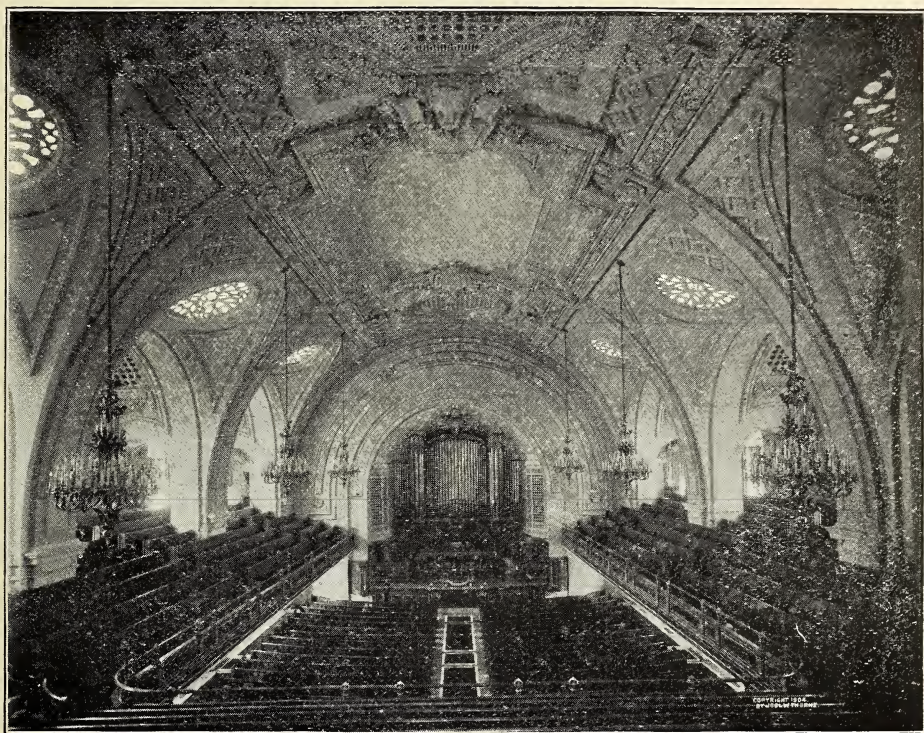
foyer, or inner vestibule, occupies a space of some 6,000 square feet which is paved with marble mosaic. Opening from the foyer are cloak rooms, directors' rooms, toilet rooms, etc. These latter rooms are finished in marble and mosaic.

Above this foyer is the great auditorium which seats 1,500 people,

without balconies. The auditorium is seated with opera chairs and is reached by broad flights of steps from the lower foyer. It has a lofty arched ceiling and wide dome, lighted with a sunburst of colored glass.

The building is finished in mahogany and enameled white wood, is heated by steam, and lighted by electricity. Its roof construction is

tist, Chicago, Ill., is of the Grecian Ionic architecture and is built of Bedford stone. This edifice, as well as the "Third Church," are very similar to the "First Church" of that city. The "Second" building cost \$120,000, and the "Third" about the same. There are also two other new churches in course of erection in Chicago, namely: the "Fourth" and "Fifth."



INTERIOR OF FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, NEW YORK, N. Y.

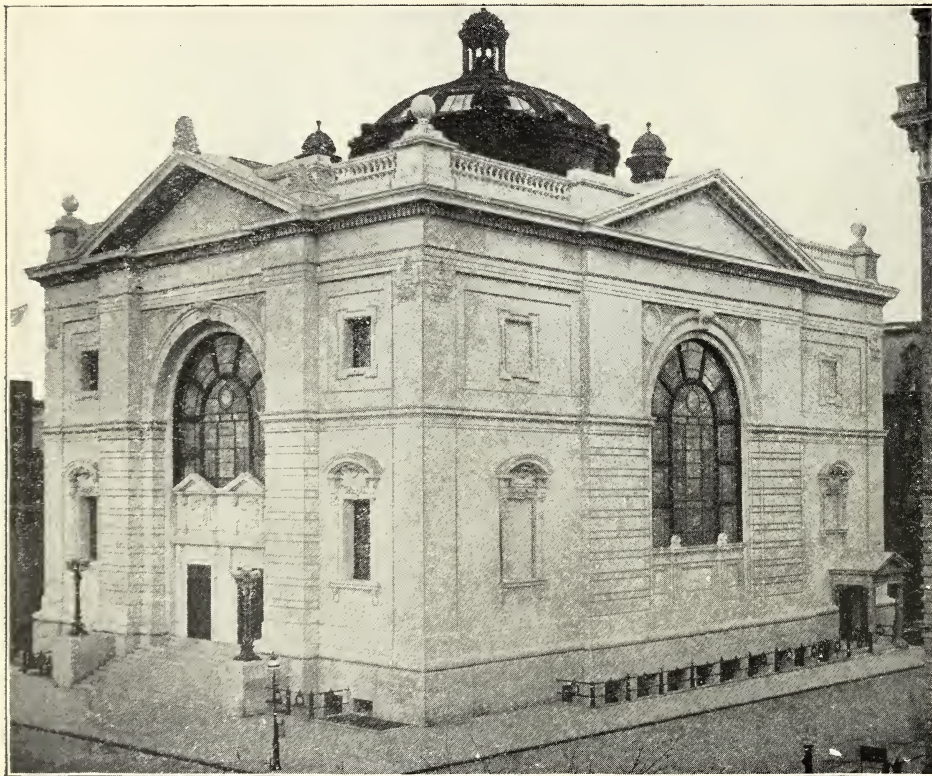
of steel. A fine large organ is located at one end of the auditorium—to the right of the reader's platform. The windows are filled with rich stained glass. The ceiling is about 40 feet in height. The building cost \$112,000, and was erected in 1897.

Second Church of Christ, Scien-

Second Church of Christ, Scientist, Minneapolis, Minnesota, is designed in the early English style of Gothic architecture, and is built of native blue limestone, with trimmings of Ohio stone. The plan is in the form of a cross, with nave and transepts on either side, and gallery over front entrance; the

floor sloping toward the platform on which are the reader's desks. Behind the desks are the choir platform and organ. Over the desks springs a handsome decorated stone arch, supported on either side by massive stone piers, with caps carved with realistic oak leaves. At the four intersections of the transepts the ceil-

First Church of Christ, Scientist, St. Louis, Missouri, on the corner of Kingshighway and Westminster Place, has just been completed. The treatment of the exterior, in carefully studied brickwork trimmed with Indiana limestone, and so disposed as to mark the principal features, is simple in its lines and is



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ing is broken by oak trusses and panelled beams.

The wainscoting, pews and interior finish are in weathered oak. The stained glass windows and wall decorations harmonize with the general character and design of the building. The seating capacity is twelve hundred. The building cost \$115,000, and was completed in 1903.

very refined in its pure Greek detail.

The interior arrangement is unusual, in that the amphitheatre form gives every opportunity for seeing and hearing individual speakers in the congregation. The seating capacity is 1,200. The Sunday School is at the rear. The foyers and the general circulation under the auditorium are generous in the extreme.

The church cost \$155,000, and was erected in 1903.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Kansas City, Missouri, is built of a light gray Missouri limestone laid in random ashlar and heavily rock faced. The roof is laid with a bold surface red tile, giving a pleasing contrast with the stone walls. The architectural treatment is a rather severe rendering of the French

over the organ. The seating capacity is 1,500.

The finish of the interior wood work and furniture is brown antique oak. The readers' room is at the right side of the organ and the choir, or musicians, at the left side. The building cost \$50,000, and was erected in 1898.

Second Church of Christ, Scientist, Kansas City, Missouri, includ-



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, TOLEDO, OHIO

Gothic. A square bell tower which is 75 feet in height above the sidewalk, is engaged to the principal corner of the building. The interior is arranged with the principal ideas contributing to the placing of the reading desk and organ on the long side of the church and opposite to the entrances. Light is admitted from large trefoil windows in the two ends and from clear story windows

ing the dome, rises 102 feet above the street. The building is of Roman Doric architecture and is built of native dressed Phenix limestone, surmounted by a metal and glass dome. A feature of the main entrance is four huge solid stone columns, 41 feet in height, 5 feet in diameter at the base, and tapering at the top, mounted on large cut stone bases. The vestibule, sep-

parated from the foyer by plate glass doors, is two stories in height, with arched ceilings, in either upper end of which are large mural paintings of Biblical subjects. Two marble stairways lead from the vestibule to the auditorium above. Both the vestibule and the commodious foyer have mosaic tiled floors. The Sunday School room, 44x65 feet, occu-

glass dome 48 feet in diameter afford excellent light. The electric lights are mostly concealed. The readers' platform and desks are in the centre of the long side of the room. A large pipe organ is located just above the reception room, as is also the choir gallery. The building is practically fireproof, and cost complete with ground \$205,000.



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, CLEVELAND, OHIO

pies the rear of the lower floor. Church parlors, check rooms and toilet and ladies' retiring rooms are all on the first floor.

The auditorium on the second floor has a seating capacity of 1,052, and is equipped with leather upholstered opera chairs. Nine large art glass windows on three sides of the room, with an amber colored art

First Church of Christ, Scientist, Denver, Colorado, was erected in 1904, and is an imposing structure of Grecian architecture built of white lava stone, giving the appearance of white marble, with six colossal Corinthian columns at the main entrance.

The auditorium is 125 feet square, without pillars or obstructions of

any kind, and has 1,756 seats. The roof is dome-shaped, which gives wonderful acoustic properties, making it possible to hear distinctly at any part of the auditorium. There are two side galleries, and the main floor is sloping with seats arranged in amphitheatre fashion. Nile green and ivory are the prevailing tints of the decorations, and a multitude of opalescent glass windows in green

with the exception of the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, is the largest and handsomest church constructed in the West.

As to exteriors, some of the Christian Scientist churches have held to the Gothic and Romanesque styles of architecture, with the tall spires and towers which quite generally prevail in church buildings of other denominations; others have de-



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, CHICAGO, ILL.

and amber give a flood of light and pleasant tone. Architecturally the whole edifice carries the Ionic treatment, even to the smallest details. Below the auditorium is the foyer, which has four entrances to the floor above. The pipe organ in the auditorium is obstructed by a Grecian fret, with an echo organ in the attic. The structure cost \$160,000, and,

parted radically from these and have adopted the Grecian style, as if intent upon getting as far away from the ordinary custom as possible in order to make the outward appearance of the structure as new as the religion to be taught therein.

The Romanesque and Gothic styles of architecture originated with the establishment of the Chris-

tian Church in Western Europe, and were used mainly for ecclesiastical purposes. The classic or Greek style was used during the first centuries because it had been the prevailing style of ante-Christian Churches, but since then it has lost most of its ecclesiastical association and has been used more in secular buildings.

The exterior of a church edifice is, however, of less importance, per-

from a city hall or library, such as by its very appearance suggests its grand and lofty purpose. I would, therefore, plead for what has been very aptly denominated "a churchy church." The exterior features of a church should constitute a standing interest and invitation.

It is said that when Mrs. Eddy, the Discoverer of Christian Science, was shown a plan for a simple little church, devoid of a spire, to be



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

haps, than the interior, and is useful only in view of its suggestions to outsiders, and the satisfaction it affords the eyes of its builders and occupants. Without doubt many of the Christian Science churches in their stately and sublime Grecian styles are noteworthy specimens of architecture and ornamentation, but a distinctive style of church architecture seems desirable, such as will enable the passerby to distinguish it

erected by Christian Scientists at a summer resort in the White Mountains, she remarked: "I should like to see something on it pointing upward," and out of respect for her modest suggestion a tower was added to the original plan.

A structure copied from a borrowed pattern may manifest little individual thought, and is not likely to be representative either in its exterior or interior. Moreover, the ex-

terior plans of the Christian Science churches are likely to be quite in common with those of other denominations, for the motives prompting their adoption are similar. In any event it matters little to the interior

plicity, their freedom from ancient and mediæval decorations, the absence of pagan symbols adapted to ornamentation, and the lack of antiquated notions,—these features impress one with the fact that Chris-



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, KANSAS CITY, MO.

convenience of a house how many spires and gables it may have, and, therefore, for the special or representative features of the Christian Science churches we must study their interiors. Their extreme sim-

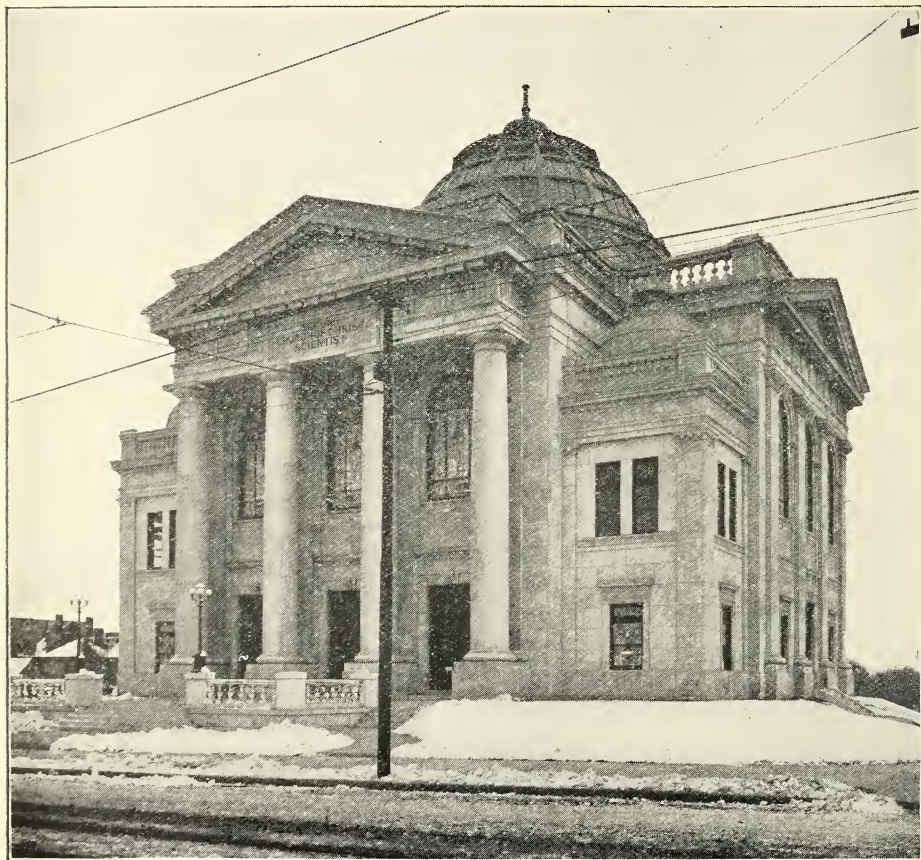
tian Scientists have departed from tradition and are animated by a real and unfettered purpose.

Since Christian Science is utterly devoid of mysticism, and formalism, and has no other mission than to

give understanding to its students, its adherents are inclined to discard many time-honored customs, and to introduce entirely new designs for church auditoriums, planning simply for convenient and comfortable rooms wherein to congregate and hear the truth.

taught it. Therefore, the Christian Science auditorium becomes simply a convenient class-room with furnishings most suitable to its purpose, and with decorations in harmony with Christian Science ideas.

In Christian Science churches there is a noticeable absence of din-



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, KANSAS CITY, MO.

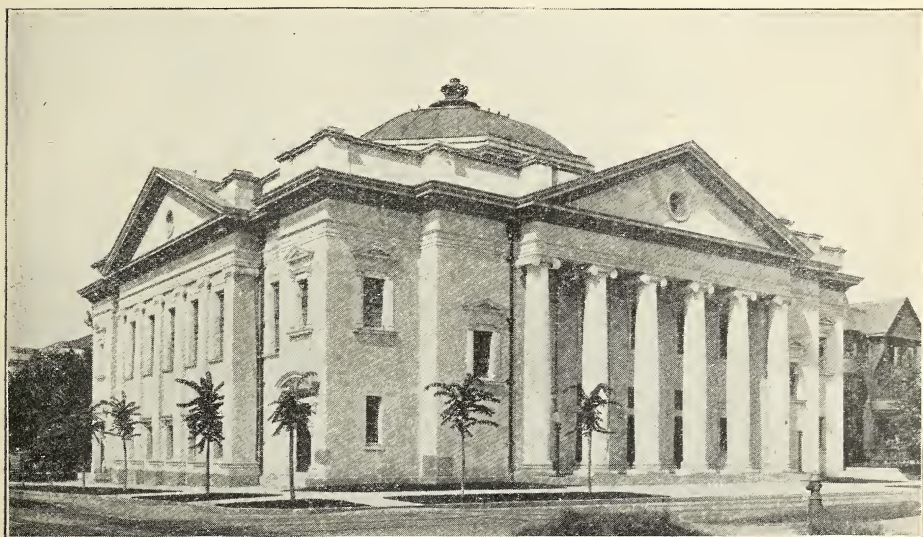
The Christian Science propaganda is impelled by the thought of the Scriptural text, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Its devotees regard Christianity as the understanding and practice of the truth as Jesus, the great Exemplar, understood and

ing rooms and kitchens. The sociability of the people is marked rather by the construction of commodious foyers where those who attend may exchange greetings and make new acquaintances. Sunday School rooms are also prominent in the Christian Science churches, since

special attention is given to the spiritual education of the children.

Christian Science demands the most simple material practice possible to mortals, since it requires their entire time and attention to fulfil the Scriptural injunction, "Work out your own salvation," and yet comfort and propriety are essential to that happy state of mind which marks the faithful and efficient laborer, while durability provides against the frequent necessity

as not abusing it." Likewise a want of proper beauty, convenience and comfort would fail to comply with the demands of Christian Science. Therefore, an ideal church will be convenient, comfortable and suitably adorned, for, from the standpoint of Christian Science, an unnecessarily unpleasant picture, or an avoidable discomfort which needlessly fastens one's attention upon material things, interferes in so far with the contemplation of spiritual



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, DENVER, COLO.

of rebuilding,—hence chasteness and durability are distinguishing features of the ideal Christian Science church.

It is also a custom with the denomination to build beyond the demands of its present congregation, with the expectation of a steady increase of numbers, and the churches are usually filled when ready for occupancy. Redundancy of ornamentation would be out of harmony with Christian Science which agrees with Paul's injunction to "use the world

things, and is therefore objectionable.

The entire conduct of a consistent Christian Scientist is governed by a fixed principle and is not affected by traditional customs and ideas, except as these happen to accord with those of Christian Science; hence Christian Scientist building committees are likely to give little heed to the models which have been prepared before their time, but which are not adapted to their own peculiar needs.

The Greater Light

By SARAH RUTH QUIGLEY

DOCTOR OLDS went slowly up the worn brick walk to the Canfield house amongst its autumn tinted trees. As he passed under great golden maples, now and then a leaf fluttered to the ground like a bright-winged butterfly. Other leaves, fallen and withered, crunched delicately under his feet and sent up a faint, earthy odor. The doctor shuffled musingly through shifting waves of yellow and brown. When he ascended the uneven stone steps, all was quiet but for the soft rustle of reddening woodbine over the wide oak door.

A double ring at the white-knobbed bell-pull brought Mrs. Reed, the housekeeper, tall and slightly bent, with faded brown eyes that were widely anxious.

"He's around on the side porch, doctor," she said in a half whisper.

"Is he in good spirits?" asked Dr. Olds, taking off his hat and running his fingers through his iron-gray hair.

"The best," replied Mrs. Reed; "but oh, doctor," she continued, clasping her thin hands, "I do wish you'd say something—to prepare him. If he didn't get his sight—his heart's so set on it," she concluded with quivering lips.

The doctor smiled kindly. "It may come out all right, Mrs. Reed," he said. "The operation is comparatively simple, and if the nerves are intact—"

"But I can't bear to have him so certain," interrupted Mrs. Reed.

"The disappointment—" her voice broke and she fumbled in the black silk bag at her belt.

Dr. Olds looked at her with genial blue eyes in which there was no reflection of her mood.

"I'll do what I can, Mrs. Reed. But you mustn't borrow trouble.—This way?" he questioned, turning from the door.

The housekeeper nodded as she wiped her eyes.

Then Dr. Olds went round to the side veranda overlooking the leaf-strewn lawn and rolling fields beyond. There an old nian was sitting in a large chintz-covered rocker, his sightless eyes directed toward the red sinking sun, which cast its glow over his gray hair and rugged features.

"That you, doctor?" asked the old man, turning toward the approaching steps a face from which glad expectancy had almost obliterated all marks of age and care. "Nearly evening, isn't it? This has been the longest day of the two years."

With a low laugh the doctor drew a chair near the rocker.

"Long day, eh, Canfield?" he repeated, putting his hand on his friend's knee.

"Two years," mused the old man, "that I've lived in the dark. That's a fine sun," he continued, passing his large wrinkled hand over his face. "I can feel it now—and before many days I'll see it."

Dr. Olds frowned and silently patted the old man's knee.

"It seems to me I must have these curtains off," went on Mr. Canfield with a slightly querulous tone; "it isn't in me to play the gentleman. And, I tell you, if ever an old stick rotted in a swamp, it's me shut up here. Why, man, I'm good for ten years of corn-plowing yet!" he declared, the ring of joy coming back into his voice.

"That's right, you are," assented Dr. Olds, echoing the old man's enthusiasm.

"Can't I be home before the leaves are gone?" Mr. Canfield resumed. "It seems as if I've got back my childish liking for yellow and red."

Dr. Olds looked out through the vista of autumn glow, down which the sun was sending long, level, red-gold beams, and then away to the brown fields.

"There's one thing we must consider, Canfield," he said, turning back to his companion. "Dr. Frazier is the greatest eye specialist in the West, but—"

Mr. Canfield's face paled slightly, his eyelids quivered and his hands clutched at the chair arms where they rested.

There was silence a few minutes while the doctor gently stroked the old man's knee.

"He practically never fails," resumed Dr. Olds, "but there are chances—" He broke off with sudden alarm in his face.

The old man's features were working convulsively and his large frame shook. "Don't," he said huskily.

"It's only one out of a thousand," the doctor reassured quickly, taking his friend's hand, "and you're not going to be the thousandth man, Canfield."

"Olds!" cried the blind man, his face still white, "you don't think—you don't mean—"

"I think you're as certain to win as anyone can be."

The old man gave a long, trembling sigh. "My!" he said and his eyes groped back toward the west until they met the long beams of the round, red sun. "My!" he repeated, rising, "I guess the sun's gone under, hasn't it? Seems chilly out here."

Dr. Olds rose and took his arm. "Are you all ready, Canfield?" he questioned cheerily. "You know the train goes at seven."

"You can count on me," declared the old man, his face lighting up. "I wouldn't miss that train for the farm."

* * * * *

In one of the private rooms of a city hospital, Mr. Canfield lay with his eyes closely bandaged, his strong old hands resting quietly upon the spotless counterpane which covered his large, bony frame.

"Four days,—three days longer," he was saying softly. The doctor, who had just called, was half way down the stairs; but the patient was not alone, for someone had come lightly into the room. It was not the large nurse with the heavy step.

"Is that you, Martha?" questioned the old man, groping in the air with his hand.

"Yes," answered a voice, peculiarly soft and with a plaintiveness distinguishable even in that one word.

"I'm glad you've come," said the old man with a half sigh. "I'm all alone except for the professionals. Dr. Olds couldn't stay; he went home again this morning."

"Might I read?" asked the sweet, plaintive voice.

"Why, that's the way I used to ask my dad if I could go play," laughed Mr. Canfield. "I ought to ask the favor of you; it's the biggest favor I ever had. It's been three years—three years," he continued, softly tapping the bandages, "since I could read a word for myself, and nobody like you to do it for me."

"It's a favor to me," said the girl; "it's all the play I have,—reading to the—to the blind." This last was said with an added quiver in her voice.

"What!" exclaimed the old man, "don't you play with the other children?"

"I never played with any children," said the girl slowly and in a low voice, as though it were a confession forced from her.

"Well now," went on her questioner, "I should think there'd be a lot of children over there at the—children's home, is it?"

There was no reply but a sound of labored breathing.

"Well, well, you can play with me," said the old man very gently. "I get more of a child every year. What can we play?"

"I like to make stories," said the voice with new vivacity, "and play and forget—"

"Forget what?" questioned the old man with increased intentness in his voice.

"Forget that my teacher's dead," said the girl after a pause.

"School teacher?" asked Mr. Canfield.

"No, just teacher," replied the girl. "The only one I ever had. She was good to me and taught me lots—and she died." The last words came in a muffled voice receding from the bed.

"Only one teacher, and she died.

Well, well!" exclaimed the old man sympathetically.

There was another silence, broken by the rustle of papers and the placing of a chair. Then the girl began to read.

Each day during the waiting, Martha came. She read always in the same musical voice,—"wonderful," Mr. Canfield called it—sometimes the newspapers, sometimes a story. The blind man grew to depend upon her as the seeing depends upon the sunlight. When he asked about her, the nurse and the doctor were reticent. Whether from lack of knowledge or lack of interest he could not tell.

One day when Martha had finished a story, there was silence for several minutes. The old man lay quite still.

"Are you asleep?" she questioned.

"I should say not," answered her companion, rousing up. "I was only wondering how the orchard would look, and that big tree in the corner, just loaded with pippins, and the woodbine and the creeper. It's but a few days now."

"A few days," sighed Martha.

"What you sighing for, child?" he demanded.

"We didn't play the other day," replied Martha, evasively. "Might we play now?"

"To be sure!" replied the old man with zest, raising himself on his elbow. "What shall we play?"

"Supposing," said Martha, "that you were always blind and that I wasn't at the home, and that I could come to see you every day, and that you could—could—bear me."

"Bear you! what a queer notion, child," said the blind man, reaching out his hand, for Martha was very near,—but she slipped away.

"Come here, Martha. Don't talk about me being always blind, please! I want to see, to see the pretty things in the world."

"But there are ugly things in the world, too," protested Martha, her voice again assuming the confessional whisper.

"But I don't need to look at ugly things. A man sees what he looks for," argued Mr. Canfield with a soft laugh. "Haven't you heard that adage, Martha?"

"But," said the low, hesitating voice again, "it hurts the—the ugly things to be looked away from."

"How old are you, child?" questioned the old man suddenly.

"Fourteen," came the trembling reply.

"Fourteen! my life! I thought you weren't more than ten until you talked that way. I thought you were little, with big blue eyes and yellow hair, like Matilda in the story." He paused but there was no sound. "I've made a picture of you, and in a few days,—Martha—" His hand groped in the air again; but there was no response. The girl was gone.

The next day Dr. Olds returned to the city and the two physicians went together to Mr. Canfield's bedside.

"Now, Mr. Canfield," said Dr. Frazier, "I'm going to unbandage your eyes, but the room is perfectly dark. You must not expect to get even an impression of light."

Deftly he unwound the intricate bandages. "There's an original Hibernian with a broken leg down in the ward," he remarked, as he cautiously reflected a faint light into the now exposed pupils.

Dr. Olds drew nearer.

"The Irishman said," went on Dr.

Frazier as he turned in a stronger light, " 'Begorra, Oi moight as well broke the other and had thim both fixed at onct. Oi can't walk inyh—how! ' "

The patient and Dr. Olds laughed.

There was no start from the blind man, no response; calmly the nerveless pupils stared at the brilliant light of day.

Dr. Frazier looked into the set face of his companion and placed a finger that trembled slightly on his lips.

"All right; that will do for the present," he said, as he replaced the bandages.

The nurse came, and with a few casual remarks to her the men withdrew. Nothing was said until they reached the office down stairs. Dr. Olds' face was haggard.

"I suppose I've got it to do," he said, beginning to pace the floor, "but I'd rather see him laid out than tell him—"

While speaking he had neared a curtained alcove. A slight girl's figure darted from behind the portiere and scurried away. As she passed Dr. Olds, he caught a glimpse of a face half white and half purple, as if hideously scarred.

"Martha!" called Dr. Frazier hurrying after her.

A few moments later, Mr. Canfield, lying peacefully in his bed, heard the familiar, gliding step of his daily visitor.

"Why, Martha, you're early to-day!" he said.

"I—came to—play," stammered Martha, with a laugh that sounded like a sob.

"My child, what's wrong!" cried the old man starting up.

"Let's play," resumed Martha, gaining partial control of herself,

"let's play what we were going to the other day—play that you were always blind and that I took care of you—"

"Child, what can you mean?" questioned the old man almost sharply.

"Oh, Mr. Canfield," said Martha, her voice breaking again, "you've been so good to me, I'd like to help you!"

"Tush, tush, child, it's you that's been good to me," replied the old man gently as he put out his hand, and this time, put it on Martha's shoulder.

"Then would you—do something—for me?" she pleaded.

"Too willing, too willing, my child," he assured, patting her shoulder.

She took his hand and passed it over her face. "You feel it?" she said.

There was no reply. The hand shook a little.

"You couldn't look at me," she whispered. "I'm marked—from birth."

The large, trembling old hand went on patting her shoulder.

"I must live a long, long time," continued Martha her voice strengthening and then sinking to a whisper again. "You don't have to live very long. Would you—be willing—not to see—for a little while?"

* * * * *

A few moments later when Dr. Olds came to the bed-side, Mr. Canfield lay quite still. The doctor took his hand and bent over close to his pale face. His lips moved, first without sound; then he whispered,

"Martha's—going—home with me."

Ancient and Modern Counterfeiters

By SIGMUND KRAUSZ

Author of "Toward the Rising Sun," etc.

THE dangerous art of counterfeiting is not, as is generally believed, an achievement of modern inventive genius, but an ancient product of human ingenuity in the service of human corruption. Its history may be traced back nearly to that remote period in which the invention of coinage took place which revolutionized the commerce of the world.

This period has been fixed by the foremost numismatists as the eighth century B. C., and the counterfeiting

of coins, issued by the autonomous cities and republics of Greece, is supposed to have had its start shortly after. It soon must have gained rapid headway, as some of the Greek states, such as Athens, for example, under the rule of Solon, were forced to enact the strictest laws against the crime of counterfeiting.

But the art and resourcefulness of the counterfeiter, even at that time, was such that the most Draconic laws were not sufficient to check the crime, and numerous specimens of

ancient falsifications, which often figure as genuine antiques in our collections, have come down to the present.

The detection of these forgeries is extremely difficult, as the ancient counterfeiters invariably used a method of gold and silver plating in their process, and executed their work with such consummate skill as to defy detection. The plating was in fact so well done that it stood the test of over two thousand years; specimens being found to-day which are in complete state of preservation. I, myself, saw a few years ago in Athens such a coin, the beauty of which induced me to purchase it, and it was months later that I discovered the counterfeit while scraping away a small piece of verdigris from the edge where the plating was worn away.

Herodotus mentions counterfeiting as a common crime, but doubts the wholesale falsifications ascribed to Polycrates, who is said to have cheated the Spartans by the paying of tribute in counterfeit gold coins. However this may be, it is a fact that many ancient rulers counterfeited their own money issues by adding alloys, sometimes in such quantities as to reduce the intrinsic value by 90 per cent and more. This practice has been followed all through the middle ages and is even kept up to-day by the governments of some countries, as for example that of Santo Domingo whose silver dollar does not contain more than about 20 per cent of the white metal.

The worst period of such wholesale counterfeiting was in the epoch of the short-reigned soldier emperors of Rome, when the percentage of silver in a denarius became sometimes as low as 2 per cent of the nominal value of the coin.

The secret counterfeiters of Rome lacked the art and skill of their Greek brethren in crime, confining their manipulations mostly to the casting method. They seemed, however, to have established the principle, which is still largely adhered to by modern counterfeiters, of manufacturing their falsificates outside the jurisdiction of the country in which they were destined to circulate.

Convincing proof of this was found a few years ago, when a complete outfit of Roman counterfeit tools and clay models were excavated in a part of France which, judging from the type of the coins to be manufactured, was at that time not yet included in the great Roman empire.

The early renaissance of art developed a new class of counterfeiters. These were the men who imitated rare and beautiful ancient coins which, at the time, had begun to attract the attention of collectors and art lovers. In this class of counterfeiting some skillful artists were engaged, and their productions have often real artistic merit. The most noted of them were Jean Cavino and Alessandro Bassiano who lived in the middle of the sixteenth century, and whose forgeries are known under the name of "Paduans," from the Italian city where they were produced.

It is more than probable that these talented gravers, at the start of their career, had no criminal intentions, and simply copied beautiful specimens of coins for the love of art, but the temptation of reaping big profits from the sale of imitations as genuine antique coins proved too great and, about 1540, the two men combined in the manu-

facture of this class of counterfeits as a regular business.

With the growth of the mania for coin collecting this nefarious trade took on considerable proportions, and to-day there exist in France, Germany, Italy, Egypt and other countries a number of factories where especially Roman and Greek coins are manufactured by the thousands. As it is, the counterfeiting of coins was the forerunner of the criminal practices which, in more modern times, strew the path of collectors of paintings, statuary, tapestries, arms, furniture, etc. with pitfalls which only the most careful and experienced may escape.

Modern discoveries in the fields of chemistry and kindred sciences have considerably developed and facilitated the art of counterfeiting metal currency, but the overwhelming prevalence of paper money in all civilized nations has turned the attention of the guild to forging bank notes, and it is only the small fry in the business that now sticks to counterfeiting silver and gold coins.

The history of paper money and its counterfeits is, in many instances, similar to that of metal currency. It too is much older than is generally believed, the greenbacks of to-day being in fact evolved from a certain kind of leather notes which were forced into circulation, about 1000 B. C., as government debt certificates, by a Chinese emperor who found his treasury depleted by some wars.

The evolution from these crude leather notes of the ante-Christian era to the artistic bank notes of our time was, however, a slow one; real paper money being issued first about 1000 A. D. This progress was also achieved in China, and the printed

paper slips which represented the currency were called "Tchitsi" and later "Kiaotzu." The people in general did not take kindly to this paper money, and the patriarchal government was forced to print on the face of it a warning of beheading for refusal to accept it.

During the circulation of the Kiaotzu naturally many of the notes were destroyed by accident or lost by the carelessness of the holders, thus resulting in large profits to the government. But, as the discovery of new gold fields always draws a crowd of adventurers to the place who want to share in the profits of the discovery, so the crafty tribe of bank note counterfeiters soon sprang up to share the profits of the government. What the government printers could do private craftsmen could also accomplish, and it was not long before good imitations of the government notes were in circulation. China can therefore not only boast of the first paper currency, but also of the first bank note counterfeiters, who caused the Celestial government no end of trouble before Europe even knew of the invention.

In Europe the forging of paper money did not seem, at first, to be alluring to the counterfeiters, and quite a long period elapsed, after the Swedish government had introduced the first paper or rather cardboard currency, before falsificates made their appearance. But later with the development of printing and the invention of photography, bank note counterfeiting received a strong impetus, and the percentage of paper falsificates is to-day probably considerably larger than that of metal forgeries.

Paper money offers more tempta-

tions for the counterfeiter than metal currency, for the reason that the material of which it consists is of lesser value, and that a good forgery of notes of high denomination results in much larger profits. Skillful forgers are not afraid to attempt the falsification of the most artistic bank note, and their cunning art makes it often difficult, even for experts, to distinguish the genuine notes from the counterfeits.

Experienced counterfeiters always work with the greatest caution; they never work singly, but unite in large gangs which have connections in various countries. Their first principle is never to issue their fabrications at or near the place of manufacture. Only tyros vary from this principle, and they are, as a rule, speedily caught. The old hands protect themselves through middlemen, and their product goes through several hands before it reaches the public. This practice makes detection difficult, for while the counterfeits, for instance, may be issued in Russia, the forgers are safely working in London or Paris. Should one of the gentry be captured, the tracing of the crime is so difficult and the web around the middlemen so complicated that only in rare cases are the counterfeiters themselves apprehended.

London is the favorite place of this class of criminals, and immense amounts of false paper money have been and are still manufactured there. The English capital might in fact be considered the distributing centre which supplies the rest of Europe with paper falsificates, and rarely is a band of international counterfeiters detected where the clues to the crime do not lead to London.

The country which suffers most from counterfeiters is Russia, where, according to good authorities, nearly as many falsificates as genuine bank notes are in circulation. Should this statement even appear exaggerated, it is nevertheless certain that colossal amounts of bogus Russian paper rubles are circulating in the country of the czar.

The London forgers are not satisfied with small business. They work in wholesale lots, and turn out hundreds of thousands of counterfeit every year. Only a few years ago a consignment of prayer books was confiscated at the Russian frontier which contained, neatly packed between the leaves, 80,000 counterfeit notes of denominations ranging from five to fifty rubles. These falsificates are, as a rule, cleverly executed, and their circulation in Russia is much facilitated by the prevailing illiteracy and gullibility of the population.

Other European countries and the United States also suffer considerably, but in much lesser degree than the Muscovite empire; the German and American government having the least trouble in the matter of counterfeiters. The more efforts the government institutions make to protect themselves against the criminals the harder the latter exercise their cunning; and when the treasury officials of a country believe they have invented some new process which they expect to prove a stumbling block in the path of the forgers, they are soon awakened from that illusionary dream.

That nothing is impossible for the ingenuity of counterfeiters was proved to the Bank of France about ten years ago. A gang of counterfeiters had forged the 500 franc

notes of the bank with such success and in such amounts that the latter was compelled to withdraw the whole issue of that denomination from circulation and print new notes instead. Since photography had served the forgers largely in their criminal operations, the efforts of the bank were directed toward the printing of the new notes with colors which would defy the aid of the camera in the attempt of reproduction.

The bank thought to achieve this object by a pink overprint on a blue foundation which resulted in a violet hue. Thus the officials thought to be secure against further imitations, and in fact nothing was heard for a time of any attempt to forge the new notes. One day, however, a Parisian chemist, named Schlumberger, told the directors of the bank that it would be an easy matter to counterfeit their new notes, and offered to prove his assertion. At the same time he suggested to them a new process, invented by him, which was to make counterfeiting impossible. The directors accepted neither of Schlumberger's offers, and warned him against imitating the new notes. Nevertheless he manufactured a deceivingly executed imitation and separate proofs of the blue and pink plates. To avoid abuse of these certificates he printed them on thick paper and changed the main inscription "500 Francs" to "500 Liards." These copies appeared as a supplement to *Le Moniteur Industriel*, and the French people had the peculiar surprise of seeing a perfect imitation of their new, so-called counterfeit-proof notes, shortly after they had been issued. Schlumberger had the laugh on the bank, but his joke cost him a fine of 500

francs, while the editor of the *Moniteur* got off with 100 francs.

Great care and expense are involved in the preparation of the Bank of England notes, which are said to cost 5d to 6d each to manufacture. The paper is specially made from pure linen rags, each sheet sufficing only for two notes. The watermark on the paper is also of a special design. The forgeries of the latter are mostly made by means of hot-pressing, but, apart from the peculiar crisp feel of the paper itself, a ready test is to dampen the note, when the watermark so made on a forged note will at once disappear. The ink on the Bank of England notes is indelible, the design plain and difficult to trace.

In Germany and the United States the material for the paper currency is manufactured under strict supervision of the governments, and silk threads are imbedded in the paper as a preventive measure against forgery. This method seems to be the most effective in baffling the ingenuity of the counterfeiters, as it necessitates the establishment of a special paper factory to successfully imitate the notes printed on such paper. In spite of all this, dangerous falsificates make their appearance in these countries, the silk threads being imitated by colored inks, and no matter what efforts the government may make, the forgers always find means to overcome seemingly insuperable obstacles. It is a keen competition between the state treasuries and the counterfeiters that reminds one forcibly of the efforts in the manufacture of armor plates and armor piercing ordnance. As long as paper money will exist the tribe of counterfeiters will ever ply their nefarious trade.

The Stone-Throwing Devil of New Castle

By MARY R. P. HATCH

AT near the close of a long June day a person drove at a terrific pace into the courtyard of the inn at the sign of the Dolphin at Kittery, Maine. His manner was so alarmed, and alarming, that the men in the tap-room stood watching him from the windows, while the hostler went out to take his horse, and the innkeeper to meet him at the threshold.

Enormous hailstones seemed to drive him to cover, and he crouched piteously as he entered, although before he had driven into the yard no one had observed that a storm was brewing.

The innkeeper at once bustled about to stir up the fire on the hearth, for the stranger seemed chilled to the bone, and then brewed him a glass of flip. He sat in a low, splint-bottomed chair, drinking it in gulps, all the time looking fearfully about, while the other men noted well his appearance. He was apparently fifty years of age, his hair was covered by a wig, as was the fashion of the time, his small clothes were of leather, his knee buckles silver, and over his ruffled shirt he wore a long, loose jerkin of woolen jean. His hands were long and slender, his face cadaverous, while his eyes glowed deep and black beneath jutting brows, and were shaded by a heavy growth of hair that crossed his nose and gave him a sinister appearance. When he had entered he carried a box that he sat carefully down by the side of the

fireplace, and soon, as if feeling the warmth and wishing to enjoy it better, an immense black cat, with gleaming, yellow eyes of great size even for so large a cat, arose slowly with arched back, so that the covering fell aside, and stood glowering about the room.

"'Malkin, my pretty," said the man (it was the first time he had spoken), "have we gotten safely to cover, or will the fiend be upon us yet?"

The cat stepped daintily to his side and leaned against his fine, stockinged leg, while he stroked her back, and she emitted a purr so loud that it seemed to fill the room, which was a long one, with benches around three sides and a long deal table through the centre, where the men sipped their rum and cider from pewter mugs. But the stranger drank his at a tiny table that the innkeeper had drawn up to the hearthstone before the fireplace.

The men were so intent on gazing at the stranger and his cat that they failed to take further note of the storm, which was raging fiercely, seeming to lay tangible hands to the casements and to the doors; and then it began to hail, and the hailstones grew larger and thicker till they broke simultaneously the two windows and hurled icy missiles across the room straight, or so it seemed, at the man, who started up in affright, only to sink back again, senseless, as a sharp stone that accompanied the hail smote him on the forehead.

One of the men sprang forward and raised him up.

"I thought so," he said. "It is Walford himself, and the Stone-Throwing Devil is getting in his work. Walford must have driven from Boston to-day, but he couldn't go far nor fast enough to get beyond the demon that pursues him."

"Are you sure it is Walford?" asked the innkeeper, who had ordered in the scullion from the kitchen to repair the windows so that his patrons might escape, if possible, further ravages from the storm. "I have heard of Walford, but I misdoubted me the tale was true about the stone-thrower."

"'Tis true. Once before I have seen this man pursued and struck down; always it hails as it does to-night. I would not have his conscience if 'tis true what is said."

The man who spoke was a noted traveller by foot. Twice yearly he walked to Boston and back in two days, a distance of sixty miles, to buy household stores that were forwarded later in gondolas. He was on his way now, and had stopped, as was his custom, at the Dolphin. The innkeeper knew him and respected his opinion, but as the stranger was returning to consciousness and the storm abating, he went forward to offer assistance in putting the ill-omened guest to bed.

Among the other men who chanced to be in the tap-room that night were a countryman who was trundling a load of cabbages to Portsmouth market on a go-cart, a man with a huge wen on his neck that hung down on his woolen neck-cloth like a monstrous white bag, and a skipper from York, with one good leg and another made of a stout oaken stock that he flourished

vigorously by way of punctuating his conversation, which was well seasoned by oaths and phrases gathered on the high seas.

The stranger agreed readily and prepared to retire, leaning on the innkeeper and carrying the cat with him, but leaving the basket by the fireplace. As the door swung together the three men approached as with one mind and stooped to look at it, all but the traveller, who said:

"Be careful; if, as they say, the old woman bides in that basket, 'tis well to let well enough alone, and that means keep clear on't."

"What old woman?" asked the skipper, but the innkeeper, coming in just at this time, prevented the answer, for all were eager to learn whether the stranger was better and feeling easier in his mind.

"He is, sirs, but a most stricken man, I do believe. 'Tis six months now, he tells me, since the Stone-Throwing Devil has been at him. He cannot escape, he says, and he goes everywhere and bides each night in new places. Always 'tis the hail and then a stone, sometimes many stones. He expects he will one day be killed by them."

"Why does he not stay at home?"

"The selfsame thing I asked him. 'Tis because at home the demon is worse. Big stones are heaved through the windows and roll along the halls and bedrooms at night, so that no one can sleep while he is there. There are stampings like horses and snortings and gurglings and other diabolical noises, so that his wife and children beg him to go away that they may get some peace in his absence. A hard case, sirs; I pity him. What's that?" and all started to their feet as a terrific rattling sound proceeded from the

upper portion of the house. They hurriedly ascended the stairs and opened the stranger's door that was on the latch, when they discovered him sitting up in bed, with his wig off and his head covered by a red flannel nightcap, that made his pallid face look still whiter by contrast. The cat was on the bed beside him, with high arched back and spread claws and eyes that seemed to emit flames, so monstrous bright and gleaming were they. But when the four men entered, she sprang past them through the half open door and fled along the corridor to the farther end, where was a window of oiled paper overlooking the ocean that at high tide came up close to the house. With a crash the cat disappeared.

"You'll see her no more," said the traveller who had watched her.

"She will be here at midnight," said the stranger. "She always comes back, always comes back. At first I was sorry, but now I should miss her. Sirs, what o'clock is't?" he asked weakly, and wetting his lips as if they were parched.

"Eleven of the night, sir. We heard a noise and came to see what mishap, if any, had come to you."

"None, sirs. 'Twas but the stir and hubbub I carry about with me. 'Tis the imps let loose by the Stone-Throwing Devil; but I did not mind it was loud to-night, for 'tis oft much louder."

"Think you 'twill harm the good inn, sir?" asked the innkeeper, as a crunching, grinding noise, as if a storm of stones were descending on the roof, gave point to the inquiry.

"Nay, you need not fear."

"They be meteor stones from the moon or stars, mayhap. One fell in my garden spot of strange make,"

said the man of the wen. "I saw it fall; it came hot and hissing and sunk deep in the earth."

"Some of the stones that fall at my house are hot, but more are cold," said the stranger, "and some of them are hurled again and again. Some of the stones hath been marked and buried deep, but the selfsame stones are thrown the next night.

" 'Tis strange, but we will bid you good night and fair rest," said the innkeeper, and he led the way back to the tap-room where at the urgent request of the others, the traveller told the tale, as he had heard it, of the "Stone-Throwing Devil of New Castle."

"It's near Bos'on Hill that Walford lives, and 'tis called so because a boatswain hung himself there to a pine tree; and it do be said that when a storm is brewing his whistle is heard as clear as a bell, and sounds loudest when the tempest roars hardest. It may be so, I know not, nor do I know about the Stone-Throwing Devil or his deeds, save and excepting such things as we have heard and seen this night. It has been said that Walford cheated a poor widow woman out of her house and land, and then enticed her daughter away, and that 'tis she that follows and pelts him and his household. But how can she ride over the country from inn to inn, and why does she not leave his betters alone? Now Jaffrey that built Jaffrey Cottage was struck by one of the stones while at his house, and the same way was Minister Woodbridge. Cap'n Barefoot, commander of the fort over there, has got one of the stones, a good flat one, that he keeps at his house in a box, where it do not go rolling and jumping and

skipping about. Yes, sirs, I've seen that stone myself, and it do be said that at Walford's other things, such as hammers and pots and sundials and hatchets and hoes, go kicking about, and they can't be held still. I have not seen them, but Cap'n Barefoot has, and I've seen his stone flying around the room like a live thing; that I can stake my affy-davy on."

"'Tis a strange thing, sirs. Last year Richard Chamberlain writ it all out for printing in London. He lived in the Walford family and knew all about it, and when that account is printed I do suppose 'twill upset more folk in their minds than any other ever writ."

"Gadzooks! The poor man seems to be having a hard time of it," said the skipper. "'Twould almost go to show that bad men get their come-uppance in this life, and don't have to wait till the next."

"It does so," replied the traveller. "I could see his face is scarred and he limps when he walks. His wife and children suffer too; frequently they get struck by the flying stones, and once a niece who visited them was so affrighted that she was crazed and took to the forest. She was hid there three days and nights and then came back herself, although men and dogs were trying to find her all that time. Some say 'twas not the niece, but the girl he wronged; some that it was the black cat changed to a woman; but I could never believe that, for why, when she had got to be a woman, should she change back to that black cat?"

"That's a hard question; and if she was a young woman, why should it be said that 'twas an old one the cat stands for? They never change from old to young; 'tis t'other way."

said the man with the wen. But this remark, made in all honesty, raised a laugh, or the reply did when the traveller said:

"Be sure you never saw Mistress Humphries there at the Great House. She goes each day to her chamber an old woman, and comes forth at night every whit as good as new. Paint and powder and hoops and gold jewels and gewgaws. I've seen her setting forth in her sedan chair with four link boys and as many torches, and 'twas a fair sight, I tell you."

And while they talked and joked, not feeling sleepy nor ready for bed in the cold bedrooms when they had a glorious fire in the tap-room, the black cat stalked in and sat herself down before the blaze to make her toilet.

She lapped and cleaned herself till every hair glistened in the firelight, and as she moved her supple body about it made the men think of a great many beautiful things; the man of the wen spoke of a handsome gelding he had in his stable at home, but the traveller said it was no less than my Lady Lucy Tracey he thought of, she that was the toast of Boston town for her grace and beauty. And while they talked the cat got up and walked across the floor and *disappeared*.

But where? They looked at each other, the innkeeper examined the side of the room toward which she was walking when they last saw her, and the traveller kicked about under the benches, saying, "Sho! Scat!" but to no purpose. And then they bethought them that if she could jump from the windows into the ocean and appear in an hour as good as new, it might well be that she could go through the side of the

house as she had done. So the innkeeper raked his coals together into the middle of the fireplace and covered them with ashes, and the guests, taking the hint, bid each other and him good night and went to bed.

In the morning the traveller, although eager to set forth on his journey, staid until the sun was atop the tallest trees, the skipper stumped about the courtyard, and the man with the wen spent the time in tinkering his go-cart. He had a parsimonious wife at home, who would rail at him for spending time for nothing; the cart needed no tinkering, but he hugged himself at the thought of the good story he would tell her about the Stone-Throwing Dévil, with sundry extras he would throw in about women being changed to cats. Not that he believed it all himself, excepting the stone hurled through the window, the cat's disappearance and a few other things; but women were gullible creatures, and a good many of them better changed to cats than allowed to remain as they were, to vex their good men who might chance to tarry too long in the tap-room of the still house.

At ten o'clock the innkeeper grew so uneasy that even the prospect of having three men at the noon day meal whom he had thought to see depart at dawn was not enough to keep him from Walford's door. He had not wished to trouble the man, who might well be expected to sleep after all the night's disturbance that was still going on when the innkeeper retired, and so he desisted from even knocking at the chamber door, although three times he ascended the stairs and laid his ear to the long crack in the door to hear

whether Walford was moving. But all was still.

At eleven o'clock he decided to go to the door, knock gently and to say: "Good sir, 'tis eleven of the clock, breakfast waits, and we would know if you desire to eat, or will you wait till dinner is laid?"

Rehearsing this in his mind, and followed by the upward glances of first his wife, then the four men, the man with the wen, the traveller, the skipper, who said, "Shiver my timbers, avast there, my hearties!" aloud, but swore under his breath to the others when they crowded too near his wooden leg, the cook and scullions and pot boys and hostler, he drew one lagging foot after the other till he reached the door. Turning to wave a hand at the crowd below, who still eyed him, he tapped gently. No sound. Then again, but less gently. Again, but still not so much as a rustle inside, and then, getting together his force and ire at the same time, the innkeeper swore an oath that did the skipper good to hear, it smacked so of the sea, but made his dame whimper and wipe her face with her apron; he smote the door a heavy blow with his fist, that broke the fastening, all but the chain; that still held taut. Reaching through the aperture, the innkeeper unhitched it from the staple; it dropped with a clang to the oaken floor, and then he entered.

The bed curtains were drawn. There was no ripple of the bed-clothes. He thrust aside the drapery, but the bed was empty. No, not empty; it was full of stones, small and large, arranged in systematic fashion to outline the impression made by the body of Walford when he lay there. At the head were tiny pebbles, placed so that they repre-

sented a human skull, and so natural was it in appearance that it seemed to grin at the household and guests, who hurried to the scene when the innkeeper called out, in dreadful affright, "I am a dead man, Joanna," for he took the death's head as a warning, all of his folk, as he explained later in the tap-room, having received similar warnings before death.

"But no," said the traveller, with the good sense and presence of mind that distinguished him, "'tis a warning to none in this household but to Walford, himself. He has gone on his way, belike, and his cat went with him at midnight. Now if the nag is gone from the stable, we shall know for sure."

So they all hurried to the cluster of outhouses, where were the cow shed, the shamble, the distillery, the pig pens, the poultry bins and the stables. The innkeeper was first, but his wife, scared by the warning, kept pace with him all the time, thinking of the winter their little boy died and he had helped with the watching; the traveller veered to the right, hoping to get around them; the skipper stepped right lively on his stump and one good leg; the man with the wen said it was a strange thing, made him think of many things that no one would listen to, and the household straggled in the rear with little Peleg tugging at the skirts of a maid and crying because he could not reach his mother.

The stable was empty of Walford's horse, but the cart was still there. It was a rickety affair, well made, to be sure, in the day of it; and a great luxury any wheeled carriage was in those times. But this particular one had seen its best days

and apparently its worst ones, for no sooner did the innkeeper take hold of the thills to back it out, the better for the viewing of it, than he found he could not stir it; and when the others approached and peered into it, for the stable was dark and unlighted by anything but cracks in its sides and roof, they all saw it was filled with stones, dumped, however, without regular arrangement, as were those in the bed. Moreover, when all took hold to draw it out, the cart fell to pieces, and there was so little of it that the stones seemed to cover nearly all the rubbish as they rolled about.

It was not so strange that the stones should roll about when they were so unceremoniously dumped by the falling to pieces of the cart, but that they should continue rolling and even jumping, and finally take to leaping and flying about like live things, was certainly curious and dangerous. The innkeeper shouted lustily to his good dame to take little Joanna and Peleg to the house, and himself successfully dodged a flying stone at the same moment; the scullion, a bound girl, took occasion to fall in a fit, and the parlor maid said to the stillkeeper that she had seen in London strange sights, but nothing stranger than that, and—why chronicle what was in everybody's mouth next day and repeated since till the color, instead of fading with age has, mayhap, grown stronger? But as a faithful chronicler I am bound to state that the devil did not appear, then and there, with hoof and horn, with the quarter moon behind his shoulder, as if strung for a bow, and that Walford was not burnt to cinders before their various faces and many pairs of eyes. Not at all. Simply

the dance of the stones went on. They whizzed and whirled, and all the iron things in the stable turned in and joined. There was a three-legged skillet that hopped out into the ring, and then a toasting fork and an iron ladle with a turning spit. All danced about on whatever legs, or handles, they happened to have. But most of them were old or disabled, with something gone from their usefulness, which had caused their banishment to the stable.

However, in this diabolical capering it seemed not to matter much; for if a pot had but two legs of the three, it hopped on those, right merrily; if a frying pan had but a broken handle, that seemed to have twice the glee and ten times more agility than when originally used to turn a flapjack.

Presently the innkeeper, looking up, saw perched on the central rafter the black cat that he had seen disappear so mysteriously the night previous. Now everybody knows that a cat, a black cat, always presages evil and witchcraft. Not one observing the pandemonium let loose in the outhouse but knew this, and they had of course known it equally well all the time. Still there are different ways of looking at a matter. Sometimes it seems of vaster, more prodigious consequence than at others. So no sooner did the innkeeper see the cat, arching her back and glaring at them from the semi-darkness of the outhouse, where the sunbeams, sifting through the cracks, made a haze over everything, than he minded him of the warning and spoke of it, but the traveller said with the promptitude of one who has seen many strange

places and known many strange occurrences:

"You must set a pot of lye to boil and steep pins in it. 'Tis witches' work and witches' means must end it. Down Salem way, when Goody Nason bewitched the child of Amos Golder so that it would cry out nights that pins were stuck into it, they boiled a great many pins in a pot of lye and left them lying about afterwards. Not another time did the child complain of the pricking, and so the witchery was laid."

So thoroughly sensible did this view of the matter appear to all present that the scullion promptly shouldered the pot that had ceased dancing as if to listen. However, she was forced to drop it on the moment, for "It's piping hot," she said, and then fled to the house as fast as she could go. But calmness reigned; the cat had disappeared, the stones lay inert, the pots, hatchets, sundial, hoes and joint stools were taking a turn at resting, and the household, led by the traveller and innkeeper, followed the scullion.

In a short time, in the low-browed kitchen, with its chimney twelve feet long, the hearthstone of granite stretching *couchant* before it, the longest and strongest pot-hook was swung forward, several pails of water thrown into a large kettle, with a shovelful of ashes for every pail, and the kettle hung on the hook. When it swung back into place above the roaring fire, built around the backlog twelve inches through the butt, they all set themselves down on stools and settle to watch the boiling, the goodwife holding several dozens of pins ready

to throw in as soon as the lye should show signs of bubbling.

It was an anxious time; but there was an excitement about it at thinking that now, and for the first time, something was being done to stem the tide of witchcraft which had seemed to strike the inn with full force the moment that Walford and the black cat appeared on the scene the night before.

There were not above three pailfuls of water in the kettle, and the fire was of ample build and heat. In less than a quarter of an hour, as told by the sundial on the mantel, the water, or lye, began to lift and show globules that portended action. The goodwife hastily threw in her pins, but over her right shoulder, backward, for good luck, and was about to take her seat again when a monstrous stone came crashing down the chimney and splashed so forcibly into the kettle—or hitting the side of it caused it to tip—it was not quite decided which—that the greater part of the lye was spilt and the stone lay in the kettle, half filling it.

But the innkeeper suddenly felt himself equal to any emergency. He promptly shouldered the kettle, carried it to the back door and dumped the stone. Then he filled the kettle with water, fuller than before, put four shovels of ashes in it and set it on to boil.

His back was scarce turned, however, when two large stones fell upon the kettle, breaking its sides in and, of course, spilling its contents, and another smaller stone hit him squarely between the shoulders.

There was nothing more to be done. The trial was a failure, the kettle, always designated as the "five pail kettle," was worthless, and

three wicked stones cluttered up the kitchen hearth.

How these three stones disappeared that night without hands, and how the innkeeper suffered from lumbago all winter, dying most miserably in the spring; how the custom of the inn fell away until there was nothing left, and how the scullion ran away with the stable boy and the cook married the still man, *still* only in name, for he it was who told it all to his patrons when he came himself to be innkeeper, it is not necessary to recount. I will simply follow the traveller, as with mended staff, that had been mysteriously broken during the night, he went his way to Boston and then back to New Castle, having told his tale of wonders at every dwelling on the road where he broke bread.

But when he broached the matter at New Castle he found that it had preceded him. Walford had not returned from his latest trip; and in the quietude that reigned in the once disturbed household, his wife and children saw their greatest source of grief, for they felt, and truly, that if they had not complained so bitterly of the disturbances when he bided with them, he had not left them. The cat, too, they missed, for although the children feared her at times, they also loved her. But she never came back.

Neither did Walford. From the time the innkeeper and the man with the wen, the skipper and the traveller, said good night and closed the bedroom door on that June night, they never saw him more.

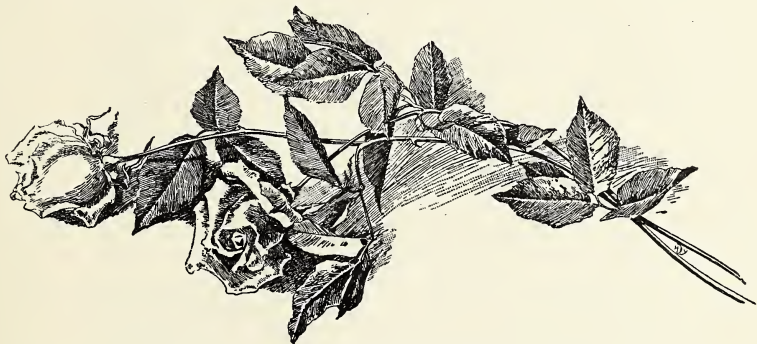
And the disturbances ceased. No one ever saw any dancing stones or skillets or spitirons to spin in unseemly fashion from that time onward; but oft before a storm a man

riding a black horse, with one white foot, and with an immense black cat perched on his shoulder, might be seen thundering along the road at midnight. He rode as if the devil were after him. No one could stop him, and indeed no one dared to, for he was a fearsome object as he hustled past like the wind, his white face gleaming and his eyes protruding from their sockets, as from time to time he glanced behind him.

If, as sometimes happened, doubt was thrown on these occurrences by unbelieving people, as time went on, it was not thought necessary to point to the stones stored up in

many a household as direct evidences, for all the people in the neighborhood knew the stories to be true.

They told them to their children, and their children in turn told them to their children, so that in the multitude of asseverations there is a showing that spoke with an eloquence unknown to the authorities of only a day. Indeed, everybody in New Hampshire, if not in New England, has heard some account of it; but now for the first time, perhaps, has been given the story in full of the Stone-Throwing Devil of New Castle.



“Along a Once-Trod Path Where Roses Blow”

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

Sometimes when sleep brings blest forgetfulness
Of heartache, loss, and all life's bitter woe,
Along a once-trod path where roses blow,
With eager, wingèd feet I seem to press,—
Led on by hopes my heart scarce dares confess,—
To find again my Love of long ago.
Ah, God, such happiness as this to know,
Makes faint my famished soul with its excess.

“But why,” I ask, “stayed you so long away?
Nor sent one word my loneliness to cheer?
And yet, what matter, now you've come to stay!”
Whereat she turns to me reproachful eyes
Full of strange yearning, and—I wake, to hear
The rain fall on the low mound where she lies.

Monet and His Art

By JEAN N. OLIVER

THIRTY years ago,—in March 1875,—the first of Monet's pictures were sold by public auction in Paris. Not only was Monet unappreciated at that time, the feeling against his work was so rabid that—one reads it with amazement—the police who attended the sale as a precautionary measure found it necessary to expel with rigor and despatch a small party of desperadoes armed with knives. They had come with the avowed purpose of slashing the canvases into ribbons as a summary protest against the Impressionists, among whom they considered Monet the arch offender.

*Between that year and this, when the Copley Society's exhibition at Boston brings Monet into the ken of the layman as well as the connoisseur, lies the story of Monet's triumph won by indomitable energy, a dogged devotion to truth and an absolute unconcern for the denunciatory howls, the raucous derision of his critics.

Born at Havre in November 1840 in circumstances of prosaic comfort, Monet at the outset had to fight. His worthy parents' opposition to his pursuit of art as a calling was a mild foretaste of later developments of disapproval and discouragement. During his wander-year in foreign parts, his study-years in Paris, he ran the gamut of poverty, contempt and failure, not to speak of bodily

ills; but he found for his comfort a coterie of sympathetic spirits, as choice as few. Manet, Pissarro, Renoir, Degas and Fantin-Latour were afire with like ideals. Together the band of Impressionists bore the brunt of uproarious abuse which greeted their first exhibition in 1874, at the Nadar Gallery in Paris.

Monet, however, had found a friend in M. Durand-Ruel, whom he met in London, when Turner drew him daily to the National Gallery—to-day still his foremost, as almost his first appreciator and his business adviser.

"Impressionism is a word that has lent itself to every kind of misrepresentation, for in its exact sense all true painting is penetrated with impressionism, but, to use the word in its most modern sense—that is to signify the rapid noting of elusive appearance—Monet is the only painter to whom it may reasonably be applied."

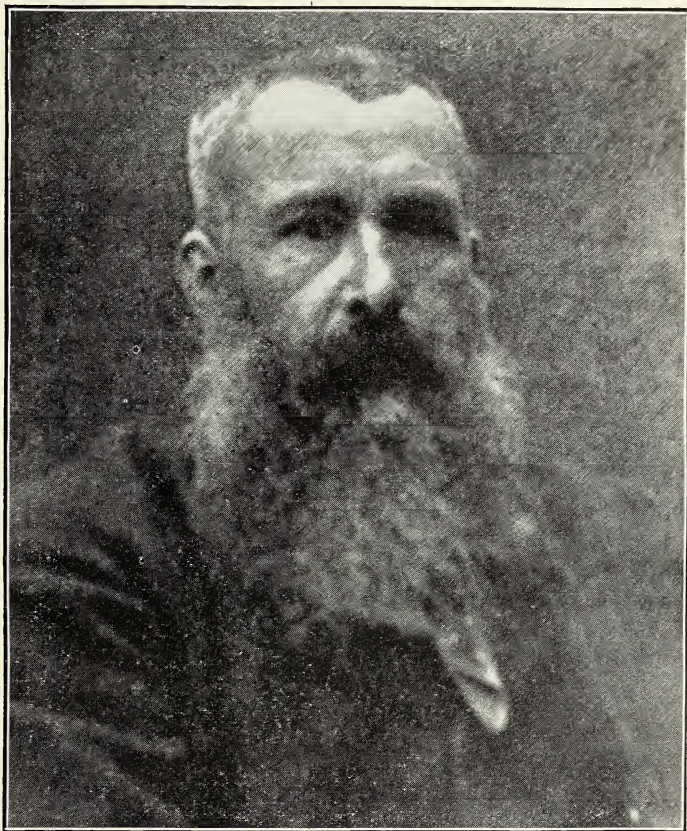
This dictum of George Moore may not pass unchallenged, but it will be conceded that the claims of this long misunderstood painter to be considered the head of the Impressionist movement are well established. By virtue of his great series of Mediterranean, Rouen, and Thames pictures, Monet will go down to history as one of the foremost artists of our time.

His claim to distinction rests upon

*This exhibition which opens the middle of this month is the third of the great "one man" shows arranged by the Copley Society. Monet's pictures will aptly continue the series begun by Sargent and Whistler.

a solid foundation. No painter has ever been more honest with himself. Artistic graft forms no part of his creed. Monet has never saved himself labor by trick or artifice. He can scarcely be said to have even a convention. The source of his strength, and of whatever weakness

they get further and further away from the possibility of varied expression. Monet seems to have agreed with himself never to adopt any convention, although he undoubtedly has indirectly always used a formula. Always clumsy and bungling in technique, Monet has



CLAUDE MONET

appears, is that he has not even devised for himself a system, a clever way of doing things. He has profited mainly by the artistic value of sincerity. Most artists, as they grow in popularity, fall into a groove of efficiency which presently renders them singularly inefficient. Growing yearly more skillful in technique,

accomplished results that are a constant inspiration to artists who believe that the deft hand and the slick execution are quite as often a pitfall as a help to the true craftsman. Nothing more truthful was ever said than the words of Jules Breton to his fellow artist of Giverny—"Painters should not



POPLARS ON THE BANKS OF THE EPTE, AUTUMN

trouble themselves too much about execution. I mean by this that they should have in view a sincere observation of nature and show as they would the delicate coquetties of the brush. Those whose aim is to display upon canvas their skillfulness of touch can succeed in placing only of faults. Oh, the insipid skill of handling which is always infallible! Oh, the delightful skillfulness of a hand trembling with emotion!"

It will pay those who expect to get anything of real value from the collection of Monet pictures at Cop-

ley Hall to make such preliminary study as they may of the little group of five examples in the Fifth Gallery of the Museum of Fine Arts. They are respectively "Rouen Cathedral," "Marine," "La Petite Creuse," "La Falaise des Dalles," and the "Seine at Giverny. Perhaps in none of these compositions are the man's painteresque qualities more evident than in "La Petite Creuse," owned by Dr. Denman Ross,—a vista across a small river, flowing between treeless hills. Not only are the sentiments of the hour and place objectively



FISHING BOATS

rendered, but there is in every passage of the picture a revelation of the struggles and self-torture of the man who is bound to hit it right. Monet does not shy at the truth; that relief of the bank on the left side from the bank on the further side, so subtle, so unintelligible at close range, and so inevitable, was doubtless arrived at only after such struggles as he who has fought against a reluctant medium can understand. Monet, perhaps, got the notes of white flecking the surface of the river where it ripples over a ledge at first too high; then he depressed them, so that they lost their brilliancy; not all at once were they

made to sparkle and yet hold their place as they do—perhaps not on the first day, or even on the second, for Monet returns day after day to work for his brief half hour or hour while the conditions of the light are the same. By sheer force of intelligent perception the values were finally made correct. Not a bit of chic in all this, not a concession to grace of hand, to facile touch; no attempt at elegance; no bellicose assertion of force. Only the terrible regard for truth is present, compelling and insistent. The result is a picture that in its way is as fine as Rembrandt, as true as a Velasquez.

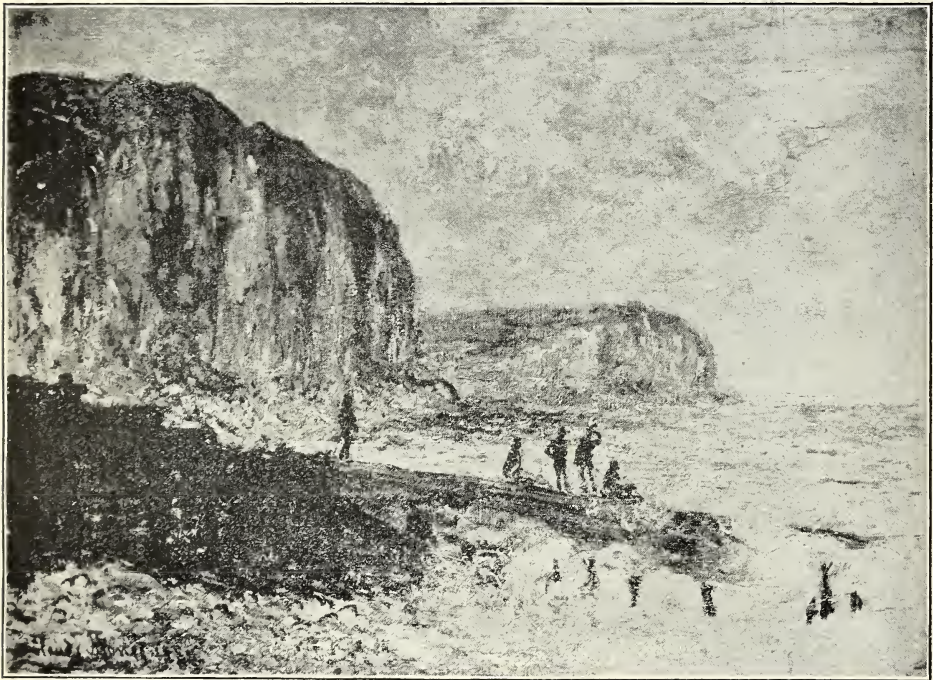
Monet has been called the artistic

descendant of Claude Loraine and Monticelli and to some extent he is such. His ultimate point of view is not so different from theirs; however, his methods of attack may be very different. He accepts without reservation the impressionist formula, which leads the artist to discard a fixed scale of values and to paint the lower tones of the black and white gamut as nearly as possible

draughtsman, and thoroughly versatile when he wants to be. Although the portraits painted by Monet are few in number, they are of a quality to show that he might have become an excellent figure painter had he chosen.

In view of the Boston exhibition it is interesting to mark Monet's influence on New England painters.

Charles Herbert Woodbury has



LA FALAISE DES DALLES
In Boston Museum of Fine Arts

as they are in nature, leaving the higher notes to take care of themselves. Beyond any other artist Monet has appreciated the necessity of strictly following out the optical laws formulated by Helmholtz and Chevereul, and has never believed that study of chromatic laws is in any way inimical to artistic expression. He is an accomplished

said—and in so saying voices an opinion universally endorsed—that Monet has made an impression on painting comparable to the bursting of Kipling into the world of English letters. No one painter has escaped his influence. The painter sees things, since Monet showed them, as he did not see them before. So complete has been the revelation

that not only has the artist come to accept his pictures at their proper value, but actually, looking at a landscape through Monet-trained eyes, appreciates the vibrations of light and color which were once practically non-existent for him.

In fine, the Impressionist discovery that sunlight dissolves tones revolutionized modern painting.

formula in rendering the clearness of atmosphere and the glorious bursts of light which are so essentially characteristic of our landscape. And the beauty of their work at its best has been convincing. Often the charge has been made that in the effort to produce an illusion of sunlight the Impressionists sacrifice all else that the artists of the ages have



LA PETITE CREUSE

In Boston Museum of Fine Arts

Messrs. Benson, Tarbell, De Camp, Hazard, Hamilton, Hale, Paxton, Barnard, Wendel, and about a score of others, whose works have been seen at the leading galleries in Boston, Worcester, Providence, Springfield, and every other New England city which maintains any kind of art activity, have taught us the usefulness of the impressionistic

striven for. Good pattern, rotundity of form, texture, even individual character—these go by the board when the painter undertakes to produce his high-keyed effect with spots of unjoined pigment rather than by blending of tone into tone.

New England has been always particularly susceptible to the preachings of the Impressionists.

Nearly the entire group of the Ten Men who several years ago broke away from the Society of American Artists, and established a little impressionist salon of their own with annual exhibitions in New York, were New Englanders by birth and education and several of them were resident in Boston.

been *plein air* and always *plein air*. In every composition he pays strictest regard to the conditions of light, going back day after day to renew acquaintance with the subject and never working for much more than an hour upon the same effect. Like most men of his exacting temperament he is very hard to satisfy, and



MARINE

In Boston Museum of Fine Arts

Mr. Wynford Dewhurst gives the composition of Monet's palette: "Flake and zinc white in equal proportions, three tints of yellow (chrome), vermilion, two tints of madder lake, cobalt blue, emerald green and vert emeraude." A color catalogue significantly startling.

Monet's method of working has

he is said to have destroyed far more canvases than he has painted. Hundreds of American art students have watched him paint at a distance, but have found it impossible to get personally acquainted with him.

Indeed, it is said that he rather shuns the society of artists. One of his few intimate friends is John

Sargent, the portrait painter, but though the accomplished American spends a week or so each year at Giverny, and talks more or less of art matters with Monet, the Frenchman has never yet discovered that his friend is an artist by profession.

The principal private collectors of Monet's works are, in Paris, Durand-

Ruel, Count Camondo, Faure, the celebrated operatic vocalist, Decup, Pellerin, Gallunaid, and Benard; in Rouen, Depeau; in the United States, C. Lambert Peterson and Potter Palmer of Chicago; Frank Chapin of Philadelphia; A. A. Pape of Cleveland and H. O. Havemeyer of New York.

Ancient Houses of Old Newbury

By S. HARRY FERRIS.



THE SPENCER-PIERCE HOUSE—ERECTED 1637

FOR the average man or woman there is always something peculiarly and deeply interesting about an ancient building that for many generations has been a human home. It is pleasant to stand within the walls of such a structure and picture in imagination the many

scenes of joy and sorrow, the welcomes and partings, the bridals and burials that have taken place there as the long train of years have rolled away.

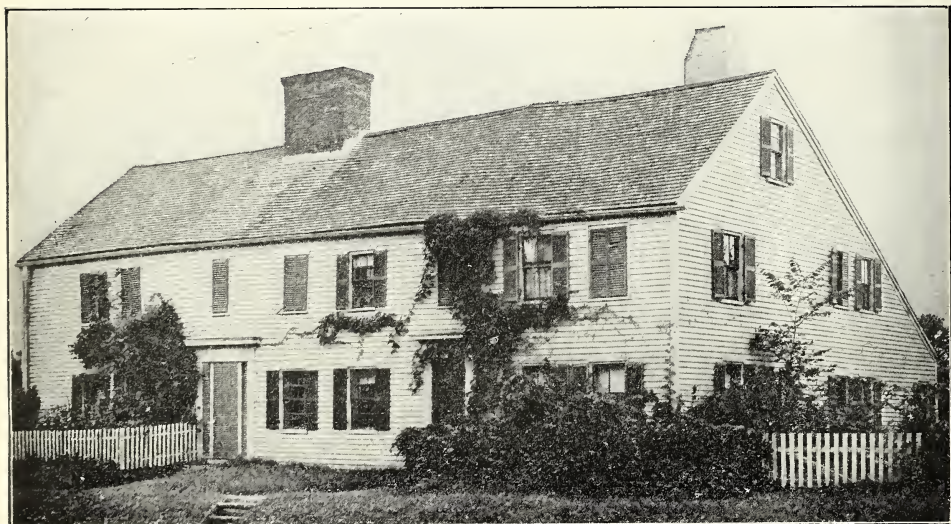
For one who does find pleasure in such things there are few places that offer more inducements for a visit

than the venerable town of Newbury, Massachusetts.

The oldest dwelling in Newbury is the ancient Spencer-Pierce house, frequently referred to locally as the "garrison house." It is to this day a fine-looking structure, appearing comfortable and home-like with its broad sweep of vine-covered front, and its great entrance porch opening out into a large tree-shaded yard that is odorous in the spring-time with the scent of lilacs and old-fashioned roses.

On the death of the original owner in England a few years later the property passed into the possession of a nephew John Spencer, Jr., who at the time was a young man of twenty-one years, residing in Boston, where he was a student of the saintly Rev. John Cotton.

Young Spencer did not long retain the old house, but disposed of it to Daniel Pierce, who was the original progenitor on this side of the ocean of all of the numerous members of the family of that name that



THE OLD ILSLEY HOUSE—ERECTED 1670

The foundations of the old house were laid, so tradition says, in 1637 by John Spencer, who came to New England in the ship *Mary and John* and was made a freeman and chosen a deputy to the General Court in 1634. He was not destined to enjoy his new home long though, for as a consequence of joining the followers of Rev. John Wheelwright and Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, he was adjudged guilty of holding heretical religious opinions and banished from the colony.

reside in the United States to-day. The way in which the title of the property was transferred, as described in the deposition of one John Woodbridge in an old record, seems strangely odd at present, although it is said to have been in fairly common use at the time in England. The deponent describes the transfer as follows:

"As we were going through the land of ye farme Mr. Pierce said to Mr. Spencer you promised to give me possession by turfe and twigge. Mr. Spencer said soe I will if you please to cut a turfe and twigge, and

Mr. Pierce did cut off a twigge off a tree, and cut up a turfe, and Mr. Spencer took the twigge and stuck it into the turfe, and bid us beare witness that he gave Mr. Pierce possession thereby of the house and land and farme that he had bought of him, and gave the turfe and twigge to Mr Pierce."

Mr. Pierce evidently had an enduring affection for the property that passed into his hands in this way, for when he died he left a strict provision in his will that it should "never be sold or in any part divided" outside of the family bearing his name. In spite of this entail, however, in 1777 the house and

With his immense resources of wealth Mr. Tracy naturally lived upon a scale of great grandeur. He owned several large dwellings in addition to the Spencer-Pierce house, among the others being the famous Craigie mansion at Cambridge, celebrated in history as the headquarters of Washington and the home of Longfellow.

He was an extensive entertainer, and is said to have been a suave and agreeable host. Those who were fortunate enough to enjoy his favor found his table furnished with the



THE OLD NOYES HOUSE—ERECTED 1646

surrounding land passed into the hands of Nathaniel Tracy.

Then commenced the most brilliant and interesting period in the history of the old habitation. Mr. Tracy was by far one of the very wealthiest men of the country. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he owned 110 merchant vessels having a total valuation with their cargoes of nearly \$3,000,000. During the progress of the war he fitted out and was the principal owner of twenty-four privateers, carrying 340 guns and navigated by 2,800 men.

choicest viands, his cellars filled with the mellowest wines, while the horses and carriages that were placed at the disposal of his guests were the finest that money could buy.

The old Spencer-Pierce house was, therefore, naturally the scene of many very brilliant social functions. Among other notable guests that were entertained was Thomas Jefferson, whose visit occurred just previous to the beginning of his journey as an envoy to the court of France.

The occasion is mentioned pleasantly in Mr. Jefferson's diary, as is also the later voyage across the ocean, which was made in the company of Mr. Tracy in one of his numerous ships.

The old house is built in the form of a cross, and its most interesting feature is a great front porch whose walls are of stone that were probably brought from a considerable distance by means of boats down the Merrimac River. Of this porch

out the side of the house, and landed an old negro slave of the occupant, in her bed, in the boughs of an adjacent apple tree."

Not far from the venerable Spencer-Pierce mansion is another ancient dwelling that is deeply interesting—the old Ilsley house, erected in 1670. It was built by Stephen Swett, who sold it in 1783 to Oliver Putnam, whose name is indissolubly connected with the history of the town through the noble bene-



THE OLD COFFIN HOUSE—ERECTED 1652

Harriet Prescott Spofford has written:

"The great porch of this old house is said to be the most beautiful architectural specimen in this part of the country, although it doubtless owes part of its beauty to the mellow and varied coloring that more than 200 years have given it. Yet the bevelled bricks of its arches and casements and the exquisite nicety of its ornamentation lead the careful scrutinizer to side with those who dismiss the idea of its having been a garrison house, and to conjecture that that idea gained currency from that it was once used to store powder in—a fact that was fixed in the popular memory by an explosion there which blew

faction of his son to the cause of education that is commemorated in the celebrated Consolidated High and Putnam Schools.

Mr. Putnam transformed the old mansion into an inn that soon became one of the most famous on the road between Boston and Portsmouth. Thither from the great stage coaches as they rolled back and forth over their route came the travellers of the day for food and refreshment. Around the monstrous fire-place in the large office the old

cronies of the town gathered for their daily glass of grog, and to discuss the latest news of the shipping on the water front. Frequently of evenings the air of the neighborhood resounded with the laughter and conversation of the village beaux and belles gathered for social relaxation.

But, ah, what mighty changes the passing years have brought in their train. As one stands to-day at the door of the ancient mansion and

tends upward fully 7 feet from the cellar floor.

A writer familiar with this great chimney wrote a few years ago:

"It is still possible to walk underneath the mantle and, standing before the huge oven, look upwards on a cloudless night and count the stars."

A short journey will bring us to still another ancient dwelling, the old Noyes house. It was built in 1646 by Rev. James Noyes, who was



THE OLD TOPPAN HOUSE—ERECTED 1687

dreams of the days that are gone, an electric car whizzes past, destroying in an instant the picture that the imagination has created of the lumbering stage coach swinging into view, and rolling up to the front of the house to discharge its load of tired and hungry passengers.

One of the most interesting features of the old house is a massive chimney erected upon a solid stone foundation that is at least 18 feet in length by 8 feet in width and ex-

born in Wiltshire, educated at Oxford, and came to this country in 1635. He was a cousin of the Rev. Thomas Parker, whose name will ever occupy a prominent place in the religious history of New England.

In the house erected by Mr. Noyes the two clergymen lived together in peace and contentment for the larger part of a life time. Speaking of this life-long friendship Cotton Mather says in his *Magnalia*:

"They taught in one school (in England), came over in the same ship, were pastor and teacher in one church, and Mr. Parker continuing always in celibacy they lived in one house till death separated them for awhile."

This old house also has an unusually massive chimney. It was originally 12 feet square at the base. A number of years ago when it was somewhat reduced in size a secret chamber or closet was discovered carefully hidden away near the foundation. The purpose for which this chamber was intended is a matter of surmise. Surely there could have been no family skeletons to hide away in the household of the two noble old clergymen.

A few steps further will bring us to the old Coffin house, that in every aspect shows a ripe old age, and vividly recalls the scenes of a long distant past. There are a number of conflicting opinions regarding the year in which the house was erected, but the most commonly accepted view is that it was built in 1652 by Henry Somerby, who at his death a little later left the property to his wife Judith.

Shortly afterwards the widow Somerby joined her fortunes to those of Tristram Coffin, Jr., and thereby the house came by the name by which it is at present known. Mr. Coffin was a son of Tristram Coffin, Sr., who with several others purchased seven-eighths of the island of Nantucket, and was the first progenitor on these shores of

the numerous family of his name that is now scattered in every part of the country.

For many years the old house was the home of Joshua Coffin, the teacher, justice and historian of whom Whittier has written:

"I,—the man of middle years,
In whose sable locks appears
Many a warning fleck of gray,—
Looking back to that far day,
And thy primal lessons, feel
Grateful smiles my lips unseal,
As remembering thee, I blend
Olden teacher, present friend,
Wise with antiquarian search
In the scrolls of State and Church;
Named on history's title page
Parish clerk and justice sage;
For the ferule's wholesome awe
Wielding now the sword of law."

Still another deeply interesting Newbury old dwelling is the ancient Toppan house, built in 1687. The Toppan family in the early days of Massachusetts Bay Colony was a highly respected one. The first of the name in this country, Jacob Toppan, married Hannah Sewall, a sister of the famous Judge Sewall. In the Judge's diary frequent reference is made to visits paid to and received from members of "brother Jacob Toppan's family." One of these references tells a pathetic tale of the olden days as follows:

"After my coming home, when it was almost dark, Jane Toppan comes in from Newbury and brings the very sorrowful news of the death of cousin Sam Toppan (of small pox) last Thursday night about 9 of the clock, buried the Wednesday night following because of the heat. No minister with him; Mr. Shove prayed not with him at all, went not to him till was just dying."



Johanna's Crowning Sorrow

By ELIZABETH BARNET TOLDRIDGE

“**Y**E'RE a mighty hard-workin' woman to my thinkin', Johanna,” the little spare voice of a little spare woman enunciated.

She was standing with arms a-kimbo beside the table upon which Johanna Simmons was rapidly moving back and forth an iron, a brown-checked apron between, to receive the benefit of the warm smoothing.

Johanna had been a fine woman, cheery and strong as winds in wintry weather, but face and figure within a few short years had greatly changed; there were signs in both of health's upbreking, the village women, her life-friends, noted, with low expressions of dole.

“Seems-like I hev to keep goin' every minute, Mehitable Sowers,” mournfully said Johanna. “Whenever I make out for to set a w'ile, quiet-like, I e'ena'most lose my senses, wat weth stedyin' 'bout Hepsy, an' wishin' of her back.

“She war a fine lass, my darter Hepsy, tel thet villain come along wat took her away an' merried her wethout my knowin' an' never a word to me hev come outen her sence she writ an' 'lowed she war merried; all owin' to him, I'll be boun'.”

“She war a good lass an' a helpful, tel he come along,” spoke Mehitable.

“My heart is fit to break—I can't talk of it, Mehitable, noways, wethout. I ain't seem to git use' to it all these five years gone. I don't seem to git over it, noways.”

Mehitable doubled her shawl over her head, a preparatory movement which was to be taken as a signal of departure.

“Tain't no use fur to fret, Johanna, ez I see,” she said. “Things kem an' go, an' we hev to take wat the Lord do sen', 'umble-like.” Johanna stooped to rest her iron upon the smooth, oval stone beside the stove; then, as there seemed to her necessity for some little exterior manifestation of her disapproval of the other's implied mistrust, she stood erect with an assumed proud, upward holding of her shoulder and chin which utterly belied the permanent tenderness in her eyes.

“Not but wat I kin bow to the Lord's will, 'umble an' willin', w'enever He see fit, Mehitable,” she said, “but this war more like Satan's will, to my thinkin'. Wud the Lord hev took away my only darter, w'en I've sarved Him willin' an' faithful, thet-a-way? Ef she'd gone to the grave, w'y, 'twud hev been His doin'; but don' tell me 'bout the Lord takin' Hepsy an' sen'in' her off to a big wicked city weth Sam Hobson fur a husband, wat hed eyes like Satan hisself to my thinkin'; an' w'atever took Hepsy Simmons, an' sot her min' on him like it war sot, I ain't ever likely to know. I 'low it's lonesome-like, Mehitable, w'at-ever ye say to the contrary, an' thar's times w'en the daylight makes out fur to go, my heart is fit to break fur Hepsy.”

The mother leaned her face upon her hands.

"I ain't got no call fur to be contrary, Johanna, ez I see," said sharp-faced Mehitable. "Don' take on so; not but wat it war hard an' grievin' to hev Hepsy do so ongrateful, an' to be lef' lonesome-like in yer ol' age, wethout chick nor chile—"

Johanna raised her head; through her withered cheeks a dim red burned, and her brown eyes, from beneath the thinning lids, looked upward soft and warm.

"Manny's the times I hed thoughts o' Hepsy's merryin' an' settlin' som'ers yerabouts, an' manny's the thoughts I hed o' bidin' weth her an' holpin, in the days w'en thar'd be a little Hepsy, mebbe, a-playin' afore the dore—"

"Come down to Pearson's, do ye now," Mehitable said coaxingly. There had come an ache into her own breast for Johanna, born of her pity for these dreams that came to naught, and she suddenly became aware of the necessity, for both of them, of other channels of thought; so the two went out together, and Johanna, among the women, forgot to feel her grief—for the joys and sorrows of other hearts always brimmed over into hers, so near had she ever stood to humankind; but, afterward, entering her lonely door, remembrance came with the keen, insistent strokes which her heart-beats kept time to.

Seven days after, there was a stir and a whir, as of giant wings beating the air of the place. A boon was the bit of sad news to the still village; as to the brooding pool any disturbing entering object must be, so plainly does it display its dimpling pleasure. The cause of

the stir and the whir was Sam Hobson's letter to Johanna, telling of Hepsy's death, without preparatory hint or regretful sentence. The sudden distressful news completely prostrated Johanna, who, even in face of Hepsy's willfulness, loved her as mothers do, and despite the complete severance, ever felt she possessed her still.

"Eh, but it war hard work afore she made out to come to," one morning said Sarah Stubbins to Mehitable Sowers in a relishing tone.

"I 'low she'll be turrible lonesome-like these times," Mehitable's voice continued. "An' the wust side of it be, she carn't go to Hepsy, for she don' know whar she bides, noways; an' Sam Hobson, I'll be boun', he wunt consider he hev no call to sen' Hepsy home to Johanna, to be laid decent-like down by her father. Its rale hard on Johanna. I'm thinkin', I'll stop in fur a minute, an' make out to hear how she's kemin' along."

Sarah could not withstand the pleasing temptation to enter also, despite her urgent mindfulness of tasks at home, so the women entered the cottage door together.

Seven days of knowledge of her loss had passed; Johanna, brave and strong of soul, had rallied. Upright she sat upon her chair beside the clean wooden table; there were round brown rings about her eyes, which seemed more deeply sunk beneath the heavy brows; her parted hair was slightly roughened; she held within her hand a crumpled letter. Looking up as the two women entered, she nodded to them; there could be, in an hour like this, no smile of welcome. To-day as she sat there, utterly without romantic

environments, plain, practical Johanna seemed the very incarnation of sorrow. Her expression, well caught into marble, might have fairly immortalized the hand that wrought.

"I've ben tryin' to make out to read the letter again, but I can't do it, Mehitable," she said, and her voice was broken and old. "It burns my fingers to tech it, but I 'lowed ez how it hedn't all ben made out, an' I thought, mebbe, thar might be summat—'bout Hepsy—comin' back—" casting the letter upon the floor, she hid her face behind her hardened palms.

Amid the silence that fell after, Mehitable, stooping, took up the letter in one of her thin yellow hands, and, with the other, drew out the written sheet within. She read it slowly to herself, drawing up her brows into fine wrinkles and muttering here and there a word aloud. It was the cruel message to Johanna; in it there was no hint of any ministration after death, no mention of a burial; no address given. After Sam Hobson's name, written with a blotty flourish, came a few more sentences.

Mehitable read on. She leaned forward; she well-nigh bent her forehead upon the paper, as if by closer scrutiny of the words to aid her dazed understanding; her throat emitted a strange little sound—it might have been a laugh, it might have been a sob. She suddenly straightened herself in her chair and commenced performing sundry mysterious, violent jerks and gestures for the benefit of Sarah, who stood beside the stove, in sphinx-like immobility, her eyes upon Mehitable, her mouth slightly open, her face bearing all over it that well-

known look of unmistakable illiteracy.

"Johanna," cried Mehitable, panting as if after a run, "thar's summat in this letter I 'lows you wants to hear!" She rose from her chair, her voice assuming the quick tense tone of deep feeling well-repressed—"Johanna—thar's a chile—an' he's 'lowin' he'll sen' her to you!"

"Now I knows the Lord loves me," solemnly said Johanna. "Never will I make out fur to daur to hev doubts of Him no more. Read it to me, Mehitable, quick."

The soft warm light was in her eyes again. She raised her head a little; her shoulders drew themselves upward; she looked almost proud, and deep red came into her withered cheeks—for straight before her in the path of her lonely life, of a sudden, a little earthly hope had lifted itself, like a brave blossom, out of the dust of pain, and it was very sweet.

Mehitable read aloud Sam Hobson's blunt sentences:

There had been two children, but the last one died with the mother. This one had been in the world about four years. He would send her on such a date upon such a train, in care of the conductor, to the nearest station; she would reach that point at five o'clock in the afternoon. Johanna could keep the child or send her back at once to some Orphan Asylum in the city—there were plenty of them. As for him, he was off on a cruise, to be seen no more on this side of the world; he wished he had never laid eyes on it anyhow. Then came his name once more, the pretentious black curve under it.

Johanna rose. She re-pinned her shawl and smoothed down her

apron. She set her chair back straight against the wall.

"Mehitable," said she, "don' ye see ez I hev but wan day lef' to set things to rights in? To-morrer's the day, do ye min'? I'm thinkin' ye'll not be hevin' a min' to hender, ye nor Sarah Stubbins. I thank ye kindly, but thar ain't nobody goin' to straighten up this yer place fur my darter Hepsy's little lass but me, to my knowin'," and there passed over her face its first smile, faint and wistful, as she turned to lay the letter upon an edge of the double shelf which hung high against the whitewashed wall and held, for bric-a-brac, two rosy-cheeked apples amid its umber shadows.

Mehitable had a sharp answer ready, for her mind and tongue were possessed of a like and fearful celerity; but as she marked the unwonted illumination of her friend's sad face, a curious obstruction in her throat prevented its ejection.

"Come, go 'long, Sarah," she said after a moment. "Johanna, I 'low she's got a plenty fur to do this yer artemnoon, 'thouten us hamperin' round!"

The two women went out upon the narrow pathway stretching away from the door in uncertain curves, one behind the other. There was something slightly grotesque about the pair with their solemnly-intent faces, earnest, awkward stridings and the sharp contrast as to height. They had reached the road and parted, when Johanna appeared at the door, calling Mehitable.

"Ye'll make out fur to go weth me in Andy Bunnett's wagon to the train," was what she said, the tone a cunning combination of pleading and commanding. Mehitable nodded and Johanna closed the door.

On the afternoon of the next day, a shabby wagon drew up in the road, somewhere near Johanna's cottage; an old man, with short unkempt gray beard and darkened sinewy hands upon the reins, occupied the seat of prominence. He neither changed his pose nor uttered sound to attract attention, but with loosened rein, sat and waited, the sunshine lying across his knees, the shadow of the wagon's canvas-covered forward hooping enveloping his face. So quiescent was he, he appeared a still-tongued Patience, indeed, perched upon some new kind of monument!

Johanna, with air of mystery and majesty—for her outlines and the carriage of her figure suggested one's idea of royal things—had taken Mehitable into the little back room to reveal to her the evidences of her labors of love. There fluttered a gay little curtain at the window, newly hung; in one corner appeared her own humble pallet, and close beside it stood an old-fashioned cradle, hoarded away since Hepsy's babyhood. There was a patchwork quilt over it, a marvelous, geometric combination of reds and greens; a spotless little white pillow lay across the upper portion, and upon it already Johanna saw a little child's head resting, soft and warm.

Mehitable said never a word, cloaking away her sympathy beneath ample folds of silence—for she was one of those who strangely hold any revelation of feeling a personal abasement—but she stooped and smoothed the coverlet in a place where it had puckered a little; then she turned and went into the other room. Johanna followed and closed the door between.

As Mehitable drew inward the outer door, which opened to the wide, sweet air, Johanna lifted a little blue and white mug from the table and set it down again.

"It war Hepsy's," she said softly. "I put it yere a purpose, an' the milk's right handy, fur I doubt not she'll be hungry, pore baby, arter thet long ride in the wagon; eh, Mehitable?"

The thin, dark woman assented, and the two went out together.

Mehitable jumped lightly into the wagon, Johanna entering more clumsily, after one or two attempts; she panted as she fell upon one of the rough lengthwise seats. Mehitable having settled herself opposite upon another, Andy Bunnett started the forlorn Jeremiah down the long road, to meet the train containing the undreamed-of comfort for Johanna.

The peaceful fields about were autumn-toned; there were dry stalks full of dead blooms everywhere; that soft brown distant haze meant leafless branches interlaced and still. The air seemed to nip a little; Johanna rejoiced that she had not forgotten a shawl for the child.

"Mehitable, 'pears-like, we ain't never goin' to git thar," she said upon the way. "Andy Bunnett, carn't ol' Jerry make out fur to go 'long no spryer'n thet?"

Andy, never turning his head, mumbled an answer which was lost before it reached Johanna in the rumble of the wheels.

The wagon creaked along; and the sun went lower in the sky and fell behind those distant leafless sentinels along the way, shining out in broken patches only of red gold. A light wind bent the grasses over, and soft-footed cows, with swinging bells, went by in twos and threes.

"Thar be the station whar them lights air, now," said Mehitable at last.

"The Lord be thanked," devoutly said Johanna.

When the wagon stopped the two women got out unaided; Johanna's old frame ached from the long cramped posture, but she walked in long firm strides; light Mehitable stumbled over the rough boards of the platform.

"Thar kem the train a-kitin'," Andy remarked to Jerry, with a small chuckle, as he drew the horse well back behind the low building, placarded with a small time-table, and one or two large lettered advertisements.

The train came whistling in, and the women huddled close against the wall, Johanna faint and trembling as her thought flew to the little child alone in that huge, mad thing.

It stopped, with a great crashing together of its iron joints, and one man got off.

There came a suffocating moment of suspense for Johanna; then another man, wearing a gold-corded cap and a coat with brass buttons, jumped off one of the cars, holding in his arms a child. The two women, as with one impulse, went forward. That they were waiting for the child was written plainly upon their faces. He set his burden down upon the boards before them, uttering a few words in a low tone, then turned, and, crossing the platform rapidly, entered one of the cars without a backward glance.

Down upon her poor old knees fell Johanna, and close, close she clasped the child unto her poor old breast.

Sunny morns and quiet eves went passing in her swift fancy, each

holding this new-found treasure in tender claspings; and eager thoughts of teaching the little lips to speak and the little hands to work and play through all the happy years went blending with her heart's unworded great thanksgiving.

It was a long, glad moment.

"W'y," she said at last, her voice holding a soft tremble in it, her lips touched with the sweet shyness that a girl's might wear. "W'y, ye little midget ye! Look at yer granny—lemme see yer pooty little face—"

She held the child away from her a little; Mehitable drew nearer and looked down, with eyes moistened at last, upon the tiny creature in its brown calico dress.

Still and limp it stood before them. On its face there was no smile, no look of happy childhood—in its eyes there was no light, no hint of reason, no slightest expression of any intelligence.

The horrible truth fell upon them both together. Mehitable put her shawl before her eyes; Johanna dropped the little hands, and rocked backward and forward upon her knees, uttering low, sharp cries.

"Johanna," Mehitable stooped to

whisper, "give her to the train man right away—he kin take her back to the 'Sylum sure 'nuf, seein' ez thet vagabone wunt hev her—do ye now—quick, Johanna—"

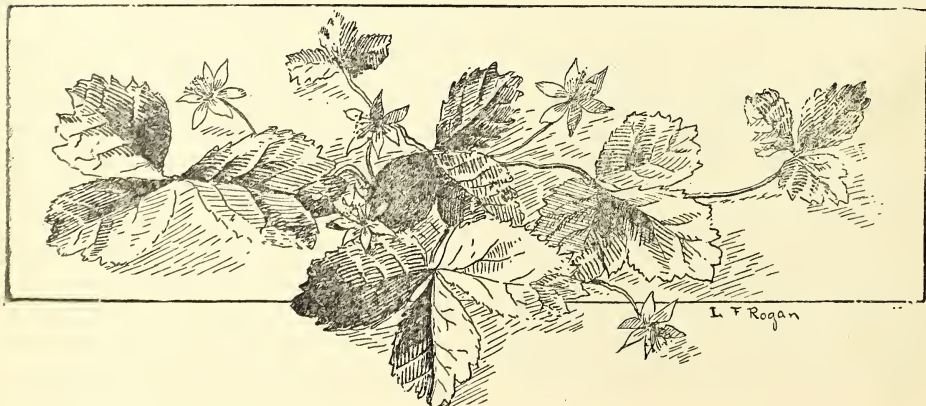
Like fire to dangerous explosive were Mehitable's words.

Up sprang Johanna: with a swift downward movement, she dragged the child into her arms.

There were long slanting skurries of clouds in the western sky, like solid ripples of sunset light, and the glory from them touched the tawny hair of the child and fell full upon the suffering face of Johanna, which, radiating forth instantly as well all the grand strength of her soul's acceptance, gave back glory for glory.

"She b'longs to me I'll hev ye know," she cried in a low, fierce tone, "an' see ye hearken well, Mehitable Sowers, thar ain't no Orphan 'Sylum in this hull broad land wat'll ever hol' this chile!"

Close-clasping her latest grief, she strode back to the wagon and got in; Mehitable, with mien of unaccustomed meekness, followed; and the old wagon commenced its creaking journey homeward and was gathered away into the night.



The Salt of the Sea

By REV. J. A. DEWE

ONE of the most fundamental and universal laws that we see carried out in the creation and conservation of the universe is that of the interdependence of substances upon the other. A most wise and provident Being, in all His operations, follows what may be called the law of the least means, never making use of means greater than are necessary for the end in view, and never displaying a useless amount of energy. As a consequence of this law, the beings and forces which constitute the great mass of the visible world are so constituted that one could not exist without the other, and all act and react in one continual circular progression.

The mutual dependence between sea and land, or, rather, between the elements that are necessary for the preservation both of one and the other, is in this view very worthy of consideration.

The two principal substances that sea-water contains, which maintain it in its present condition, and render it not only a fit habitation for the finny life within it, but also an indispensable factor in the conservation and propagation even of terrestrial life, are *carbonates* and *salts*. Under these two headings all the other substances contained in the sea may be classified. The process that applies to one carbonate also applies in an equal manner and degree to all its other compounds, and what we have to say with regard to the ingress and consequent

elimination of common salt will also hold true with regard to the bromides, iodides, and chlorides which are also contained and stored up beneath the surface of the sea, though in smaller quantities.

The first substance which is found dissolved in sea-water is the carbonate. It is true that, comparatively speaking, its quantity is far inferior to that of the salts; but considered in itself, and in relation to the waters that contain it, its importance is of so great moment that without it the world would soon become but a stagnant waste, every spark of animal life would soon become extinct, and the whole economy of Nature disturbed, and even destroyed altogether. The amount of carbonate contained in a tumbler of sea-water may be small and insignificant indeed, barely exceeding even microscopic dimensions, but when considered as pervading and permeating an immense sheet of water that occupies by far the greater portion of the surface of the globe, then its dimensions become almost fabulous, and quite exceed the limits of calculation. If we imagine vast continents rising out of the sea, then we can form some idea of the vast quantity of carbonate that is found in the living deep.

The first question that arises is how it got there. Nature itself, if we use our faculties of observation, will supply us with the answer. If we take a small quantity of sea-water and an equal amount of river-

water, and compare together the quantity of carbonate contained in both, we shall find that the ratio of the substance contained would be but as one to a thousand. But if we apply the same reasoning to the river carbonate as we did to that of the sea, and if we examine the quantity of carbonate that is poured by one river alone into the bosom of the sea in the course of the day, we shall find the amount to be truly enormous. A river of ordinary size, like the Thames, pours in a contribution of thousands of tons a day; other rivers of more considerable magnitude would supply even three or four times the amount. But not only the rivers, even the streams and brooklets contain their quota of carbonate, and all are continually pouring into the sea the same substance, and this not for one year only, but for hundreds, nay, thousands of years.

The principal agent in this contribution is the mechanical and chemical dissolving power of rain-water. There is no substance so hard, so durable and adamantine that will not eventually yield to the dissolving properties of water. Chemists, it is true, are wont to say that nitric acid will dissolve gold; that sulphuric acid will dissolve zinc, but not gold; and that water will dissolve neither of these metals. But this only holds good when we consider the process as being carried on only for a definite and small space of time, but when we carry on the process *ad infinitum*, then all such distinctions and limitations cease. The hardest rocks, the boldest mountains, will in course of time yield to the dripping action of rain-water.

At first the most prominent peaks and points will be rounded off, then

they will cease to be altogether. After a time, the shape itself of the rock will begin to change form completely, and it will grow smaller and smaller in size, till at length the last fragment is completely swept away. The rugged peaks of the mountains in North Wales, the needle points of so many of the mountains in North Italy, and the grotesque and fantastic shapes worn by the rocks in Cornwall, especially those that go by the name of cheese-ring, are all results of the action of rain-water. And, in the course of centuries, not only hills and rugged mountains, but even entire continents, lose their shape, and are swept away through the agency of rain-showers.

And marvelous, indeed, is the history of that process. The rain-drops that descend upon a hard and solid rock, and leave it impregnated with tiny particles of the rock, can follow one of two courses. They can either descend into the earth, carrying the dissolved substance with them, or, owing to the hardness of the surface of the soil, they can flow over its surface, and rush down to the nearest stream, depositing therein their burden. Sometimes, when they take the first course, we have, as a consequence, the caverns of stalactite and stalagmite, such, for example, as the celebrated caves of Cheddar in Somersetshire. Let us follow with the eye of imagination a drop of rain, which, laden with tiny particles of carbonate, sinks down beneath the surface of the earth. After arriving at a certain distance, it reaches the ceiling of a cave, of which there are so many formed, both naturally and artificially, beneath the surface of the ground. It shows itself trembling and glistening on the ceiling

of the cavern. In time, by the action of the warmth and of the atmosphere, the carbonate begins to coalesce, harden, and finally to attach itself by the force of attraction to the surface of the ceiling, after which the remainder of the drop, owing to the pressure of another from behind, falls perpendicularly to the ground. But it does not fall empty-handed. It still contains a tiny portion of carbonate, and this, as the water gradually dries up, becomes deposited as a firm, solid crystal upon the floor of the cavern. Another drop oozes out, deposits its burden of carbonate in a similar way upon the floor and ceiling of the cavern, then another, and another. Then, by degrees, two beautiful needle-shaped crystals are formed, one pendant from the roof, the other rising from the floor. Both continually increase in size till at length they touch and unite. In the case of Cheddar these needles, called respectively stalactite and stalagmite, can be seen in the actual process of formation. Crowds sometimes flock to see them, attracted not so much by the interest of their formation, as by the beautiful and very often fantastic shapes which they assume.

But let us suppose, on the other hand, that the surface of the soil is of a hard and solid nature. In that case the drops of water, with their burden of carbonate, will trickle over the surface till they arrive at the nearest stream. From thence they will be carried to some large river, and eventually exported into the boundless waters of the ocean. Another cause that is at work in the dissolving of the dry land, and depositing its material in the sea, is the action of the waves upon our coast-line, and sometimes the grad-

ual subsidence of the coast-line itself. Such deprivations are sometimes only the work of time, but occasionally it happens that, owing to some unprecedented storm, or some extraordinary fluctuations in the tides, a whole piece is carried off bodily and swept into the sea.

These two causes, quite apart from any other accidental ones, are sufficient to account for the presence of carbonate in sea-water. It is, moreover, easy to see that even if only these two were at work the quantity of solid carbonate held in solution in sea-water must be enormous, nay, in the course of some years the ocean would be more than saturated with it, and owing to its overwhelming presence would soon cease to fulfill its all-important functions.

There must, therefore, be some means of eliminating its superabundance from the ocean, and these, following the guide of experience and observation, may be classified into the following: First, the fish that live in the sea; second, the coral insects; third, the action of storm and tide. First of all, we must remember that the carbonate is not allowed, generally speaking, to remain at the outlet of the stream or river that deposited it. It is immediately carried far out into the ocean and diffused even to the uttermost parts. The waters of the sea are continually in motion. In addition to tidal action, the great currents that with gigantic and impetuous force rush from continent to continent, the action of the sun upon the surface of the sea, warming certain parts of it more than others, thereby causing the colder waters to rush up and take the place of those that have been carried off through

evaporation, are sufficient to produce an incessant motion in the waters of the sea. Moreover, apart from these causes, there is another. Even in the retired depths of the ocean, where, as it is supposed, the rays of the sun can never enter, there exist living creatures with perfected moving organisms. Many of these, it is true, are exceedingly small and stationary, but, even so, they take and excrete their food, and this is quite sufficient to produce a downward and upward motion in the waters that surround them. It can be proved that such is the equilibrium of the great ocean, that not one single drop of it can be moved and displaced from its former position without producing a motion, small though it be, in every single drop that constitutes the entire ocean. The drop that is moved vacates a certain spot; this is immediately filled up by the one that is nearest, and so on, through the entire mass of water. Hence, if but a single drop be moved on the shores of Kent, the movement must be propagated through the entire mass of waters, even to the coast of Africa or Australia. Thus, while the currents move the upper and middle portions of the sea, the denizens of the depths are able to produce with their living organisms both downward and upward currents. Granted, however, that by the incessant movement in the waters of the ocean the particles of carbonate are diffused throughout its entire mass, it remains to consider the way in which its superfluous amount is carried off by the fish living in the sea.

The immensity of the fishing trade, the numbers that are able to gain a living by its means, are suffi-

cient indications of the enormous quantities of fish, both moving and stationary, that live in the ocean and feed on its contents. The immense shoals of fish that sometimes almost form a solid mass miles in extent, and those huge monsters that are a terror even to man himself, are all most important factors in carrying off the surplus of carbonate that is daily being poured into the sea. For of what are their skeletons composed? What is it that constitutes the chief element of their bony structure? None other than that identical carbonate that is being washed in tons by our great rivers into the sea. The gelatinous marrow of the fish contains but a small portion of it, but the bone consists, for the greater part, of carbonate. The living organism feeds on the tiny particles of carbonate floating loose in the water; it absorbs them into its own system, and thus strengthens and enlarges its osseous structure. These are the flying scavengers of the sea, but their operations are not so substantial as those of the stationary inhabitants of the deep.

Those immense beds of oysters that extend for miles, and propagate themselves in millions, make their shells from the loose particles of carbonate. Those beautiful shells that are cast by the waves of the sea on our shores are all made out of the same material. Nay, more, those huge cliffs of white chalk that characterize the south-eastern shores of our island,* extending from the east of Dover, are composed, as the great naturalist Ehrenberg tells us, of minute microscopic shells which were formerly the tiny bones of minute living organisms. But what are those immense beds of black

*Great Britain.

shining flint, of which there is a bed on the east of Dover two miles in extent? Who would imagine that such a solid mass,—with which sometimes even great buildings are erected, notably at Ramsgate,—was once the appurtenance of living, moving, and palpitating organisms? Yet such is the case, for in many of them have been found the remains of sponges, and such like rudimentary, but living and beautiful organisms. Again, if we consider the larger shell-fish, and the immense crabs and tortoises, still more palpable and evident becomes the great economy of Nature, that makes use of these apparently useless beings in order to eliminate the superfluous quantity of carbonate that would otherwise choke the ocean, and indirectly be the means of destroying every living thing on the surface of the earth.

But down in the depths of the ocean there can be no living fish,—not even crabs or shell-fish,—which, feeding and building up their hard structure, can perform for the lower parts that which they have done for the upper. Such was the opinion prevalent some few years ago. It would seem impossible that at the bottom of the great ocean there should exist any life at all—still less that there should exist an organism capable of performing the most delicate functions of the most complex life.

The pressure of the upper upon the lower strata of water is barely conceivable till we judge of it by the effect it is capable of producing. The strongest cast-iron submarine boat could not withstand the pressure. Jules Verne has indeed, in his marvelous work entitled "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under

the Sea," shown that by constructing a submarine boat of a certain form its power of resistance might be immensely increased; but, even so, what must be the enormous weight of so many tons of water, which not only practical engineers, but even the imagination of a novelist, is barely able to cope with? Added to this difficulty there is the fact that the rays of the sun, which, ordinarily speaking, are essential to the well being and propagation even of the inhabitants of the deep, can only penetrate a few feet, or at most a few yards, beneath the surface of the sea. But deep down not the faintest glimmer of sunlight can possibly reach. It is no wonder, therefore, that up to a few years ago it was believed that the deep depths of the ocean were void of all life.

Recent researches, however, have succeeded in discovering the contrary. As the topmost peaks of almost inaccessible mountains are the abode of living creatures, though, of course, in fewer species than are found in the plain beneath, so in the lowest parts of the earth, under the pressure of miles and tons of water, where no human creature has ever been, where no sunbeam has ever flitted, in the midst of solemn silence and perennial calm, dwell not only one or two, but thousands and millions of living organisms. In the deepest part of the Atlantic a dredge was let down miles below the surface, and, to the astonishment of all, minute living creatures were brought to the surface. They were, moreover, not only capable of fulfilling all the functions of life, but were possessed of eyes—eyes clear and sparkling, and which formed the most perfect image on the retina.

This last phenomenon caused a

great amount of wonder and conjecture. If they are able to see, there must be light at the bottom of the sea. Even if they were born with the most perfect eyesight, yet if kept in a state of darkness for any considerable time the power of vision would soon become entirely lost. But whence comes this light? One of the hypotheses that were brought forward sought to account for it by the emission of phosphorescent light. The fact itself which they adduced as the cause is no doubt true in itself, and is now matter of common knowledge. In certain parts of the sea acres and acres of water seem aflame with it. A vessel passing through the water leaves a huge track of molten fire behind it; an oar dipped into the water, on being raised lets fall drops of the purest light, which shine like brightest diamonds, and all this is owing to the wonderful power which these insects have of producing, by the action of their instinct on their material organisms, the changes necessary for the production of the light. But many of these tiny beings drawn from the depths are not capable of producing such light. The well-known experiments of Professor Tyndall here come to our rescue. He discovered that immense pressure is capable of producing light. That there is immense pressure at the depths of the sea there can be no doubt, and here we have a sufficient explanation for the clear and perfect organs of vision with which these tiny creatures are endowed.

But these tiny beings are not only of interest as far as their outward appearance goes; they have a very important function to perform, none other than that of feeding upon and subtracting the superfluous particles

of carbonate contained in the sea. There are millions and millions of them, occupying leagues of square miles under the great mass of our ocean water, and each of them is a scavenger clearing off the superfluous carbonate that would otherwise soon clog the lower strata of water.

But this is not the only kindly office they perform: they establish a system of currents upwards and downwards. The water at the top is saturated with carbonate. As a natural consequence, being heavier than the water surrounding and beneath it, it sinks. When it reaches the depths these tiny creatures pounce upon it and abstract therefrom the solid particles which go to form their tiny shells. The water having deposited its burden, and being thereby rendered specifically lighter than the waters above, arises to occupy their place.

We now come to the second means by which the superfluous carbonate is removed from the ocean—viz., the coral-builders. Perhaps there are none of us but have from time to time admired those beautiful necklaces of coral brought to us from the Polynesian islands. The hardness and durability of the structure, the clearness and brilliancy of the color, which is either red or white, may well make them ornaments of which any woman may be proud. But these also are, like the shells of the fish, simply the product of living organisms, and are manifestations of precisely the same function as that which is performed by the minute insects at the bottom of the ocean. Circumstances alone form any ground of distinction. The coral insects cannot live at any considerable depth below the surface of the sea, nor therefore can

they exist very far out from land; as a rule, they perform their labors only a short distance from land. They are prevented from going out further by the depth of the sea, and they cannot approach nearer to the shore, for then they would come in contact with the fresh water of the streams and rivers, which to them means downright destruction. The coast of Australia is lined for thousands of miles with the coral reefs, thus illustrating the limits that circumscribe the efforts of these tiny workers.

Their function is also to abstract the carbonate from the living deep, depositing it again in the form of coral. If, moreover, we examine the situation, the position in which these workers are placed, we shall find a most wise disposition of things. They are placed just in the way of the warm currents, which contain the greatest quantity of carbonate. If there were no current to supply them with a fresh amount of carbonated water, they would very soon perish for want of their necessary aliment; as it is, the current supplies them with a never-failing provision of food, and they, in their turn, take from it the quantity of carbonate with which it is loaded to excess.

Such, then, are the instruments by which the superfluous quantity of solid carbonate is removed from the waters of the sea. But what we see now has been going on for ages. The greater part of the dry land on which we stand is the product of the silent denizens of the sea. There are huge chains of mountains built up entirely, or almost entirely, of carbonate, that centuries ago has been abstracted from the sea. It is true that in them are also found

many other substances, but the carbonate always holds the most important place. Immense tracts of land, too, covered with green pasturage or majestic forests, are composed of the same material. The invaluable discoveries made of late years by geological science show the immense importance that marine products hold in the strata of the earth. Millions of years ago, when this dry land was buried under the waters of the sea, what is now being done by the coral insects and moving inhabitants of the sea was then being done by those beautiful fossil fish of which so many specimens still exist, while now, as then, we behold in the silent, hidden labors of present sea-life the germs of continents, which will rise slowly and majestically into existence millions of years to come. How beautifully all this accords with the wisdom of the eternal Providence, who, in His ineffable law of least means, makes use of the lowliest of His creatures for the accomplishment of His greatest designs.

Having now considered the carbonate, and the elimination of its superfluity from the waters of the sea, we must pass on to consider a subject of as great but more intricate interest, namely, the presence in due quantity of sodium chloride, or sea-salt. It is well known that common salt is found in every part of the ocean, but not every part is equally saturated with it. In those regions where the sun is intensely hot, and where, as a consequence, a greater amount of vapor is carried up, there more salt will be found, for the heat cannot raise the particles of salt, except in such infinitesimally small quantities as to be altogether imperceptible. The water,

therefore, that is left behind is rendered more salt. In those seas, on the other hand, in which little evaporation takes place, the quantity of salt is comparatively less. Such is the case in the Baltic Sea, where the waters are almost fresh in their quality.

The sodium chloride, or common salt, that is found in the sea can be attributed to the same source as the carbonate. It is poured into the ocean, that is to say, by the rivers and streams of our continents and islands. Our rivers, though supposed to contain naught but fresh water, yet in reality contain small quantities of salt, which, being carried hourly and daily and yearly into the sea, soon suffice to saturate it thoroughly with the briny element.

The amount of salt contained in the sea is so great, that if it could, by some powerful process, be abstracted from the sea and spread over the northern part of our Continent,* it would cover the ground to the depth of one mile; and this quantity would, if there were no removing agent, be continually increasing, till our great oceans would, in course of time, become as salt and as deadly as the Dead Sea. The continual evaporation that is carried on is one of the principal agents in its increase. In vast tracts of the ocean, where the heat is greatest, fifteen feet of surface water in the course of a year is lifted up into the air, leaving behind its residue of salt, and this process is carried on for thousands of square miles. Then only a small quantity of the vapor thus carried up returns direct to the sea. It is borne away by aerial currents to terrestrial regions; there it is precipitated in the shape of rain, which percolates through the soil,

and, enriched again with a burden of salt, returns to the briny deep.

There must, therefore, as in the case of the carbonate, exist some agent or agents by which the superfluous amount of salt is removed.

What the effects of this agent are we see in the numerous salt-mines that have been discovered in the bowels of the earth, and which rival in size and magnificence even those of the coaling districts. One of the most important of these, one which, for its peculiar structure, leaves the strongest impression upon the mind, is that at Salzburg. The salt is there obtained by a process of saturation and distillation. Water is allowed to flow into a basin of salt until it becomes absolutely saturated with it, and then the water is boiled off in a series of vats, leaving behind a residue of hard, solid salt. Long passages, excavated from the same material, lead from one part of the vast subterranean palace to another.

In various other parts of the world are found similar storages of salt, and all give clear and unmistakable tokens of being by some mysterious process extracted from sea-water. The fossils that are found in the strata immediately surrounding that of the salt are those that pertain to marine shores, and betoken it as clearly as in our day the sea-shells betray and characterize the presence of the sea-shore. Moreover, in the mass of the salt itself, buried beneath its surface, are found fossils of various organisms.

At first it was extremely difficult to assign any certain and definite cause for these enormous deposits, and various conjectural theories were resorted to. One of these was the action of salt springs. Springs that rise from the earth

*Europe.

usually deposit on the surface of the soil secretions of any particular mineral with which they are saturated. Thus, springs of iron-water invariably announce their presence by a red sediment of iron, varying in thickness and solidity according to the circumstances of the locality. If it be a spot well protected from the heavy rains, and yet exposed to a certain amount of heat, the quantity of mineral found on the surface will be greater than that deposited in less favored localities. In the same manner springs of salt deposit their burden upon the surface of the soil immediately surrounding them. But their deposits, even though we imagine them as being found under the most favored conditions, yet never amount to more than two feet in depth, and certainly cannot be compared with those huge masses which strike with wonder the eye and imagination of the beholder. Another hypothesis was that of the action of storms. It was supposed that on a flat coasting line the sea would advance more than usual into the interior of the land, and afterwards retiring, would leave behind small ponds or lagoons of sea-water, which, being dried up by the sun, would leave large deposits of the salty element. But this hypothesis has also been found totally inadequate to explain the effect in question, for such ponds, unless made artificially for the purpose (and this is impossible, for we are treating now of prehistoric times) would only be of a very superficial depth.

There must therefore be some other agent at work. And a more enlightened knowledge of the transformations that Nature carries on around us suffices to show not only

that there is such an agent, but also what that agent is.

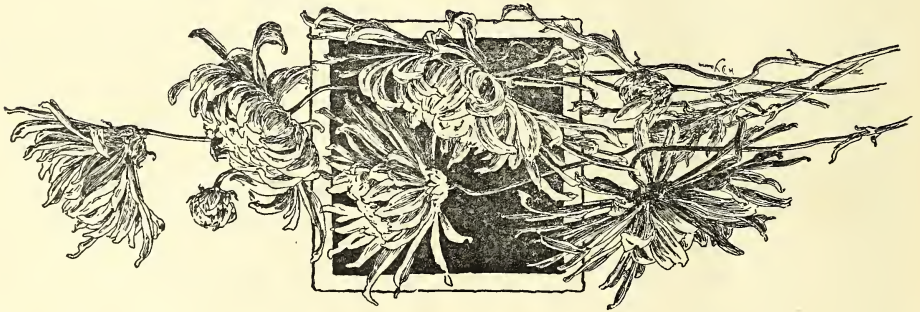
It is a well known fact that the surface of the earth is continually changing. Portions are rising gradually to a higher level, while others are undergoing a corresponding depression. Whether owing to the action of internal forces, or to the revolution of the earth itself, with such velocity through space, or, as is most likely, owing to both these causes acting together, there is not one single part of the globe that is not undulating like the unstable element of the sea. Even the experience of the last twenty years has shown how lands that were once under the surface of the sea, by a gradual upheaving from below, are now reclaimed, and teem with the labor and industry of man, while other parts of the coast, by a corresponding process of sinking, are severed from the mainland. A striking example, though, of course, of a very ancient date, we have in the Straits of Dover. Research shows that the narrow "Silver Streak" was once terra firma, joining together the now separate countries.

This gradual depression in certain parts of the globe is the chief factor in the removing of the superfluous salt from the sea. By it certain parts of the sea are cut off from the main portion. Thus, in course of time an immense salt-water lake is formed. By degrees, owing to the action of the warmth of the sun and the evaporating influence of the dry winds, the water is gradually removed, leaving behind an immense deposit of sea-salt. Thus the superfluity is removed by a two-fold process: by the gradual subsidence and sinking of certain parts of the sea, and secondly, by the evaporation

carried on by the combined action of the sun and wind.

Such are the principal agencies in the storage of the carbonates and salts under the surface of the sea, and the removal of their superfluity. In both cases it will be easily seen that there is a circle. The land gives to the sea, and the sea, in its turn, by the work of its living inhabitants and the subsidence of cer-

tain portions of its bed, gives back to the land, and furnishes the material of future continents and islands. As to where the circle begins it is impossible to say. As we said in the beginning, the circle is found in Nature, and all we can do is to follow its harmonious and progressive movements with ever-increasing wonder and admiration.



The Paths of Air

By CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD

As sailors find the paths of seas,
And pilgrims wander everywhere,
My love, far wiser she than these,
Comes flitting down the paths of air.

Sweet memories her maidens are,
They drape her form, they lend her grace
And, like the twilight and a star,
They draw her veil and show her face.

In vain the hurrying, envious years
Would haste her far and hold her fast,
When Time would thrust her forth she nears
My heart by posterns of the past.

Salem of To-day^{*}

By MARY H. NORTHEND

THE city of Salem is built on a peninsular which extends from the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay and terminates in the bold headland of Cape Ann. It is unique among the cities of America in that it has retained for so long its old, Colonial flavor, for it is only within the last thirty years that great changes have taken place in its "personnel." Where once stood stately Colonial homes, are now seen large and imposing buildings in which the business of the city is transacted, while many manufacturing firms have established their plants here. The Salem of to-day differs widely from the Salem of thirty years ago.

The business blocks, of course, are grouped about the centre of the town, while stretching out on all sides are the residential portions. At the west is Chestnut street, one of the finest residential streets of the city, beautiful with its arching elms and its fine Colonial mansions, where now dwell many descendants of the old "merchant princes."

Derby street, which was once the heart of the town in the halcyon days of the East India trade, is now peopled by the humble dwellers of the tenement house, while at the wharves, instead of ships full of costly treasures, now lie black coal barges, and schooners laden with lumber. At the east is the old training field (the Common) now

called Washington Square, surrounded on all sides by graceful elms. Around this are built some of the finest residences of the city, one of them being the home of the Salem Club.

Divided by rivers now hemmed in within stone walls, and running through conduits that reduce them to mere canals, we find the outskirts of the city. South Salem lies along one side of the beautiful, land-locked harbor, shaped like a bowl, which in the pre-Revolutionary days, almost made Salem the capital of the State.

The residential streets are generally wide and shaded by trees; particularly beautiful are Chestnut street, Dearborn street, and Lafayette street. The latter took its name from the fact that General Lafayette once rode through it on his way from Boston, when he visited Salem in 1784.

Salem is now the centre of business for all the adjoining towns, being connected with them by railway and trolley lines. The busy throngs on the streets are a daily proof of this. Then, too, the town is constantly visited by the interested tourist, who is attracted here by the old houses, its witchcraft reputation, its museums, and most of all, because it was the birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Among the cities of New England, Salem takes a leading position with

^{*}An article entitled "Historic Salem" appeared in the New England Magazine for January.

respect to educational advantages. Three libraries have been founded here, two of them being unsurpassed in the county. One of these is the library belonging to the Essex Institute, which is a veritable storehouse of Salem's past, and of the past of Essex County. There is here an inexhaustible collection of curios, rare old furniture and antiques of all kinds, which both keep alive the memory of the past and teach a lesson to the present age. Such a collection only a community like this could supply.

The Essex Institute was formed by joining together the two societies known as the Essex Historical Society and the Essex Natural History Society. It has for its object the advancement of the arts, literature, science, and local history, but its special work is more in the last-named line.

The President of the Institute now is General Francis H. Appleton, historian and scholar, one eminently fitted to fill this important position. Although a native of Boston, General Appleton is closely allied to Salem, being descended from both the Crowinshield and the Silsbee families. He succeeded in office the Hon. Robert S. Rantoul, who, during his presidency of eight years, gave his whole time to the affairs of the Institute, and to him Salem owes much fine work done along the lines of its past history. In this he was ably assisted by Mr. George Francis Dow, the Secretary, an antiquarian of no mean merit.

Dr. Henry Wheatland, who stood preëminent among the antiquarians of Essex County, was for many years the president of the Institute. He gave great attention to historical and scientific research. He was the founder of the Essex County Natu-

ral History Society, and was one of the original members of the Essex Institute. Judge Daniel A. White was its first president.

To the Institute, Salem is indebted for lectures on scientific and historical subjects during the winter months, while in the summer season, excursions made by it into the towns around give ample opportunity to study the history of other sections of the county.

The Institute has been the recipient of numerous donations ever since the beginning of its existence. One of the most recent gifts is a sum of money from Miss Elizabeth C. Ward, the sister of General Frederick Ward who made fame for himself by organizing the Chinese Army. For this act China has now elevated him among her revered demi-gods.

The income of the Ward fund is devoted to the collecting of books on China and the Chinese. In addition to many books, Miss Ward has given a sum of money to fit up a room suitable for the keeping of these volumes. But owing to the cramped condition of the building, the Institute has been prevented as yet from carrying out Miss Ward's wishes, and a room has been only temporarily set apart for them.

Through the will of the late Miss Mary T. Ropes, a way has been opened for the Institute to establish, at some future time, a Free School of Botany. The Nathaniel Ropes' mansion and the adjoining estate are the subject of this gift. It is situated on Essex street—a beautiful, dignified house of the Colonial style of architecture.

Many members of the Essex Institute have gained a reputation in the field of antiquarian and genealogical research. Mr. Sidney Perley,

the editor of the "Essex Antiquarian," has done fine work along these lines. He is now engaged in reviewing the ancient Salem of 1700, taking it by sections, and showing where the old houses once stood. Mr. Ezra D. Hines is treating the history of Essex County most exhaustively,

letin," a scientific periodical, and the "Proceedings."

As early as 1760 a library was formed in Salem by a group of men of literary attainments. This was called the Social Library. Then in 1781 the Philosophical Library was formed. The starting point of this

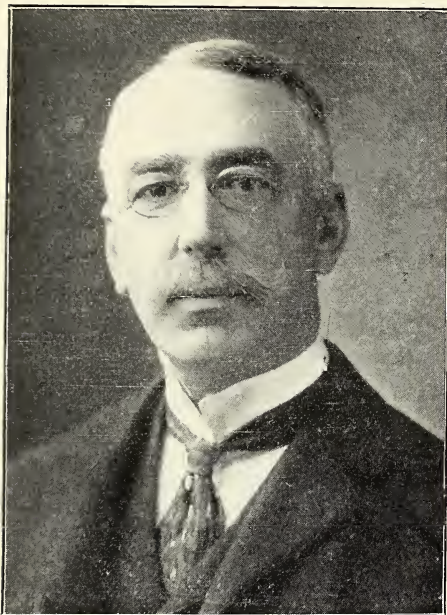


ESSEX INSTITUTE

while Mr. Henry FitzGilbert Waters, Curator of History has done much valuable genealogical work on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Essex Institute has several publications—the "Historical Collections," issued quarterly; the "Bul-

latter library was a part of the library of the celebrated Dr. Richard Kirwan, which had been captured on the high seas by an American privateer. These books had been brought to Beverly and sold. A company of Salem gentlemen pur-



HON. FRANCIS H. APPLETON, PRESIDENT OF THE
SALEM CLUB AND ESSEX INSTITUTE

chased them, and the library was then started.

These two libraries were united in 1810, and form what is now known as the Salem Athenæum. In character it is much like the Boston Athenæum. The library is lodged in Plummer Hall, a large, brick building next to the Essex Institute on Essex street. This is an historic spot, for here the famous, old Indian fighter, Captain Joseph Gardner, made his home, and William Hickling Prescott, the historian, was born in a house that stood once on this site.

The Public Library building was once the residence of Captain John Bertram, one of Salem's most successful merchants, and was given to the city for a public library by his heirs. Under the competent management of the librarian, Mr. Gardner M. Jones, the library is constantly growing in volume and

circulation and in usefulness to the public.

For higher schools, Salem has the State Normal School, and the High School. The former has this year completed its half century of work. Mr. Walter P. Beckwith, the principal, during the five years of his connection with the school has done much to raise the standard of education. As a speaker and an educational writer he is well known.

His Saturday morning "talks" to his students are exerting a great influence for good among them, and even the graduates are constantly returning to him for advice and inspiration.

In 1896 a new building was erected at the junction of Lafayette street and Loring avenue. Occupying an elevated site, of imposing size, and constructed of buff-colored brick with light stone and terracotta trimmings, it fairly dominates South Salem. The architect was J. Philip Rinn of Boston, and its cost was two hundred thousand dollars. It contains a gymnasium, and "model schools" of the kindergarten, primary, and grammar grades, fitted to provide instruction for four hundred children, and is supplied with fine scientific apparatus, as well as a library of forty-five hundred volumes. Tuition is free to residents of the State who intend to become teachers in the public schools of Massachusetts, and the State also makes an appropriation for the assistance of those who need aid.

The High School building is wholly inadequate to meet the needs of the city, and the erection of a new building is now under consideration. Mr. F. M. Colleston is the present principal. A former principal, Mr. John W. Perkins, is

now the efficient Superintendent of Schools.

Another educational feature of Salem is the Museum in the East India Marine Building, with its storehouse of treasures gathered from all parts of the world. This Museum was begun by the East India Marine Society in 1799, as a collection of curiosities found particularly beyond the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, and during the time of Salem's commercial prosperity the accessions were numerous. When the commerce of the town declined, the membership fell off, and it was impossible to support the Museum. But in 1867 Mr. George Peabody of London placed \$140,000 in the hands of certain gentlemen who, he instructed, should buy the East India Marine Hall, refit it for the Museum and the natural history, and ethnological collections of the Essex Institute, and be incorporated as the Trustees of the Peabody Academy of Science. The officers of the Academy are: Prof. Edward S. Morse, Director, and Mr. John H. Sears, Curator of Mineralogy and Geology. The local collections of the animals, minerals, rocks, and flora of Essex County are very nearly complete, while the collections from foreign countries are most interesting and instructive. To Mr. John Robinson, the Treasurer, the Academy is indebted for a complete collection of the different kinds of woods that grow in Essex County.

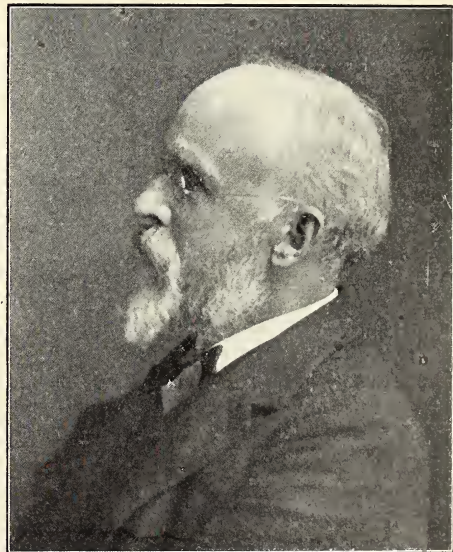
Professor Morse is a well-known authority in biology and in Japanese pottery. His magnificent collection of pottery is to be seen in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, beautifully arranged and catalogued. Mr. Sears is an expert in geology, and his recent discoveries of prehistoric shell fishes and star

fishes are attracting the attention of geologists all over the country.

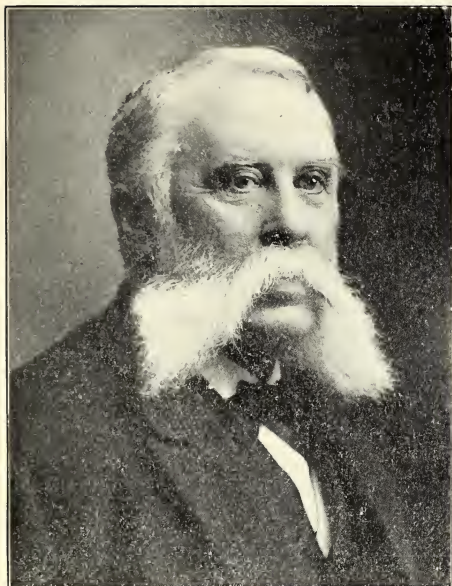
All the various shades of religious belief are represented in Salem, and her churches are many. On the site where the early colonists erected their first meeting house, now stands the First Unitarian Church, while the sons and daughters of the old Puritanical religion worship in other edifices.

The North Unitarian Church is perhaps the most picturesque of the churches. This is a grey stone edifice built in the Gothic style, and standing back from the street. Of the three Orthodox-Congregational churches, the Tabernacle church on Washington street has the largest congregation and Dr. DeWitt S. Clark is the present pastor.

The fourth church erected in Salem was St. Peter's, built on Prison Lane in 1633. Of course, the Episcopal form of service was much opposed by the old Puritans, and this Society had a hard and stormy path to climb. The present Gothic edi-



PROFESSOR EDWARD S. MORSE



JOHN W. PERKINS
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

fice, erected on the same spot just two hundred years later, is a witness to the prosperity of the parish. A second Episcopal church, the Grace Church, has been built farther up in town by members who have withdrawn from St. Peter's. The Rev. James P. Franks has been the rector here since 1870.

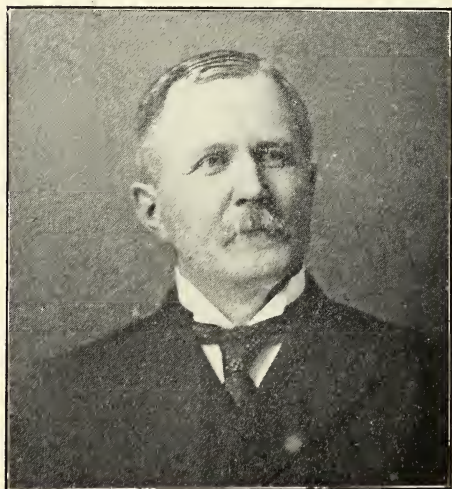
Among the Roman Catholic churches none is finer than St. James'. It is a brick edifice, one hundred and seventy-eight feet long, with a seating capacity of thirteen thousand persons, and contains one of the largest and most powerful organs in the country.

In the field of charities, Salem owes much to the late Captain John Bertram, who was one of its prominent merchants. The list of his donations is a long and varied one. The Bertram Home for Aged Men was given by him, and he with other citizens founded the Salem Hospital. He also gave to the Woman's Friend

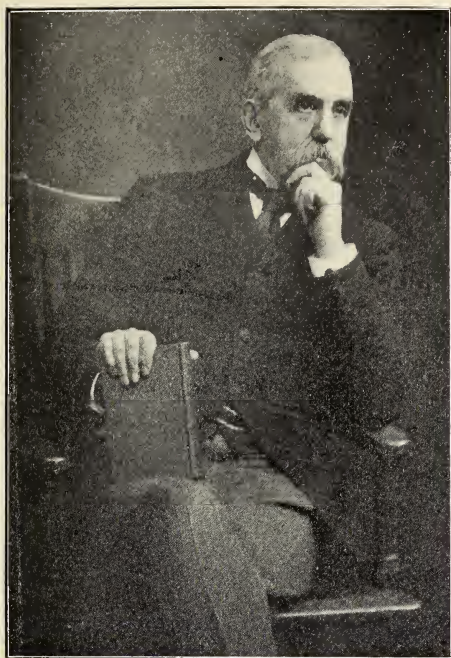
Society the northern part of the large brick house on Elm street, while in 1887 his heirs gave his estate and dwelling house on Essex street to the city for a public library.

Another merchant of Salem, Mr. Robert Brookhouse, was also distinguished for his charitable donations. He gave the house on Derby street to the Association for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Women, for an Old Ladies' Home, and it now shelters twenty-two old ladies. He also gave a home to the Seaman's Orphan and Children's Friend Society.

The new hospital just finished and fitted up is one of the most complete institutions of its kind in the state. None surpass it in its completeness of detail, in conveniences available, and in quality of appliances and fixtures. The building formerly used for the hospital has been wholly remodelled and is now the administration building and the home of the nurses. One hundred beds afford accommodation to the



MR. WALTER P. BECKWITH, PRINCIPAL OF THE
NORMAL SCHOOL



DR. DE WITT S. CLARK, PASTOR OF TABERNACLE CHURCH

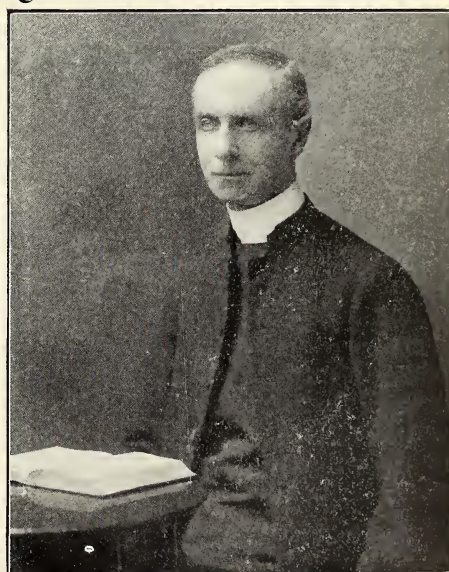
patients, and besides the open wards there are several private rooms. Mr. Arthur W. West, the president of the Board of Trustees, devotes a large part of his time and attention to the affairs of this institution.

Salem is the home of charities of all sorts and conditions. Of course, the "Associated Charities" penetrates into all corners of the city, and helps make the poor self-supporting, while the Woman's Friend Society gives a helping hand to the working woman. The Mack Industrial School, founded through the generosity of the late Miss Esther Mack, gives an industrial education to hundreds of children and young girls.

The Salem branch of the Y. M. C. A. is in a most flourishing condition. It has built itself a new and costly building on Essex street with-

in the last few years, and from this it exerts an ever-broadening influence. It has a finely equipped gymnasium, a swimming tank, and bowling alleys, while the reading rooms are generously provided with books, periodicals, and newspapers. Many practical courses are taught, such as bookkeeping, commercial law, arithmetic, stenography, and drawing. Very recently rooms have been opened at low rates for working and school boys. Religious meetings are held on Sundays and through the week, while on Sunday afternoons, the "Railroad Branch" holds meetings in the Boston and Maine railroad station. The President is Mr. Matthew Robson.

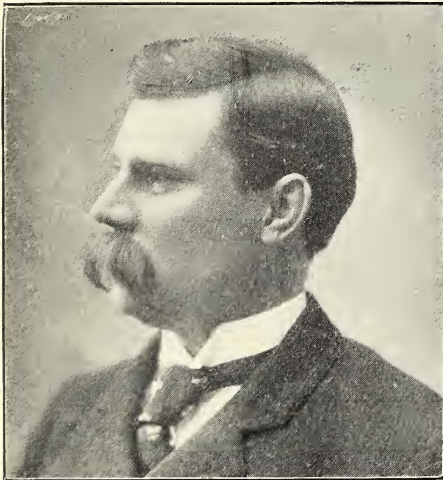
The Salem Fraternity is doing work along these same lines with the boys of the city. Its rooms are open evenings, and books and newspapers, music and games add to the attractiveness of the place, while free instruction is given to those who desire to study.



REV. JAMES P. FRANKS

The Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society, which has its home on Essex street in the Gideon Tucker house, is composed of men of the Catholic faith, who are doing great work in the cause of temperance. They attract young men to their club, and by working to interest them in the life there, lead them to eschew bad company, and to reform their lives.

Salem was the second city incorporated into the Commonwealth, the date of her incorporation being March 23, 1836. The organization



HON. JOSEPH N. PETERSON, MAYOR OF SALEM

of the new city government took place in the Tabernacle Church May 9th of the same year, Mayor Leverett Saltonstall taking the oath of office there. At once measures were taken to provide suitable accommodations for the officers of the city, and in 1838 the City Hall on Washington street was reported by the chairman of the building committee as ready for occupancy. Since then many men who have attained to eminence in their different walks in life have filled the mayor's chair.

The Hon. Joseph N. Peterson has just been re-elected to the office for the third consecutive time. He is a man very much respected by his fellow townsmen, and it is through his efforts that the combined trunk sewer system of Salem and Peabody has been established. This trunk sewer will extend from the Peabody line to a cove near Winter Island, a distance of about a mile and a half. From there the sewage will be pumped two miles out to sea, through a mammoth iron pipe. This is the greatest improvement that Salem has undertaken since the construction of its water works, and it involves an expenditure of about a half a million of dollars.

Mr. Peterson is a successful contractor and builder, his first large contract being the canal at North River. Appointed by Governor Ames a member of the State Armories Commission, he was elected the chairman of the Commission and many of the principal armories of the state have been built under his supervision.

The Salem Board of Trade was organized in 1901 at a meeting called by a special committee of the City Council. Mr. William S. Felton was made President. The organization is a valuable one to the city, and is active and energetic on behalf of its interests. Mr. Henry M. Batchelder, President of the Merchants' National Bank, is now the President of the Board.

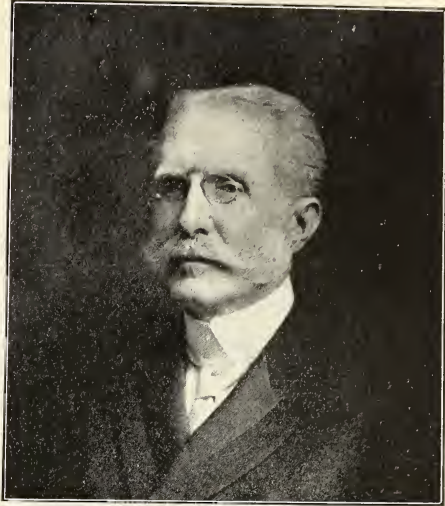
The chief industry of Salem has always been the leather manufacture. "Blubber Hollow," the centre of the industry, lying along the valley of the North River, has attained much celebrity in the markets of Boston, New York and St. Louis, for nearly fifteen million dollars' worth of leather is manufactured

here every year. It received its appropriate if not poetical appellation in the early half of the last century, when the tanners began to use the whale oil or blubber which the sea captains brought home, whereby the neighborhood became invested with an odor more strong than pleasant.

Since the strike of 1886 a new generation of tanners, with new ideas, has sprung up in Salem. These men are doing an immense business, sending their leather all over the country, to England, and the continent, and even as far as Australia. In former years the tanners thought that it was necessary for a hide to lie in the tanning liquors for six months, but now leather is tanned and finished in almost as many days.

Matthew Robson is the Nestor of the leather manufacture, for he has been in the business for forty years. He started as a workman and is now a Director of the American Hide and Leather Company and the Manager of the Salem factories.

The A. C. Lawrence Company, with its allies, the Winchester Tanning Company, and the National Calf Skin Company, who are in the Peabody district of "Blubber Hollow," is one of the biggest concerns in the world. Mr. Walter Budgell is the superintendent of this factory. Mr. A. B. Clark is known as "The Sheep Skin King." He started in life as a workman, and to-day he has factories which cover an area of ten acres. The Morrill Leather Company and the National Wool and Leather Company are also growing concerns under the charge of young and enterprising men. Besides the leather firms, Salem has many allied trades—the making of leather working machines, and the manufacture



W. K. BIGELOW, PRESIDENT OF ALMY, BIGELOW AND WASHBURN, INCORPORATED

of shoe stock, and of glue and gelatine.

Salem is also a prosperous shoe-making centre. Freedom from labor troubles is one of its advantages, and it sends more than four million dollars' worth of shoes into the market each year. Jonathan Brown & Son, who came to Salem when burned out at Marblehead; D. D. Lefavor, whose ancestor made shoes in the Revolutionary times; Luther G. Straw & Company, whose shoes for mechanics are sold from Maine to the Mississippi; Cass & Daley, and P. A. Field are among the leading manufacturers.

Another important industry of Salem is that conducted by the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company in the huge brick buildings which cover the old time Stage Point, where the South River empties into the harbor. Here cotton cloth is manufactured in diversified styles, largely for sheets and pillow cases, to the amount of twenty-five million yards each year, and shipped all

over the United States, as well as to Hawaii and the far East. Started in 1839 these mills operated entirely by steam power, were something of an innovation, as up to that time cotton mills were universally run by water power. However, the experiment proved successful, and the mills have increased from a relatively small plant to the present large concern, with some one hundred and ten thousand spindles, and two thousand eight hundred looms,



EDWARD GEORGE, CLERK OF COURTS

weaving cloth from thirty inches to ninety-six inches wide, and employing one thousand six hundred operatives and with a capital of one million and a half dollars. Mr. William P. McMullan is the manager.

The Merchants' Association has done much to help the business interests of the city. It is an association of one hundred and twenty-five of the local business men, and pri-

marily its principal reason for organizing was to oppose the trading stamps, which have proved such a nuisance in other cities. Very recently a credit department was added to the association, and this has proved a great benefit to its members. The organization has done valuable work in bringing about good feeling between the merchants, and in advertising the city as a great retail centre. Every spring and autumn what is called a "Merchants' week" is held, during which extra advertising is done and a fine display of goods is made.

The principal stores are situated on Essex street, the main street of the city. Two large department stores are located on this street—one the Almy, Bigelow & Washburn, Incorporated. This firm is a progressive one, and is always on the alert for something which will interest the public. The street floor covers an acre of ground, and is fitted up with all modern conveniences, a fine restaurant being connected with it.

The William G. Webber Company occupies three floors and the basement of a large, brick building, most centrally located. Being in close touch with the markets of Europe as well as of America, through their connection with the Dry Goods Alliance, their stock represents all that is best in the foreign and domestic merchandise.

The Baird-North Company, jewelers, occupy a fine store on Essex street. Diamonds are their specialty.

On Essex street also are the largest grocery stores in the city, a branch of the Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Company and one of the largest meat markets, the David G. Whelton Company. Mr. Whelton has been in the business since he was thirteen

years old, and tells many amusing stories of the way business was conducted in the early days, when he was first in the business as a clerk. The custom was to close the store after dinner and not re-open it until five in the afternoon. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and many fine deer, the victims of his skill with the

retail merchants are the members of the firm of Clark & Friend, haberdashers, hatters and shoemen. Six years ago they started in a smaller store in the Y. M. C. A. building and to-day they occupy one of the handsomest stores east of Boston, in the same building. Mr. Clark is president of the Merchants' Association.



RESIDENCE OF DAVID LITTLE

rifle, are on exhibition in his store.

The headquarters of sporting goods is at Fowler & Daland's at the corner of Essex street and Town House Square. Mr. Daland is an indefatigable sportsman himself, and this fact attracts many persons to his store.

Most enterprising and progressive

A. C. Titus & Company, furniture dealers, and the Naumkeag Credit Company, clothiers, are both enterprising firms, doing a brisk business.

Salem is also a banking centre, abounding with fine banks which are situated, some on Essex street and others in its near vicinity.

Side by side with these modern



ALDEN P. WHITE

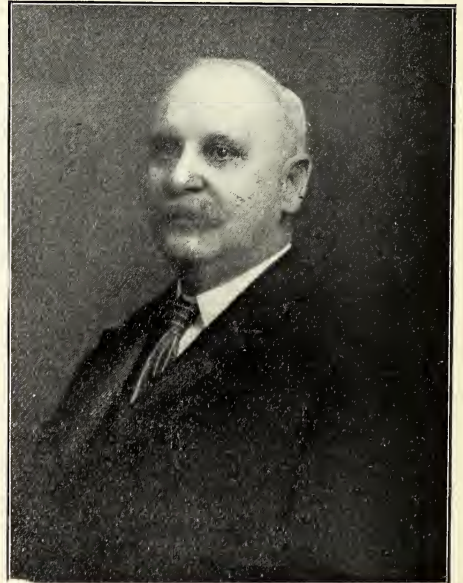
stores which are doing business in the modern way, is one little shop which still retains much of the old-time flavor of Salem. This is owned by Miss Rebecca Plummer, and is really a reminder of the times when shops were small, and the shopkeeper was personally interested in the customer. The little store is well patronized by the Salem ladies, for here they find articles that are to be found in no other store in town. Across the street is another of these interesting stores, kept by the Misses Rogers.

The firm of Parker Brothers, one of the largest manufacturers of games in the world, has an establishment on Bridge street in this city. Here millions of games are turned out every year. Games follow fads much as do books. During a war the craze is for war games, and now that Sherlock Holmes is a household word, Parker Brothers have gotten out a game of that name. Mr. George S. Parker, the head of the firm, has been interested

in games ever since his earliest childhood, and it was the invention of a game while he was a school boy that led to his life's work. This was the game of "Banking," which was made for the benefit of himself and his school-mates. The boys became so excited over the game and flocked to his house in such large numbers to play it, that it occurred to him to try his luck on the market. The result was the sale of hundreds of games, and the gradual establishment of his present immense business.

The present Custom House on Derby street has been rendered classical by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his prologue to the "Scarlet Letter." Here Hawthorne served for three years as Surveyor of Customs, and here in a room back of the Collector's private office, he declared he had found the manuscript of his wonderful novel.

The present Collector of Customs is Ex-Mayor David M. Little, a

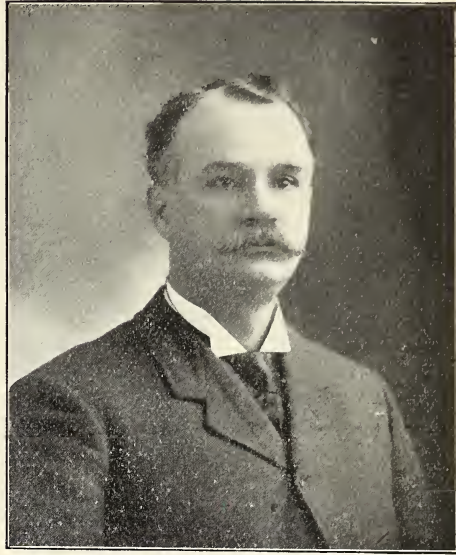


EDWARD C. BATTIS

descendant of Colonel David Mason of Revolutionary fame. Under his administration the Custom House has been thoroughly renovated and better fitted for business. Salem's wharves are still busy, although she has lost her rich cargoes from the East. The total tonnage for the year ending June, 1904, was 449,619 tons, and 400,372 tons of coal was brought in. Salem plies a brisk trade in this commodity, bringing it from Pennsylvania and sending it to the mills of Lowell and Lawrence. Two large coal pockets receive the coal and ship it into the interior, one belonging to the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, and the other to the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company. Salem's coastwise trade in lumber is large too, and her harbor is frequently to be seen full of tall-masted schooners waiting for a fair wind before they proceed on their homeward way.

In addition to the coal pockets many coal firms do a large business in this city; of these George W. Pickering has been the longest established, while the other large firms are E. H. Knight & Company and Whipple & Son. To the Independent Coal Dealer, Miss Charlotte Fairfield, the city owes the present low price of coal.

With such men as Otis P. Lord, Asahel Huntington, William C. Endicott, Stephen B. Ives, William D. Northend and Henry P. Moulton, all of Salem, for the presidents of the Essex Bar Association, Salem has always stood high in the legal world, bringing before the public many men of note. Joseph Story and Rufus Choate both lived here, and our present Ambassador to England, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, claims Salem as his birth-



DANIEL N. CROWLEY

place. It might be said that Attorney-General William H. Moody is of Salem origin, for his early days were spent here, and he has always kept in touch with the place.

Among the prominent lawyers of the day should be included Ex-Mayor John M. Raymond, Hon. Alden P. White, (who was for so many years the able District-Attorney for Essex County), Edward C. Battis, Daniel N. Crowley, the Hon. Jeremiah T. Mahoney (who for a quarter of a century has filled the position of Registrar of Deeds), the present Clerk of Courts, the Hon. Edward B. George, and the City Solicitor, Forest L. Evans.

The most important military organization in the city is the Second Corp of Cadets, which dates back to 1785. Its armory on Essex street was once the residence of Colonel Francis Peabody, and was bought for the Cadets in 1890. At the same time a drill shed, one of the



JEAN MISSUD, LEADER OF CADET BAND

best equipped in Essex County, was added in the rear.

Since the time of the first Commander, General Stephen Abbot, the Cadets have worn a scarlet coat except for one year when the scarlet coat was abandoned for one of gray with gold lace trimmings. But this new coat almost broke up the company, and they returned to their favorite scarlet. In the Armory is seen a full set of the different uniforms worn since its formation, while a full set of portraits of the Commanders of the Corps line the walls.

The Cadets have always taken a prominent rank among the various military organizations of the county, and they furnished many officers to the Federal Army during the Civil War. Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Fitz, the present commander, is one well fitted to fill the position with honor to the Corps.

The Salem Cadet Band, under the able leadership of Mr. Jean M.

Missud, has gained more than a national reputation, and has become one of the finest bands in the country.

Salem is the home of many flourishing clubs, among which The Salem Club stands at the head. This is the offspring of the Salem Billiard Club, the oldest social club in the city, and has a resident list of about two hundred members. Its non-resident list includes such names as the Hon. Joseph H. Choate and the Attorney-General William H. Moody. Its home is in a beautiful, three-storied, brick house on Washington Square, once the residence of Mr. George Peabody. The house is one of the finest specimens of old Colonial architecture, and both in its exterior and interior ranks among the most interesting houses of Salem.

Another social organization is the Colonial Club on Washington street. This has a membership of one hundred and twenty-five, among whom are the Hon. A. P. Gardner and the Hon. George von L. Meyer, Ambassador to Italy. Mr. Ira Vaughn is the president.

The Salem Woman's Club is doing good work along philanthropic lines. It has assumed the responsibility of the lunch counter at the High School, and of the free bath house. The Thought and Work Club, an older organization than the Woman's Club, is about to establish a day nursery. It gives to many charities and has connected with it a fine glee club. The Salem Century Club is composed of young ladies who are also doing good work. They have hired rooms on St. Peter's street, where three times a week the poorer children in the city are invited to come and be taught to sew.

The "North Bridge Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution" was organized here in 1895, and holds meetings each month at the houses of members. It is in a flourishing condition, numbering about fifty members.

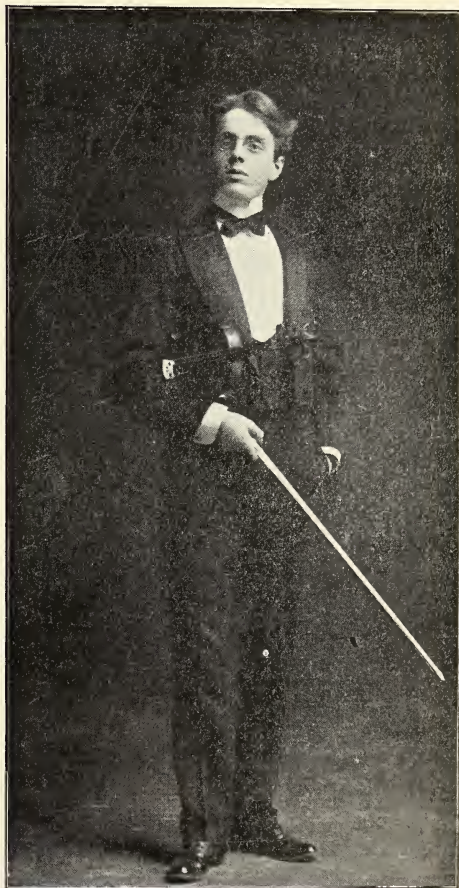
For many generations Salem has been a musical city, and many societies for the study of the art have been formed. The best work was done by the Mozart Association which owed its existence to the Hon. Henry K. Oliver, the composer of "Federal Street." Everybody is familiar with this tune found in all hymn books. It was dedicated to his wife, and the name was taken from the street on which he lived. The association lived for ten years, and exerted a marked influence upon the town. The Salem Oratorio Society which still flourishes, was organized in 1868 through the influence of Mr. Francis H. Lee, who has done much for the promotion of music in Salem, and who is still interested in the Society's career. For years it was under the leadership of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. On Mr. Zerrahn's resignation, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer was chosen leader. Mr. Henry Hale is the President.

The leading musicians in Salem at present are Mr. Joshua Phippen, pianist, and Mr. Arthur Fielding Luscomb, violinist. Mr. Phippen, whose preëminence in his profession is widely acknowledged, was a pupil for many years of Mr. B. J. Lang. He has many pupils both in Salem and Boston, and the occasion of one of his recitals means always a large attendance of music lovers. Mr. Phippen has composed in various forms, but has published little, most of his work being still in manuscript.

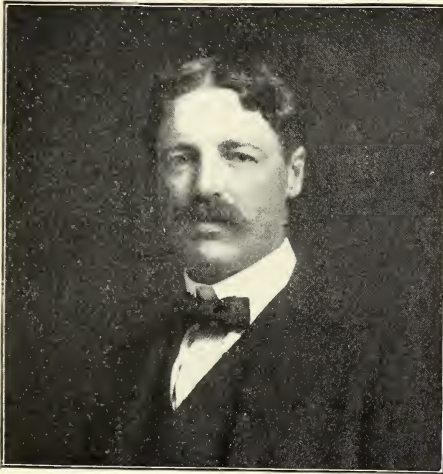
Mr. Luscomb spent two summers

in Brussels studying with Ysaye, playing in his orchestra there and also in London. He has shown great ability from his earliest childhood, and has steadily gained in favor both in Boston and Salem through hard and earnest work. He is at present the leader of the Y. M. C. A. orchestra.

But Salem may also claim to be a city interested in art, and she is the home of several of our most prominent artists. Among them, Mr. Frank W. Benson stands in the first rank as a portrait painter. He has very recently painted a fine portrait



ARTHUR FIELDING LUSCOMB



MR. FRANK W. BENSON

of Attorney-General Moody, which now hangs among the portraits of the other Secretaries of the Navy at Washington. There are to be seen in the Congressional Library building four frescoes representing the four seasons, which are also from his brush.

Mr. Benson was born in Salem, and studied painting at the Boston Art Museum, and at the Académie Julien at Paris under Boulanger and Lefebvre. He is now teacher of drawing and painting at the Boston Art Museum. He has won distinction in his profession and is the possessor of many medals and prizes. To mention a few of his honors, he has won a medal at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and a silver medal at the Paris Exposition of 1900. He has taken also the Hallgarten and Clarke prizes at the National Academy of Design, and the Ellsworth prize at Chicago, and for three successive years he has won a triumph in the competition at the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh.

Mr. Isaac H. Caliga, another well-known artist, has sent forth within

the last few weeks a remarkably fine portrait of Senator Hoar who sat for him just before his death. He is now at work on a portrait of a resident of Salem, Dr. A. P. Putnam, the President of the Danvers Historical Society. Mr. Caliga spent four years at München studying painting under Linderschmidt. He then came to Boston and established himself in a studio there, and it is only recently that he has come to Salem. He does not confine himself entirely to portrait painting; he has also produced many charming figure pieces. His colossal "Guardian Angel" has been exhibited several times as a salon picture, and his "Nepenthe" and his "Fleur de Lys" are beautiful and striking creations. His portrait of Hawthorne in the Y. M. C. A. building is considered one of the best pictures extant of the author.

Mr. Ross Turner has also made his home in Salem for several years. His paintings cover a large range of subjects, marine, landscape, architectural and ideal work, almost all



ISAAC H. CALIGA

in water colors, although he uses oils as well. He teaches water color painting at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Turner went to Europe to study painting in 1876, and remained abroad for seven years, studying, and painting in Múnich, Venice, Florence and Rome.

Mr. Lewis J. Bridgman who has made a name for himself as an illustrator of books, also lives in Salem. His water color sketch of the beautiful spire of the South Church has attracted a great deal of local attention.

The Essex Institute has attracted many men of note in the scientific world to the town. Among those who have made Salem their home at one time or another during their lives, are Prof. Edward S. Morse, whose biological works have become text books in many schools, Prof. Frederick W. Putnam whose discoveries in the prehistoric shell heaps in the country have attracted attention in the scientific world, and Dr. Alpheus S. Packard.

The greatest name in Salem and the one most cherished, is that of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and many souvenirs of his life are carefully preserved here. Last summer the Essex Institute commemorated the centenary of his birth, and also had an exhibition of Hawthorniana that was well worth a visit. Such a collection will never be brought together again for the benefit of the public. His birthplace still stands on Union street, a small, gambrel-roofed house, built prior to 1692. The house is practically in about the same condition as when the author was born. The lot of land upon which this house stood extended through to Herbert street, and on the Herbert street end stands the



MR. HARRY P. BENSON, DIRECTOR OF NAUM-
KEAG NATIONAL BANK

house to which Mrs. Hawthorne and her children removed when her husband died in 1808. These houses and the three other houses in which Hawthorne lived while in Salem are all standing, and are eagerly pointed out to the interested visitor.

One of the most frequent demands of the stranger in Salem is to see the "House of the Seven Gables," as it is generally believed that Hawthorne described some particular house in his romance which bears that name. As a matter of fact, no such house as he described existed, as he himself declared. Yet a house on Turner street is often referred to as the "House of the Seven Gables," though it does not have seven gables, and did not have that number in Hawthorne's day. However it is interesting from the fact that relatives of Hawthorne lived there and that he was a frequent visitor at the house.

The "Witch House" standing at the corner of Essex and North streets is one of the oldest houses in New England. It is supposed to have been erected soon after the settlement of the town. It is also

known as the "Roger William's House," and a tradition exists that some of the preliminary examinations in the witchcraft cases were held in this house, when it was occupied by Jonathan Corwin, one of the witchcraft judges.

In the court house may be seen the relics of the witchcraft times,

with their charming entrances. And behind these stately residences lie the old-fashioned gardens, with their box-bordered paths.

Mr. David M. Little, the Collector of Customs, lives in one of these houses, a large, three-storied, brick dwelling-house on the corner of Chestnut and Pickering streets. The



RESIDENCE OF PHILIP LITTLE

the testimony of the witnesses, and a death warrant, and also the "witch pins" which the afflicted ones declared were used as instruments of torture by the accused.

Salem has no street more beautiful than Chestnut street, with its broad road-way between arching elms, and its fine, old-time mansions

porch is especially worthy of mention, the top being supported by beautiful, Corinthian columns, while the fan light and the side lights of the doorway add to the effect. This house was built by Mr. Dudley L. Pickman, an old-time merchant.

Mr. Philip Little's house on the corner of Chestnut and Cambridge

streets is also most attractive. It is a large, brick dwelling-house, painted yellow with white trimmings. The porch is so noted that students in architecture often come to measure its proportions and to make drawings of it. Mr. Little was formerly a Major in the Salem Cadets.

At another corner of Chestnut and Cambridge streets stands Hamilton Hall which has been the centre of Salem's social activity ever since it was built in 1805. Many grand assemblies and anniversary dinners and celebrations have been held in this hall, which has a quaint, old-time aspect, with its beautiful, arched windows and its old-fashioned, gilt mirrors. It was named in honor of Alexander Hamilton, who had visited Salem, and was much admired in the town.

One of the most interesting houses in Salem is the house built by Mr. Joseph S. Cabot on Essex street. This was afterward the residence of the Hon. William C. Endicott, Secretary of War during Mr. Cleveland's first administration. It is now owned by Mr. Daniel Low. The house is in pure Colonial style, with a gambrel roof and dormer windows. It is built of wood, painted yellow with white trimmings, and is set in the midst of grounds most artistically arranged.

The entrance to Harmony Grove, the largest cemetery of Salem, is through an arch of rough stones, which spans the driveway. This cemetery was begun in the outskirts of Salem near Peabody about sixty years ago, when the city burial grounds became too crowded, and Mount Auburn was followed closely as a model. Nearly opposite the entrance stands the new Blake Memorial Chapel, built of seamed granite in the early Gothic style.

There are two productions manufactured in Salem which will ever be associated with this old city. These are the Black Jacks and the Salem Gibralters. The fame of the Salem Gibralters has gone abroad into many lands, for no sea-captain sailed from Salem without a tin case of this confection, and persons who crossed the ocean took a supply of them as a cure for homesickness.

There is a little romance connected with the inventors of this sweet concoction about which it is very pleasing to think when nibbling the stone-like Gibraltar. An Englishman, a Mr. Spencer and his mother, came to Salem in 1822, and after many struggles they succeeded in making the Gibralters a success. In fact their business increased so rapidly that Mrs. Spencer bought a horse and wagon and peddled her wares through the streets of Salem and the surrounding towns.

After Mrs. Spencer's death her son continued in the business for a short time, and then he fell heir to a title and fortune in England, and sailed away to claim his own. But the Gibraltar business was sold to Mr. Pepper of Peabody, and it is still continued by "The Pepper Company," and we still buy these sweets, wrapped in their white envelopes and flavored either with peppermint or lemon as fancy dictates, from the manufacturers who make them just as they were made by the Spencers.

As Eleanor Putnam so delightfully says, "Witch Hill may blow away; the East India Museum may be swallowed up in earth; Charter Street Burying Ground may go out to sea; but as long as a single house remains standing in Salem Village, so long will Gibraltar wisely reign, and retain its honorable place in the inmost hearts of the Salem people."

Russia^{*}

By HON. CHARLES EMORY SMITH

Formerly Minister to Russia and Ex-Postmaster General

AT the very outset I shall throw myself on your kind indulgence. I hope you will not think me one of that rash company, more numerous in enrollment than polite in name, that rush in where angels fear to tread. Believe me I know full well the difficulty and the delicacy of my venture, and have known it from the start. The only excuse that can be pleaded in extenuation of the hazard is that the persuasiveness of your committee, if not greater than the restraint of my warning good sense, was at least more potent than the firmness of my resolution.

Russia just now is at the best a tempting but perilous theme. Half a century hence it will be possible to look back through the clear perspective of years and measure the true relations of the events of to-day to a new career of progress and greatness. But in the present hour we see the portents without the promise, and Russia is shadowed by the gloom of the clouds without the gleam of the sun. The inherent diffi-

culties of the subject are enhanced by the personal position of the speaker. There are phases on which it is becoming that I should speak with reserve—perhaps, to use an Hibernianism, with silence—on the principle, “the wisest word I ever said was the word that wasn’t spoken.” It is true that the diplomatic trust was laid down some years ago, and the easier, if not higher, diplomacy of American free speech was resumed; and you will permit me to amend the words of the poet and say:

“More true joy returned Marcellus feels
Than exiled minister with a Senate at his
heels.”

But there are obvious proprieties which follow the minister even in retirement; yet while they should be respected, there is still large room for free expression. I did not hesitate to say in St. Petersburg, looking out from the Foreign Office upon the broad Alexander Place, from the center of which rises the stately and splendid memorial shaft to the first Alexander, that there

^{*} An address before the National Geographic Society at Washington, January 20, 1905. This address is one of a series of addresses on the Far East given before the National Geographic Society, 1901-1905. Other addresses in this course have been “China,” by Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State; “Japan,” by Baron Kentaro Kaneko, of the House of the Peers of Japan; “Manchuria,” by Col. W. S. Schuyler, who has recently returned after eight months with the Russian armies in Manchuria; “The Evolution of the Russian Government,” by Dr. Edwin A. Grosvenor, of Amherst College; “Recent Observations on the Russo-Japanese War, in Japan and Manchuria,” by Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman; “The Japanese Side of the War,” by William E. Curtis; “The Philippines,” by the Secretary of War, Hon. Wm. H. Taft, formerly civil Governor of the Philippine Islands; “The Panama Canal,” by Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, U. S. N., Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory; “The Commercial Prize of the Orient and its Relation to the Commerce of the United States,” by Hon. O. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics. These addresses are published in the Journal of the National Geographic Society, the National Geographic Magazine. The National Geographic Society is a flourishing organization of 4,000 members scattered throughout the United States with headquarters at Washington, organized for the increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge.

were things in Russia which we of the United States, in the best spirit of sincere friendship, could wish otherwise, and I do not hesitate to say it here. Russia does not resent honest criticism. She criticises herself. Her statesmen are sensible of her relations to the spirit of the age and are conscious of her difficulties and shortcomings. She only asks—and does she not rightly ask?—that judgment shall be pronounced in good faith and with an honest purpose to be fair. She is often silent when in justice to herself she ought to speak. To my mind it is a mistaken policy, for while it avoids answer where answer would sometimes be difficult, it leaves a hundred misrepresentations to pass unchallenged; but, mistaken or not, it is the tradition of a power which meets political hostility or thrifty sensationalism with disdain.

And certainly, if there be a grateful sense of invaluable service, we of America ought at least to seek to be fair. We never can be deaf to the call of humanity. We cannot be blind to the errors which have followed unfortunate counsels. We must deal with living issues and with present events as truth requires; but we can and we ought to fulfill the obligations of duty and speak the voice of judgment in the spirit of honest and manly friendship. For Russia was our truest friend in the hour of our supreme trial. Tradition has handed down this impressive truth, and both the public archives and the unwritten records confirm it. You know that in the critical period of the civil war, when we were threatened with French and English intervention, the Russian fleet appeared in the harbor of New York. The testi-

mony is not wanting which discloses the inspiration and the purposes that place it within that friendly and protecting proximity. There has been some dispute over this question, and the attempt has been made to discredit the sympathetic attitude and the actual service of Russia, but the evidence is clear and conclusive.

Shortly after the war began in 1861, the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, addressed the European governments, setting forth the American position. Prince Gortchakoff, the great Russian chancellor, wrote these words in reply:

"The Union is not simply in our eyes an element essential to the universal political equilibrium. It constitutes besides a nation to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interest, for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interest and of sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other."

That unequivocal answer, made at the very beginning, plainly indicated the friendly attitude of Russia. Through the Russian government, with its special sources of information, President Lincoln's administration was kept advised of what the other governments of Europe were meditating and proposing. Official France was hostile. The French people were sympathetic, as they had been from the days of the American Revolution. But Louis Napoleon, who was then on the throne, had his own designs, which were disclosed in Mexico. Official England, unlike the official England of these later years, was also

hostile. A large proportion of the English people, many of whom in Lancashire deeply suffered on account of our war and the deprivation of cotton, were right in their instincts. The great and good Queen was our steadfast friend. But Palmerston and Lord Russell, and even Mr. Gladstone, whom we have all so greatly admired and honored, looked on our struggle with unkindly thought.

In the early days of the war Secretary Seward was apprised, through the legation at St. Petersburg, that the French and English governments had come to an understanding for joint action respecting the American war involving the possible recognition of the Southern Confederacy. When, soon afterwards, the French and English ministers appeared at the State Department together his information prepared him to meet them. Knowing their object, Mr. Seward politely avoided receiving them jointly and adroitly turned one off with a dinner invitation while he saw the other alone. But the joint movement of the two governments went on. Joint action on neutrality pointed the way to joint action on intervention. Who could measure the dangers of such a portentous step? Would Mr. Lincoln's government, already absorbed in a life-and-death grapple with a giant rebellion, also accept the gage of war with the united strength of the two great nations of western Europe? Could it hope to prevail against these combined perils, or would the unequal struggle leave the Union irretrievably divided and broken?

That was the startling menace. Russia's feeling was known, and before the blow was struck it was im-

portant to know what Russia would do. Louis Napoleon took steps to ascertain—I have reason to believe through an autograph letter to the Czar, Alexander II, advising him that the French and English governments believed the time had come when they ought to mediate or intervene between the North and South, and inviting him to join in the movement. The Czar declined to do so unless Mr. Lincoln's government should request it. But the menace continued, and thereupon the Russian fleet steamed into the bay of New York and cast anchor within sight of Trinity spire. All the world knew what that act meant; Louis Napoleon knew, and the threatened intervention never came.

This chapter of past judgments does not justify any misjudgments now, but it does impose the obligation of seeking to pronounce present judgments in a fair and just spirit. Russia is engaged at this hour in a foreign war which has thus far been full of surprises and disasters, and she is at the same time in the throes of a domestic agitation which, let us hope, will lead to a great advance for the Empire. No treatment of the general subject can ignore these phases, and they will be the better understood if we look at them against the background of the national structure and organization and character.

Russia is a country of extraordinary contrasts; of imperial splendor and of widespread poverty; of the magnificence of the court and of the squalor of the moujik; of the stately grandeur of St. Petersburg or the picturesque orientalism of Moscow, and of the dreary, dead level of dull and endless plains; of the highest culture and the broadest ignorance;

of the boundless treasures of the unequaled Winter Palace, with its 500 opulent rooms, or of imposing St. Isaac's, with its malachite columns and its golden dome, and of the boundless destitution of almost uncounted millions; of the literary genius of Poushkin and Gogol, of Tourgenieff and Tolstoi, and of the dense illiteracy of the masses; of the pictorial wonders of Verestchagin and of the most primitive agricultural and industrial arts—in a word, of the highest development of grace and culture in social life and of the deepest penury and hardship on the broad national field.

And as it is a country of extremes in condition so it has been portrayed in extremes of opinion. On the one hand it has been painted in the blackest of colors. It has been pictured as a land of Tartar barbarism and of Muscovite tyranny, where the Siberian exile is the expression of all cruelty and the Jewish proscription as the embodiment of all intolerance and persecution. Its government has been described as a despotism tempered by assassination. On the other hand it has been delineated in some quarters as a benign and patriarchal system, where the sole thought of the Little Father is the welfare of the millions of his people, and where the acknowledged grace of the throne is accepted as the proof of the general practice. It is easy to produce striking effects with strong pigments. There would be a ready and startling sensationalism in a vivid picture of terrors and in a flaming outburst of rhetoric. But, as generally happens, the truth lies between the extremes. It is not all black or all white, but it has its lights and its shadows, and the faithful delineator must sacrifice the bold

outlines of a fanciful sketch for the more subdued tones of historic verity.

The character of autocratic rule manifestly depends very much on the character of the autocrat. It is true that in these modern days even the autocrat is largely the creature of conditions. Imperial will is molded and circumscribed by historic tendencies, by overmastering public opinion, and by the spirit of the age. But, on the other hand, the currents of national development fall into the eddies of personal impulse. With the vast machinery of a great modern nation autocracy becomes bureaucracy. But the autocrat makes the bureaucrats, and so determines the trend. There are settled traditions and tendencies in Russia, but they are affected and modified by the dominant temper and influence of the hour. When Russia passed from the scepter of Nicholas I to that of Alexander II she advanced from the virile and robust imperialism of an iron dictator to the progressive and expanding liberalism of an enlightened ruler. When she passed from the control of Alexander III to that of Nicholas II she went from the secure, harsh, rigorous sway of a firm, self-poised, austere monarch to the turbulent reign of a kind, well-meaning, and uncertain sovereign.

The present Czar is conscientious and devoted in public purpose and amiable and exemplary in personal life. He has been surrounded by conflicting influences, and each of the opposing forces has appeared at one time or another to be dominant.

The Czar's disposition and tendency have been liberal, as was indicated in the noble impulse which convoked The Hague Conference.

If at times there has been a backward movement it is because reactionary elements outside of the throne gained a temporary ascendancy, and if lamentable errors plunged the empire into a war for which she was so illy prepared, it was because irregular influences, outside of the ministry, that were mistakenly trusted, gave evil counsels.

As a rule Russian ministers are not personal favorites, but are often able statesmen, marked for their places by capacity and fitness. Their commission comes, not from title of nobility, but from the higher title of brains. Curiously as it may cross the prevailing conception of the Russian system, many of them have sprung directly from the ranks of the people. M. de Giers, the astute Minister of Foreign Affairs, who succeeded Gortchakoff and who so long guided the foreign policy of his country, did not inherit rank or fortune. Equally without rank was Vishnegradski, the Minister of Finance, a remarkably able man, whose range of vision covered the finance of all nations, who carried on his table the first free-silver bill just as it was lying on the desks of the American Senate, and whose acute and profound observations, if they could have been properly reported, would have instructed and startled the American people.

His successor, de Witte, who was so long the master spirit of the Russian government, who then fell into disfavor, and who in the present crisis appears to be again rising into favor and ascendancy, is no less a man of the people. He made his first mark as a subordinate railway official, and was rapidly promoted until he became the most powerful

minister of the empire. Many others might be named to illustrate the same truth of high individual advancement without title or favor and solely on merit. Russia has ministers; but no ministry. There is no united, coherent, responsible governing body. Each minister acts only for himself and is responsible only to the Emperor. Oftentimes ministers antagonize and intrigue against each other. Witte and Plehve were at swords' points. Thus the bureaucracy lacks unity, coöperation, and efficiency. It is disorganized and discordant. Sometimes an individual minister shows tremendous energy in the administration of his department, but the coördinated work which gives united force and strength is missing.

Below the chiefs the system has the vice of venality. It is this which has sapped the strength of the navy and impaired the efficiency of the army. It is this which has provided the gun of inferior range and imparted structural weakness to the battleship. Russia has prodigious resources and almost unlimited power, if it can be made available. She has the giant's strength, but the giant's strength enfeebled by a vicious system and an improvident sloth. There is personal valor and symptomatic defect. There is the brilliant dash of the daring Makaroff, but a strange paralysis and fatality of the fleet. There is the skillful generalship of Kuropatkin, with the patience of Fabius and the fight of Marius, but a want of preparation which leaves him always with inferior numbers. There is the intrepid courage of the heroic Stoessel and his fire-tried troops at Port Arthur, which has excited the admiration of the world, but there is at

the same time the lack of equipment which crippled his defense. The fighting quality and the latent power are there, but reconstruction is needed to bring the fruits.

In some directions Russia has made remarkable advances in recent years. The energetic and far-reaching policy of Witte as Finance Minister, with its striking results, has been the subject of great praise and great criticism. It had two central and fundamental conceptions. The first was to make Russia wholly self-sustaining and industrially great by a system which should protect and foster her own manufactures. The second was to concentrate all power and control in the hands of the government by substituting state for local taxation, by the promotion of state ownership of railroads, and by the creation of great state monopolies, like those in spirits, drugs, and kindred articles. The fruits have been tremendous, though possibly in some directions open to question.

The industrial progress of Russia in the face of serious obstacles has been signal. Within ten years the number of hands employed increased from 1,318,048 to 2,098,262 and the value of the output more than doubled. The chief industries are textiles and mines and metals. Cotton manufactures have been rapidly developed. The consumption of cotton has increased in little more than a decade from 117,000,000 kilograms to 257,000,000, and the number of spindles in operation is about 7,000,000. In iron manufacture Russia holds the fourth place among the nations, ranking next to Germany and ahead of France. From 1892 to 1900 the annual production of metallic articles rose in value from 142,000,000 roubles to 276,000,000.

The advance was so rapid that after 1900 there was a reaction, followed by an industrial crisis. In his report on the budget for 1902, M. Witte ascribed the depression to a succession of bad harvests and a withdrawal of foreign capital, caused by the Boer war and the resulting stringency in the European money markets. Doubtless also the extraordinary development had engendered speculation and overproduction. The great growth had come in spite of deficient transportation, of ignorant and debilitated labor, and of the meager purchasing power of the mass of the people. Russia has made much headway in recent years in remedying the first defect. From 1892 to 1902 more than 17,000 miles of railroad were opened. Within the Russian Empire, not including Manchuria, 4,100 miles of railway were under construction in 1901. With his early training, M. Witte naturally made railroad development a vital part of his great and vigorous policy of national upbuilding—a policy which was largely instrumental in this industrial and commercial expansion. In ten years the passenger traffic on the Russian railroads has multiplied almost five-fold and the freight traffic more than eight-fold.

But there is a deeper and more radical difficulty. It is suggested in the observations of Prince Mestchersky, the bold and brilliant editor of the *Grashdanin*, of St. Petersburg. Writing in 1901, he said: "It would be more logical for the development of mills and works to begin with the development of the people, so as to create a consumer, than to begin with the development of factories, mills, and railroads for a people wanting in the very first elements of

prosperity." His conception is that the hope of Russia lies in an improved condition and advancement of the the peasantry. The weakness of the Russian system is in the backwardness of agriculture. The agriculturists constitute 78 per cent of the population, and for the most part are surrounded by the most unfortunate conditions. Their implements are of the most primitive character. The crop yield per cultivated dessiatin is lower than in any other country in Europe. Belgium, which ranks first, produces an average of 128.5 poods of grain per dessiatin, a pood being equal to 36 pounds, while the Russian average is only 38.8 poods. Even this disparity does not indicate the full gravity of the case, for Russia produces less grain per head than is consumed per head in other countries, and at the same time she is the second grain-exporting country in the world.

This fact tells the story of her own deprivation, and it is emphasized by some particular inquiries. It is estimated that the people on the farms require from 20 to 25 poods of grain per head for their support and that of their live stock during the year, and these figures are much below the consumption in other lands. Yet it often happens that in a considerable number of provinces the harvest is far less than even this meager requirement. The result is that Russia is frequently afflicted with famines, that the consumption of bread has fallen off about 70 per cent, and that the number rejected from the military service through physical disqualification has increased 14 per cent within seven years. During the great famine of 1891, which extended over ten provinces, more than a million horses perished, leaving many of the peasants

with no means of cultivating the land. The crop failure of 1898 did not cover so wide an area, but it was even worse where it prevailed. It left over 12,000,000 people in abject destitution and more than 8,000,000 suffering from actual famine. In 1900 and 1901 famine again desolated the land. All this entails chronic impoverishment. The arrears in the redemption of the land on the part of the former serfs are constantly increasing, and the economic conditions which affect them are growing worse.

The amelioration of this situation lies at the foundation of the present agitation for political reform and enlarged freedom. Undoubtedly, the popular restiveness has been quickened by the war and its demonstration of the defects of the existing system; but the recent striking manifestations are only the sudden culmination of a movement which has been in progress for some time. To understand it we must grasp some fundamental elements of the Russian polity. Russia presents a curious paradox. Theoretically it combines the most extreme autocracy with the most extreme democracy. The great body of the people are divided and organized into "mirs," or communes. The mir is what we would call the township organization. Land is held in common and is apportioned for cultivation among the families of the mir according to their respective needs. The communal assembly makes the apportionment and the periodical redistributions; it governs other questions relating to the land, the harvest and other local affairs, and its government is more like that of the New England town-meeting than anything else. As far as it goes, it is a perfect democracy. All the people

assemble on the village green, under the presidency of the starosta, or village elder, and determine all questions within their scope by a majority vote.

The mirs are grouped into cantons or districts, and the districts elect representatives to the zemstvos, which are the provincial assemblies. Without going into minute details, all classes are represented. The ultimate elective bodies are not large in proportion to the total population, but they are distributed among peasants, individual landholders, merchants, nobles, and urban electors. In 361 district assemblies, with 13,196 members, 38 per cent were peasants, 35 per cent nobles, 15 per cent merchants, and the remainder officials or priests. The provincial assemblies or zemstvos have over 1,200 members in all, and they operate chiefly through executive committees, of which the nobles constitute far the larger proportion. The mir deals with the land, farming, and the immediate local concerns. The district assembly, which corresponds more nearly with our county organization, looks after roads, schools, sanitary matters, and like questions. The provincial assemblies have the care of prisons, hospitals, charities, main roads, mutual insurance, and other subjects of more than local range.

The zemstvos were among the reforms instituted by the liberal and enlightened Emperor, Alexander II. They were created in 1864, and sprang from a commission appointed for the purpose of "conferring more unity and independence on the local economic administration." Theoretically they went far toward establishing a system of local autonomy, but practically they have been largely

nullified by the overruling power of the provincial governors, who stand for the bureaucracy. Their authority and independence have from time to time been curtailed. Nevertheless, in their form as local representative assemblies, even with their limited electorate and scope, they furnish the basis and nucleus for wider representative institutions. Their liberal spirit and independent purpose have been the most characteristic features in the new reform movement.

In January, 1902, the present Emperor created a Central Committee of Agriculture, under the presidency of M. Witte, to consider the measures necessary to meet the existing difficulties. This body was supplemented by local advisory committees which, rather by local choice than by central design, were made up largely from the zemstvos. The majority of these committees made some significant recommendations. They urged that elementary education should be increased; that zemstvos should be established in provinces where they did not exist, and made more representative, with larger powers; that the system of village communes should be reconstructed so as to give the peasants equality with others, and that free discussion of economic questions should be allowed. A little later a memorandum was presented to the Czar recommending that their old power should be restored to the zemstvos, that they should be arranged in groups, and that these groups should elect delegates to a central or national zemstvo.

The effect of these various demonstrations was seen when in February, 1903, the Czar issued a manifesto holding out high promise. He de-

clared that the fundamental principle of property in common must be held inviolable, but he said that relief for the individual must be found, and added: "A reform is to be effected by local representatives in provincial government and district administration." These assurances were neutralized when the influence of Witte waned and the reactionary Plehve gained more power; but they and the manifestations which led to them were the forerunners of the more impressive demonstrations that have recently been witnessed. The meeting of the zemstvo presidents at St. Petersburg in November last was in many respects the most remarkable assemblage in Russian history. It was almost like a states general. It put forth a declaration of principles which is equivalent to a demand for a national representative assembly with political voice and rights and with a direct advisory part in legislation and government. It plainly declared that there is an estrangement between the government and the people; that it is due to fear of popular initiative, and that it has led to great wrongs in the arbitrary bureaucratic system which has come between the throne and its subjects. It calls for the overthrow of this centralized administration of local affairs; for independent legal tribunals for the protection of personal rights; for free speech, free press, and free conscience; for equal civil and political rights for peasants; for the greater independence and extension of the zemstvo institutions, and for national representation through an elective body which shall participate in legislation.

These demands are unprecedented in Russia, and their concession would inaugurate a revolutionary

change. It was not to be expected that they would all be granted at once. The ukase which the Czar has issued in response to this call marks a large advance. It charges the Council of Ministers with the duty of framing measures to secure equal rights to the peasants; to safeguard law and unify judicial procedure for the protection of personal rights; to assure a more independent and complete administration of local affairs through local institutions; to deal with state insurance for workmen; to reduce the discretionary authority which has bred the administrative process; to promote larger religious toleration, and to provide greater freedom of the press. This is a long step in liberalism. It does not establish representative institutions; it does not provide for elementary education; but it does look toward a larger local control of local affairs, toward the relief of the peasants from the rigorous conditions which surround them, and toward the removal of the arbitrary restrictions which now burden the people; and the ukase itself distinctly treats these reforms as the beginning of "a series of great internal changes impending in the early future."

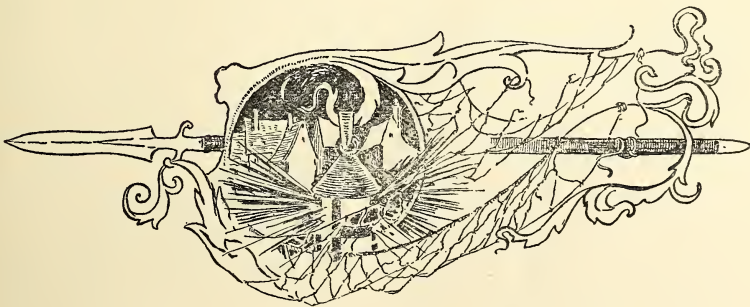
In considering the character, trend, and methods of these changes the peculiar conditions of Russia must ever be remembered. Whatever advance has been made there up to this time has come from the top and not from the bottom. The great mass of the people are simple, illiterate, and inert. The disturbances which have occurred from time to time have been mostly on the surface. The great deeps have not been moved, though the caldron is now seething as never before. The new industrial condition of re-

cent years, to which reference has been made, have produced a class of workmen and artisans in the cities who are more alert than the supine peasantry and who are the source of the present discontent and uprising.

The whole fabric of society, it must also be borne in mind, rests upon the church which is the very foundation of the state and to which in its ritual and observances all, from the Czar to the humblest moujik, are supremely devoted. The first need of the people is economic improvement and their release from the harsh conditions of their restricted communal life. The report of Witte on the elevation of the peasant contemplates some reconstruction of the mir and the opening of broader callings and opportunities to those who are practically bound to the soil. It is urged with force that real social emancipation cannot come without political enfranchisement. The one will undoubtedly promote the other, and under the quicker impulse of these later days the nation is moving forward to both.

Russia is passing through the dark valley of deep trials. She is paying the appalling cost of grievous mistakes; but enormous as that cost is, it will still be cheap if, through these

bitter experiences and this new awakening, the great empire shall be put upon the higher pathway of wiser counsels and liberal advancement. The history of Russia is a varied story. It is illuminated with the progressive measures of the great Emancipator. It is darkened with the shadows of Kishinev and the Finnish oppression. The far-reaching reforms which are now dawning on the nation give promise of a new and more hopeful era. Russia has prodigious recuperative power. She was prostrate after the Crimean war, but soon recovered her strength. She was humiliated and straitened after the Turkish war, but started again upon a new career. She is patient, tenacious, and persistent; she has the traditions and the indomitable faith which have come down from Peter the Great; she has the vast though dormant resources of imperial domain and power; and if through the disasters she is now suffering she shall throw off the shackles of the bureaucracy that have weighed her down and come to share the progressive spirit of the age, she will through present tribulations and final regeneration enter, as we hope she may, on a new and brighter epoch.



Herr Apfelbaum

By MARY ALLISON TIFFANY

UNDER the bluest of blue skies the apple trees stood, a mass of white blossoms and pink buds, and at its foot sat Janet, her work lying unnoticed in her lap, for where could eyes or mind be but at the bend of the road round which Will might at any moment appear. Between the road and the apple tree, was a small unpainted house, lilac bushes shading the doorway, and by the open window, Janet could catch a glimpse of her mother, in her high backed chair, steadily knitting, never pausing to look at the fresh beauty of the spring, only a memory to her, since the loss of her eyesight. It was Janet's joy to watch over her mother with untiring devotion, to make every bit of her simple wardrobe, and to keep the house in spotless condition.

Tucked in the belt of Janet's white gown was a bunch of yellow daffodils, placed by Will on her windowledge that morning on his way to work, and by that token she knew there would be a letter in the hole in the apple tree. Sometimes she found only a line, but it was sufficient to send her singing about the house all day. This letter, however, spoke of a piece of great good fortune which had befallen him, and she was all impatience to know what it was. But for the long outlook ahead, with no prospect of marriage in sight, their happiness would have been unalloyed. Although Will was a skilful carpenter, what with building materials growing steadily

higher, and strikes putting an end to many a projected building, he often became discouraged. Then it was that Janet, with her serene temperament, came to the rescue, for his was an impetuous nature, prone to extremes, at times venting itself in violent outbursts. Soon Janet espied him hurrying toward her, with one hand waving his cap, an open letter in the other. Then with a bound he had thrown himself at her feet and breathlessly announced that they must be married at once and start for Kansas.

The letter was from an uncle, a large building contractor, who wrote him to come without delay to take the place of an overseer who had died very suddenly. Good and steady pay was promised if he proved himself fitted for the position.

Janet's hands grew icy cold.

"How can I let you go?" she said.

"Let me go?" was the amazed answer. "Don't you understand,—of course we go together."

"But mother?" gasped the girl.

There was a pause. Then Will said slowly, "Yes, dear, I know how hard it will be for her and for you too, but my whole future may hang on this offer. I shall see that she is comfortably settled in some place first and will pay some one to take care of her."

Pay some one to take care of her blind and feeble mother! Janet was like one stunned. Had they never really understood each other? She pushed away his encircling arms.

How could her mother who moved about among the familiar surroundings almost as if she had sight live in some strange place. No, it would kill her. Will was cruel, heartless, to suggest such a thing, and before they realized what they were doing, on both sides words had been spoken that could not be forgotten, he saying that she did not love him if she placed her mother first, and Janet, cruelly wounded, after an angry retort, growing silent and unresponsive. And then all was over. He had gone.

Any questioning in Janet's mind as to her point of view was silenced that night, for her mother, always subject to wakefulness, was restless and feverish, only falling into a light sleep toward morning, after thanking God for the gift of such a daughter to care for her in her old age. The next day she did not get up, and though nothing tangible was wrong, seemed suddenly to have aged. Then three lonely days passed, for the house stood in a retired spot a mile from the village.

Late in the afternoon a knock brought Janet hastily to the door, to find, to her disappointment, not Will, but Elsa Strong, her yellow hair framed by a big straw hat, holding a bunch of daffodils in her hand. Janet looked closer. There was no mistake; the flowers came from Will's garden. No others in the village had the same deep centres.

"I thought I would stop on my way home to ask why you did not go to the picnic," said Elsa.

For the first time since the quarrel Janet recalled the fact that she had promised to meet Will there; but, of course, after what had occurred he could not expect her to fulfil her engagement.

"We had great fun," Elsa continued; "I danced three times with Will. He told me not to forget him. Of course you know he is going tomorrow to some outlandish place in Kansas."

Still not a word from Janet. No one should suspect, not even her mother, what she suffered, but Elsa's words stabbed like a knife, and only by leaning against the door could she keep from falling. So Will meant to go away without making any effort to speak with her again, and cared so little that he could amuse himself with a girl like Elsa. To think, too, that he had given her daffodils! Janet's flowers he used to call them, and had said when they were married he would have a row on either side of their doorway, and pictured her standing among them with her dark hair and beautiful eyes waiting for him when he came home from work.

How long she remained as if rooted to the spot she never knew. Finally she was aroused by her mother's voice, grown strangely feeble. "Janet, Janet," she called. "where are you? I need you," and from that time Janet was by her side, till four weeks later the sightless eyes were closed in death.

From the first the doctor had seemed uneasy. More than a year ago he had discerned a marked loss of vitality, and realized how slight a hold on life was there. To the girl, however, the blow came with appalling swiftness. The only comfort was that her mother had been too ill to perceive Will's absence, and died happy in the thought that Janet had a home provided for her.

Even before the funeral service friends began to question the girl as to how she expected to live, for the small annuity that had supported

them both ended with the mother's death.

Janet, however, repulsed all suggestions, all kindly advice. She would live alone, she said, in the old house, for that was hers, and as for her simple wants, she would think out some plan for earning sufficient money. Wounded, heart-broken, her one desire was to be left alone. Exhausted by fatigue and grief, after the service, as soon as the last person had departed, she threw herself on the bed, and was soon sleeping heavily. About midnight the smell of smoke roused her, and hastily throwing on a shawl she rushed down stairs, to find the lower floor on fire. Even in her excited condition she realized how it had happened. Going down to the cellar after dark she had carelessly set a lighted candle near a pile of shavings, meaning to go back at once for it, after carrying an armful of wood to the kitchen and then some one called her and she forgot what she had done.

Help came when it was too late. As the men appeared the roof fell in, and the morning light revealed only a smoking cellar-hole.

So Janet turned to her aunt Harriet, who, when the news of her sister's death reached her, had written: "Come to me, child, for I need just such skilful fingers as yours to help in my work."

Janet had only the vaguest memory of her aunt, who had gone to New York years before, but now the desire was strong within her to be with one who had loved her mother. Then, too, nobody could question her about Will in New York. And so she went.

Quickly and quietly taking up the new life, she never said what it meant to give up the fresh fields and

country sights for the bustle and noise of a great city, with a gloomy bedroom, its one window opening on a well, from which came the perpetual clatter of dishes from the many kitchens, and the heavy odor of cooking, instead of the songs of birds and the scent of flowers. Aunt Harriet never tired of talking about the front room, with sun, actually direct rays of the sun, shining in for several hours daily. Here she sat, and contentedly stitched, from early morning till nightfall, fashioning dainty under-garments with yard upon yard of ruffling, and exquisite insertion, as happy over her work as if every article were for herself, and beside her sat Janet.

"I could bear it if it were not for those dreadful signs," the girl murmured. But she never told Aunt Harriet, who certainly would have thought her niece had lost her mind. Grünfeldt, Rothkirsch, Rosenkranz. Had any of them ever seen green fields, red cherries, or rose garlands? For the street had fallen largely into the hands of German Jews, and their signs, and they themselves, and the pale girls that climbed the steps in the early morning and came down them at night, looking even paler, made up the prospect from the window. Occasionally a carriage drove up with some handsomely-gowned woman come to hold lengthy converse with Aunt Harriet about muslins and embroideries, and new designs, seldom glancing at the girl patiently stitching nearby.

In her rather dull way her aunt was kindly, but sixty years and twenty are far apart, and the older woman had no conception of the despairing feeling growing on Janet as she pictured herself, year after year, sitting in the same room growing old and bent and grey.

It was late in June when Janet came to New York. One hot summer amidst bricks and mortar had passed, one winter with never a ride behind merry sleigh bells, and now it was spring time. The days were growing longer, the ladies who came to give their last orders before leaving the city wore light costumes instead of sealskin and broadcloth. That is the way you can tell it is spring time in the city. Janet glanced across the street. The dingy sign of "Grünfeld" had vanished and in its place shone a new one with brilliant gold lettering. "Apfelbaum," she read, and the pleasant-looking man on the steps with blond hair and red cheeks, proudly giving some last directions must be Herr Apfelbaum himself.

Returning to her sewing she no longer was conscious of the dismal street, but her own dear tree seemed to stand before her as it was a year ago covered with snowy blossoms. With a start she remembered that to-morrow would be the twelfth of May. The work fell from her hands. She must go to keep the tryst alone, there, where she had been so happy.

"Aunt Harriet," she cried, "don't you see, I am stifling in this place? I must have a holiday, and spend the whole day out of doors."

Aunt Harriet looked up, surprised at this sudden outburst, and for the first time realizing how thin and pale the girl had grown, said gently, "What is it, dear? Have I been blind?"

And Janet, her head on her aunt's lap, poured out the story of the quarrel, casting all the blame upon herself. So sixty and twenty met at last.

Early the next morning Janet started forth. Not so early, however, but that Herr Apfelbaum was

on his steps gazing at his beloved sign. Something in the girl's sad face must have touched him, for had he not in the Vaterland a daughter of about the same age, and was he not more akin to her than to the swarthy men with keen eyes and aquiline noses who inhabited the neighborhood? Involuntarily he raised his hat and said in the quaint fashion of the southern German, "Grüss Gott, Fräulein."

But with head erect and no answering word, Janet marched by. In this big rushing city she seemed to have forgotten there was a God, and even in church she felt herself friendless and alone. With tears in her eyes she recalled the little white meeting house and how when she rose with the choir, Will used to look up at her with a glance that made her sing out from the fulness of an overflowing heart.

But there was no time to indulge in gloomy thoughts. On she hurried, and soon the train was swiftly carrying her toward the spot so longed for. No one noticed as she got out at the station and ran up the familiar road, round the turning, past the blackened cellar-hole to the apple tree stretching out its friendly arms in welcome, with green grass at its foot where she could lie down and rest her weary body. But with such a flood of memories assailing her, rest she soon found was not to be obtained, and rising she mechanically thrust her hand into the hole that had served as mail box in former days.

To her great amazement she discovered that it was not empty. What could it be that her fingers had lighted upon? Eagerly she pulled out one, two bits of folded paper. There they lay in her hand, the writing blurred with rain, and

one of them betraying the marks of tiny teeth, probably the work of some squirrel—unmistakably old letters from Will. With trembling fingers she opened the one lying uppermost; only a few hurried words, penned in great excitement, to judge by the handwriting. After beseeching forgiveness for his hasty, his unpardonable words, he entreated her to let him see her that evening when they could talk things over more calmly. The second letter was longer. "I shall put daffodils again at your window, dear," he began . . . The letter dropped from Janet's hand. She could see to read no farther, for scalding tears blinded her eyes. Each morning she had vainly looked for the flowers she hoped to find. Now that it was too late the truth flashed upon her. It was Elsa Strong who had taken them passing the house by way of the short cut to the mill. And to think that that girl, whom she had always known to be a flirt and a cheat, had deceived her!

No suffering however great could atone for such want of faith in Will. Down she dropped again on the grass, this time remaining so long motionless that a squirrel, which had been angrily scolding since the abstraction of his property, intended later in the season for a lining for his nest, whisked down from a branch, and was on the point of triumphantly bearing off the letters,

when a sound startled him, and he was out of sight.

Janet too, seemed to be aware of something. Suddenly she sat up trembling, her eyes fixed on the bend of the road. For not only in New York does spring herald her approach. She can make her presence felt in Kansas as well, and drawn by her magic power, Will had returned on the twelfth of May to try his fate once more under the old apple tree.

Herr Apfelbaum at the close of day, saw a girl with radiant face, her arms full of pink blossoms, coming toward him. At her side walked a young man.

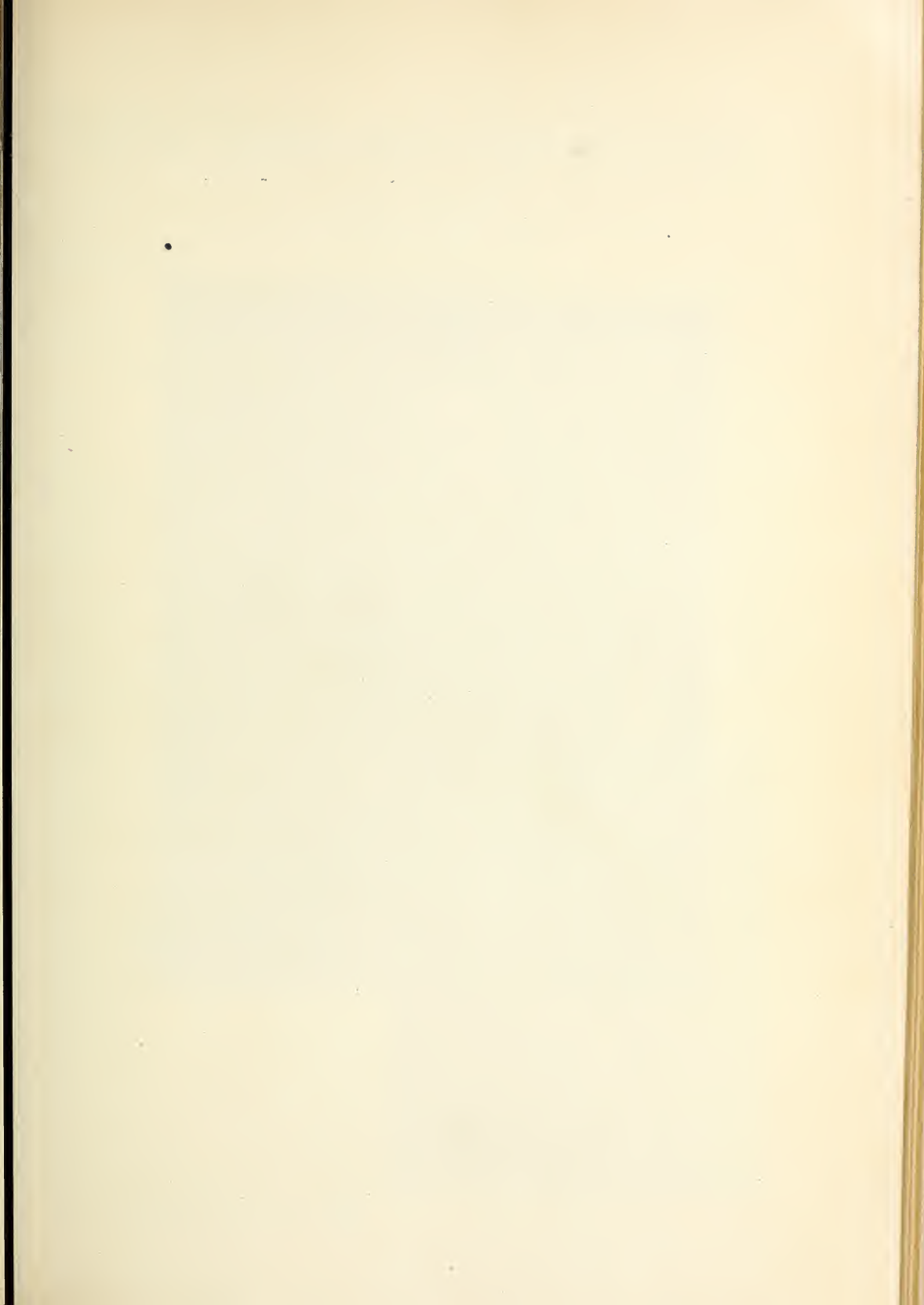
"Grüss Gott, Fräulein," he called out again, as she approached.

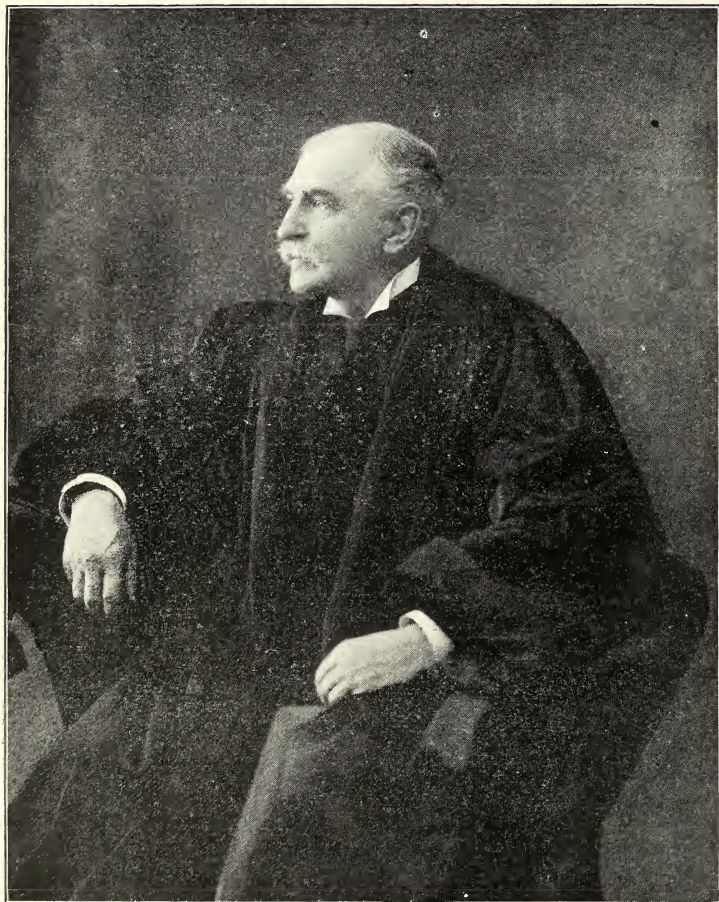
"Grüss Gott, Herr Apfelbaum," Janet responded joyfully.

"And the English of that is," she said, turning to Will, whose early education did not include a little flaxen-haired German maiden for bosom friend and seat-mate at school, "the English of that is, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!'"

Aunt Harriet, resting in the twilight, heard rapid footsteps outside, the door burst open, and Janet, flinging her arms about the amazed woman, cried: "Oh, Aunt Harriet, I have an order of my very own. It is for a white gown, to wear on my wedding day under the apple tree."







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From Dartmouth to Dartmouth

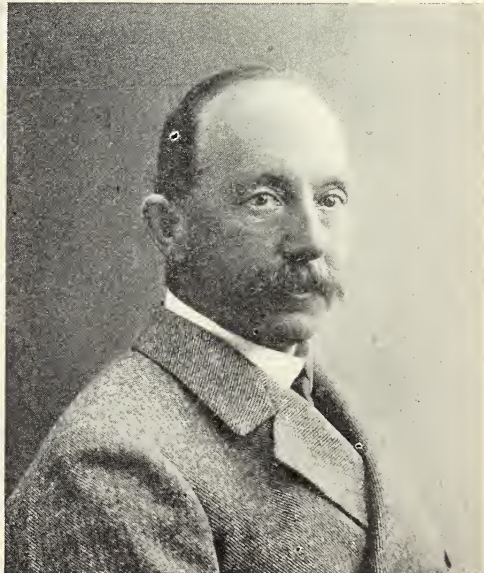
By MARY R. P. HATCH

IT would be interesting to know what part, if any, Swift's Vanessa had in the building of Dartmouth College. We know that after her final falling out with Swift, Vanessa, otherwise Hester Vanhomrigh, (Swift gave her the name Vanessa when he wrote the poem "Cademus and Vanessa") revoked the will which she had made in his favor and gave her fortune to Bishop Berkeley, to whom may be traced the origin of Dartmouth College.

The Berkeley funds, contributed to found a college at Bermuda, in which English and Indian youth should be trained together for ministers and missionaries in the New World, were afterward given to Yale College. President Noah Porter said of the gift that, on the whole, it was the most important ever received by that institution.

The first Berkeley scholars were Eleazer Wheelock and his brother-in-law, Benjamin Pomroy. When in 1755, Wheelock opened "More's Indian Charity School," he adopted the plan of Berkeley, which was, as sketched in a letter to Lord Percival, "to educate in the same seminary English and American youth till they have taken

the degree of Master of Arts. And being by this time well instructed in the Christian religion, practical mathematics and other liberal arts and sciences, and early imbued with public-spirited principles and inclinations, they may become the fittest instruments for spreading religion, morals and civil life among their countrymen, who can entertain no suspicion or jealousy of men of their own blood and language, as they might do of English missionaries who can never be well-qualified for that work."

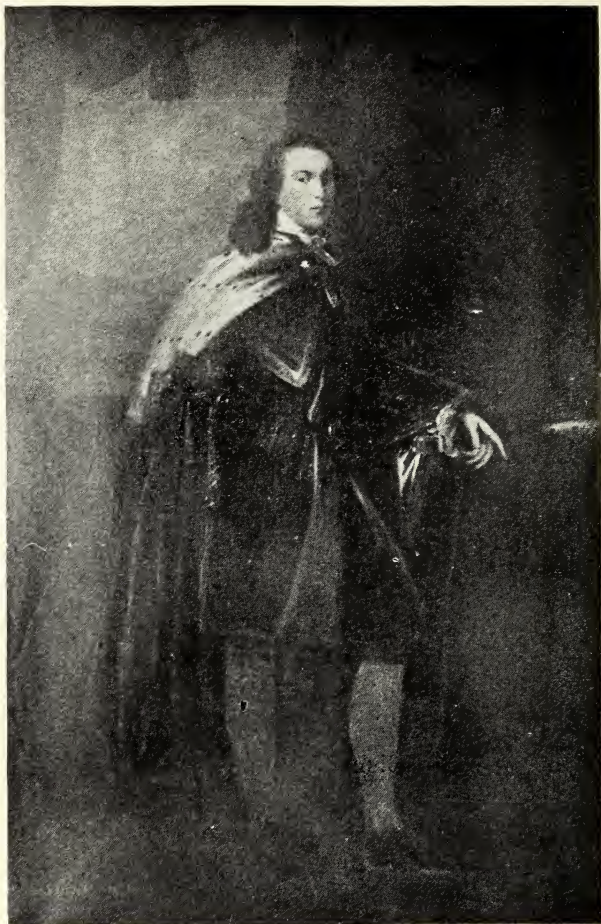


SIXTH EARL OF DARTMOUTH

That the first Indian youth received into Eleazer Wheelock's family should have been Samson Occum was a remarkable providence toward the growth of the Berkeley inception. For Occum has been called "the glory of the Indian nation." Of unmixed Indian blood, a Mohegan, dignified of manner, and considerable of an orator, the author of the hymn beginning "Awaked by Sinai's awful sound," George Whitefield, advised Wheelock to send Occum to England to interest the king and the nobility in the establishment of a college in the New World in which should be blent the ideas of Berkeley and the still greater ones of Wheelock himself.

The Marquis of Lothian had already sent one hundred and fifty pounds, the Countess of Huntington had given one hundred pounds and of gifts nearer home, one may be mentioned from Benedict Arnold as "a large proportion of the profits of a venture which he sent to sea," and which was undoubtedly, a privateering venture.

The visit of Occum to England produced a sensation leading to immediate results. He preached three hundred sermons and his success



SECOND EARL OF DARTMOUTH

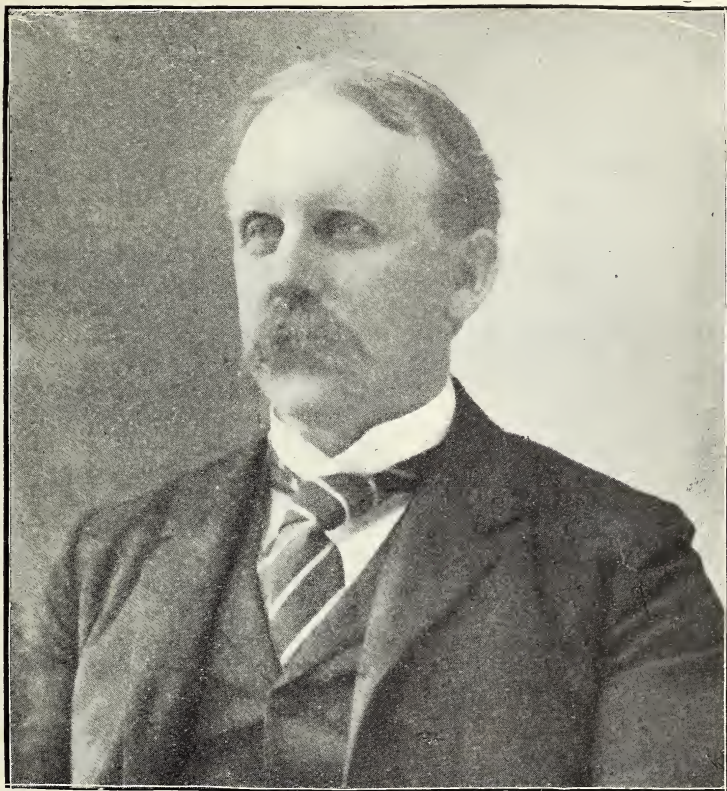
was such that he was urged to take orders in the Established Church. The Archbishops of York and of Canterbury were two of the eminent persons who became interested in Occum. But this remarkable Indian never lost sight, for a moment, of the purpose of his visit which was to secure financial aid for the projected college in the wilderness. The king made him several presents and headed the subscription with two hundred pounds. Soon the amount was increased to eleven

hundred pounds and the funds were then placed under a board of trust with Lord Dartmouth at its head.

And now we see the slow sequence of events unwind itself till the claims of various towns as a site of the college disappear, and the town of Hanover is chosen. One of the excellent water privileges which

wrote to Governor Wentworth at the time of the granting of the charter, and the name of Dartmouth was given to the new institution out of regard for the favor shown by the Earl of that name.

It is of interest to note that the Earl of Dartmouth was connected with the Washington family and



PROFESSOR C. F. EMERSON, DEAN OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

since earliest times has veined the earth with population, and which George Eliot called the "water courses of humanity," marked the site and no doubt helped the selection.

"Sir, if proper to use the word college instead of academy, I shall be well pleased with it," Wheelock

that the stars and stripes of the American flag were probably suggested by the stars and bars of Dartmouth. An equally interesting commentary is the fact that at the time of the revolt of the Colonies in 1776 the second Earl of Dartmouth was secretary of state for the Colonies under King George; so that it was



COLLEGE HALL

Washington who stamped the Dartmouth colors on the new world and on the college reared in the Connecticut valley.

"Every revolution," as Emerson says, "was first a thought in one man's mind, and when the same thought occurs to another man it is the key to that era." The building of Dartmouth was, however, a correlation of thought extending from Berkeley to Wheelock, from Wheelock down through the many beneficiaries to the present time, or from Dartmouth to Dartmouth, which covers it all and is, besides, a quotation from a speech of the sixth Earl of the name made on his recent visit who spoke of going back "from Dartmouth to Dartmouth, between which there had not been a break for one hundred and thirty years."

The Earl of Dartmouth's visit to

this country was to the college the event of the year. "Many elements combined," said the Outlook, "to give singular interest to the recent visit of the Earl of Dartmouth to the college which bears his famous name. * * * He embraced the occasion to present to the college valuable correspondence between Eleazer Wheelock, the founder, and the second Earl of Dartmouth. Writing to Hon. Charles T. Gallagher shortly before he sailed for England, Lord Dartmouth said, "Standing out head and shoulders above all the rest of our most interesting journey is Dartmouth College, which has given us an experience we shall never forget and a memory we shall always treasure." And in a letter to President Tucker written about the same time to thank him for having given him

what he should always remember as the great time of his life, he spoke of having "arranged with Mr. Brown the little matter I referred to in our last meeting," the little matter being a check for one thousand dollars to go toward the rebuilding of Dartmouth Hall. There was a time when this building, burned to the

from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As the bell dropped into the fire, kindled nobody knows just how, and rang out its last long appeal to Dartmouth men to be true to the college it had called them to for more than a century of church, chapel and recitations, it became for all time truly *vox clamantis in deserto* and

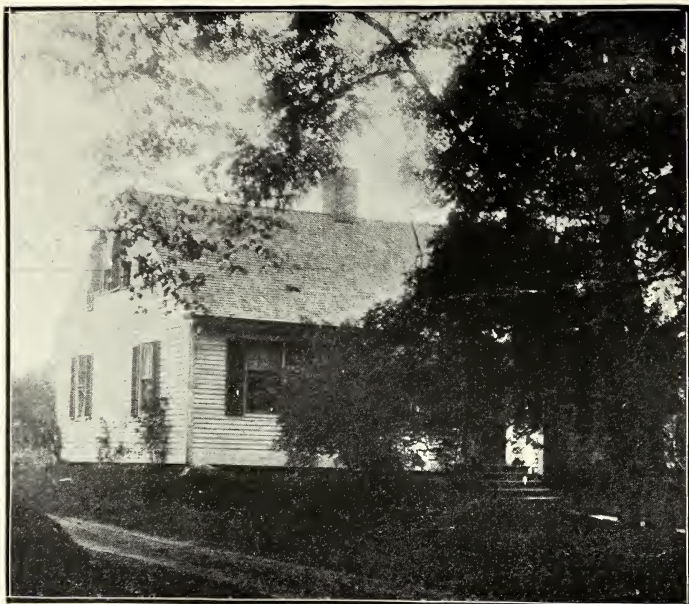


ROLLINS CHAPEL

ground on that memorable day in February, represented to the minds of many, the college itself, and when it fell, a consternation unequalled by any similar event descended upon the hearts of president, faculty, undergraduates and alumni, and broke out in eager speech

one which should never be stilled.

When George the Third "by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King Defender of the Faith," evoked the charter "wise and liberal" which gave the college in the wilderness to the New World, Eleazer Wheelock him-

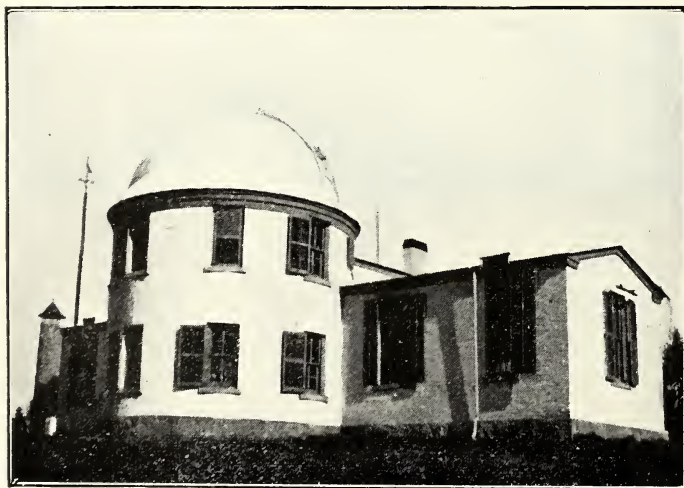


WEBSTER HOUSE

self, in less than a month after the choice of a location was made, August, 1770, with teams and laborers, pushed his way through the "dreary wood" to Hanover to begin his herculean task.

The forest was of pines mostly, of primeval growth, some of them

three hundred feet high, and it was from such trees Dartmouth buildings were fashioned. He employed sometimes as many as fifty laborers. First they built a log hut about eighteen feet square, and they built it "without stone, brick, glass or nail." Oiled paper did duty for



SHATTUCK OBSERVATORY



MARY HITCHCOCK HOSPITAL

windows in all probability, as was the fashion of the times in poorer habitations; and as the logs were doubtless dovetailed, no nails were needed.

But after all this labor they could find no water. So they picked up the hut bodily, or maybe, by piece-meal, from the rear of the Hiram Hitchcock residence, where a very perceptible depression may still be seen, and carried it across the campus to the place now occupied by Reed Hall.



MEDICAL SCHOOL

To this hut came Mrs. Wheelock, Tutor Woodward, thirty students, among them two Indians, and four slaves, the lady and tutor riding in the carriage given by John Thornton of England. Trees had been felled to make progress through the wilderness possible, and with this notable accession to the little colony, life in the college town of Hanover may be said to have begun in 1770.

It was in the year following, 1771, that the Colonial governor, Sir John Wentworth, with a retinue of sixty gentlemen, came from Portsmouth to be present at the first Commencement. It was at the very time of the New York and Vermont boundary troubles, in fact, before the latter had so much as a name of her own, when Ethan Allen was stirring up the Green Mountain Boys, and when the Indians, made bold by the strife, grew fierce and more dangerous. Add to the fear of Indians the more imminent perils from bears, wolves and panthers or wildcats of which the forest was full, and you



CHANDLER HALL



CULVER HALL



PROFESSOR C. F. RICHARDSON,
WHO HOLDS THE CHAIR OF ENGLISH LITERA-
TURE AT DARTMOUTH

will see that it required courage to journey through the wilderness to Hanover, even with an escort of sixty gentlemen. True, Wheelock and his party had come earlier, but, upheld by high purpose, their courage was of a different order.

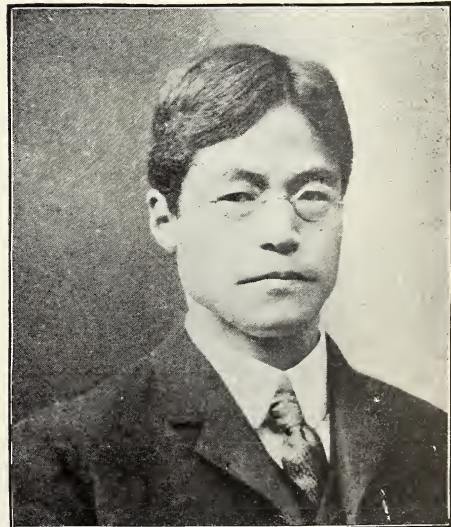
It is probable that the Governor's party camped out at least two nights, and it is likewise probable that Eleazer Wheelock, Woodward and others crossed the Connecticut to Norwich to meet the party, when, it is easy to imagine some such conversation as the following took place:

"Welcome to Hanover, your Excellency, and you, most noble gentlemen. You are all right welcome. Fared you well on your

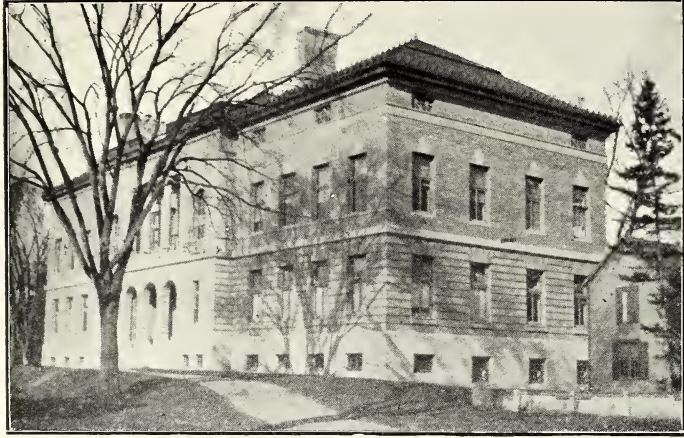
journey through the wilderness from Portsmouth, sirs?"

"I thank you, reverend sir, for your courteous greeting. Our faring on the way was indifferent, sir. We slept but illy last night, for our couches were of boughs and we missed the comfort of our featherbeds. Then, too, the screech of wild cats and the howling of wolves kept us wakeful. Our guide, one Peter Stillman, built some noble fires to ward off the beasts which came nigh to breaking in on us, and at daybreak we sighted a band of Indians filing through the forest with scalps at their belts; but thanks be to God they did not see us. It is many years since the savages fell upon Deerfield and Hatfield, killing and captivating so many, but our guide told us they travelled the same paths we came on their return with their captives to Canada."

"Those were troublous times, your Excellency, but praise be to God the times are bettered. 'Tis a



KAN-ICHI ASAKAWA, HEAD OF THE DEPART-
MENT OF THE FAR EAST



BUTTERFIELD MUSEUM

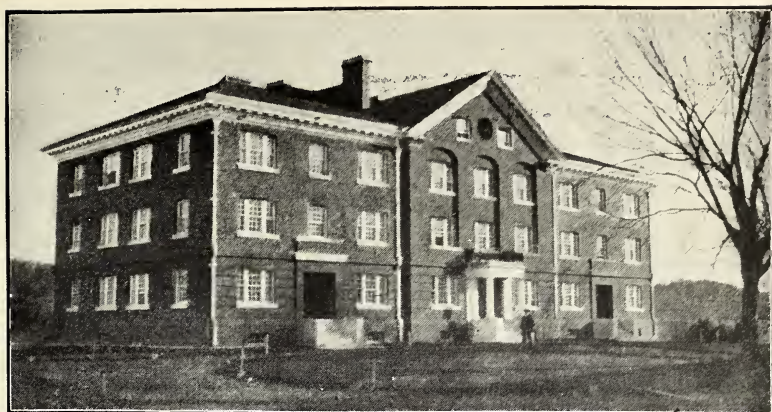
wonder to see the great advance we have made, though the wild beasts and the Indians still be fearsome. But not here, your Excellency, where we teach the Indian youth to grow scholarly and gentle. This gentleman, your Excellency, is my assistant Master Bezaleel Woodward, a scholar from New Haven, and these young gentlemen be Levi Frisbie, Samuel Gray, Sylvanus Rip-

ley and John Wheelock, my son. God willing, they graduate from our college to-morrow. We all came forth to greet your Excellency and noble friends that we might, in some small part repay the honor your presence confers upon our institution of learning. Sir John Wentworth, and you, most noble company, again we greet you."

"I thank you, reverend sir, and



BUTTERFIELD MUSEUM INTERIOR



FAYERWEATHER HALL

you, master Woodward, likewise you, young gentlemen, for your noble courtesy and company across the river. Is it far to Hanover? Truly,

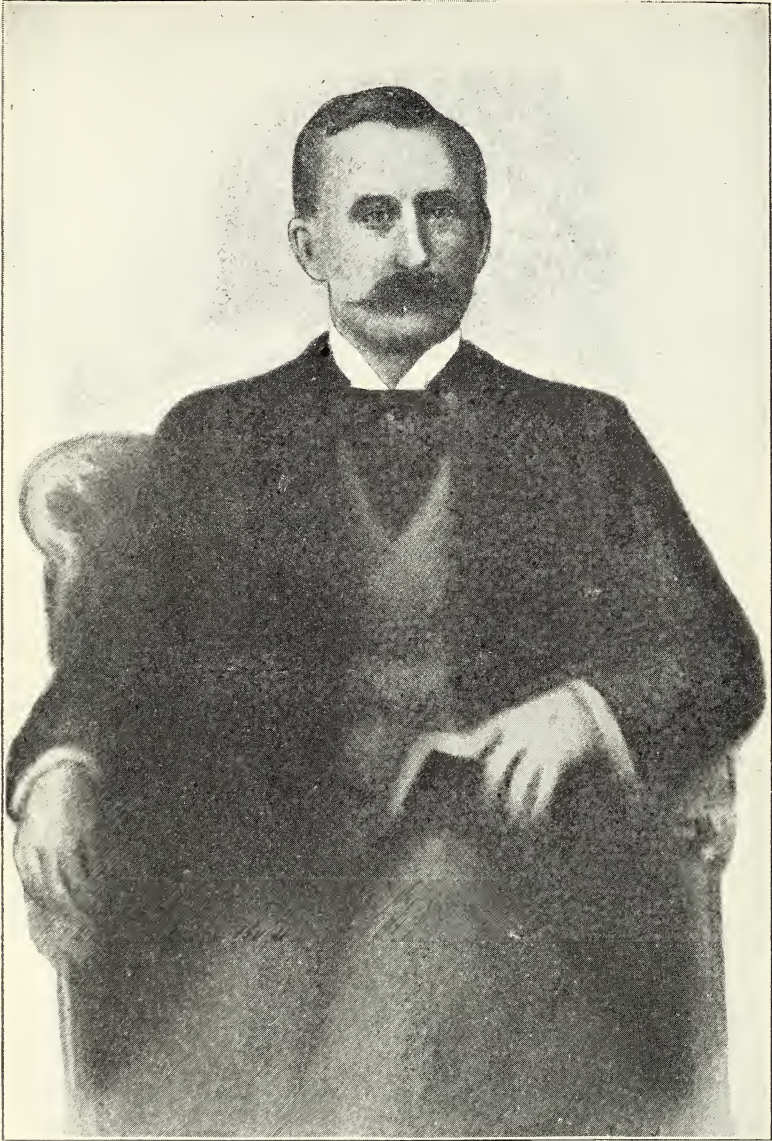
I am aweary of my horse and I doubt not my horse is aweary of me."

"But a short mile, your Excellency, and when there my poor house and all it contains is at your disposal, sir. Some excellent New England rum, and some Madeira wine, which our noble patron, the Earl of Dartmouth, sent to me by Samson Occum, will not be unwelcome, I doubt me, after your fearsome journey."

And so the company trot soberly into Hanover and reach in time the college yard and the president's house, which was the only building to mark the college site at this time. But it was the same earth, though covered with a different sward, the same sky though fleeced by different clouds, the same trees, aye! and the same limbs that Governor Wentworth and President Wheelock walked under in the year of our Lord, 1771, that graced the spot visited by the sixth Earl of Dartmouth but a few months ago but who was ushered by miracles of wireless telegraphy, electric and steam cars, automobiles, and the many noble buildings which rise up



TOWER AND OLD PINE STUMP



EDWARD TUCK, LL. D.

(From a painting in the college)

in welcome. There were music, torch-light processions and speeches, and laying of the corner-stone of the new Dartmouth Hall in the presence of hundreds of alumni, and the welding of new ties even stronger than the old which should reach far out into

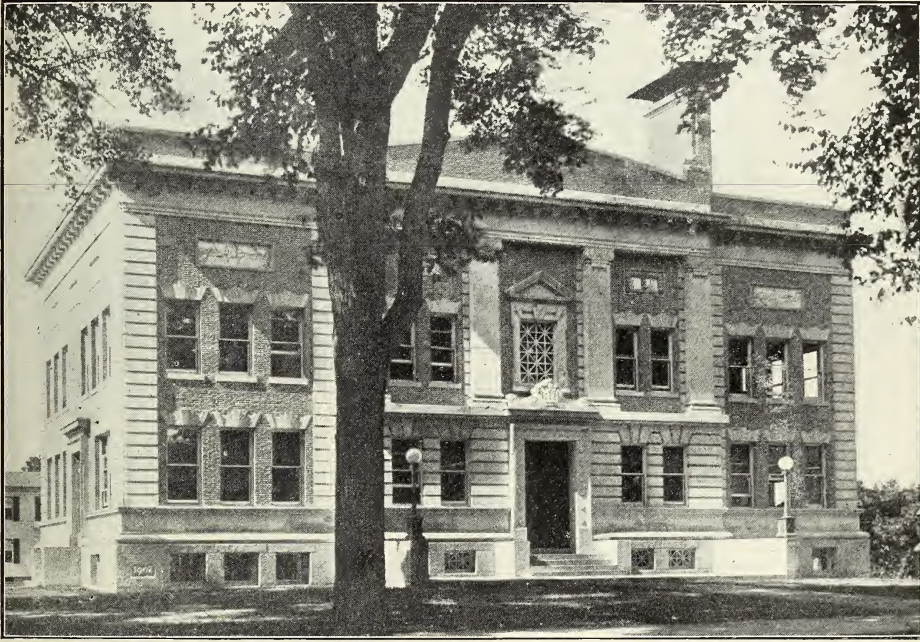
the future beyond the vision, or even the imagination of those present. But it all harks back to the time when Eleazer Wheelock, or shall I say Bishop Berkeley? thought his first thought of Indian education. As the college ditty runs:

"Eleazer Wheelock was a very pious man, He went into the wilderness to teach the In-di-an."

And then comes the fling at the "whole curriculum" which happened to rhyme with a New England beverage of those early college days.

On the occasion of Governor Wentworth's visit a fulsome hospitality was exercised, a barrel of rum was opened and a whole ox roasted

also states that "our company for a season occupied one log cabin" which also might have been termed a great annoyance, as there were nearly forty persons to occupy it as a domicile and college. The fire-places were from six to eight feet wide; but wood was plentiful and used unsparingly. As elsewhere in these early times, doubtless the back log was hauled across the threshold

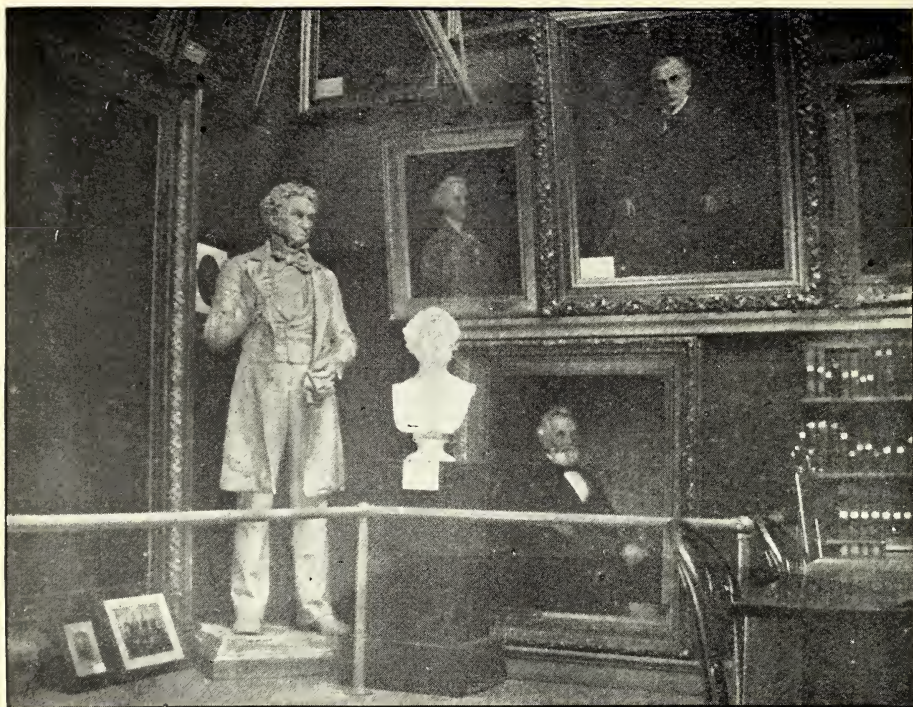


TUCK SCHOOL BUILDING

on the campus. The large silver punch bowl presented to the president by the Governor upon this occasion is still preserved.

At this time, according to the "Life and Letters of Azriel Kendrick," Hanover was but little better than a howling wilderness, for the wild beasts far exceeded the inhabitants and domestic animals, "which was a great annoyance," as the historian quaintly put it. He

by a horse or yoke of steers and a fire struck by flint, steel and tinder, If the goodwife of Hanover lost fire the goodman waded through drifts of snow in the early dawn to borrow a skillet of coals of a neighbor. In more than one pioneer settlement the goodman never returned, but fell a victim to wild beasts, which, hungry and ferocious, roamed the forest at daybreak. When the president of Yale College, Timothy Dwight,



LIBRARY INTERIOR

visited Hanover in 1797, it contained about forty houses.

In the first decade, Dartmouth was generally esteemed the best college on the continent. There were ninety-nine graduates, while Harvard produced but fifty-five, and Yale but thirty-six, and Dartmouth alone kept her doors open during the Revolution. There were in the institution in 1797 a professor of divinity, a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, and a professor who taught medical science and chemistry. President John Wheelock, who had succeeded his father, taught history and there were a number of tutors. The annual revenue was about twenty-five hundred dollars. Of the one hundred and fifty students, the Freshman studied "the Learned Languages"

the rudiments of speaking and writing and the elements of mathematics; the Sophomore, language, mathematics, geography and logic; the Junior, besides the languages, studied natural and moral philosophy and composition, while the Senior studied English, Latin and metaphysics, together with elements of natural and political law.

There were many deprivations in those early days, and they fell, perhaps more rigorously upon the professors than on the students. History tells of one of the former who was forced to stay at home because he had not sufficient clothing to keep him warm, but to the student, coming from a home of comparative wealth, roughing it at Dartmouth College may have possessed a fascination similar to a trip to the West

or to the Maine or Adirondack woods.

Besides, there was some measure of gayety to offset the study of philosophy and the classics by the light of pine knots about the open fires. Although fencing and dancing were not allowed, amateur acting, hastily and perhaps surreptitiously improvised, made a welcome shift, for John Ledyard with his calico curtains and love of histrionics and adventure was there, and many the play that was acted on the rude stage of the students' own making. Ledyard died in Egypt in 1789, but he became world-renowned for his romantic career as missionary, soldier, deserter, Siberian prisoner and explorer, the initial steps to his travels having begun on the banks of the Connecticut when he stepped into a canoe of his own making, and paddled down the stream and out into the world, followed by the cheers of his classmates.

Another student, the redoubtable Stephen Burroughs, wrote an autobiography which throws much light on the humorous, if sometimes questionable, practical jokes of the college boys, of which he was most often the hero. The story of the disappearance "of the sign of the prophet Jonah" is too well-known to repeat, but that of Professor Smith's mistake may interest those who have not read it before. Professor Smith was timid and nearsighted. Crossing the common early one foggy morning, he saw what he supposed to be a bear and three cubs, but which in reality were the blackened stumps so long a feature of the college. With gown streaming in the wind, he rushed to the chapel shouting: "A bear and three cubs! A bear and three cubs!"

When the students hurried to the scene of the professor's fright, they found a large stump and three smaller ones occupying their usual site. Shortly afterward, in the course of some rhetorical exercises, the professor called for an example of sudden fright and a waggish student, striking an attitude, rendered with great effect, the professor's own exclamation, "A bear and three cubs! A bear and three cubs!"

The strenuous life lived at Dartmouth bore fruit, though obstacles "grew faster than the college," it has been well said. English funds were exhausted, war broke out and Governor Wentworth went to England, the Indian school was turned into an English college, and while it bore its share of service in the Revolution, especially in scouting, the sound of conflict came no nearer than Royalton and Bunker Hill, whence the sound of cannon was heard all day June 17, according to the diary of Wheelock. "Some reports of cannon. We wait with impatience to hear the occasion and event," it reads.

The sound was first heard by one of the Indians who chanced to be lying with his ear to the ground. How long they had to wait for news of the battle is an interesting query to one who has stood on the self-same spot perhaps, where the Indian lay, and has listened to the continuous telegraphy when an important game of football is being played. For instance when Dartmouth played Harvard in 1903, such messages as these came thick and fast: "Turner makes five yards through centre. Foster bucks the line for ten yards. Harvard fighting hard," etc., etc.

The object being from the first,

educational and religious, Wheelock and his associates were yet active in civil affairs, and when the state government arbitrarily allowed the college section an unequal show of representation, a legacy of ill feeling caused Dartmouth considerable suffering, and made it the centre of the long contention over the lines. The towns along the Connecticut were drawn first one way and then another, being at one time called the State of New Connecticut. The Dresden Press was set up at this time in Hanover where the "Mercury" was published and the Fabyan pamphlets, which are now as rare and nearly as valuable as the Caxtons. But the founding of a separate state failed, for it was not approved by Washington nor the Continental Congress, and perhaps it was as well or better; who can tell?

President Wheelock died at the age of sixty-eight in 1779, and his son John succeeded him. He had been first pupil, then tutor and afterward won honorable distinction as a politician and officer in the army. At the time of his accession to office he was twenty-five years of age, and for a period of thirty-six years, he maintained a successful administration, enlarging the Faculty, extending the curriculum, providing new buildings, establishing the medical department and visiting France, Holland and England to seek aid. But in this last attempt he met with small success, although he bore with him letters from Washington and others. Dartmouth Hall was erected during his administration. A more imposing structure designed after Nassau Hall at Princeton was at first contemplated, to be built of stone. The plan was given up, however, for lack of funds, and it was

built from timber that grew on the spot. But this early plan seems destined to be carried out in the new Dartmouth Hall soon to be erected, and is an illustration of a long-drawn plan approaching fulfillment.

To build the hall, which stood for so much a hundred years and more, has been described as a "long agony of effort." It was built by grants of money from the Provincial assembly, private subscription and public lotteries. To show that the lottery was considered a respectable means of raising money, turn to the "Boston Post," February 28, 1774, and read the account of "Harvard College Lottery; \$5,000. the highest prize; not two blanks to a prize," issued by the "managers of Harvard College Lottery" and advising "those who intend to be adventurers" to send for their tickets. Dartmouth kept her doors open during the Revolution and conferred degrees each year. In 1791 it gave the degree of A. B. to forty-nine men, while Harvard, Yale and Princeton each conferred the degree upon twenty-seven. The first fourteen years of the new century graduated George Ticknor, Thaddeus Stevens, Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, and of these it may be said no other college ever had so great a defender as Dartmouth in Daniel Webster. An eloquent pen of the time described the scene in the court room when Webster made his great plea. After the words: "Shall our state legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends or purposes as they, in their discretion, see fit?" he said, addressing Chief Justice Marshall: "Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands.

I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out; but if you do you must carry through your



DANIEL WEBSTER AT THE AGE OF 23

work: you must extinguish, one after another, all those great lights of science which for more than a century have thrown their radiance over the land. It, sir, as I have said, is a small college, and yet there are those who love it—"

"Here," says the recounter, "the feelings which he had so far succeeded in keeping down, broke forth. His lips quivered, his firm cheeks trembled with emotion; his eyes filled with tears; his voice choked and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain the mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling. But he went on and in a few broken words of tenderness spoke of his attachment, ending thus: 'Sir, I know not how others may feel, but for myself when I see my alma mater surrounded like Cæsar in the Senate House, by those reiterating

stab upon stab, I would not for this right hand have her turn to me and say, "*Et tu quoque, mi fili!*"

Webster in tears! Webster quoting the words of Cæsar to Brutus and applying them to his college! Is it a wonder they have been quoted by hundreds of alumni and never without the ring of true feeling?

Choate spoke his eulogy on Webster in 1853 from the platform of the College Church, built by private subscriptions in 1795, and which has sheltered many famous men. On varied occasions addresses have been given in the old church by such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett, James T. Fields, John G. Saxe, Barrett and Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) Patterson and John Boyle O'Reilly, Marsh and Kellogg, Carl Schurz, Moody, Drummond, Gough, Pierpont and General Sherman.

Presumably also Vice-President Morton came to the College Church of a Sunday as he worked when a lad in the Tontine Building on Main street, and Henry Wilson, too, as he lived for a time at the home of Senator Patterson. Franklin Pierce and James Garfield have both visited Hanover and since that time many a famous man from various high positions. The seating capacity of this church is about twelve hundred and ever since its erection, Commencement exercises have been held in the church,—even August 17th, 1817, when the College held it by garrison and barricade three days and nights, to make sure that their exercises should not be interrupted by the University.

There are many dramatic incidents told of the period when State and College fought its great judi-

cial duel and Dartmouth University sought to wrest the supremacy from Dartmouth College and when forcible possession was taken of the College buildings.

The College authorities secured Rowley Assembly Rooms, which they used as a chapel. (The house now occupies a different site, and for a long time was used by Dean Emerson as a residence; but it is soon to be replaced by a College dormitory.) Eighty students gathered in the Rowley upper rooms for months while about twenty attended the University at the same time, rung together by the same bell and passing each other amicably enough until November 11, 1817. Then there was trouble and the occasion was the attempt made to take forcible possession of the libraries of the student Societies, The Social Friends and the United Fraternity, which were kept in Dartmouth Hall. Professors Dean and Custer of the University, five students, and ten men of the village made the attack at the Social entrance in the second story and tried to break down the door. But an alarm was given, the bell was rung, and the College students (Thaddeus Stevens was a sophomore at the time) assembled in force. "They thronged us," so Professor Dean afterwards testified, and a village man said: "I'd rather be in a hornet's nest than among those college boys when they get mad."

But no books were taken and no blows given, though a terrible fracas seemed imminent. When the invading party surrendered, it was escorted to the door. Each professor was attended home by four students, but the village men and University

students were compelled to pass under crossed clubs, *sub ignum*.

Some literary interest attaches to Dartmouth College although you will be eagerly told by its students that it is not in the least literary; quite otherwise in fact. However this may be, a good many well-known literati have at one time or another been connected with the college. A. S. Hardy, author of "Passè Rose" and "But Yet a Woman," taught mathematics at Chandler Hall. Oliver Wendell Holmes was professor of anatomy there from 1838 to 1840. Kate Sanborn used to live at Sanborn House when her father, Prof. Sanborn, was alive. The mother of Miss Sanborn was the favorite niece of Daniel Webster, who was himself descended from the same source as John G. Whittier. It was Holmes who wrote of the "Cloisters of a Hill-Girt Plain," and Whittier who wrote, in "Snow Bound," of a college that poverty debarred him from entering, and if the collegians are not literary, the professors, many of them, are well-known authors.

There were thirty men in Webster's class in 1801. As Webster was the star of the class (judged by latter day estimate rather than of the time) so Rufus Choate was foremost in his, eighteen years later. Salmon P. Chase, of whom Lincoln said, "Chase is one and a half times bigger than any other man I have ever seen," received his degrees in 1826. It was George Ticknor of the class of 1807, the eminent belle-lettrist who occupied the chair of belles lettres at Harvard before Longfellow and Lowell, who initiated the elective system in college studies. All these and many others are names to conjure with;

but the battle of the strong has been thick and brave in the ranks of business men where so many Dartmouth men prefer to shine. Mr. Edward Tuck, class of 1862, the eminent broker, is a noteworthy example, and he has furthermore stamped his name permanently upon the college by his splendid gift of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a memorial to his father, Amos Tuck of the class of 1835.

The Tuck School of Administration and Finance, "designed to prepare men for those more modern forms of business which have become so exacting as to require the same quality of academic training as the older professions," is in some respects new to the business world. That it is steadily gaining ground in the good opinion of the banking, railroad, domestic and foreign, diplomatic and public administrations, shows plainly the want, long-felt and unsupplied, of a broad, thorough training of the mind to fit it for the larger concerns of life. Preparations for journalism and participation in civic affairs are also provided for. Besides the splendid Tuck School Building, Dartmouth has not wanted in times past other endowments which have left reminders in the names of Bissel Hall, the Gymnasium, Culver, Hallgarten, Thayer Building, Rollins Chapel, Wilson Hall (library), Bartlett Hall, Butterfield Museum, Fayerweather, Wilder, College Hall, and Webster Hall, otherwise called Alumni Hall. Of these Webster has not yet been completed, but with the new old Dartmouth, will soon stand on the campus, Dartmouth in its place, Webster on the old site of the Rood House. The corner-stone of this structure was

laid by the great-grandson of Webster at the time of the Webster Centennial, the occasion being marked by impressive and enthusiastic ceremonies. The building is to be of granite with a superstructure of light Roman brick, trimmed with Indiana limestone and terra cotta, capped by a copper roof. The front portico will be of stone supported by four limestone fluted columns, three feet in diameter and twenty-six feet high, each to be crowned with an Ionic capital. The finish of Webster Hall is to be of white; there will be plaster cornices and heavily panelled ceilings. Compare this proposed structure with the little old house where Webster studied in an upper room, and where that vast brain, perhaps, thought out some of the achievements which were to make him famous. At the Webster Centennial, many of his personal belongings were exhibited, his heavy carriage, a plough, a fishing rod, the broad-brimmed hat he wore at Marshfield and the study table, stove and chair that he once used. In Webster Hall, when it shall be built, will be placed the immense painting representing Webster at the bar of the United States Court pleading for the life of his College.

The splendid College Hall on "Golden Corner" needs no description, for it was finished two years and a half ago, but I wish to speak of the royally magnificent dining hall, with a seating capacity of four hundred, which is used as Commons by the students and for Commencement dinners. It is finished in oak, the panelling in English style and open to the roof. A marvellously beautiful fireplace, thirteen feet high, bears the College seal.

Rollins Chapel has one of the

richest, most religious, and most characteristic interiors to be found anywhere. It was the gift of Hon. Edward Ashton Rollins of Philadelphia.

Wilson Hall holds the College library and was the gift of Mr. George F. Wilson of Providence. It bears on its walls the canvas of many a celebrated artist, among them Michael Angelo, Fra Angelico, Correggio, Dormenichino, Murillo, Reni, Rubens, Tintoretto, Titian, Veronica, Vinci and Volterra. Portraits of the College presidents ranging from Eleazer Wheelock to William Jewett Tucker adorn the walls of the Art Gallery where also appear those of the Earl of Dartmouth, Sir John Wentworth, Rufus Choate, Samson Occum, Daniel Webster and many others. The celebrated Black Dan picture painted by Alexander hangs there unless it has been removed to College Hall. Of Webster there are two other paintings, a crayon, an etching, an untouched photograph, a statue in plaster by Ball, a bust by Crawford, making a Webster collection of abundant interest and inestimable value.

The Tower perhaps bears as much of romantic interest to the alumni as any object connected with Dartmouth. It stands in College Park near the stump of the Old Pine which many years ago was blasted by lightning. On class day the Seniors come here to smoke their pipes of peace before they begin the long warfare with Life's possibilities. The pipes are broken afterwards; and it is, indubitably, a custom borrowed from the Indians who once roamed these very hills and, perhaps, who knows? gathered about the Pine whose stump alone

remains. But the kindly thought of Indian education still survives in Dartmouth College if it be but now a remembrance.

The first Indian student was Samson Occum, a Mohegan; the last Indian graduate was Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux, who has rendered good service to his country and people as physician and author. His last book on Indian boyhood is of great interest. His wife is Elaine Goodale, the poetess. Between Occum and Eastman there were other noted Indians who received their education at Dartmouth, among them Deleware Tom, Fremont's Pathfinder of the Rockies.

The buildings mentioned are by no means all those worth description. Great care has invariably been exercised to make repairs follow original lines of buildings, and those lines were of the Colonial period, not of the garish modern type in vogue fifty years later. Speaking of the time when King's Chapel was the best building in New England, Professor Richardson said in a charming article on Dartmouth architecture: "Our American cottages, churches, and colleges were marked by architectural simplicity rather than by any more pretentious quality," that they were "built out of slender means of honest substance for a definite purpose; and that which is honest is sometimes unconsciously artistic."

Be this as it may there is a charm about the hill-girt cloisters which it is hard to describe except by the word "waiting." They seem to wait for you, and to say, "This is the end of your pilgrimage; come wait with us here."

Truer is this now than ever before, since old Dartmouth Hall is

represented by the pathetic gap made by its burning one year ago. But phoenix-like it will rise out of its ashes soon in grander guise and again be the centre of the circling buildings, to stand with outstretched arms of welcome to her sons when they return from their "step beyond thy threshold." For now as of old, Dartmouth Hall is the alma mater to whom the student vows his vows and pledges them by rock and river. In the strong words of one of her poets, she is thus addressed:

"And by the generous river flowing past,
The wealth of purple mountains rising
'round,

The firm set granite jutting out thy ground,
And by the green, by Nature's color fast
We truly pledge thee. we shall heed thy
voice,

Upraised aside from multitudes of men,
Thy 'Vox clamantis in deserto,' when
The time to make the strong and generous
choice;

Thy treasure-laden words of wisdom keep:
To think, to do, to know, and from the well
Of human joy and pain, called Life, drink
deep,

Until the fluid of our being steep
And change to deeper hue. Thus didst thou
tell

'The Lesson.' "

That the college needs money is an open secret, and that its funds are overtaxed to complete plans already sketched is also true. The intense loyalty of Dartmouth men is well understood, evinced as it is by their devotion in small things,—if there are any small things about Dartmouth which its men would argue long to disprove. In athletics, particularly in football, the wonderful prowess of Dartmouth's pick among its hundreds, as matched against the thousands of other colleges, has spoken from the field the last two years. Whatever may be said, it cannot be denied that Dartmouth turns out manly men, ready

for the world's daring in any line of life.

Above all, thanks are due each day to its eminent president, William Jewett Tucker, for the marvelous growth of Dartmouth College. A dozen years ago it was a small college, now it is a large college in all that makes a college large, large of aim and purpose, large in achievement, large in growth, large in promise of larger growth.

"Thy lot in life is seeking after thee," said the Caliph Ali, "therefore be at rest from seeking after it." Emerson says: "That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. Do that which is assigned to thee and thou canst not hope too much nor dare too much." Nothing seems truer nor more distinctive of the grandeur of President Tucker's character than the words quoted. The place sought him out. He has filled the place as probably no other man could. A grand man in other walks in life, he is prëminent in much that goes to make the ideal college president. There is not a man or boy in Hanover who does not revere him. There is not a Dartmouth undergraduate or alumnus who does not love him. There is above all, and for all, the hush of the soul when in the presence of a great man lifted above littlenesses of all kinds and bent to a great purpose, with the magnetism of original action to guide, clarify and inspire confidence.

To the institution so thoughtfully and carefully guarded and guided in the wilderness, William Jewett Tucker came for the revelation of its latter-day growth and prosperity.

To the college named for the second Earl of Dartmouth a hundred and thirty-five years ago, a new

meaning has been given by the visit of the sixth earl who has emphasized by his presence and that of his family the interest from Dartmouth to Dartmouth. By the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Laws, he became one of its sons, and by his endearing mental qualities left on the minds of Dartmouth men the ineradicable impression of a friend

and brother, rather than patron. In the eloquent words of an editorial in the "Dartmouth" (weekly) occur these words:

"How much we admired him when he spoke to us from the Senior Fence and when with earnest, trembling voice he shouted from the coach, 'Good-bye, boys!' As he left, we played God Save the King, but our hearts said, 'God Save the Earl of Dartmouth.' "

The Old Order

By JULIA R. TUTWILER

OF all Uncle Domino's stories, we could never quite decide which we loved best—"De Drowndin'" or "De Joel." I cannot recall the first time I heard "De Drowndin'" because there was never a first time. It was part and parcel of my life, just as papa and mamma and Mammy and Uncle Domino were—as pre-historic as the rocks that gave Rocky Way its name. For had not all existed in that enchanted age, further back than the mind of childhood could conceive, when papa and mamma and Mammy and Uncle Domino were young, and I—Oh! cruel, incredible truth!—there was no I?

"De Drowndin'" dated back to the earliest memory of man; that is to say, when my father came from Virginia to try his fortunes in the South as government surveyor of Arkansas, and Uncle Domino came with him. A past more remote Uncle Domino did not choose to remember; and I soon learned that the surest way to seal his lips was to ask the question always tingling on my

tongue, "What happened before then, Uncle Domino?" But of that time he never tired of talking, provided we could once get possession of him, and, as Breckenridge said, "get him started." Both were difficult. He was at the head of everything, and, except on Sundays, only visible when he came to make his weekly report to my mother or receive the messages and orders my father sent from the army; or, when we caught him going through the backyard on the way from his meals to his work. These occasions were too swift in passing to make opportunities, for though Uncle Domino once wound up would go on slowly and methodically until he was stopped, the winding was a matter of time and effort. Sunday mornings when we were allowed to go to his cabin—only, however, by formal invitation—and Sunday afternoons when he always paid his "rerspecs" to my mother, were blissful hours when even Mammy's star paled temporarily. The glamor of the difficult and unaccustomed in-

vested Uncle Domino, and Mammy, like our bibs and eating aprons, was always, and often uncomfortably, with us. We could no more have lived without her than without mamma; she was our daily bread, a necessity of existence. But Uncle Domino was the incidental plum cake of life for which we became wary schemers, and breakers of the tenth commandment.

Then, too, while Mammy could tell the most wonderful tales of fairies, and knights, and kings and queens, and houses built of gold and silver, Uncle Domino's stories had the freshly budding interest of romance grafted in the people and places of one's own small, matter-of-fact world. I had only to drive into Little Rock to see the river made forever memorable by "De Drowndin'." How often I tormented my mother to drive down to that muddy, ugly river, without ever telling her why; and how ruthlessly Uncle Domino was tortured into making abstruse arithmetical calculations of the distance between the bank into whose red clay I had dug the toes of my bronze shoes and the one of which The Rescue—I always called it The Rescue with capitals—had taken place. My eyes had once feasted on the very pistol my father fired into the air the day of "De Joel," and many more times than once my flesh had crept to the delicious, satiny touch of the gun Uncle Domino had nobly hidden, ready "ter tek er han' in de fi'tin' ef Mahstah wuz killed." And the hero of these thrilling adventures was papa, my own papa, who made queen's cakes out of my beaten biscuits, and cut my corn meal batter-cakes into diamonds, and poured golden syrup into the most beautiful rings.

At the time my father began his work as a government surveyor, Arkansas was almost a wilderness, and Uncle Domino always prefaced his story of "De Drowndin'" by telling of the days they tramped through swamps or cut their way through undergrowth; he carrying the chain during the day, and at night pitching their fly-tent, and getting their supper of hoe-cake or johnny-cake, and jerked beef, and "ro's'n yeers en watermilliyuns when dey wuz in se's'n'"; of the fires kept up in midsummer to fight off mosquitoes, and of the ague that 'mos' shuk us out uv ou' cloes sumtimes."

It was a story of loyalty and ungrudging service repaid with an affection that master and slave relied upon equally without consciously considering and we children accepted it happily, as we accepted everything else in the vast tragedy of our inheritance.

Sunday was the day of this primitive and laborious life that Uncle Domino loved to linger over, not so much, I am inclined to think, because it was partly a day of rest as because it was the epoch-making day of "De Drowndin'." Of course I cannot tell the story as he told it, though I knew it so well then that I corrected him if he made the slightest deviation, but certain words and sentences have stuck in my memory. They were not far from Little Rock at the time, and my father, it seems, while in bathing was taken with cramps. Uncle Domino, who happened to be walking in that direction with his sweetheart—he had one wherever they spent a week—came out on the bank as he sank. "When I sees Mahstah go under, I gives one skritch en shuk off Phibby, en pulls off meh coat en shoes, Phibby er hollerin' en hol'n' on ter me. 'Phibby,'

ah say, 'he chuse me frum all de res' when ah wuz er po' sickly boy, en he ain' never hit me er lick,' en jumps in." My father was more than six feet tall and weighed two hundred pounds, and Uncle Domino was of medium height and not strong. I know now what I did not then, and what Uncle Domino never knew,—that he was a hero; and whenever I think of it I feel again the thrill that never failed the dramatic moment when he would shut his eyes and let his voice drop almost to a whisper. "I c'u'd feel de lan', en den, fer I wuz mos' wo' out, I gives one pow'ful big tug en tech de bank." And though he was before us in the flesh, we always drew a long, full breath over what was to us the end of the story. "De nex' ting I know I heahs sumbody say fur 'way, 'He all rite now,' en Mahstah's voice kinder glad en solum lak, 'Tang Gawd,' he say. En den I knowd he wuz safe, en ah say, weak en feebul, 'Tang de Lawd, Mahstah, yu ain' ded yit,' en den dey all larfs en gives er cheeah.' "

I wish I could recall the words in which he told of my father's offering him his "free-papers," and his refusal of them; but this was too trivial a matter to receive serious consideration, and I only remember that I shared Uncle Domino's hurt indignation that his "Mahstah" should be willing to give him up, or have thought it possible that he could be willing to leave us—for in spite of hard and incontrovertible facts I never quite achieved an impersonal relation to that nebulous period "fo' yu wuz bohn, honey."

I remember every incident of the first time I heard "De Jooel." I was in the fretful stage of convalescence from a severe attack of fever, and after having first one field hand and

then another brought in to amuse me, though it was the busiest season of the year, and after permanently appropriating Sukey—an immense coal black girl of about eighteen with a flat nose, thick lips, and a beautiful contralto voice—I suddenly decided that Uncle Domino must come and tell me stories. His presence was absolutely necessary in the field, and when the unreasonableness of my demand was suggested to me I had what Mammy called "tantrums." As a tranquil mind was supposed to be essential to my recovery, I no sooner began screaming at the top of very weak lungs than my mother would have stopped the whole machinery of the place to quiet me. Finally a compromise was made by which I got two instead of one of the things I wanted. In consideration of a little watch and chatelaine I had long coveted and which my mother with rare firmness had refused to give me, I promised to let Uncle Domino go back to his work when the horn blew for the hands' dinner.

He came in just as he was, dirty and perspiring, and after I had received felicitations upon my improved health and been assured that everything was lonesome without me, and after he had admired the enamel case of the watch, and listened to it tick, and examined the inside works, and counted the stones in the chatelaine, he was respectfully asked—for I ordered my mother, never Uncle Domino or Mammy—to tell "De Drowndin'." But Uncle Domino's attention had wandered disappointingly from the engrossing beauties of the watch and chatelaine, and, now, instead of beginning the story as it was his part to do, having been brought from the field for that purpose, he sniffed audibly,

and peered around the cool dimness that surrounded us.

"'Peahs lak dis yer room's full uv honeysuckle," he said.

I said that it was over the window and asked him if he would like a piece. I supposed he could not have cared for flowers for I was very much surprised when he said yes, and going over to the window unbowed the shutters and broke off a piece. He came back to the bed smelling it, and from time to time while he was telling "De Drowndin'" he took furtive sniffs at it. I broke the silence that always followed the end of his story by asking him why he liked honeysuckle. His cheeks creased stiffly into a smile.

"It min's me uv 'De Joovel.'"

"The jewel?" I repeated.

"De Joovel," he corrected me. "Dat time yo' pah done fi'ed in de yar."

"Is it a story?" I cried. "A new story? Oh, Uncle Domino, please tell me, please!"

He looked around cautiously. "Is yo' mah ennywhar 'roun', honey?"

I assured him that she was not, but still he hesitated.

"I dunno 'bout tellin' yu," he began. "Yo' pah sudd'nly wuz mad, he sudd'nly wuz."

I almost sat up in bed in my eagerness to convince him that there was nothing on earth papa desired so ardently as to have me amused when I was sick, and that nothing would amuse me so much as a new story. Of course I had my way—doubtless because it was also Uncle Domino's way. "De Joovel" was the most thrilling incident of his life, and the mystery in which he chose to shroud it had for both of us a dark and intoxicating charm. Almost in a whisper, his black face close to mine, he told me that once

when my father was fighting a duel he had hidden a gun in the honeysuckle thicket close by, and when my father fired in the air, and the other gentleman's pistol missed, and it was all over, and he brought out the gun and "Mahstah" wanted to know what he was doing with it he had said, "Ef yu wuz killed, suh, ah wuz gwine ter tek er han' mehse'f, Mahstah. En yo' pah sholy wuz mad. De res' uv de gen'l'mun larf, but yo' pah sholy wuz *mad*, honey, en he sholy did swar. 'T wuz de onlies time he evah raise he han' ter hit me, en he jes' mek out den. Kin yu keep er secret, Missie? Dat's de ve'y same gun I patrols wid uv nights."

I was so overcome with mortification at my father's failure to rise to the part of grateful hero that I let Uncle Domino go without a whine when the dinner horn blew. Whenever I remembered it, I puzzled over my father's injustice and cruelty, and when several months later he came home on sick furlough, I availed myself of what seemed to me the first fitting opportunity to find out why he had been so cruel and ungrateful. This happened to be at a dinner given to the officers stationed at Little Rock. I was brought in to dessert, and during a momentary lull in the conversation I asked him if he didn't think Uncle Domino was like Ivanhoe when he saved the Black Knight. He smiled the way he always smiled if anybody reminded him of the time Uncle Domino saved his life, and said yes.

"I told him so," I cried in shrill tones that turned every eye upon me. "I told him I knew you were just pretending to be mad when he had taken so much trouble to hide the gun to kill that bad man if he

had killed you the day you fired in the air."

My father got very red; there was a moment's silence, and then a shout of laughter in which he joined.

That evening, when everybody had gone, he took me out riding on Fairy, and explained to me that if he had not fired in the air, and had been killed, and Domino had carried out his threat, people would always have believed that he was a dishonorable man and a coward, because he was a stranger in Arkansas when it happened; and Domino, he said, would have been burned alive. All of which I repeated to Uncle Domino, and which, I am sorry to say, only made him more of a hero in my eyes and his own. For he was as boastfully vain of the part he played in "De Jooel" as he was unconscious that he had done anything heroic in saving my father's life at the risk of his own.

Two other things stand out in my memory of him—he was the only negro I ever knew who had no family and who was utterly irreligious. Before the war, he lived most of the time on the largest Arkansas plantation, where he overlooked everything, including the overseer, but when the war broke out my father brought him to Rocky Way to take care of us and manage the place while he was in the army. He lived in a cabin that my father had had put up for him, and that my mother had let him select the furniture for. This cabin had two rooms and a little porch with honeysuckle growing over it, and was half way between "the quarters" and the backyard. In the front room were a trundle-bed, a table, two split-bottomed chairs, a sort of closet in which he kept his working clothes, a tin basin that hung on a nail over

the table, a "rolling" towel that was not, I am sure, changed oftener than once a week, a narrow shelf on which stood a small blotched looking-glass, a horn comb, a piece of yellow soap, two tin plates and cups, and a pewter spoon and iron knife and fork. An oven stood on the hearth; and a skillet, a pan, a large pewter spoon, and a huge two-pronged iron fork that Uncle Domino had made himself and that was just the thing for pulling sweet potatoes out of the ashes or turning ash-cakes, hung on either side of the fireplace. The door of this room stood open, and here, or on the porch, Uncle Domino extended a solemn and chary hospitality to the "hands."

The door of the back room was only open on the rare occasions when he entertained the house servants; but he must have spent his Sunday "evenins'" there in solitary grandeur, for twice when Breckenridge and I ran away from Mammy and sought refuge with Uncle Domino, in answer to repeated calls he came out from behind locked doors, in his stocking feet, and invited us in as into a sanctuary. This room was papered with sprawling red hollyhocks, up which climbed vines "es green es grawss," Uncle Domino proudly said, and was furnished with a magnificence that left nothing to be desired in color and design. The carpet had roses of mammoth size and of a brilliant pink, carefully arranged in immense yellow baskets on a bright blue ground. There was a complete set of furniture—wardrobe, bureau, washstand, table, two chairs and a rocker, and a high bedstead with its four posters hung with white and a white valance modestly concealing the long legs, a white counterpane, and ruffled bolster and pillowcases, and a full

set of white stone ware on the washstand with what Uncle Domino called "'foohm" soap in the soap tray. This soap was always highly perfumed and colored, and was changed from time to time, though it was never used. There were several boxes of it in one of the bureau drawers, for no matter what else was sent or given Uncle Domino at Christmas and on "De Drowndin' " anniversary there was always a box of toilet soap; and I shall never forget, when we were beginning to feel the pinch of the blockade, his bringing my mother one of these boxes as a birthday gift. Four fringed towels with red borders hung crosswise over the pitcher, on the bureau were crochet mats and smelling bottles and bottles of various extracts, for though Uncle Domino did not care for flowers—except honeysuckle—he had a passion for artificial scents. In a cupboard with glass doors was a set of flowered china and plated forks and spoons, and a dozen table knives.

Uncle Domino always took off his shoes in this room, and we were only allowed to enter and admire after our own had been wiped, first with a dry cloth, then with a damp cloth, and a third time with a dry cloth. Though he was too polite to say so, I think now that these visits were only made tolerable by his displaying the glories of his "res'dunce," as he made us call it, and recalling the days and occasions of the presents with which the room was crowded. There was something from every child for every Christmas and "Drowndin' " anniversary from the day of its birth, and of course from mamma and papa. Mammy was the only member of the family left out. "Why don't you

and Mammy give each other presents, Uncle Domino?" I asked innocently one day, and was told shortly that it was impolite to ask questions. I did not know then that they were bitterly jealous of each other. In one corner of the room, on a rack out of reach of childish hands, was The Gun.

Even on week days he ate in the kitchen, but in a little cupboard in the front room there were all sorts of provisions, for he was a great gourmand and an excellent cook. Many a Sunday morning did Breckenridge and I eat "sweet 'taters en 'possum, ash-cake en buttermilk, huckleberry perserves en hot soda hoe-cake," undismayed by the shaking ague sure to follow. If Mammy's disgusted comments were to be credited, these feasts, usually celebrated about eleven in the morning, in no way interfered with Uncle Domino's appetite for the one o'clock dinner which he ate on Sunday in the dining-room at the table with her.

It was after one of these repasts which I had enjoyed alone—Breckenridge was in the house engaged in having a chill—that Uncle Domino, smoking a corn cob pipe, expounded his religious views. They were as radically primitive as his expression of them. Silly Ann, one of the field hands who had recently been converted, stopped as she passed us to exhort Uncle Domino to repentance of his sins if he would escape hell fire, and to paint the joys of Heaven reserved for the Lord's elect—joys which she assured us she was at that moment tasting in anticipation. Uncle Domino smoked in silence until she paused for 'breath. Then he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, shook it, sucked it, refilled it with tobacco, took a long whiff,

then removing it again said, "Go long, nigger, I don' wan' ter go ter Hebben."

Silly Ann regarded him a moment in speechless terror, then breaking into short, sharp screams, wrapped her bare arms in her blue check apron and started on a run for her cabin. I was scarcely less appalled. My religious faith at that time was based on a sermon in which the preacher had depicted hell with such realistic effect that after vainly trying to close my mind to what he was saying by counting the spangles on my mother's fan, I burst into shrieks as ear-piercing as Silly Ann's, and had to be carried from the church. Now, hot as the day was, icy chills crept over me. Hell fire and God's pleasure in seeing us burn in it were fixed facts from which scarcely the godly might escape, and the sinner—but the fate of the sinner was too sure and horrible for human contemplation, and Uncle Domino had courted this fate! Some dim idea of loyalty, or a morbid curiosity, or knees shaking like castanets, fastened me to my chair. With curdling blood I awaited the judgment Uncle Domino had invoked upon himself. But none coming, and he continuing to smoke and spit with great satisfaction, curiosity got the better of fear and I asked him why—I dared not make my question more definite.

"'Cause yo' pah's gwine ter hell, honey, en I's gwine wid him. Enny place es is good nuff fer him is good nuff fer Domino."

My world whirled with me and then stood still. Papa, my precious papa, going to hell, and Uncle Domino, who I thought loved him, said so! Rage shrivelled my fears and fired me with spurious courage.

"How dare you," I cried, "how

dare you say my papa's going to hell? He's the best man in the whole world and he's going to Heaven! I know he is!"

Uncle Domino shook his head in the most enraging, terrifying manner. "Mahstah's gwine ter hell, sho," he repeated, "cause dar's whar ev'ybody goes what plays cyards en swars—dem fool preachers done say so—en yo' pah kin beat de ban' playin' pokah en he sholy kin swar. He ain' easy started, but yu jes git him started en dar ain' nobody es kin hol' er can'le ter him."

I said furiously that he didn't swear—that I had never heard him.

"Co'se yu ain', honey; er gen'leman don' swar 'fore ladies."

This delicate implication of my claims to consideration as a grown-up person—for in my vocabulary this was the definition of "lady"—leavened my wrath but increased my terror—a person of Uncle Domino's discernment could scarcely be at fault. Snatching with crawling eagerness at what proved the frailest straw, I said if the preachers were fools they couldn't know anything about it.

"Dat's der bizniss. Dey's fools, but dey knows der bizniss."

I remembered too well the preacher whose lurid eloquence had sent me kicking and screaming from his church to dispute this authority; he, too, had known his business. That settled it; papa was going to hell. To this day the odor of honeysuckle casts me again under the spell of Uncle Domino's long black face and thick, obstinate lips. I can see the little porch and the dazzling blue sky; I can feel the hot bright sun, growing momentarily hotter, and the miserable little wretch beginning to shake with ague, and cowering under the awful certainty of the doom that

awaited her idol and hero, and the equally awful conviction that she *could* not desire to share it. The charity and unselfishness of my father's daily life, his goodness to Mrs. Tate—a poor, thieving Irish woman with a drunken husband and a large family—the way he nursed me when I was sick, the Indian pony he had given me, the gold dollars he had paid me to have my tooth pulled, the nights he used to walk up and down the floor with me when I was a little colicky baby and sing “A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea” until I went to sleep, all Frank Tomlinson—his orderly—had told me about how brave he was and how good to his soldiers, passed through the ordeal of fire kindled by those preachers “who knew their business,” and fell into grey, cold ashes.

“But papa is a good man,” I stammered through chattering teeth; “papa is the best man in the world.”

“Dat he is, honey, en dat's de res'n Domino's gwine stick by him. Dis nigger don' kyeer 'bout no place es ain' fitten fer him. 'Peahs lak de Lawd ain' troublin' hisse'f 'bout lyin' en stealin'. Silly Ann is er mean, low down nigger ef ebber dar wuz one; but she got rerligen en yo' pah, ain' got none—nairy scratch, Missie, so Silly Ann gwine ter Hebben, en Mahstah, he gwine ter buhn. En Domino gwine buhn wid him.”

I asked if Uncle Domino supposed my father knew he was going to hell.

“'Tain' lakly he don'. Yo' pah too smart ter be cotch onbeknownst, en he ain' 'feard uv de debbil himse'f. Ef yu lis'n ter ole Domino, chile, he gwine gib de debbil er mighty hard rahsle yit.”

After this I used to watch for some indication that my father knew the torments in store for him,

my love and pity breaking out at the most inopportune moments in loud protestations of devotion; and when he went back to the army I was so haunted by terrors I never dared disclose to my mother or Mammy that bedtime became a time of prayer and penitence for my family as well as for myself.

Among the confidences Uncle Domino made me was his mortification that Jack, “er low down, triflin' free nigger,” should have been selected as my father's body servant when he joined the army, and that he, Uncle Domino, should have been left at home. Not that he admitted mortification. On the contrary he told us long stories of his own importance, and of my father's bringing him from the largest Arkansas plantation, where he overlooked the overseer, because he was the “onlies pusson Mahstah wuz willin' ter leave in charge of de fam'ly”—all of which was true. But he positively villified Jack—a bright yellow, fat, good-natured rogue and an arrant coward—in his absence, and refused to listen to any of the tales in which my father performed only less wonderful deeds of valor than Jack himself. He counselled me to leave whenever Jack began his Iliad—“whoppers” was Uncle Domino's word—and set me an example which I followed slavishly until he was out of sight and hearing when I returned to hang entranced upon the tales of blood and carnage from which “me en der ginerl” always emerged clotted with gore and glory.

Uncle Domino's discontent did not make him a less faithful and affectionate guardian. Soon after my father joined his command my mother was roused in the middle of the night by stealthy steps on the porch, and calling out in alarm was

answered, "Nobody but Domino, Mistis. I'se jes patroll'n." When we refueged in Texas he was put in charge of the long train of wagons and negroes that went with us, and after we got to Texas he was at the head of the camp in Dallas county, and afterward of the place my father bought there. At the close of the war we went to live on a Louisiana plantation, and there Uncle Domino continued to hold the same position of trust. The year before we left the South we moved to an old French house near Monroe, and as the plantation was the distance of a day's journey and Uncle Domino's presence there necessary we only saw him when he came up on the Sundays that my father remained in charge.

This was not often, and he was so changed that I was half afraid of him. When I would have discussed freedom with him, he turned on me with a fierceness that frightened me into forgetfulness of everything I had intended to ask him.

"Don' talk ter me 'bout dat debbil's wuk," he said, his eyes two smouldering coals. "Cummin' down heah en meddlin' wid udder folks' bizniss. We alls don' b'long ter we alls no mo'. Yo' pah ain' my Mahstah no mo', en yu ain' my Missie. Ah ain' got no Mahstah en ah ain' got no Missie—ah ain' got nuff'n but meh black se'f," and rushed out of the kitchen, almost upsetting Mammy, who was standing in the door. I asked her in trembling tones what he was mad about.

"He's an ole black fool," she answered with fierce contempt. "He's mad 'cause the Lord have heard the prayers uv His people."

I suppose I must have looked as stupid as I was, for she gave me a

little push and said with the same bitter disgust, "He's mad 'cause he ain't got any self rerspec' or pride or quality feelin'—'cause he'd rather be the dirt under your pa's foot 'an belong to himself. 'I ain' got no Mahstah,' she mimicked Uncle Domino, 'en I ain' got no Missie. I ain' got nuff'n but meh,' she paused and gave her head an angry toss—'colored self.' Praise God, no I ain't."

When Uncle Domino and I met after this, though it was with a passionate devotion on my part and unchanged affection on his, our relations were strained. It was impossible for either of us to forget what, but for that naked moment in the kitchen I should never have remembered—that we no longer belonged to each other. Always taciturn and reserved, he gradually became morosely silent. The last time I saw him he was standing on the banks of the Ouachita, tears rolling down his cheeks, and we were pushing out into the river on the way to Virginia that we never retraced. The following year my father wrote us that he had given up work and retired to a little cabin on the outskirts of the plantation. A few months later he mentioned that Uncle Domino had asked for money to go to New Orleans on—he wanted to see the world. Then my step-brother wrote of coming upon him on the street in rags and disease and sending him to a hospital. Almost immediately after this we heard of my father's death; and a little later we learned that Uncle Domino had died within two days of his "Mahstah."

Of the many hundred negroes I have known he was the only one who hated his freedom and those who gave it to him.

The Great Peace Jubilee

By SARAH B. LAWRENCE

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE OF 1869, AND THE NOBLE MEN AND WOMEN WHO FIGURED IN ITS INCEPTION, DEVELOPMENT AND SUCCESS.

NEVER in the musical history of the world was the majesty and power of music displayed with such wonderful picturesque- and the chiming of church bells. Early in the spring of 1869, P. S. Gilmore, a musician of genuine greatness, and a man of indomitable



P. S. GILMORE

ness and splendor as at the National Peace Jubilee on that gala week in June, 1869, when twenty thousand voices sung "Te Deum," while in the distance came salvos of artillery

will, conceived the idea of having a National Peace Jubilee to commemorate the return of peace to the nation. After presenting his plan to many of the leading men of Boston,

a meeting was called on March 13th at the hall of the New England Conservatory of Music. Mr. Gilmore briefly unfolded his plan and called upon those present, among whom were prominent merchants, hotel proprietors, railroad officials, and others, to take action for immediate

cated the duty of those who had interested themselves in Mr. Gilmore's gigantic undertaking. He proposed that a guarantee fund be raised, the money to be called for only in case of a deficiency at the close of the Festival. He spoke of the jubilee as a Boston idea, and ap-



EBEN D. JORDAN

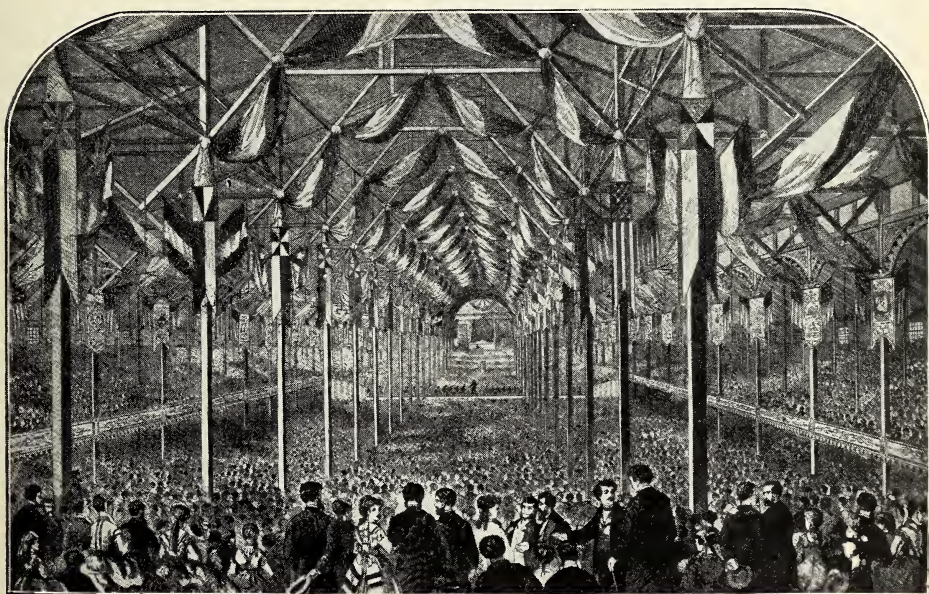
commencement of the enterprise.

Mr. Oliver Ditson made a few remarks concerning the great interest which he felt sure would be aroused among the musical people of the country. Mr. Eben D. Jordan, then took the floor and, in a stirring and practical speech, indi-

pealed to the public spirit of all good citizens in behalf of a project destined to add to the renown of the city, to give an impetus to the art of music—of which Boston always had struck, and always would strike, the key-note for America—and to increase the business of the city in



EXTERIOR OF THE GREAT COLISEUM



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT COLISEUM

every channel. "Rather than have this Jubilee fall through," said Mr. Jordan, "I would cheerfully give five thousand dollars out of my own pocket."

The next meeting, a few days afterward, was held at the Tremont House—where the Tremont Building now stands. A committee was chosen of sixty members, with Hon. Alexander H. Rice, President; Henry G. Parker, Secretary, and Eben D. Jordan, Treasurer. The



ALEXANDER H. RICE

general advisory director was P. S. Gilmore. On calling the meeting to order, Mr. Rice said that it was at first thought that the project was too vast to be carried out, and he confessed that it was a most tremendous undertaking, surpassing anything ever undertaken by the citizens of any American city, but he was gratified to announce that all doubts as to its accomplishment had now been set at rest.

It was voted that the sum of eighty thousand dollars should be

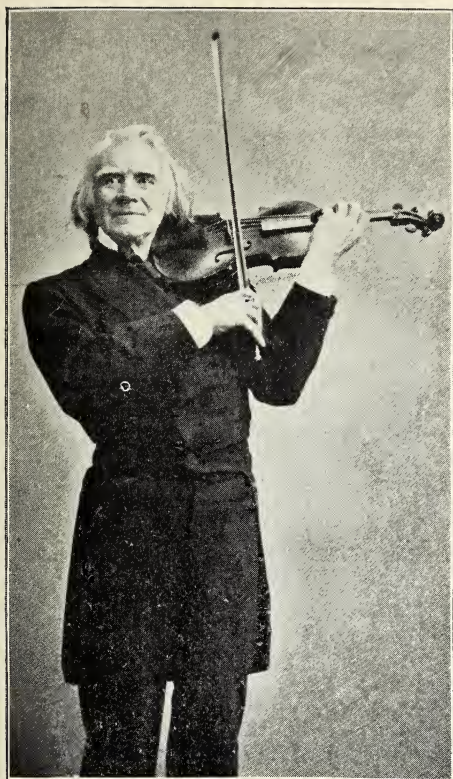
appropriated for the building of an immense Coliseum, with a seating capacity of fifty thousand people, and it was proposed that the location should be upon the common. This plan, however, met with opposition, and as the Jubilee was to be one of Peace and Harmony the committee decided on St. James Park, west of Berkeley street, where Trinity Church now stands.

At the earnest solicitation of the management, Mr. Eben Tourjée, director of the New England Conservatory of Music, accepted the arrangement and organization of the great chorus. On March 10th, a circular was sent to all the choral societies in the United States asking for their coöperation and participation in the Jubilee. As soon as the different organizations reported to Mr. Tourjée, the music was forwarded to them, free of charge, which they were allowed to retain at the close of the Festival.

Once, before the great rehearsal in Boston, the societies of neighboring towns and counties met for a general rehearsal in order to obtain greater unity of action and tempo, under the able direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, who for many years was director of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. Members of the great chorus were entitled to free admission to the entire Festival and to one-half the usual rates on the railroads, upon presentation of their Jubilee tickets.

Mr. John R. Hall accepted the appointment of consulting architect and the contract for building the Coliseum was awarded to Sears & James. It was not to exceed \$95,000.

The executive committee placed the scale of prices for admission to the grand concerts of the Jubilee at



OLE BULL

one hundred dollars for season tickets, transferable, admitting three persons to all the entertainments on the 15th, 16th, and 17th days of June. Reserved seats for each concert were sold for five or three dollars, according to location. Messrs. Hook were awarded the contract for building an organ in the Coliseum to cost three thousand dollars (the organ to revert to the builders after the occasion of its use had passed).

At a meeting on March 27th, Mr. Jordan reported from the finance committee that the amount of subscriptions to the guarantee fund for season tickets had already reached the sum of \$75,000. Mr.

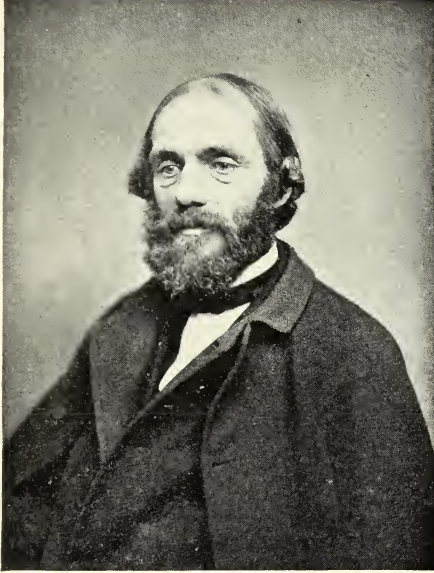
Jordan offered to provide funds for immediate use until collections could be made.

At the regular meeting of the executive committee, May 29th, held at the St. James Hotel, it was voted—"that, recognizing the distinguished position of Ole Bull as one of the first exponents of the divine art of music in any land, and also the noble philanthropy of his character, we earnestly and cordially invite him to join the mammoth orchestra on the opening occasion of the Peace Jubilee, as first leading violinist."

Mr. P. S. Gilmore was chosen to wait upon Mr. Ole Bull and to present a copy of the vote. The recipient, who had just closed a brilliant concert-performance at Music Hall, fully realizing the fitness and grandeur of the Peace Festival, received the proposition and the brother artist with enthusiastic interest, and responded in person by joining the executive committee at once. The brief remarks which fell



MRS. HARRISON GREY OTIS



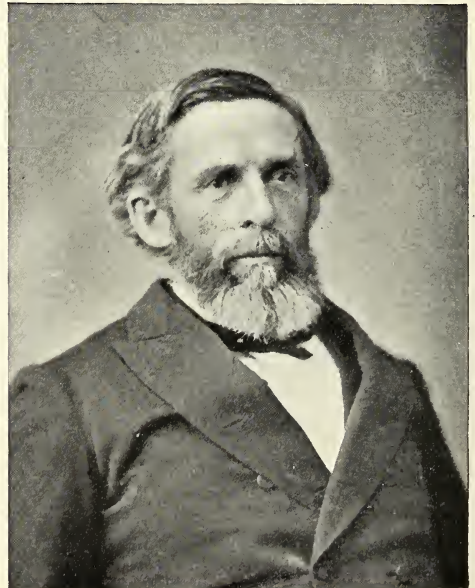
EDWARD EVERETT HALE

from his lips on this occasion were characterized by the most exquisite simplicity, and yet, like himself, were full of grand and beautiful thoughts.

He said in part that he felt flattered and gratified by the distinction conveyed in the invitation. The purpose of this grand enterprise was not new to him; he had watched its development from the inception. It was fitting that music, the mediator between our spiritual and material life, that sacred agent, like all art, far mightier than the artist—that angel of prayer—it was fitting that peace in the land should be celebrated by and through this divine agent. After all the sacrifice of blood and treasure, broken bonds of nationality and broken hearts, how eminently proper it seemed to dispel all these jarring elements by a noble and purifying influence, and, on this unexampled and splendid scale to rejoice in peace once more. If there was a bridge between us and all that we looked forward to so hopefully,

in the future life—between humanity and Heaven—that bridge was music. Such a grand and worthy purpose was particularly appropriate to Boston, as an exposition of Art both elevating and ennobling. America was educating the world, the eyes of Europe were fixed upon her, half in wonder, half in admiration, and this new page in her history would be historic. It was a privilege and a pleasure for himself, an humble but devoted servant of the art divine, to be called upon to join this great soul-anthem. He accepted, therefore, with the most earnest gratification and interest the proposal tendered to him, and begged to say how joyfully he should follow the baton, and the inspiration of the genius who had conceived, and so faithfully worked, to consummate this noble expression of the National Heart!

Mr. Gilmore had charge of the foreign correspondence which resulted in the engagement of the



GEORGE S. BOUTWELL

Grenadier Guards band of London, the band of Kaiser Franz Grenadier regiment, the band of La Garde Republicaine of Paris, the Emperor's Cornet quartette from Berlin, and Herr Johann Strauss, the waltz king, with his famous orchestra, and Madame Parepa Rosa, all of whom were present at the Jubilee.

Appended is a copy of a letter to H. G. Parker, written by the great Parepa Rosa, accepting his proposition to sing at the Festival:

"Tremont House, Boston, May 11, 1869.

Sir: It was with a sense of the greatest pleasure and gratification, I received your flattering letter. I never felt any higher compliment than to be asked to add my coöperation to so great and worthy an object. I accept with the greatest pleasure to sing at the Peace Festival; and if *good will* can be of avail, in being heard, in so great a building, I shall certainly do my best to *lift up my voice and sing* to my *utmost* power, and try (at any rate) to



CARL AND PAREPA ROSA

achieve the feat! As to terms, I leave them entirely to the committee, as no feeling, except the pleasure of joining so great an undertaking can actuate any artist. I beg of you, Sir, to make my determination known to the committee, and to excuse this poor reply (in words though not in feeling) to so great a compliment extended to me.

Wishing you the success you all deserve for so gigantic an undertaking and which the American people will certainly appreciate and countenance by their presence from all sides of the continent,

I remain, respectfully yours,
EUPHROSINE PAREPA ROSA.

H. G. Parker, Esq."



ADELAIDE PHILLIPS

A band of one thousand American musicians was selected from the best bands and orchestras, and was led by Mr. Gilmore with his own magnificent band.

On the opening day the main thoroughfares of the city surged with a tide of many feet—while the carriage-ways were packed with every sort of vehicle on the way to the Coliseum. Fragments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery were scattered about the city, all awaiting the coming of General Grant,

President of the United States, on the next day.

The description of an Italian organ-grinder well illustrates the scenes. "Oh, Signor!" said he, "never in my life, neither at Torino, nor at Milano, nor even at Genoa, never did I see such a crowd, nor hear such a noise as at that colosseum. The carriages, the horses, the feet!

fulness and magnificent physique that accorded well with the vastness of her surroundings.

The classical selections for the chorus were: "Achieved is the Glorious Work," "The Heavens are Telling," and the "Marvellous Work," from Haydn's "Creation;" "And the Glory of the Lord," "Glory to God," and the "Hallelujah chorus," from Handel's "Messiah;" "He Watching Over Israel," and "Thanks be to God," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" "Sleepers, Wake," and "To God on High," from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul;" "See the Conquering Hero Comes," from Handel's "Judas Maccabæus;" "Prayer," from Rossini's "Moses in Egypt;" Luther's Choral, "A Mighty Fortress is our God;" "Gloria," from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass;" and the "Inflammatu," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater."



LOWELL MASON

and the dust, O Dio Mio! All those millions of people were as white as so many millers!"

A grand rehearsal of the great chorus took place in the morning, during which Parepa Rosa came walking in with a large sunbonnet on her head. She was beaming with fun and good nature and there was something about her robust cheer-

The interior of the Coliseum presented a scene of great beauty and enchantment; streamers of red, white, and blue roofed the balconies; the lofty columns were festooned with flags and drooping banners; the arms of the states decorated the front of the galleries, while the broad aisles admitted of a hose carriage being run through them without removing the seats. A steam fire engine and a full corps of firemen were kept in a side room set apart for that purpose. Three hundred police-

men were also in attendance.

The first concert took place at three o'clock on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of June. The great event was opened with prayer by Rev Edward Everett Hale, then in the vigor of manly strength; a man who, in the darkest days of the country, sent out words of cheer and daring, when he told of "the man without a country."

After a few hushed moments, came thunders of applause, as Patrick Gilmore walked up the aisle

to lead the great chorus in singing "A Strong Castle is Our Lord,"

The second number was "Tannhauser" given by a select orchestra of six hundred performers, led by Mr. Julius Eichberg. Third was "Gloria in Excelsis" led by Mr. Carl Zerrahn. The fourth was Gounod's "Ave Maria," the solo by Madame Parepa Rosa, accompanied by two hundred violins,

led by the king of violinists, Ole Bull. Parepa's beautiful voice filled the great edifice with delicious melody and seemed to triumph over the rivalry of the superb orchestra. When she had sung, a tremendous ovation followed her as she left the stage bowing and smiling to the assembled thousands. Her costume was white, gracefully draped. The fifth number on the program was "The Star Spangled Banner," the solo sung by Mrs. Julia Houston

West, Boston's greatest oratorio singer. The chorus was given with great power by twenty thousand voices, grand orchestra, organ, military bands, drum corps, chiming of all the church bells in the city, infantry firing and cannon pealing in the distance in exact time with the music. (The bells were rung and the firing done by electricity from the music stand in the Coliseum.)

The enthusiasm was intense and a perfect frenzy of patriotism

reigned. This closed the first half of the program. The program for the second part was as follows: the "Hymn of Peace," written for the occasion by Dr. O. W. Holmes; Overture to "William Tell" performed by a select orchestra of six hundred musicians; "Inflammatus," sung by Madame Parepa Rosa, with full chorus, organ and grand orches-

tral accompaniment; "Coronation March," performed by the full band of one thousand instruments; "Anvil Chorus," with full band, drum corps, artillery, bells, and the anvil part by one hundred members of the Boston Fire Department, who looked very picturesque in their red shirts and white caps. (The late Fire Chief Webber was one of the firemen.) The concluding number was the national air, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," given with full chorus and



JULIA HOUSTON WEST

all the musical accompaniments, the audience rising, and joining in the last verse.

On Wednesday, President U. S. Grant arrived in Boston at quarter past six a. m. and was taken from the Old Colony depot to the St. James Hotel (now the Franklin House) in a barouche drawn by six beautiful bays. He was escorted by three thousand militia, commanded by General Butler. A banquet was given in Faneuil Hall at noon, while at night a special car conveyed President Grant to Groton to the home of Secretary Boutwell. The largest audience ever before gathered in America, completely filled the three-acre Coliseum on Wednesday afternoon. The arrival of President Grant at half past two was the signal for the number on the program, "See the Conquering Hero Comes," given with full chorus, bands, orchestral and artillery accompaniments. As President Grant walked quietly down the aisle to his seat in the centre of the building, accompanied by the members of his cabinet, a wild cheer went up from fifty thousand throats, which only abated when the music ended and President Grant arose and expressed his pleasure, in a few words, for the reception tendered him.

The special features on the program for the afternoon were the great triumphal solo from "Il Bravo," given by Matthew Arbuckle, then the greatest living cornetist; the exquisite playing of the great Ole Bull; the delightful singing of Adelaide Phillips in the tender music of "Non piu di fiori;" and Parepa Rosa in the air, "Let the Bright Seraphim." The magnetic playing of Herr Johann Strauss and his magnificent orchestra were re-

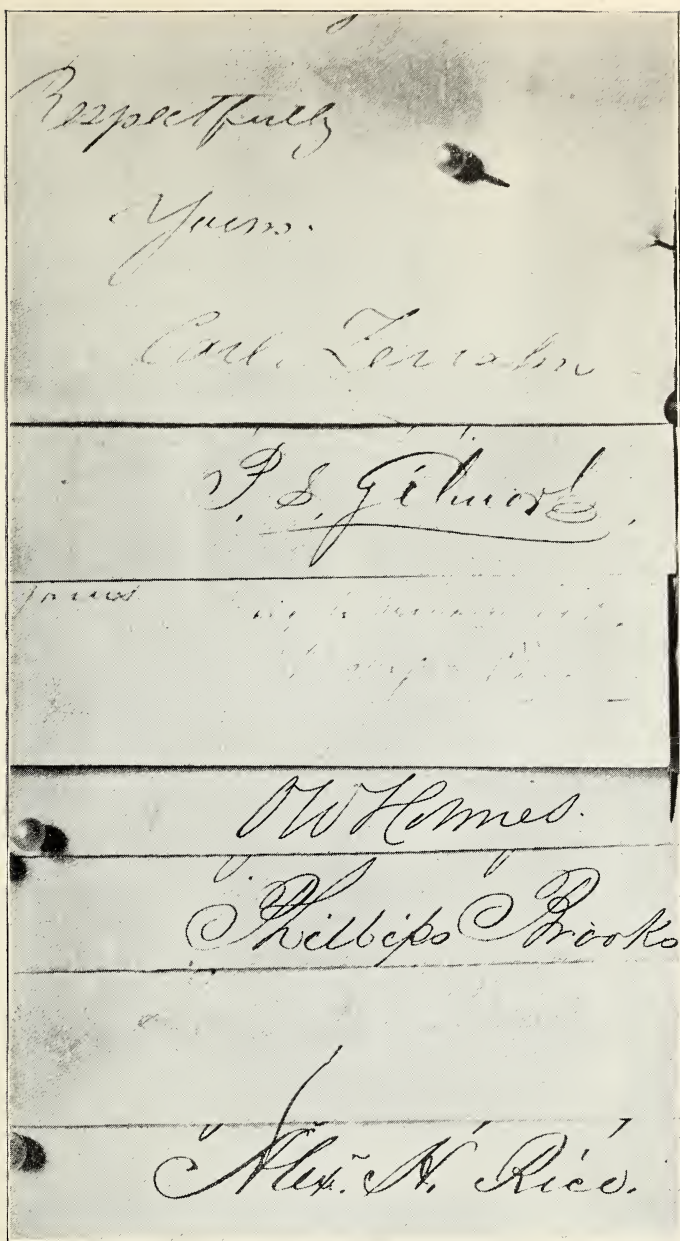
ceived with great enthusiasm.

Among the distinguished guests present on that day was Mrs. Harrison Grey Otis, "Queen of the Army and Navy," who came in with Mr. Lowell Mason. This queen of Boston society was held in grateful remembrance by the whole country on account of her ministrations to the soldiers during the war, having taken tens of thousands from her own private fortune to relieve soldiers and their families. Her patriotism had even attracted the attention of foreign countries.

A distinguished party present on the next day were Governor Claflin, Mayor Shurtleff, Senator Charles Sumner, Senator Wilson, General Banks, Mr. George Peabody of London, Governor Jewell and General Hawley of Connecticut, Bishop Simpson, and Mr. Lowell Mason. Among other invited guests present at the concerts during the week were Admiral Farragut and wife, Captain Parker, Captain Fairfax, Captain Montgomery and Sir Edward Thornton, British minister.

The third and fourth days were similar to the first and second, except that the program was different on each day. The acoustics of the Coliseum were such that the voices and instruments blended together in the grandest shower of harmony.

A "bouquet of artists" was made up of the finest soloists in the country, (about two hundred), headed by Julia Houston West, whose magnificent voice and queenly presence were commented upon by all who heard her sing on those never-to-be-forgotten days. The organists were Dr. John H. Wilcox and J. B. Sharland. Mr. Eben Tourjée was the



AUTOGRAPHS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE SECRETARY

director, assisted by Mr. Carl Zerahn, Julius Eichberg, J. Thomas Baldwin and Carlyle Petersilia.

The magnitude and costliness of

the enterprise exceeded any musical demonstration the modern world had ever witnessed. The immense throng of humanity, spreading like

a great wave, covered the vast floor, rose into the balconies and enveloped the great amphitheatre. The glittering uniforms and decorations of the foreign bands helped make the scene one of surpassing brilliancy.

Among the picturesque figures that stand out in the memory like a bas-relief, was the great Ole Bull, as he walked up the main aisle, meeting with an ovation like that accorded to some victorious general.

The expense of bringing over the foreign bands and orchestras was fifty thousand dollars. Parepa Rosa's terms for three performances were fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. Eben Tourjée was paid five thousand dollars for his services, giving as he did months of his time and labor to the enterprise. Mr. Zerrahn received one thousand dollars. The decorations inside the Coliseum cost ten thousand dollars, gas fixtures thirty-five hundred, advertising ten thousand and the artillery accompanied by the Second Massachusetts battery, seven hundred dollars. These are only a few items of expense incurred in making the "Peace Jubilee" the wonder of the world.

The money received amounted to \$290,273.33. The money expended was \$281,426.54. A testimonial to Mr. Gilmore brought \$31,646.00. The surplus amount of money from the Jubilee was placed in a trust fund and presented to Mr. Gilmore, whose genius, energy and indomitable will conquered all obstacles and crowned him the Napoleon of managers and musicians.

The curtain of time has been rung down on the lives of nearly all the principal participants in that great

"Boston Peace Jubilee." Gen. Grant, Mr. Gilmore, Ole Bull, Parepa Rosa, Adelaide Phillips, Arbuckle, Johann Strauss, Eben Tourjée, Julius Eichberg and Dr. John H. Wilcox have joined the "choir invisible."

Among the distinguished guests, Admiral Farragut, General Banks, General Butler, Lowell Mason, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hon. Charles Sumner, Hon. Henry Wilson, Mr. George Peabody, General Chaplin, Mrs. Harrison Grey Otis, Rev. Phillips Brooks and Hon. George S. Boutwell are dead.

The president of the executive committee, Ex-Governor Alexander H. Rice, the accomplished secretary, Mr. Henry G. Parker and the treasurer, Mr. Eben D. Jordan, who did so much for the success of the Jubilee, are also dead, with many more noble men and women whose names must remain unmentioned in this meagre sketch.

When all the participants in that great "Peace Festival" of 1869 have passed to silence and pathetic dust and are well-nigh forgotten, some white-haired antiquarian will pause in silent contemplation in the vicinity of Trinity Church, and through the vista of years will rise a spectral Coliseum, and somewhere on the air will come the sublime music of that immortal throng of choristers, while the aged listener once more inhales the sweet perfume of youth.

"The harp that once through Tara's halls

The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls

As if that soul were fled;
So sleeps the pride of former days,

So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more."

The Love Story of Whittier's Life

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE POET'S SWEETHEART, EVELINA BRAY.

By MARY MINERVA BARROWS

STUDENTS of the life of John Greenleaf Whittier do not, perhaps, need to be reminded that in his young manhood the poet cherished a warm friendship for Miss Evelina Bray, of Marblehead, an academy classmate of his in 1827, and afterward the wife of Mr. William Downey. A few desultory references to their friendship have appeared in print; but the writer is in possession of a few facts which have never been given to the public.

My recollections of Evelina Bray Downey date from 1857, when for some months she was a member of my father's family in Pittsburg, Pa. My memory of an interview between William Downey and my father, the Rev. Dr. L. D. Barrows, is still vivid. When a child of about six years, I was playing one day in my father's office in the Pittsburg Female College, when a caller was announced.

A man short of stature, of swarthy complexion, with long curly hair, and large piercing dark eyes, and with a high-pitched voice,—such is the impression of William Downey that lingers with me.

Mr. Downey gave a glowing account of his career; he said he was the son of an East India prince, and that he had been presented to most of the notable persons of England. He laid claim to large wealth, and displayed a case of rare jewels and curios, from which he selected some tokens for my father. Among

these was a pocket-book ornamented with the picture of a dashing cavalier. The audacious dark eyes, highly-colored cheeks, flowing hair, surmounted by the soft hat with its drooping feathers still stand out distinctly before me; for after the gift had served its legitimate use, the picture was torn from its setting, and given to me to add to my store of childish treasures.

Mr. Downey said that owing to peculiar circumstances he was temporarily unable to provide a suitable home for his delicate and refined wife. The purpose of his call was if possible to secure in the College a home for Mrs. Downey, while business would oblige him to be absent on an extended trip.

At first my father demurred, on the ground that the College was a private institution; but finally out of sympathy for the homeless wife he agreed to receive her into the family; and shortly afterwards with her meagre belongings she was settled in the college dormitory.

The wardrobe which the stranger brought with her was scanty indeed; but with her skilful needle she kept it neatly repaired. Once she asked my mother for a piece of broadcloth, "the size of her two hands," that she might patch out a "basque" which already contained seventeen pieces of variable shapes and sizes dexterously joined by her exquisite needlework.

Mrs. Downey was a woman of

quiet bearing, amiability, refinement, and education. The most lasting impressions which I received from her were on those occasions when I was allowed to make "play calls" on her. Arrayed in my mother's long trailing gown, proudly wearing her bonnet and veil, I was received with a ceremony most gratifying to my childish fancy; while the manner in which she enter-

bearing on the fly leaf autograph inscriptions from the author.

Mr. Pickard says of Mrs. Downey:—"She was very shy in telling of her early acquaintance with Whittier, and whatever I could learn was by indirection."

Waverly Keeling has said:—"It is affirmed by several who knew both Whittier and Miss Bray intimately that the poet twice asked



(At the age of 17)



(At the age of 80)

EVELINA BRAY

tained me with stories and pictures gave me quite the feeling of a bona fide caller.

In a short time there grew up very friendly relations between this lonely woman and my mother. While they sat together, Mrs. Downey frequently read aloud, her favorite author being Whittier. The volumes from which she read were early editions of Whittier's poems,

Miss Bray to marry him, and that she would have accepted him, but for some reasons which no one now knows but she who was Miss Bray, and from her lips the secret will never escape, probably."

In contrast with these statements, I have many times heard my mother relate the following incident:—

One day when Mrs. Downey was reading to my mother from a

volume of Whittier's she closed the book, and confided to her a chapter of significant and thrilling events. She stated that the acquaintance between John Greenleaf Whittier and herself which began at the Haverhill Academy before 1827, ripened into an engagement. On these happy days she dwelt at length, and did not weary of enlarging upon the virtues and talents of her Quaker lover.

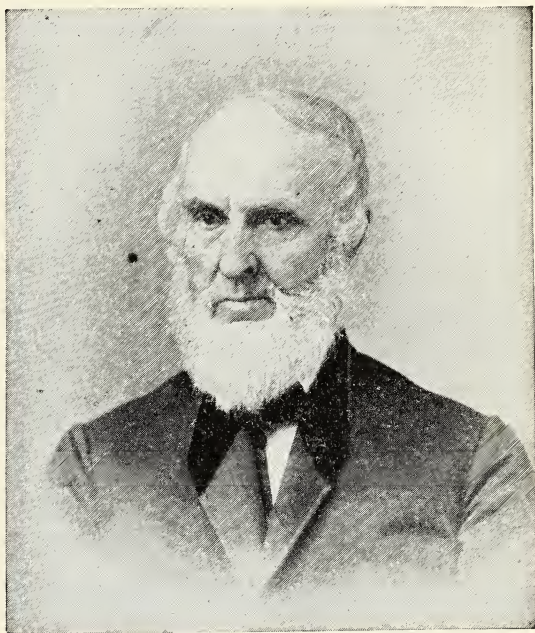
Though Whittier felt compelled to sever their tender relations, Mrs. Downey had no word of censure for her friend; she emphatically and repeatedly declared that she believed the only reason for his taking that course was because "The Friends" objected to her worldly ways, being especially alarmed over the fact that she was the owner of a piano.

She made no concealment of the truth that this turn of affairs had wrecked her happiness and said furthermore that in her loneliness and desperation she vowed she would marry the first man that offered himself. Mr. William Downey was that "persistently persuasive gentleman" to whom she thus refers in a letter written in 1884 to my mother.

Her heart once opened, she confided the story of her precarious life with her eccentric and tyrannical husband, a man of strong emotions and ungovernable temper. She said that he vibrated between adoration and abusive threatenings, subject-

ing her to much mortification in public, while her private life was one of great and constant fear. Furthermore, she stated that she would have left her husband but for the fact that he had threatened her life if she disregarded his wishes. He had on one occasion even gone so far as to knock her down.

After Mrs. Downey had been in my father's family about three



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

months, her husband came to take her away. When she found that her board bills were unpaid, she insisted on leaving a trunk containing some few of her personal belongings; among these were two volumes of early editions of Whittier's poems.

When twenty-seven years had passed, Mrs. Downey wrote my mother a letter of reminiscence. Since there have been errors and contradictions in the stray newspaper articles on Evelina Bray, the

public may be glad to learn some important facts of her life as given by herself in the letter just mentioned.

One or two articles contain quotations verbatim from this personal letter. This was lent by my mother to one of Whittier's well-known biographers, who refrained from giving the facts to the public at that time, since Mrs. Downey was then living. How others gained access to it is to the writer unknown.

"211 East 58th Street,
NEW YORK, Sept. 5th, 1884.

My dear Mrs. Barrows:

The days lie far back when I was your guest in the Female College in Pittsburg, Pa., but I remember you moving about in the quiet ways of unobtrusive goodness.

I am much alone in the world now. All my dear relations have passed away, except Mr. Downey, whose once raven locks are now white as wool. With this exception, I have not looked upon the face of a relative for many years. How strange it seems to look back upon the past! The tide of human affairs—

'How dark soe'er it seems, may tend
By ways I cannot comprehend—
To some unguessed benignant end.
That every loss and lapse may gain
The clear-aired heights by steps of pain—
And never cross is borne in vain.'

You and I are both New Englanders by birth. You are from the granite hills of New Hampshire, while I am from the old Bay State. Christened in infancy beside my mother's dying bed. My mother was a Pedrick, a name known among the householders of Massachusetts as early as 1665. My mother's uncle, by marriage, was Dr. Elisha Story, an eminent physician and surgeon in the old revolutionary times.

My father, an East India sea captain, made frequent and long voyages to different parts of Europe and the East Indies in the days when merchant vessels were not propelled by steam. So you see he must have been a skilful navigator. For safe keeping and improvement he sent me to Haverhill, Mass., bearing a letter of introduction from Captain William Story (a

brother of Judge Joseph Story) to the family of Judge Bartley. (The first dinner I ate in Haverhill was at his table—for dessert, I remember, we had hasty-pudding, most appetizing.)

They passed me over to Jonathan K. Smith, and Mrs. Smith gave me as a roommate to her only daughter, Mary. This was the opening season of the New Haverhill Academy, a sort of a rival school to the Bradford Academy (under the famous Miss Hazeltine), just across the Merrimack's covered bridge. My old school-house, I am told, still remains—but the young trees then planted have grown into huge elms. Subsequently I graduated from the Ipswich Female Seminary—in the old Mary Lyon days. Miss Lyon sent me, with Miss Axtel, to help Rev. David Wright in his school in Columbus, Mississippi. Miss Axtel married a wealthy planter of that state, and settled down with him. I came back to Massachusetts. Those were the slavery days you know.

After a while Mr. Barney came from Dayton, Ohio, and took me home to assist him in the Dayton Female Seminary. Catherine E. Beecher, sister of Mrs. Stowe, sent me to Indianapolis, Indiana, and placed me as an assistant to Mr. Lang in the Marion County Seminary for boys. I was the first female teacher ever employed there.

I visited a brother in St. Louis, Missouri, and was principal of the Benton School when the terrible epidemic of 1849 broke out. The building was converted into a temporary hospital.

Going to the boarding house of my nephew, since dead, to minister to his ills, I met Mr. Downey from the Br. West Indies—a very persistently persuasive gentleman. I married Mr. D. Just four weeks after, while he was waiting remittances from Europe, they invited me to go down to Carondelet, a suburb of St. L. They gave me the use of a new little white church, rent free, in which to open a much needed school among the French settlers. Next the church was a Catholic college; a convent in another locality. But no Protestant school in the place. I had classes in the evening for the fathers and mothers; in the hours of the day for their

children. Mr. D. left me here teaching and went to N. Orleans. As the winter approached I joined him; from which place he found it necessary to go to Europe. Then Rev. Drs. Beadle and Lyon placed me in the Lafayette High School (now the 4th municipality of N. O.) to fill a temporary vacancy made by the visit of its two teachers to Philadelphia. Upon their return Madame de St. Laurent took me with her to St. Martinsville, about three days sail from N. O., a quaint old village immortalized, you remember, by Longfellow in his story of Evangeline. I thought I was to be English teacher in a French boarding school—but I found it to be a convent school.

Mr. D., after an absence of two years, returned to Boston. I came on to him in that city. After this I became acquainted with you.

The Protestant Epis. Board of Missions sent me to labor for them in the Freedman's Bureau in Memphis, Tenn. Since 1868 we have lived in New York City. I had charge for a while of the mission school of St. Anne's Church for deaf mutes, Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, Rector—and there closed my public services. In October I enter my 75th year.

Several years ago I wrote concerning two trunks I left with you at the Female College in Pittsburg, Pa. Receiving no answer I thought the letters miscarried.

From the New York *American Garden* for April 1884, my eye fell upon this advertisement—

\$5. per volume will be paid for The Dial, 1842; Terpsichore, 1843; Peter Parley's Universal History, 1837; Fanshawe, 1828; Legends of New England, 1831; Liberty Tree, 1841; My First Client, 1840; Tamerlane, 1827; Al Araaf, 1829; The Raven, 1845; Moll Pitcher, 1832; Mog Megone, 1836; and liberal prices for other first editions of Emerson, Hawthorne, Poe, Longfellow, and Whittier. For list, address C. B. Foote, P. O. Box 3766, New York.

This reminded me that in one of the trunks left with you one of these books was left. A book of Poems, containing Moll Pitcher, etc. It was the first book published by the poet. On the fly leaf you

will find written, "from the author." We were schoolmates. He boarded just across the street with Mr. Thayer, then Editor of the *Essex Gazette*. In the trunk, too, was an album containing the chirography of my old teacher, Oliver Carlton—who died in 1880. I would make any effort to get these into my possession again.

'Sadly, as name by name I call the roll,
I hear the death bells toll
For the unanswering many, and I know
The living are but few.'

It was only this April I learned the death of your husband, and of your locality in Plymouth, N. H. So then you are living in the Switzerland of America. In this hot city, I think of your mountains—the fresh foliage—the cloud scenery—the meadow grass—the full and musical streams—the lakes— You know in the Episcopal service every Sunday the people kneeling have rehearsed to them among the commandments, 'Thou shalt not covet, etc.,' and the response is, 'Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law, *we beseech thee.*' Plymouth I see by the map is in close proximity to Holderness. I do not know if it is easy of access, but it is close to you at any rate—and the Asquam House, on the slope of Shepherd's Hill, overlooks that beautiful inland sea—Lake Winnepesaukee—celebrated for its unrivalled picturesqueness of mountain environment. What notable persons have been there this season! Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Ward . . .

My heart goes out to my early memories and friends—be this my excuse for sending to you this brief narrative of my life among strangers. In the days of my youth we girls used to hunt the 14th (I think) chap. of Prov. for life mottoes—my verse was 'She is like the merchant's ship—she bringeth her food from afar.' Then I used to read it wonderingly and say—it cannot be for me surely.

'But now the answer to the riddle
Graven deep on Sphinx's face.'

Please remember me to your three daughters. *It is 27 years since I saw them.* O the vicissitudes of human life! Tell them I rode by the obelisk yesterday, presented to the City of New York by the

Khediye of Egypt. Moses may have looked upon it. Pharaoh and his host going to their destruction in the Red Sea . . .

This spans the gulf of ages between the seen and the unseen. Then why may I not let this message span the gulf of 27 years—and hope you will find for me those two books?

May I ask to hear from you very soon?

Yours with many contending emotions,
EVELINA BRAY DOWNEY."

The reference in Mrs. Downey's letter to the famous founder of Mt. Holyoke College, Mary Lyon, lends especial interest to the following letter from Miss Lyon to Evelina Bray, the autograph original of which is in the writer's possession. It was evidently written when Mary Lyon was principal of the Ipswich Female Seminary.

"Ipswich, May 17, 1834.

My dear Miss Bray,

I have received a letter from Mr. Jones, in which he says that they had succeeded in putting off their music for the present, but that they cannot well be put off later than the commencement of the fall session, about the 15th of Sept. For a teacher well qualified he will give \$150 for a term of five months, that is, \$300 a year—with board and physician's bill, if any, and expenses out. You can have this situation if you can prepare yourself. But you must be well prepared, and you must in some way receive for yourself immediately the first rate instruction. He says, 'I wish her to spare no pains in *qualifying herself* and in *selecting tasteful music*.' Have you been devoting any time to music since you were examined? If not, there is no time to be lost.

Please to write immediately, and let me know your decision.

Affectionately yours,
MARY LYON."

The volume of Whittier's early poems to which Mrs. Downey referred in her letter, was committed by us to the charge of a relative of

our family, who lived near New York, to be delivered personally into the hands of the owner. This lady, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, was accompanied on her mission by her daughter Louise, then a young girl. A letter to the latter, now Mrs. Charles Bateman of Somerville, New Jersey, asking for reminiscences of the call upon Mrs. Downey, has elicited the following response:—

"125 Cliff St., Somerville,
July the ninth.

My dear Friend,

. . . Mamma has helped me to remember some few things which it will be a pleasure to give you at this time.

When we rang the door bell (at a small flat in, I think 58th St.) a sweet faced rather tall lady answered, from the rear door, asking us who we were. My mother told her, saying we had just come from Mrs. Barrows, whom she used to know at Pittsburg. In reply she opened the front door, looked around in a frightened way, and asked us in. She told us at once that she hoped her husband would not come home, as he did not like company. The little rooms were not furnished, except with pictures and chairs. Every where you looked, poverty showed itself.

Mamma talked to her about Dr. and Mrs. Barrows. She seemed so interested. I shall never forget her face when I gave her the book of Whittier's poems. She put her arms around me, and she told me a little of her young life. I do not seem to remember much, only that she was happy and free from care. She spoke of Whittier several times, and of other men they both knew well. Mother says she was reserved in regard to herself, trying to call me out, asking me about my school work, etc. I sat by her at her request on a small cot. Several times she put her arms around me, saying, 'You sweet girl, how you remind me of my own young life!' I have often wished for a picture of her, for the impression I have is of such a wonderfully sweet, refined and cultured face, which no poverty or hardship could change.

She was thanking us for the book, and

telling us how much she had wanted it and would appreciate it, when in walked her husband! Poor me! I was frightened beyond words, and begged mamma with my eyes to go, but she was determined to see what Mr. Downey was like. So, when Mrs. Downey told him who we were and he looked as if he would like to devour us, my mother thought she would conquer him. I saw the look and was so frightened. He had the most tremendous black eyes I ever saw, heavy, shaggy eyebrows, and was dressed in a black velvet coat; his whole appearance was that of a crazy man. Mrs. Downey had told us he was in mission work.

So mamma at once asked him about his work, telling him in her tactful way how that work had always been dear to her. I have always wondered how she dared talk to him, but she did, and won him over. Poor Mrs. Downey was so nervous, but later talked to me, trying again to get me to talk. Suddenly Mr. Downey spoke to her in such a cross way, fairly ordering her to bring us some wine. When mamma refused, he said, 'You must have tea and cake.' So we had that. Then he told us about his family in England; how rich and noble they were, and ended by bringing us cases of rare jewels, nearly all of them unset. One or two were set in quaint, old-fashioned inlaid pins—opals, turquoise, some diamonds, several fine rubies. To my girlish eyes it was like a jewelry store and mamma told me the other day that the collection was wonderful and very large. Mr. Downey was keeping them, he said, until he got money enough from home to live like a gentleman, but all around showed absolute poverty.

Mrs. Downey never spoke after he came in, except to me, and he never addressed her except when ordering us refreshments. When I tell you that he frightened me so that I had a nervous chill and was sick all night, you will forgive me for not remembering more from their conversation. He gave me some tracts, filled with original proverbs, queer things, which only a mind crazed would think of. His dress that

day would interest the small boy, for the coat was of black velvet, cut in a peculiar way, something like a dress suit, and he wore a white vest and large hat. His heavy hair was very black, sprinkled with gray. He also wore a goatee. When we decided to go he insisted on our staying, and invited us to come again.

Mamma and I went back a few months later; they had moved, and we lost track of her. How I wish I could remember more of her conversation, but mamma says she was very reserved. She certainly was a woman living somewhere above her surroundings, keeping the spirit of her youth because of her wide reading. She was rich in herself. I remember she quoted such beautiful poems to me, but cannot remember now anything about them . . . This one thing which she said I do remember, 'We are in need of new blood in poetry. Our good poets are now old men.' She did not say much about her life in Pittsburg that we can remember, only asking all about your mother, and expressing her appreciation beyond words of her care for twenty-seven years of the book . . . Mr. Downey never saw the book we had brought. His wife hid it when he came in. I was frightened to death at Mr. Downey. Mamma was not afraid of him. Only she says he was a hard-headed Englishman with no thought for women that belonged to him, and a religious crank.

Most cordially,
LOUISE P. BATEMAN."

After the eventful call described in the foregoing letter, Mrs. Downey passed out of my personal knowledge.

It has not been my purpose to feed a morbid curiosity regarding the intimate personal experiences of Mr. Whittier; but rather, to present, if may be, the picture of a gentle woman whose spirit was purified and chastened by love—for such was Evelina Bray Downey.

The Legend of Saint Wilfrid's

By ZITELLA COCKE

Where prairies black meet yellow lands,
And hills of verdure rise in bands,
From low and level bed of sands,
The quaint old church St. Wilfrid stands;—
Built 'ere the first good Bishop came
To Alabama, and its name
From Lindisfarne's wise saint bestowed,—
A mile away from travelled road.

The ivy and the trumpet vine,
Their arms around its walls entwined,
And 'neath their mantle thick and green,
Nor wood nor stone may scarce be seen.
The winter long,—and in the spring,
The flaming trumpet blossoms cling
To side and roof and slender spire,
Like tongues of Pentecostal fire!

On hither side of Gothic porch,
A stream leaps by, and 'neath the torch
Of burning sunset, gleams like gold
Through cedar boughs and live-oaks old.
On, on it speeds, until behind
The church, its foaming waters find
A quiet bed, and then its flow
Is hushed to music sweet and low;
For there the dead long rest have found
In old St. Wilfrid's burial ground!

Once in St. Wilfrid's parish wide
Stood homes of hospitable pride,
And broad and teeming acres smiled,
Where now reigns desolation wild;
And many a year ago a throng
Of worshippers, at evensong
And matins, and on holy day,
Did in St. Wilfrid's kneel and pray;
And many a hand and heart did plight
Their troth before her altar light.

But now through old St. Wilfrid's door,
The bridal train comes nevermore,
And nevermore is organ heard,
Nor voice of praise, save mocking-bird,
Who with his glad, exultant hymn
Greets the first ray of dawning dim—
Or, in mad ecstasy of song,
Pours his love-chant, the midnight long!

And nevermore comes worshipper,
Save when some lonely traveller
Would rest his steed, and gaze around
On church and stream and burial ground,
And 'ere departing, breathe a prayer
For those who once did worship there!

And runs the simple negro's tale
That once a year, in the glad while
Of Easter joy, two spectres pale
Ascend the dim and silent aisle,
And kneel before the chancel rail
With clasped hands, until the veil
Of evening falls, and the black night
Hides them away from mortal sight!

For here, at height of Easter-tide,
In direful days, when war was rife,
A soldier knelt with his fair bride,
Then—hurried to the field of strife,
And to his country gave his life,
And ere another Easter Day,
In one grave, bride and bridegroom lay!

And oft at break of Easter Day,
O'er forest path and meadow grass,
The dusky toilers take their way—
And 'neath St. Wilfrid's windows pass,
With beating heart, and eager glance,
To see the ghostly visitants,—
For who beholds the plighted hands
Of spectre bridegroom and his bride,
Shall have good faring on his lands
Until the coming Easter-tide!

A Living Memory

By LUCY M. SAWYER

ONE warm, sunny afternoon in August, a man and a boy sat by the side of a stream in southern Ohio, fishing. The man was one Joe Skinner (called by the world a shiftless tramp), and the boy, his son, aged ten years.

Usually to lie through such a long, perfect day, with the blue sky overhead, the thousand odors of the woods around him, and his father by his side to tell him where to throw his line and help him land the speckled beauties, was the greatest happiness of the younger Joe Skinner's life. But this afternoon his father was unusually silent; twice he had let a fish escape, and Joe's heart was sad, for he knew of what his father was thinking.

That morning they had stopped at a house to beg their breakfast. The farmer's wife had refused them at first, but her heart had softened when she looked into the boy's blue eyes, and they had been given their meal. Then she brought out a cast-off suit of her own boy's. The clothes were a little long at the hands and short at the knees for Joe, but he felt mighty proud of them as he walked up and down the yard. The farmer came out to look at him, and after a whispered consultation with his wife they had offered to keep him. He had sprung to his father's side in fear when he understood what was meant, but his father had looked down at him and said to the couple, "I don't think I can give him up just yet." So to-

gether they had gone out into the world again, and down to the stream to fish.

Joe knew it was this incident that was worrying his father, and when he let the second fish escape the boy uttered a cry; the man noticed it and roused himself.

"I reckon I ain't quite myself to-day," he said. "I keep thinking of what those people offered this morning. That's the best farm I've seen for a long time."

"Father, you couldn't get along without me," Joe cried. "I couldn't live without you."

"But it might be the best thing for you," his father persisted. "That woman had a voice that sounded mighty like your mother's. You're getting so big now, nigh ten, you ought to go to school. Maybe when you grow up and know a lot you'd be a lawyer."

"I don't want to be a lawyer," Joe vehemently protested. "I don't want anything but to be with you."

"Well, I reckon that suits me about right, too," his father answered. "Next winter I'll work in a city and send you to school myself."

Having settled the matter in his easy-going, careless way, he could turn his undivided attention to the fishing; it was now Joe's turn to think.

During the five years since his mother died he had been his father's companion. They had taken long tramps together across the country; had spent two happy sum-

mers in the Kansas wheat fields; a bitter cold, never-to-be-forgotten winter in Canada; but every summer had found them back in Ohio for the fishing. It angered him to have his afternoon disturbed; but he kept thinking of what his father had said, that the woman's voice was like his mother's, that mother whose existence was like a half-remembered dream in his mind. They seldom mentioned her, but he fell to wondering if she would have liked him to stay with the woman who had a voice like hers.

He turned to his father.

"Did mother live on a farm like that?"

Startled by the question, his father dropped his line.

"No," he replied, "her folks only had a little place with one pig, and two cows, and some chickens. They owned cranberry swamps. Maybe you'd like to see where your mother lived. I don't believe there is anyone at the old place who would recognize me. They weren't over happy when I married your ma, and we didn't stay around those parts long. It will be just the season for the picking if we start now. That's easy work, and we'll get a little ahead to buy you a nice, warm coat."

Joe assented readily, ever eager for a new experience, and curious to know what kind of a country his mother had lived in. By the aid of skilfully stolen freight-car rides they reached Cape Cod on a warm September day, and found work at once on the swamps at Wareham. At the end of a week Joe was thoroughly tired of it.

They had taken up their temporary abode in an abandoned Portuguese hut in the woods. At any other season of the year they would have been put on a train for the

nearest city, but the picking was at its height, every one who would work might, and so they were allowed to stay. In spite of the change in him the man had been recognized, and immediately the two were left to themselves. The children would have made a friend of Joe, of the boy who had been in the wonderful west, but he was too proud to leave his father's side, and so they were left to gather their "row" alone. Joe would look wistfully at the boys and girls, laughingly seeing who could pick their "row" first, and the tears would gather in his eyes. For the first time in his life he was thrown with children of his own age, and while his hungry heart yearned for their companionship, he felt he was an outcast.

But the childish philosophy which had been his through ten years helped him to bear it bravely until his father became ill. All night he stood by his side, as the man talked of people the boy had never heard of, and vainly he tried to get a look of recognition from him. In the morning he hurried the village doctor, unwillingly, to the hut in the woods. The doctor shook his head as he stood over the man, and going back to town, ordered the selectmen to send him to the poorhouse. There in the almshouse of his native town, he died; there Joe, left alone, wept through the hours of the long, long night.

Mrs. Small, the matron, though hardened by her position, spoke kindly to the boy and coaxed him to eat some breakfast. His tears fell the faster and he shook his head.

"You shouldn't take on so," she said at last, grown weary of his sobs. "Maybe it's the best thing that

could happen to you. We ought to send you to the State school, but seeing as how your father and mother belonged here, Jim Snow 'lowed but what someone might keep you. Wouldn't you like that better than tramping around the country?"

"Stay here, in this horrid place?" Joe dried his eyes quickly.

"No, I don't mean right here, though you look like a good, handy boy, and I dare say I could use you, but I don't believe the town would stand for that. Some of the farmers 'round might keep you. You could earn your board taking care of the cows and chopping wood, and the town would buy your clothes. That's the way they did with Ned Mitchen. He drives the baker's cart now, and goes to school besides. You want to go to school now, don't you, and learn to read and spell?"

"No," answered Joe fiercely, "I don't."

Fear entered his soul. He must get away from this place. Never would he spend his life with these people who had turned their backs on his father. He lay awake that night thinking where he should go to after they had put his father away. Perhaps he could find again the place where the woman had wanted to keep him. He wished he had remembered better the cars that they had taken; it was a pity they had climbed into so many of them in the dark. Anyway, tomorrow, after the funeral, he would start.

But the next afternoon, as he stood beside the open grave, and saw the rude coffin lowered, he had no heart left to care what became of him. Back to the poorhouse he went, a willing prisoner.

He was sent to work on the

swamps again. The children gathered around him now, for his story made him a hero in their eyes, but he was too heartsick to care for their advances. He ate his lunch alone, and their laughter hardened his heart. Every night he went back to the poorhouse, ate his supper, and crept to his bed, to toss and turn and long for his father.

The cranberry picking was finally ended, and something must be done with the pale-faced boy. But the overseers of the town were slow to act; before they could call their meeting the sewing society had taken the matter in hand. It was at the home of the deacon's wife, on a Wednesday afternoon, that Joe's fate was decided.

"I'd just like to know how long they are going to keep that great, hulking boy up to the poorhouse," Mrs. Grimby began, pulling her thread so energetically that it broke. "I said to Deacon Grimby only last night, 'You men have had six weeks to act and you ain't done nothing but talk. Now we women will show you how to do something.'"

"But what can we do," interposed meek little Mrs. Squibbs, the doctor's wife. "We can't turn him out, just as the cold weather is coming on. The doctor says it was clean pitiful to see how he took on over his father. I should think his mother's folks might take him."

"Her folks," sniffed Miss Johnson, a spinster of uncertain age, but versed in the gossip of the town unto the third generation. "They wouldn't buy him a pair of shoes. It's because they were so stingy with poor Mary, and never bought her a decent dress, that she couldn't get anyone to go 'round with but that shiftless Joe Skinner. If she'd

been dressed like other girls she might have had the pick of the town."

"Poor Mary Skinner," sighed gentle Miss Mullens. "I remember so well the night she told me she was going to marry Joe. It wasn't because she hadn't her pick, but because she loved him, that she married him."

Martha Mullens was forty. There was a tradition that she had once liked Joe Skinner, but no one had ever dared to question her about it. Only the fact that she had never married gave color to the story. She lived alone in a small house at the end of the main road. How she lived was a problem to her neighbors. They knew she had a small income left by her father; the house was her own, and she eked out the remainder of her livelihood by doing plain sewing. Even so, everyone knew she could just make both ends meet. She had a subdued air, and spoke always in a low tone as if apologizing for daring to speak at all. Her remarks were usually met with such flat contradiction that she sank back into oblivion, and to-day was no exception.

"Loved him," snapped Mrs. Grimby; "its just like you, Martha Mullens, to talk such nonsense as that, but you're old enough to know better. Mary Small married Joe Skinner because anything was better than staying at home, but I guess she wished herself back there a good many times before she died. But that's not the question now. I said to the deacon last night, 'Her folks won't take the boy, but this town can't keep him just because those that ought to won't. There's enough good-for-nothings growing up in it now, without having anyone with the Skinner blood in him on

our hands. The State's got to take him, and the sooner you men attend to it the better.' " Mrs. Grimby glared at the meek Martha Mullens so fiercely that the later pushed her chair further into the corner as if expecting bodily attack.

"The boy has his mother's blood as well as his father's," interposed Mrs. Squibbs. She was not at all frightened by Mrs. Grimby. "The doctor says he's as gentle as a girl, and they say not a child in the town picked more berries. I think its a shame if someone here can't take him. He hasn't the face of a boy who ought to be sent to a State school. He surely could earn his keep, and there are enough of us with boys about his age who could clothe him."

"I wouldn't mind taking him," said Miss Johnson, "but boys that age do eat such an awful lot, and, as Mrs. Grimby says, he must have a terrible lot of bad blood in him. I might just be training some one to grow up and murder me."

Miss Mullens put down her sewing, and spoke more decidedly than anyone had ever known her to do before.

"It seems to me," she said, looking around the room, and even allowing her eyes to rest on Mrs. Grimby, "that we are all thinking a lot of ourselves and not once of the boy. I haven't offered to keep him because I thought there were those in the town could do better for him, but if no one else will take him, I shall."

"Now, Martha Mullens, don't you go to getting foolish at your time of life," answered Mrs. Grimby. "The good Lord only knows how you get along yourself, and how would you manage with that big boy."

"I reckon the Lord ain't half as

much interested in the way I manage as some of my neighbors are," answered Martha Mullens, roused for once. She gathered up her sewing and prepared to leave. At the door she turned. "I shall notify one of the selectmen of my decision," she said, and went out.

There was a moment's silence, then twenty women's voices were heard at once. Martha Mullens's family history for one hundred years was brought forth. A great uncle's cousin had made a peculiar will, and this fact was now remembered to account for Martha's action. How much she had to live on, how she managed, how many new dresses she bought each year, these and myriad other affairs of Martha provided endless conversation for the remainder of the afternoon.

Oblivious to, or heedless of, the commotion she had caused, Miss Mullens wrote her note to Deacon Grimby; and although it had the effect of a bombshell upon his nerves, he was obliged to call a meeting of the selectmen.

During the three days before the meeting took place, Miss Mullens had opportunity to learn what the town thought of her idea. No one for an instant, she was told, supposed that the selectmen would consent to let her take the boy, for how, they all emphasized, was she to support him? Martha set her teeth together at each new inquiry, but a mighty resolution took possession of her.

On the afternoon preceding the evening on which the selectmen were to decide the vital question, Miss Mullens sat down before the old-fashioned mahogany desk which had been an heirloom in the family for two hundred years. From her reticule she took a key, and fitted it to a small inner drawer in the desk.

The lock turned hard, and the drawer stuck, but after much pulling it opened, and a shower of dust fell out. Miss Mullens put the drawer down on the desk in front of her, and lifted out a small black case. Carefully she wiped off the dust. Then she opened the case, and looked at the faded tintype within. It was a picture taken in the style of twenty years before, with cheeks touched a bright red; a miniature of Joe Skinner's father at eighteen. A long time she sat and looked at it, until the afternoon shadows began to lengthen. Then she raised the picture to her lips, and a tear fell on the face. As though ashamed of her weakness she dashed the tear away, and shut the case with a snap; but a vigorous-minded, determined woman rose from the desk, and that evening marched into the sitting-room of Deacon Grimby's home, and faced the selectmen.

"The deacon said it took them so by surprise that they just couldn't say no," Mrs. Grimby told her neighbors the next day. "He said, says he, 'There we all sat, a just deciding to send the boy away the next week, when in she walked. You'd never have known her, Matilda,' says he, 'with her head held so high, and the way she spoke, as if we were all children, and she was some grand lady come to lecture us. I can't remember much what she said, it is the way she said it. Talked about our moral responsibility till every one of us could feel his shrivelled up conscience. Dr. Goodman ventured to ask her how she could keep the boy, and then you should have heard her. She drew herself up and said she'd like to know if she or any of her family had ever been beholden to this town. Said if *she* wasn't worrying she

guessed *we* needn't. Well, we began to think so too, and the short of it is, Matilda, we told her she could get the boy to-morrow.' But I don't know," Mrs. Grimby continued, "what she'll do with him when she does get him. Mrs. Small says he's so sullen she can't get a word out of him, and when she told him he was to stay here, he just said, 'I don't choose to stay,' and walked out of the room. Martha Mullens will have a nice time with a boy like that."

The matron had told the truth when she said Joe was sullen. For the first time in his life he was learning the power of the strong, over the weak, and his soul rebelled, when she told him his fate had been decided, a dull anger rose in him. What right had these people to parcel him out. He would leave that night.

But Miss Mullens came a day before he expected her. He was standing in the doorway of the poor-house, with hot tears falling down upon his hands, when she came up the hill. A great pity for the lonely boy swept over her heart. Without a word she took him in her arms and kissed his white face. It was

the first time in his life Joe could remember having a woman kiss him, and he felt a funny sensation around his heart, even though he struggled to free himself. But Miss Mullens held him in two strong arms.

"They have told you, haven't they, dear, that you are to live with me and be my little boy? Do you think you will like that, and to go to school?"

"I like to fish," said Joe, lured to answer her by the gentle tone. "But I don't know why you want me. Mrs. Grimby says it's to teach me to do my duty by the community, but I don't care for the community."

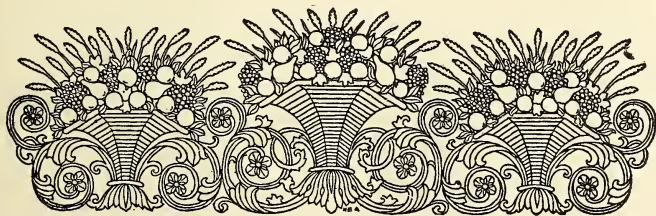
"Neither do I," answered Miss Mullens. "I want you because I knew your father. You are just to live with me and grow up to be what you think he would like you to be."

A childish inspiration illumined Joe's soul.

"Pa was powerful fond of fishing," he said, as he slid his hand into Miss Mullens's.

She grasped his firmly as they went down the hill from the poor-house together.

"You shall go fishing all you want to," she said.



The Doctor's Sign

By EMMA JOSEPHINE GOMPF

THE doorbell gave a faint tinkle. Soft or loud, when this bell rang, the fact was the shadow of a coming event; only on the rarest occasions did anyone summon Miss Priscilla Peabody from the sunny south corner of her big house, through the long, dark halls to the knob-end of the rusty wire.

"Now, in all mercy who can that be, and on a Saturday morning!" Miss Priscilla dried her hands hastily while she glanced in the mirror.

"It is not the minister, I know, because he never leaves home Saturdays; he told me so with his own lips. Nor the doctor,—huh, I guess not. I don't want *him* around, with his pills and powders and tablets and capsules; he's got rich enough already off this town—"

"Ting-a-ling-ling-ling-ling!"

"Gracious!" Miss Priscilla was startled at the insistence of this sound; it seemed to say that someone intended to enter her presence very soon, even if he had to scuttle in through the way of the wire itself.

Miss Priscilla rather indignantly marched along the intervening spaces to the front door and, unlocking it, flung it open.

"How do you do?" she asked, with the degree of dignity befitting a householder of middle age when greeting the stranger at her gates. Then, after an instant's inspection, she invited the person to enter.

A young man, dark, handsome and smiling, obeyed her bidding

and seated himself in the chair toward which she motioned; he held out a card.

Miss Priscilla read the name aloud: "Wright Dunston, M. D.' So"—Miss Priscilla looked him in the face with what he considered a remarkable degree of interest—"so you're a—a doctor?"

"I want to convince the inhabitants of Primrose that I am," answered the young man. "I would like to settle in this town; it's so pretty and quiet that I feel as if I had found an ideal spot.

"On my way from the station I stopped at Benajah Smith's—Deacon Smith's, you know—"

Miss Priscilla nodded.

"Well, the deacon told me to come to you and see if I could get your northeast parlor for my office. He said you might just take a notion to let me have it."

Miss Priscilla smiled grimly. "The deacon's been acquainted with me years enough to know that I shouldn't let a room in my house unless I did take the notion."

"It's so very nice here"—the stranger glanced about him at the spotlessness and dustlessness and the perfect orderliness everywhere—"that maybe you don't want an outsider around. I have the best of credentials, though."

He took a handful of papers from his inside coat-pocket and laid them on the table beside her.

Miss Priscilla was thinking that he, too, was "nice"—just the sort of

face, this was, that she should have liked to belong to her,—if she had been married and a mother instead of a lonely spinster.

Then, as she lightly ran over the letters of introduction she thought of her neighbor up the road, hitherto the only physician in Primrose. Often she had compared his shaded lawn and great mansion with her own and other homes up and down the street and had asked herself what it was, in the doctor's place, that gave it an "air" above all the others. One day, however, she decided that she had found a solution: Primarily it was the doctor's sign; as an auxiliary the fine lamp hanging outside the door added a fascinating touch. It had been made plain to her in that moment of revelation that notwithstanding the pretentiousness of her own well-kept abode and her ample financial ability, the Peabody homestead could never equal Dr. Rathburn's in appearance so long as the latter possessed the superior advantage of being adorned with the only professional sign in town.

Miss Priscilla looked up. "I will take you," she said in a tone of decision which brought an expression of relief to the other's face. "You may have the parlor and two other rooms, and I'll give you your meals.

"You will have your sign on the front of the house, of course?"

The other laughed, pleasantly.

"I shouldn't want it anywhere else, I assure you. I have a brand new sign, done neatly in black and gilt; I hope it will be seen."

"We'll have a lamp,—the best one to be found in Boston—outside the door, near the sign." Miss Priscilla's manner was undeniably enthusiastic.

"Er— yes, as soon as I can afford

it. I must tell you that I am disgustingly poor, just now. Why, I haven't had a single 'proprietary' patient yet; I've just come from hospital practice, where practice was about all we got out of it. By the way, what will it cost me to live here?"

"Oh, dear,"—Miss Priscilla had never been confronted with a question of this kind before and she was all at sea; "well, I shall have to think it over before I can name a price. I'll see how much of an eater you are"—she laughed in what the doctor thought an unwarranted tone of glee. He could not understand her manner.

"About the lamp"—the woman arose as she spoke, with old-fashioned matronly grace—"we are going to have it, at once. It will be my lamp, but you are the excuse for it."

She conducted Dr. Dunston to the rooms she was willing to spare him.

"Have your trunks sent right up," she said, cheerfully; "by the time they're here I'll have luncheon ready."

"Thank you," the doctor at once proceeded to empty his pockets of extra notebooks, pencils and such small articles. "I'll go and see about *the* trunk. I can't imagine myself with use for two of them; just one, and a box of books."

Later, they sat and chatted over the daintiest of tables, he with a strong sense of being at home though just come, and she asking herself how she had ever managed all these years to breakfast and lunch and dine absolutely alone.

Suddenly, as he was about to help himself to another olive, his hand fell back and he turned sharply toward the window. From the centre of a long line of dust rising in the highway came a confused clatter of

horse's hoofs. The doctor caught a half-obscured glimpse of a blue-gowned girl in the carriage holding the lines,—that was all; the apparition had shot far past, leaving only the settling dust cloud.

"That was a runaway!" exclaimed the man, rising as if to start in pursuit. "I have my wheel and think I can catch up"—

Miss Priscilla laughed lightly.

"Don't worry a minute," she said. "That is only Dare Rathburn, Dr. Rathburn's daughter; she is perfectly able to take care of herself."

"But the horse was running. She is in danger."

"Not a bit of it. If you stay here, unless it rains pitchforks or snows a blizzard you'll get the same jar every day until it won't jar at all. No doubt Dare will kill the horse, in time, but she won't change her style of driving."

"So that's Rathburn's daughter," mused the young doctor. "I should say she was a chip of the old block, if I were to form an opinion so soon after arriving in Primrose. There were entertaining stories told at college among the boys, about the stunts Rathburn used to do; a good fellow but a dare-devil, he was called."

"His daughter is the prettiest girl in town,"—Miss Priscilla spoke in a spirit of justice; "and you have seen the most objectionable trait in her."

"Blue eyes and golden hair, hasn't she?" queried the young man, recalling the blurred vision.

"Exactly," answered Miss Priscilla.

"Wild-rose complexion?"

"Remarkable eyesight you have, I'm sure." Miss Priscilla darted a glance at his face as she passed the cake. She hoped Dr. Dunston would not follow the example of

every eligible young man in town and fall in love with Dare Rathburn.

* * * * *

Not quite a week after, the woman nearly gasped as she looked out and saw her protégé on his wheel, talking animatedly with this very girl, who was driving. The horse jogged along with the gentleness of a cosset lamb.

"Of all things!" ejaculated Miss Priscilla. "And they're coming from up her way, too. Is it possible he has been to the house?"

The front door opened and then swung shut; the doctor came in from the hall.

"I have been to see 'Old Rath,' as the boys call him," he said. "I wanted to ask him to give me any overflow practice he might have. He says he will."

Miss Priscilla sniffed. "Oh, did he? Just how did he act, when you mentioned the matter?"

"Well, to tell the truth, his manner seemed to me a little odd,—as if the idea amused him. It wouldn't be a joking matter in the least, to me, if I could pick up a living practice in this town."

The next day Miss Priscilla observed her "doctor-boy" slowly wheeling toward home and beside him Dare Rathburn's horse moving at its new snail-like pace that was particularly favorable to conversation between the two young people.

"This will never do!" declared Miss Priscilla. "I can see danger ahead. That girl has taken a fancy to Dr. Dunston and I can't say I blame her; and of course Rathburn's son-in-law, if he happens to be a doctor, will step into the Primrose practice. But Dr. Dunston can live for a while without Dr. Rathburn's help"—a tender look came into the

woman's faded eyes—"I'll see that he does'n't want for anything. If he married the girl he would go up there to live, and—I simply *won't* take down that sign from my house!"

The next thing Miss Priscilla did was to attempt in a quiet way to assist the young doctor. Every morning for several days she complained of having a headache which her active movements belied. The doctor sympathetically wrote out prescriptions of daily increasing powerfulness until he was puzzled at their failure to cure.

Miss Priscilla had the prescriptions filled, and with great regularity emptied the potions into the garbage-bucket.

Meanwhile she insisted that he make out a regular bill against her from time to time, and their settling of accounts on the first day of the month showed a marvelously prosperous condition of affairs for the doctor.

The friendship between the handsome young man and the "prettiest girl in town" grew apace. Miss Priscilla watched the goings and comings with the deepest anxiety for weeks, then she too went up the road and had a talk with "Old Rath." The nature of what she said put her on more confidential terms with her neighbor.

"The youngster's welcome to scrape up a living in Primrose if he can," chuckled the man, "but not by getting me for a father-in-law. Good-day and thank you, Miss Peabody."

Miss Priscilla returned home with firm step and resolute air. "I'll trust Rathburn to do his part," she muttered to herself, "and—I'll do mine."

That night she smiled on the young man with a sweetness that was not in the least assumed; she had grown fond of him. "Do you know," she remarked as she served him the tenderest carving from the roast, "there is one peculiarity in Dare Rathburn's nature that spoils her. She never—positively never—makes any contributions to charitable objects. Although she is generously supplied with money, she has never given a cent to missions or anything like that."

The doctor's face clouded almost imperceptibly. "That is somewhat strange," he answered. "Still,"—he smiled over at Miss Priscilla very winningly—"still, although peculiar it isn't a crime, by any means."

"True," conceded Miss Priscilla, dropping the subject.

The young man told himself that evening and many times afterward that it made no difference whether Dare Rathburn contributed to charities or not, she was exactly as sweet and charming as any Lady Bountiful that ever lived. He thus assured himself, yet the flaw Miss Priscilla had pointed out in the girl haunted him unpleasantly,—he wished he had not heard it.

Occasionally, a sick person living in a remote part of the town, having learned of the presence of a new doctor sent for him. One night when Dr. Dunston was sound asleep in bed a hurry call came. The messenger said he went first to Dr. Rathburn, who referred him to the young physician.

"Where's that, they want you to go?" called Miss Priscilla, opening her door into the upper hall enough to show her face.

"The name is Nugent—Philip Nugent, the man says; case of pneumonia." The doctor was moving

hastily about his room, dressing himself with his usual care.

"Didn't I hear the fellow say that Rathburn sent him to you?"

"Yes; good turn. I'll remember him for it, when I am richer than he is."

"Good turn. Ha, Ha! The measly old thing—why, boy, you will never get a dollar from that house, and that's why Rathburn turned the case over to you. He *had* to go, before you came, but now he's glad to be rid of those who can't pay."

"Well, never mind; I'll attend to the poor devil and trust to luck for the rest."

"I hope there's a decent team for you to go in," remarked the woman, closing her door.

The doctor glanced out and saw the black shadow of "team" and driver waiting in patience; then he ran down and jumped up on to the seat.

It was a lonely journey to the very border of the town, and when they arrived he was glad he had come. Not so much because he had the opportunity to treat a shiftless creature who was very sick, as for the sake of the comfort he brought to the thin, sallow slip of a girl who called the creature "dad."

The doctor thought he had never seen quite so wistful, sad a face,—a face so full of longing for all the blessings of life that seemed utterly out of her reach. As he ministered to the sufferer, watching for hours until improvement set in, the young man had opportunity at intervals to contrast this girl's limitations with the abounding life and possibilities of Dare Rathburn.

"Poor thing— poor little thing!" he thought, in pity of this other.

He attended to his patient

thoroughly, making visits once and sometimes oftener each day, riding out on his wheel with considerable enjoyment of the pretty, wooded road.

One afternoon just before he reached the Nugent house he met Dare driving toward home. They smiled and spoke but did not stop.

In another moment he was walking into the kitchen of his patient's home, without knocking. The girl stood there, and looked up at him in startled surprise. Then he followed her quick glance,—a frightened glance, it seemed to him.

On the table stood an elaborate array of toilet preparations in handsome bottles and jars and tubes. There were creams and skin foods and washes, and powder and perfumes, and sachet envelopes, all bearing the name and portrait of a certain celebrated beauty specialist.

Curious as to whether it was a lot of medicines, the doctor read the labels and caught sight of the impressive prices.

The girl took a step toward him.

"Please let me tell you how I came by them," she said, a red flush showing through her sallowness. "Don't think for a minute that I could buy those things, when we can't even afford all we ought to for Dad. Dare Rathburn got them for me,—she just brought them. You see, she and I are old school-mates, and I had said to her, as we talked, one day down the road there, that I wished I could be beautiful—not anything so lovely as she, of course, but just fairly good-looking. She laughed and kissed me, and said she was going to do what she could to bring about such a result, and—well, you can see for yourself that these things cost considerable."

"Yes." The doctor's eyes held a

far-away look, as if indeed he saw a great deal. "I see that when Miss Rathburn bestows benefits it is in her own way."

The day arrived when the doctor concluded he had acquired a "living practice." He went into Miss Priscilla's sewing-room for a brief visit.

"Dare and I are going to be married," he began abruptly. "Could you spare us a place under this roof to keep house in?"

Miss Priscilla caught her breath.

"You and Dare want to live

here?" she cried; she was divided between a desire to weep and the impulse to laugh with joy.

"Yes,"—the young man looked at her affectionately. "'Old Rath' says he won't have me there, and we must live somewhere."

Then the glad truth burst upon Miss Priscilla that, not only was she to keep her "boy," but the sign upon her house promised to remain a fixture.

"Bless you both,—certainly you may live here," she murmured.

The Easter Lily of Bermuda

By CHARLINE WHEELOCK HERVEY

THE average person who has never visited Bermuda, if he has formed any mental picture of the "Gem of the Tropics," has probably conceived of it as a little, brown island peculiarly adapted by a beneficent Providence to the cultivation of those estimable plebeians—the potato and the onion.

But to one who has revelled in the beauties of this cluster of coral islands, the mere mention of Bermuda conjures up an exquisite vision of deep blue sea, bright blue sky, and—lilies!—rows upon rows of lilies, growing proud and stately, and white as snow! He knows that millions of moist, pearly chalices are lifted to the warm rays of the Southern sun, and stretching away field on field, are covering the rich, red soil with a mantle of loveliness, and filling the air with their faint, delicate, elusive perfume. Many a seasoned traveller, with a thousand other luring memories, has returned

again and again to Bermuda at the lily season, to make this picture a sense-satisfying reality—perhaps because of one small lily blossoming on a teakwood stand by his window, while a snowstorm raged without, and the birch logs flamed high within.

As Easter draws near, and the lily succeeds the orchid and the rose in the florists' windows, the thoughts of many a flower lover turn involuntarily to the picturesque group of islands far out in the Atlantic, where the fields are white and the air is fragrant with lilies.

Although not the birthplace, Bermuda has long been regarded as the true home of the Easter lily. The so-called "Bermuda Lily" was originally a native of Japan—in fact, it is a healthier offshoot of the Japanese lily, having been brought from the Orient, between two and three hundred years ago, by some piratic cap-

tain of the sea, to this island Paradise in the Occident. Here amidst unequalled luxuriance of sun and soil, it reached a fulness of maturity and beauty hitherto unattained in a less propitious climate. Through succeeding generations, the care and cultivation of it was passed on from father to son, until the Bermuda lily became one of the household gods of the Bermudan planter, its pedigree being second only to his own, which

succession of trim garden plots, hard-metalled, white-walled roads, snug little, white houses, and a profusion of tropical growth.

Owing to its special advantages of climate, and the richness of the dark red soil, the lily, the rose, the poinsettia, and all the beautiful flowers for which we pay such high prices throughout the winter, grow here in wild luxuriance. It requires only a man or woman with ordinary



IN THE LILY FIELD

he proudly traced to heroic times in Merry England.

We can only guess at what is the average conception of a Bermudan farm. The reality is a series of small, detached fields, in the pleasant hollows; tiny fertile valleys, so to speak, separated by unproductive rocky spots, like miniature hills. But although these fields are diminutive, they are numerous, and a bird's-eye view of the islands would present a

knowledge or industry to make the earth yield of its abundance.

In winter the temperature in Bermuda ranges from 60 to 70 degrees, while in summer the thermometer rarely ever registers above 80 degrees, so that frosts and extreme heat are alike unknown. The planter has no dread of the scorching heat of the sun, or the flooding of the rainy season, for neither exists. Nature herself irrigates the crops.

At night there is the heavy dew, and during the day, short refreshing showers pass over the islands, being equally absorbed by soil and porous coral rock, and leaving no trace. In the sheltered portions, flowers grow all the year round, and it is not unusual for the planter to harvest three crops of lilies in a single year.

The raising of the Easter lily for exportation has been one of the leading industries of Bermuda since

so many other rare blossoms, is used to perpetuate the vanity of botanists and flower growers, who impose on lovely flowers their own unlovely cognomens.

As to varieties of the Easter lily, there are between fifty and a hundred which have been gradually developed from the three original distinct species. These latter are the *Lilium Longiflorum*, a tall, late variety, sometimes requiring thirty



PLANTING LILY BULBS

1878, although it was not until the early eighties that the Bermuda lily became well known in the States. Up to that time the favorite Easter lily in America was the Madonna or Annunciation Lily (*Lilium Candidum*), but in 1882 this was quite eclipsed by the beautiful Bermudan which was discovered and introduced by William K. Harris, a Philadelphia florist, under the name of *Lilium Harrisii*. This lily, like

weeks for development; the *Lilium Longiflorum* var. *eximium*, that requires from eighteen to twenty weeks forcing when sent from Japan, but only from thirteen to sixteen weeks when the best stock is secured from Bermuda; and the intermediate form, the *Lilium Longiflorum* var. *giganteum*, requiring eighteen weeks to force, and the most promising for the planter.

A popular fallacy with regard to

the importation of Easter lilies, is that the flowering plants arrive here in pots, ready for distribution and sale. What may have given rise to this mistake is that at Easter-tide, the lily business is so tremendous in New York and Philadelphia, that huge boxes of the cut buds are carefully packed and shipped on the steamers, every conceivable care being taken to keep them in a cool temperature so that they will not

creasing demand for the bulbs from all parts of this country, the difficulty to meet these orders grew in proportion.

Any enterprise which has the field to itself is bound to suffer sooner or later from its own cupidity, and so it was in this instance; for with all his desire to get rich quick, the Bermudan sadly lacked in what we call "Yankee thrift" to help him on the road to fortune. Unlike our New



LUXURIANT LILY ROWS, WITH BANANAS IN THE BACKGROUND

mature before reaching the flower markets in these two cities. Aside from these buds, nothing but bulbs are exported, and any local florist will tell you that until lately his very best stock was secured from Bermuda.

With the introduction and instantaneous popularity of the Bermuda lily in the United States, there came the bonanza period for the Bermuda grower, but with the in-

England farmer, who reserves his best seeds for next year's crop, the Bermudan planter shipped to the States his best bulbs first—and then everything that he had, keeping only the worst for propagation. The result was a decided falling off in the trade, owing to a steady decline each year in the quality of the bulbs received by florists and growers in this country. Added to this were evidences of neglect in

the care of the lily. No time was given to studying conditions of the soil, or hereditary traits of the flower. In consequence the stock has become mixed and debilitated. It was also discovered that bulbs were grown in the same soil for ten successive years without change and with no effort being made at fertilization.

Then, too, bulbs were dug up be-

Washington took up the matter, and sent experts to investigate the trouble. They soon discovered the causes of disease of the lily and made their official report in 1897.

Perhaps it was lack of funds to carry on the work, or perhaps a soupçon of that temperamental lassitude which touches all of us who come beneath the procrastinating influence of the tropics—whatever



PACKING LILIES FOR SHIPMENT TO NEW YORK AND BOSTON MARKETS

fore they were ripe in order to satisfy the impatient demands of American growers, who stipulated that the lily bulbs must be delivered here as early as July, a month before they were properly matured. The florists, whose increased orders were really to blame for this short-sightedness, now began to complain that they could no longer force the lily with any certainty of meeting dates. The Department of Agriculture at

may have been the cause, the Bermudans did very little at the time to check the lily disease, and they are only now beginning to make a sincere and conscientious effort to remedy unfavorable conditions. Yet it would appear that since Bermuda has always been a source of pride to Great Britain, and of so much commercial interest to the United States, these two nations may yet cooperate in an endeavor to evolve a

more scientific method to help the now awakened Bermudan in his propagation of the Easter lily. His own knowledge and experience, combined with a little help from these wise and wealthy governments, would bring back in an incredibly short time the old-time prosperity in the lily industry. But unaided though he is, the Bermudan grower is beginning to foster and improve the pride of his garden with all the care of former times, before matters financial wrought havoc in his lily fields, and even if he continues to lack assistance from our government and his mother country, it is certain that before many more Easter-tides have come and gone, the exportation of the Easter lily will have regained its former prestige as the leading industry of beautiful Bermuda.

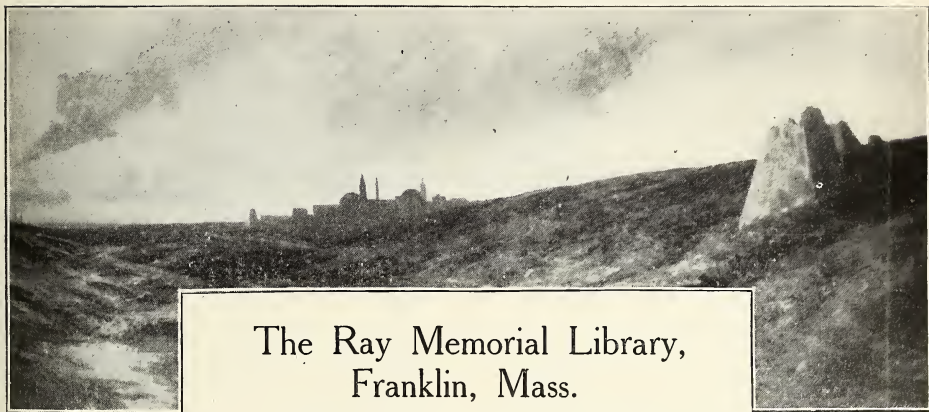
While American lily growers may find fault with the present importation of bulbs from Bermuda, it is a source of disappointment and chagrin that they themselves have met with only mediocre success in bulb raising.

Many large growers near New York and Boston have given up

hothouses, which cover acres of land, to the exclusive raising and development of Easter lilies. These long glass houses are generally divided into five sections, the temperatures of which vary from 55 to 90 degrees, according to the progress made by the lily plants. In order that these thousands of plants may burst into bloom simultaneously two or three days before Easter Sunday, they are carefully watched and every morning the forward ones are put back to a colder house, whereas the backward ones are brought forward into a higher temperature. But in spite of all their scientific treatment and tender care, the American raised lily, which has been forced under glass and hurried by persuasive furnaces, does not compare with the Bermuda lily, even as it is grown to-day in its island home.

There, in open-air freedom, on the gentle slopes of the little hills, under the quickening warmth of the tropical sun and in the quiet of the cool starlight, the Easter lily attains to a perfection of loveliness unequalled in any of its adopted homes, whether in the New or in the Old World.





The Ray Memorial Library, Franklin, Mass.

By MARGARET STORRS TURNER

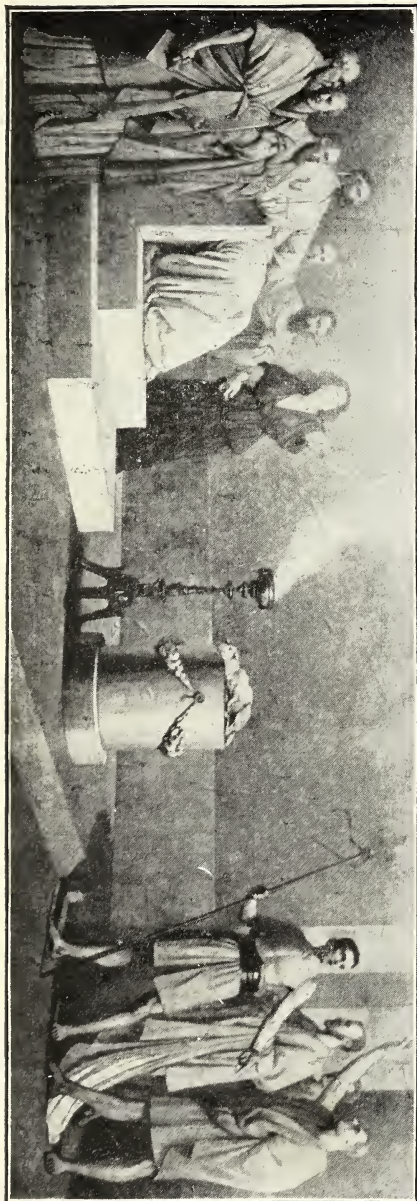
THAT the erection of a free library has become something of a commonplace does not detract a whit from the peculiar interest and appropriateness of the gift of the late Joseph Gordon Ray's daughters to their native town, Franklin, Massachusetts.

A happier expression of filial affection, of understanding benevolence, could scarcely be found than the building of the Ray Memorial Library which, at this year's beginning, was opened for the use and pleasure of the people of Franklin.

Since its earliest days, the days of revolution and history making, Franklin has been suspected of bookish proclivities. Benjamin Franklin, after standing sponsor to the infant community, desiring as a godfather should, to make some meet and pleasing gift to the nursing city, conceived the idea of bestowing a library. Some officious purveyor of good advice had suggested, so says tradition, a bell for the church as a fitting keepsake. Common-sense Benjamin demurred. Presuming that

the good folk of Franklin preferred sense to sound, he commissioned a friend in London, England, to purchase a selection of notable books, such tomes of solid worth as "Lardner on the Logos," "Dickinson on the Five Points," "Blackstone's Comments," and so forth, with a choice volume or two in lighter vein, "The Spectator," Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws," and the "Life of Baron Trenck." To these books, some hundred odd, the grateful town added as many more of like instructive character and the nucleus of the Franklin Library was an accomplished fact.

Those were days of very unæsthetic utility. The few bookcases were housed between four bare walls and there was an end on't. As the years passed and the town grew in size and repute, the little library by reason, one may conjecture, of its intrinsic weightiness, sank into oblivion. Blackstone, Priestly and Locke served for an age when novels were few and hustle a word as yet uncoined. A barn or some equally



modest edifice sheltered good Dr. Benjamin's generous donation. The existence of the two hundred and fifty goodly volumes with sheepskin bindings and dedicatory bookplates

all complete was clean forgotten till some benefactor of his fellows hiding his identity under the non-committal initial "T" wrote to the "Boston Traveller" (then still rejoicing in the double L) a letter in which, by the frequent use of such adjectives as "dishonorable," "lamentable,"





"disgraceful," he eased his mind of the indignation aroused by the scurvy treatment of Dr. Franklin's gift. In conclusion he relieved his feelings thus prophetically: "If some town possessed it, they would

rear a beautiful edifice in which the books might be preserved, and make it the nucleus of a large collection of books. . . . We trust that soon we shall wipe away the disgrace of treating this sacred gift with such neglect."

Roused to a sense of their obli-



gations, the town authorities rescued the books and in due course the Franklin Library Association made up a collection of the stereotyped nineteenth century pattern to bear the quaint sheepskin pioneers company. Still small in size, a single room was large enough to hold the five or six hundred volumes. In this modest housing of its literary possessions Franklin was far behind most towns of cultured, book-loving Massachusetts.

thought has taken shape as a building unique within and without for purity of design, harmony of decoration and perfection of finish.

The choice of co-workers was promise of the plan's most excellent fulfilment.

Mr. H. H. Gallison, the Boston artist, conceived the building's design and watched over the smallest details of its embellishment and construction. Honored far beyond the limits of his own country—the



GREEK FESTIVAL DECORATION IN READING ROOM, RIGHT OF DOORWAY

In face of all these things it is small wonder that the generous donors of the Ray Memorial chose to perpetuate the memory of their parents by the building of this memorial arranged for the purpose of a library.

Franklin is one with the devoted daughter pair, Mrs. Lydia P. Pierce and Mrs. Annie R. Thayer, in thinking that the best only was good enough to stand as a tribute to two so much loved memories, and this

Italian government bought his "Departing Mist" for the Turin museum—he is, unlike most prophets, not without honor in his motherland, being accounted in the front rank of American artists.

With him collaborated Signor Tomasso Juglaris, of Turin, who made Boston his home for a decade some time since. His brush was busy during that time on the walls of many churches and mansions in New England. He is perhaps the

only man who could have successfully undertaken the delicate task of painting the frescoes of so classical a structure as the Ray Memorial.

The library stands in the town's main street, facing in the calm serenity of its pure Grecian architecture other public structures more in consonance with the prevailing taste in architecture, as seen in rural New England.

It stands on a slight mound of green sward, foursquare to the

Unconscious perhaps of the elements of the architect's art, the man in the street feels, as he looks, the beauty of the building's simplicity, and is aware, not knowing reason for his conviction, of its innate fitness for the purpose which it serves. Its incongruousness among the surrounding villas with their bewildering detail of turret, gable and piazza, adds to its power to refresh the eye.

The main entrance is through two bronze doors. The central surface



GREEK FESTIVAL DECORATION IN READING ROOM, LEFT OF DOORWAY

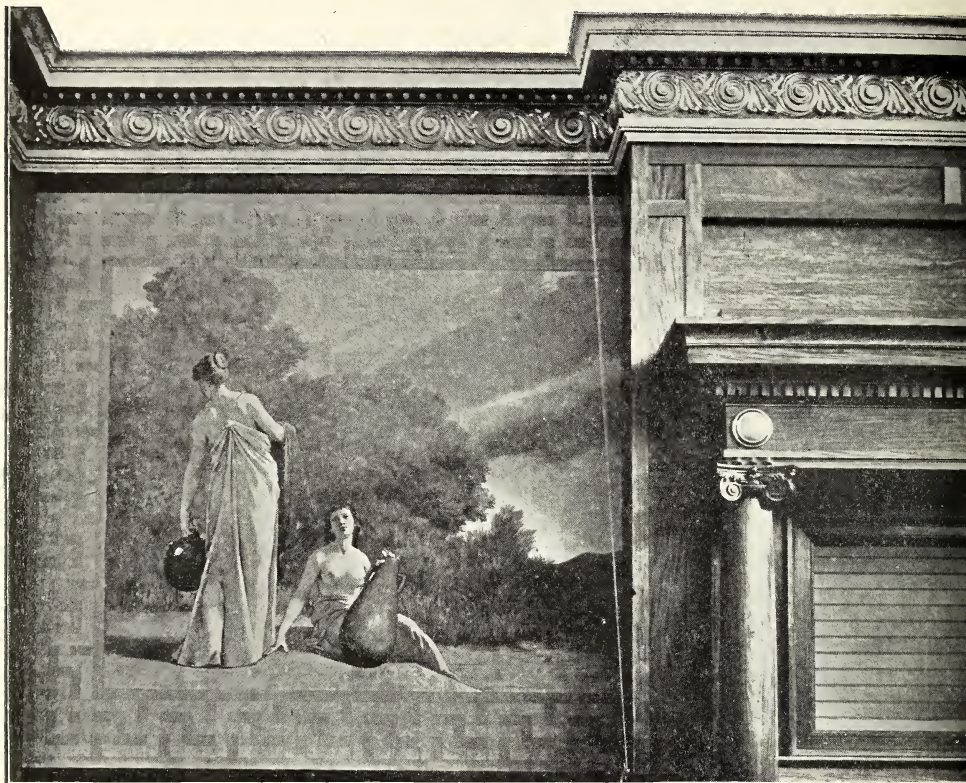
winds of heaven, its walls of grey quarried stone, without inscription, chastely bare. The flatness of the front elevation is broken only by the pillars and coping of the porch, and just under the roof a row of rough glazed windows which is carried right around the building. The stone parapets which fall away from the façade on either side, ending in lamp-encircled pillars, give, like arms wide spread in welcome, an air of dignified hospitality.

is plain, the border narrow and quiet in design. Two flambeaux of bronze hold the electric lamps. A flight of low stone steps leads from the roadway to the porch.

The bronze leaves open immediately into the vestibule—a sort of memorial hall, containing the dedicatory tablet:

"IN LOVING MEMORY OF JOSEPH GORDON RAY
& EMILY ROCKWOOD RAY, THIS BUILDING
IS DEDICATED BY THEIR DAUGHTERS.

A. D. MVCCCCIV.
QUAM DULCE EST MEMINISSE."

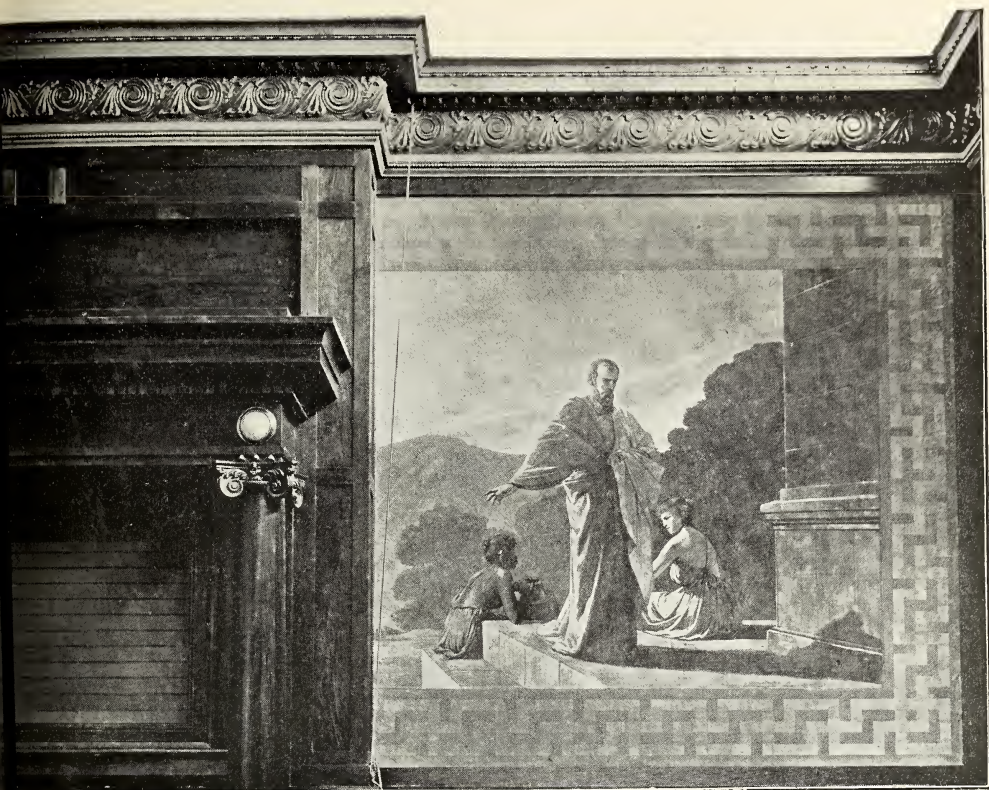


GREEK FESTIVAL DECORATION RIGHT OF FIREPLACE

A subdued richness characterizes the decoration of this interior. The background of the walls is dull green, painted over coarse burlap, which gives a rough effect, throwing into admirable relief the high polish of the red marble pillars which hold the roof and flank the inner doors, huge sheets of clear glass, framed in unvarnished mahogany. To right and left of the main entrance hang two massive bronze frames, placed ready to receive the portraits of the donors. Another frame is to be filled with the portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Ray.

From the vestibule a staircase of black marble leads down to the basement. The floor of the vestibule

itself is of narrow red brick inlay. Over the winding stairway hangs a landscape by Gallison, bronze-framed, set in the wall, an eastern city,—domes, towers and minarets seen in morning light, blending in tone with the prevailing reds and greens around it. Without the portraits one has a certain impression of sombreness, till, raising the eyes, one takes in the gold-backed paintings which surround the central rectangle of ceiling. Their gleaming brightness pulls together the whole scheme with remarkable certainty of effect. On one side Phœbus Apollo, in a chariot with attendant allegorical figures and hovering cupids; on another, Night, with dusky following



GREEK FESTIVAL DECORATION LEFT OF FIREPLACE

of evil powers, is driving weary toilers homeward. A group of gliding dancers moves in a swirl of draperies; opposite, sportive loves mock a sleeping band of girls, posed in lines of weary grace. The flowing hair, golden or black, the vivid greens and mauves of the draperies and the delicate flesh tints gain an intenser value from the gold background. All the lines fall subtly into the flow of the design, following the shape of the long, narrow panels.

Below the frieze, separating its graceful lightness from the austerity of bronze and marble, is laid a copper cornice, enriched with carved moulding.

Passing through the right hand

glass door, which serves the double end of admitting light to the vestibule and affording a glimpse of the interior beauty of the library, one enters the reading room already famous for the decoration of its walls, the "Greek Festival" by Tomasso Juglaris.

Circling round the nobly proportioned room, some with slow and sweeping movements, others whirling in bacchantic measure, each figure full of vitality, yet never overstepping the plastic reserve which must distinguish the mural painting from the easel canvas, the long procession moves within a border of olive greens. Arranged panorama-wise around the hall, the pictures

separated by the exigencies of doorways and fireplace belong to one continuous whole, beginning with the temple-hung hill, beneath whose rocky escarpment a Greek maid watches the distant throng, ending at the sacrificial altar, where the bearded priest receives the homage and offerings of the worshippers. From the city's gate the long cavalcade issues forth, the old men ahead in solemn line; behind, the youths and maidens, weaving festive dances, piping, fluting, bearing wine and fruits in honor of the god. There is nothing sentimental, mystic here. The clear joyousness of the pictures fits the building as glove fits hand. The serenity of classic form pervades the whole design. The gaiety of youth, the dignity of age are imbued alike with the spirit of the antique, allied to a glad freshness of color which is part and parcel of the cunningly devised whole.

The doorway and fireplace break the sequence of the procession and make space for four separate panels. To the right of the door as one enters from the vestibule, three draped figures, statuesque types of maidenhood, bear gifts, altarwards, wine and fruit and perfumed oil. A grove of dark-leaved bushes emphasizes the delicate color of their trailing robes. On the left, three virgins tend the sacred fire, piling the logs on a bleak hill-side. An aged priest at the further end stands between the black-skinned temple slave and a white and gold Greek girl. The fourth panel shows two water carriers, showing skilful management of light and shade. The lofty doorway into the book room has furnished the painter with a quaintly happy notion. Six heads of more marked character than the

rest, appear over the woodwork, as though the lintel hid their bodies, and further points to the decorator's portrait at the far right-hand corner of the outer wall.

At first it is the wall decorations which arrest and hold the attention. Afterwards one notices their setting, the furniture and appointments of the room they beautify.

The walls below the paintings are panelled in unpolished Spanish mahogany of a lighter and less red tinge than the wood usually employed by the cabinet maker. Two long cushionless seats occupy a third of the space on the longer walls. On the centre of the floor are set the reading tables and chairs, all of mahogany, made with the utmost simplicity. The table lamps are bronze, modelled after Greek pattern.

No curtains, no hangings. Nowhere a speck or shred of superfluity, yet every glance deepens the sense of luxury—a princely lavishness restrained by artistic craft.

In one corner of the classic splendor, fast locked behind glass doors, is Dr. Franklin's legacy. The leather-bound volumes are little the worse for wear, but, to atone perhaps for years of neglect the powers that be, fearful of desecrating thumb-marks or irreverent dog's ears, permit no handling of the relics. It is devoutly to be wished that good Benjamin's ghost, peeping shyly at the Attic marvel which enshrines his modest gift, will never guess why that box of books from London has so stoutly and strangely withstood time's ravages.

Although the reading room forms without doubt the "Glitter-point" (as our cousins German phrase it) of the memorial, there is yet much left worthy of admiration. In the

delivery room a series of paintings by Gallison adorn the panelled walls. A twilight desert, a caravan winding over pathless sands, a sunrise glowing softly over a Mexican plain. To name these motives and to add the artist's own, is to appraise their value, their worthiness of the rich setting.

Further there are the rooms below stairs, a pillared lecture-hall, a children's room, store-rooms and so forth. To these a side entrance on a

lower level gives access. A nearer description would be premature, as the walls still show no decoration beyond a wash of palest straw color.

More paintings, statues, this and that, are still wanting to make the rare memorial complete.

It stands a worthy monument to the sturdy virtues of a New England man, a type at its best of the very best; a witness of lasting value to the New England eagerness for the best that art can give.



DESERT SCENE, IN DELIVERY ROOM. [Gallison]

NOTE—Joseph Gordon Ray, father of the donors, was born in Mendon, now East Blackstone, Massachusetts, on October 4th 1831, the son of Joseph and Lydia (Paine) Ray. He married, February 12, 1854, Emily, daughter of Col. Joseph and Anne (Chilson) Rockwood of Bellingham, Massachusetts. Mr. Ray died February 24, 1900 and his wife died February 17, 1902. Two daughters survive them, Lydia Paine Ray, (Mrs Arthur W. Peirce) and Annie Rockwood Ray, (Mrs. Adelbert D. Thayer).



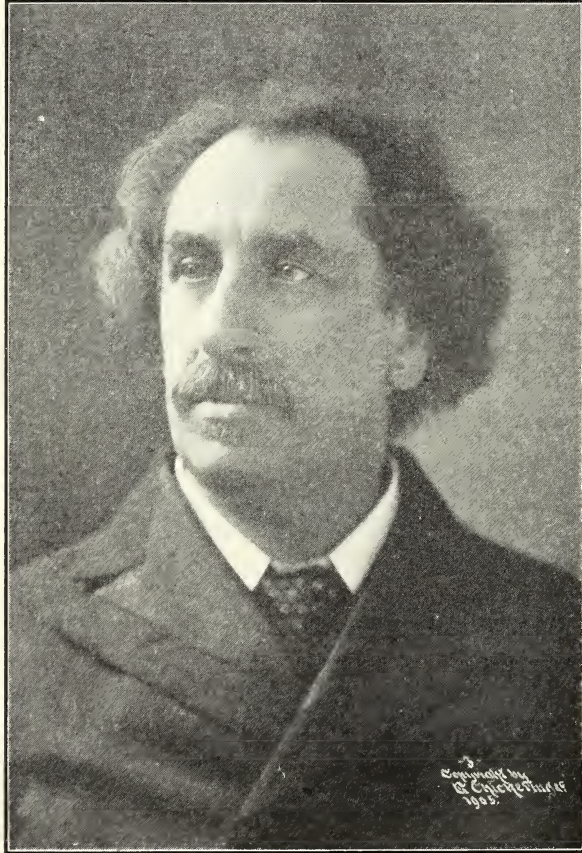
The New Evangelism

By HENRY L. SHUMWAY

SINCE the beginning of February, central New England has felt the influence of what promises to be a great religious awakening, the central figure being the Rev.

for the people at large have been forcefully presented to immense and sympathetic audiences.

The movement lacks much of the emotional fervor which characterized



REV. W. J. DAWSON, THE ENGLISH EVANGELIST

W. J. Dawson, of England, who has a world-wide record as an evangelistic leader. He has stirred the greater Boston to an unusual extent, and the attractions of a higher life

the old-time "revival," and the idea of "personal salvation" which was the key-note of the Moody and Sankey movement has largely given place to the broader and deeper com-

prehension of personal duty—that religion is an obligation, and that it is included in any just estimate of the responsibilities of good citizenship. Mr. Dawson seems to be a connecting link between the old “revivalist” and the new “evangelist.” He cares little for creeds, but he is deeply convinced of the need of personal religion among the common people and also among the so-called upper classes. He recognizes the fact that in order to reach all he must appeal not only to the emotions, but also to the intellect. In his addresses in and about Boston, when his audiences have been largely composed of professed Christians, he has strenuously emphasized their obligations for the evangelization of the community, and has sought to rouse them out of their apathy and conventionalism, into a living, fervent appreciation of Christian obligation. In addressing audiences of the “unchurched,” his methods are more emphatic along the old lines, but his appeal is always for right living as the normal condition of the good citizen.

The local interest is probably only the beginning of the advent of a tidal wave of religious impulse which seems to be encircling the globe. For two years or more Australia has sent word of a great awakening there; for a year or more Wales has been most deeply and effectually stirred, and all Great Britain is affected by the movement. In 1860 Great Britain experienced a great religious awakening, receiving its first impulse from the United States. The present movement appears to be a reversal of influence as the initial impulse seems to have come from the Welsh revival. Already it is manifest in

various quarters, a notable illustration being the experiences at Louisville, Kentucky, where in the month of February, twenty-four churches were constantly open, with evangelistic services, and a total of 6500 persons was recorded as professing to undertake the new life.

A unique development in connection with the present religious movement is the fact that it is not confined within “orthodox” limits. It is working, indeed, primarily on the general lines which have characterized former movements, but these have never before received any marked expressions of sympathy from the so-called “liberal” wing of the Christian community. Mr. Dawson, however, seems to have won its active approval, and at a recent meeting of the Boston Twentieth Century Club, the Rev. James Eels, one of the most prominent Unitarian clergymen, in an address on “The New Evangelism” expressed in emphatic terms the sympathy of his denomination, saying: “We are not to discuss revivals, pro and con, but rather to affirm the excellence of the present world-wide religious awakening. It is a moral development, a quickening of the social conscience in the direction of righteousness. We are ready to abandon the critical attitude and fall in line with every earnest movement in the direction of true religion.”

Another leading Unitarian clergyman said: “We have learned something of the psychology of crowds. There is no reason why we should not strive to bring together great multitudes and influence them in the right direction. We are not to tone down old methods. Rather we need something more. The popular belief is making higher demand by lay-

ing emphasis on the new ethical problems. Our models are the men who strove to establish righteousness, such as John Calvin, John Knox, Martin Luther and Hugh Latimer—men who preached honesty, restitution, who applied religion man-fashion and led the reform movements of their age. We need to give encouragement to those who are trying to make a living honestly in the face of great difficulty."

In the old days the efforts of the revivalist were colored and controlled by the dogmatic features of his particular creed, and he insisted that belief in these was essential to individual salvation. To-day, creeds are relegated to the background. Christian men and women are coming to recognize the relative values of creed and conduct. Mathew Arnold's key-note of nearly half a century ago, that conduct is three-fourths of life is lately receiving practical recognition, and the present evangelistic movement more fully than any of its predecessors, gives to dogma and conduct their proper relative positions. Indeed, the typical note of religious discussion in the last quarter of the century has been the ignoring of ideas which once were an insuperable bar to Christian unity in effort for the regeneration of the community.

The new psychology has had not a little to do with the change which has crept into the popular thought relative to the undertaking of a religious life. Men are coming to

understand that much of the old revival spirit was emotional rather than intellectual; that feeling is of less value as a religious motive than is mental conviction. Enthusiasm, excitement, emotion—once the stock in trade of the revivalist, are giving place to carefully considered appeals to men to undertake a practical religious life, not for the selfish purpose of salvation from endless punishment, but because real happiness in this world, and unselfish service to their fellows cannot be otherwise secured. The old way was largely hypnotic; the new way is one of permanent mental conviction. The old way was good, in that it did result in the changed life of some of those who came within its influence; the new way promises better results, because intellectual conviction and decision are more enduring in their results than are emotional and terrifying appeals, coupled with the hypnotic influences of an impassioned speaker and the solicitation and prayers of sympathizing friends. To make men better as members of the family and the community is the real aim of religious effort. All means that bring this result are healthful and beneficent; the best means are those that induce the most pronounced and permanent improvement and elevation to the individual, the community and the world, and these means seem to be the forces and thoughts that appear to be most potent in the present movement.



A Twentieth Century Miracle

By FLORENCE MILNER

"I AM sorry, Fanny, to have you go," and Mrs. Stanton half turned from her desk to look at the trim maid standing by her side.

"I am sorry to leave here, but—"

"Yes, I understand. You think it will be more respectable to clerk than to do house-work, and if you feel so, it is far better for you to try it."

"But I want you to know that I am not going because I am dissatisfied with the place. You have all been very good to me and have really given me a home."

"I know that, Fanny, and it would probably be useless to offer you more money, for you are going in the hope of something besides better pay. If, however, the experiment is not a success and you wish to return to house-work, the place will be here waiting for you."

"Thank, you, Mrs. Stanton, but I am sure I shall not come back. The girls in the store have all their evenings and Sundays to themselves."

"Of course that is very nice and I hope you will not find discomforts and disadvantages to overbalance the seeming advantages. When do you wish to go?"

"Of course I shall not leave until you have some one for the place."

"You need not wait for that. I have just finished my book and shall not try to do any writing for a few weeks. I shall really enjoy doing the work myself for a time."

"This is Wednesday and if you do not mind, I will go on Saturday."

"Saturday will do as well as any time so long as it must be. Shall you go into the store at once?"

"Yes, the manager at Eaton's said there was a place as soon as I was ready to come."

"Very well, Fanny. I will plan accordingly. You have been a great comfort to me these two years and I shall miss you. But remember that you will always find Dr. Stanton and myself ready to aid you, should you ever need us."

Mrs. Stanton watched the slender figure pass quietly down the long hall of the flat and realized that Fanny would not easily be replaced. She was a pretty girl, small and trim of figure, with bright eyes, fresh complexion and pleasant smile. Clad in the regulation black dress and fresh white apron, with the broad bretelles framing head and shoulders, she seemed to fit naturally into the machinery of a well-ordered household. But Mrs. Stanton was philosophical, and as a firm believer in the right of any girl to improve her condition, she could only second Fanny's efforts to better herself. Besides she was a practical house-keeper, not only competent to move things along alone, but with the physical strength for it.

On Saturday Frances put the house in order, did extra baking to the capacity of the family for several days, and when she went away after

dinner, left everything in apple-pie order.

The breakfast table on Sunday morning was dainty with the prettiest china, and in the centre of the table was a bunch of roses that Dr. Stanton had brought home the night before for the new cook. As they sat down to breakfast it seemed really delightful not to have another soul in the flat but themselves. "Quite like our honey-moon days," said the doctor.

Sunday passed delightfully, for at ten o'clock a friend telephoned inviting them to dinner, and Sunday night luncheon was a simple affair which Mrs. Stanton always prepared with the assistance of such friends as strayed in informally for the co-operative meal.

She thought all day how delightful it was to be alone, and even suggested not getting another girl. They would be going away soon for the summer, and besides when she did the work herself she could carry out her own ideas. She would scrub all the cooking dishes and make them shine as they do in sapolio advertisements; she would do a thousand and one little things that Fanny, fine as she was, sometimes omitted.

Monday morning brought the realities. A woman sent from the Charity Organization slopped in the laundry all the fore-noon, and at about two o'clock hung on the line a lot of gray, discouraged-looking clothes, some of which she rubbed over with a flat-iron later in the afternoon. Mrs. Stanton rescued all the fine things, and next morning got up early to do them.

Then the baking gave out. She swept and dusted and made the house shine as she always insisted that it should, but she could not

imagine where all the dust came from. On her hands and knees she did valiant service upon the polished floors; she kept the light globes glittering, and in everything lived up to her standards of correct house-keeping. It was all very well when she had uninterrupted days, but they rarely came. Just as her hands were deepest in the dish-water, or she was polishing the hardest on the floor, or had a cake in the oven, or was just putting luncheon on the table, some one would come, and having always before found her at leisure, would stay on and on until cake or luncheon were spoiled and the floor had to go another day. Her finger-nails split, red marks appeared on hands and arms, and the various muscles unexpectedly called into action, began to assert themselves. By the next Saturday the doctor looked at her with an amused smile and asked if she hadn't had enough of it and wasn't she ready to go back to her story-writing. She made a faint remonstrance, but on Sunday morning the conventional "Wanted, girl for general house-work" appeared in "The Free Press" over their address.

Applicants were numerous, for girls are glad to work in flats. Out of the number, Mrs. Stanton selected a strong, big German girl who banged the furniture, scrubbed all the polish off the floors, smashed the china, cooked the most delicious things, was as good-natured as could be, and made them feel all the time as if a tornado were sweeping through the house.

In the mean-time, Fanny, in a row with other pretty girls, was selling handkerchiefs in one of the big down-town stores. She seemed very popular with clerks and employers. Mrs. Stanton would

occasionally say, "I saw Fanny to-day. She seemed very happy and she has evidently done a wise thing. One cannot blame a girl for not wanting to do housework if anything better opens."

One night Dr. Stanton remarked to his wife: "I saw Fanny to-day. She has a hard cold and looks pale and thin. I gave her some medicine and told her not to come to the store to-morrow unless she felt better."

Early in December, the German girl, too, grew socially ambitious and left to go into a shop.

"Why don't you see if Fanny wants to come back?" asked the doctor.

"It will be of no use. She knows she can come whenever she is ready, but she will never do house-work again; she is having too good a time where she is."

"I doubt it," replied the doctor. "She stands there in that middle aisle and every time the door is opened, the wind sweeps through. I wonder that any of those girls get through the winter alive. She sent for me to-day and I made her go home. She had a heavy cold on her lungs and was blue and drawn. She has lost all her fresh look and I don't believe she is eating regularly or what she ought to eat."

"Did you tell her that Martha was going to leave?"

"Yes."

"Then there is no use asking her to come back. If she had wanted to she would have suggested it herself."

"Well, perhaps she would. But what a foolish girl she is to prefer to work there in such discomfort to living as she did here!"

"My dear, it isn't the discomfort that counts. She feels that she loses caste by being in anyone's

kitchen, and in a way she does. It ought not to be so," continued Mrs. Stanton meditatively, "and I don't know who is to blame. A girl who does house-work ought to be as self-respecting and as respected by the public as a clerk. It certainly is a more protected life, a life of greater physical comfort, and I imagine, more money in it."

"Don't you think the trouble is often with the lady of the house?"

"True, but not in this case. We did everything for Fanny that was possible. Of course I expected her to do her work, and she did not come to the table with us, and she did not wish to. You know what a hurly-burly there is when we are alone and I have to keep jumping up and running to the kitchen. She did not sit in the parlor with us, but we respected her rights equally and did not expect to invade her territory nor interfere with her guests. But then Fanny had no fault to find with her treatment here; it was the attitude of others toward what they consider menial labor."

"But many girls are not given the same consideration that she received at your hands."

"I merely treated her fairly and was personally fond of her. She had no wish to be hail fellow with us. Neither do you when you go into a family as a physician. You do your work and preserve your dignity in doing it. Just because someone desires your professional services is no reason why you expect to be invited to the next formal dinner that is given. Because a magazine sends me a good-sized check for a story is no reason why I should take offense because the editor does not invite me to New York to spend the holidays. I am glad enough to feel that my story

was worth the check. There is certainly something wrong somewhere, but it is not all on the side of the employers. Girls must come to realize that they are really better off in domestic service in a good family than they are buffeting about from store to store or from shop to shop. They need to learn that faithful service dignifies any work and that it depends upon them to make their positions honorable."

"But I still insist that the women who employ also have something to learn."

"Yes, there is always wrong on both sides. But all this talk does not find a substitute for Martha."

But further advertising did and a few days saw a young Canadian girl in the place. She was sweet-tempered, gentle and willing, but ignorant of all the conventions of such a home. To her a meal meant merely getting something to eat, and forks, spoons, napkins, plates and other things were put upon the table where they could be reached, but with no idea of symmetry. She could cook a little, and with training would make a good girl. It was a slow process, but at the end of a few months Annie showed promise of becoming eventually just the same kind of girl that Fanny had been, and Mrs. Stanton had gone back to her typewriter and her stories.

One morning Annie came to the door with tears streaming down her face.

"I've just got a letter from my mother," she sobbed, "and I've got to go home."

"Why? Is someone sick?"

"My mother isn't very well and they are going to have seventeen men at the mill, and my sister isn't

strong enough to do the work alone."

Mrs. Stanton shut the typewriter and wondered what she should do next. She began to realize that the question of help, the discussion of which she had considered so unnecessary when her friends indulged in it, was beginning to be a burning one to her as well.

The next morning, just as she was coming from breakfast, there was a gentle tap on the hall door. Opening it, there stood Fanny.

"Why, good morning, Fanny! Are you looking for a place?"

"Yes, Mrs. Stanton; do you want a girl?"

"Indeed I do. Annie goes away Friday."

"I'll be here Saturday morning."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, are you?"

"Never more so in my life."

"Then I'll not fail you, but I must hurry to the store and tell them I am going to leave."

"Are you really tired of clerking?"

"Never so tired of anything in my life. I have kept to it because I was determined not to give up until I was sure, but ever since Dr. Stanton sent me home when I was sick last winter, I have wanted to come back. They pay wretched wages and there is no chance for promotion. They gave me only five dollars a week, and after I paid my room-rent and street-car fare, there was little left for things to eat, and nothing for clothes."

"How could you live!" Mrs. Stanton's tone was full of tender sympathy.

"I didn't more than half live, and if it had not been for the money I saved while I was here, I don't know what I should have done. But that is nearly gone, and my clothes are all wearing out. You see we had

to wear our good clothes in the store."

When Mrs. Stanton told the dignified doctor of Fanny's return, he danced a fandango or something that answered the purpose as well.

Saturday's dinner was a dream. Dr. and Mrs. Stanton both dressed for the occasion and as they sat down to the table set once more with perfect symmetry, Dr. Stanton turned to Fanny, who stood in her old place, a part of the domestic picture, and remarked, "We live again."

"We are truly glad to have you back," said Mrs. Stanton.

"You cannot be half as glad as I am to be back. I wish I could tell

all the girls how much better off they are in a good family than they are in a store."

And so the miracle was complete of a girl returning to a family where she was a real part of the life and essential to it. She filled her place with dignity, preserving her own self-respect and in that way giving to those whom she served a kind of comfort that time-servers can never bestow. On the other hand, they were willing to let her know that she added greatly to their peace, giving to both Dr. and Mrs. Stanton all their strength for work that she could not do. Who shall dare say that her part was a menial one?

Nature in Emerson's Essays

By MARY GROVE CHAWNER

THE first published work of Ralph Waldo Emerson was a little book, entitled simply "Nature." It was the first strain from the Grecian harp of that New Englander whose music has power to charm men with the unaffected grace of its phrasing, to inspire men with the moving sincerity of its aspiration. It is true that not all the music is of his originating. From the wide free air of a world-literature, he had gathered his melodies; but the harmony is his own; his is the forming spirit of the composer. In this first sustained effort—this essay on nature—we can hear, among its divers elements, the refined and lofty tones of Idealism; the elusive underflow of a

mystic philosophy; rich, but faintly sounded, the native note of love of sensuous beauty; and, strong and clear, over all, through all, the dominant chord, which pervades and determines all the work of Emerson, and whose force is this: Spirit is the real; the Spiritual life is the true life.

The eminence of the subject of nature in Emerson's thought is evidenced in three ways: that, in the development of his philosophy, the theory of nature was the first to be worked out; that on the principles he there formulated, he based much of his later philosophy, e. g. his thoughts on Compensation, on Self-Reliance, on the Laws of the Spiritual life; that, throughout all his

work, nature is the copious fountain of illustration, the vivifying stream that keeps his thought perennially fresh.

Moreover, this first essay on "Nature" is the most systematic of all his work. For an essay of Emerson's is, as it were, a room full of windows on all sides, the lights from which so cross and mingle that he who would be enlightened is confused and bewildered; he may even be momentarily blinded by occasional contrary flashes of thought. And yet, in the end there remains the impression of the calm, sane, wholesome daylight.

In this essay on "Nature," however, the light falls clearly in one direction and the thought has a steady progress. The uses of nature to man are shown from the lowest to the highest. The lowest use, as Emerson sees it, is to serve man's physical necessities. "All the parts incessantly work into each other's hands for the profit of man. The wind sows the seed; the sun evaporates the sea; the wind blows vapor to the field; the ice on the other side of the planet condenses rain on this; the rain feeds the plant; the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulation of the divine charity nourishes man." Somewhat higher is its ministry to the æsthetic nature: "To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field, it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before and which shall never be seen again." ("But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty.") A farther use does nature have whereby she "furnishes the language of thought." "The world is emblematic. Parts of speech are

metaphors because the whole of nature is a metaphor of the human mind. The laws of moral nature answer to those of matter as face to face in a glass." "By degrees we may come to know the primitive sense of the permanent objects of nature, so that the world shall be to us an open book, and every form significant of its hidden life and final cause." But in all these uses of nature—for his service, for his pleasure, for the shaping of his thought—the intellect of man is trained; and in this fact is seen a farther use of nature, namely, as discipline. "What good heed Nature forms in us! She pardons no mistakes. Her yea is yea and her nay, nay." "What noble emotions dilate the mortal as he enters into the counsels of the creation, and feels by knowledge the privilege to Be! His insight refines him. The beauty of nature shines in his own breast. Man is greater that he can see this, and the universe less, because Time and Space relations vanish as laws are known." "All things with which we deal preach to us." "To this one end of Discipline all parts of nature conspire." Having determined thus far the uses of nature, Emerson approaches this farther question: But what is nature, "this brave lodging wherein man is harbored and wherein all his faculties find appropriate and endless exercise?" He answers with the theory of idealism. "In my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses, to know whether the impressions they make on me correspond with outlying objects, what difference does it make whether Orion is up there in heaven, or some god paints the image in the firmament of the soul? . . . Whether nature en-

joy a substantial existence without or is only in the apocalypse of the mind, it is still alike useful and venerable to me. Be it what it may, it is ideal to me so long as I cannot try the accuracy of my senses." "Idealism sees the world in God—as one vast picture which God paints on the instant eternity for the contemplation of the soul."

And in this contemplation, the soul will find the final use of nature. "It always speaks of Spirit. It suggests the absolute. It is a perpetual effect. It is a great shadow pointing always to the sun behind us." Thus there is in Emerson a philosophy beyond Idealism. For "if it (Idealism) only deny the existence of matter, it does not satisfy the demands of the spirit. It leaves God out of me. It leaves me in the splendid labyrinth of my perceptions, to wander without end." And "out of the recesses of consciousness," arises the truth "that behind nature, throughout nature, Spirit is present."

But to fully grasp Emerson's thought of nature we must give the word a different signification from that it usually possesses—namely, as those phenomena that can be apprehended by the senses, or, commonly speaking, the visible creation. This seems, indeed, the meaning which Emerson himself usually implies. But he goes farther. The *visible creation* is the *manifestation* of the thought of the universal mind "in whom all things consist" but *nature* is this very Spirit, the real existence. So, to differentiate his ideas, he speaks of "external nature." And "internal nature" might express this deeper meaning, but, for that, Emerson uses the inclusive term "universal nature." "Nature (the world) is the incarnation of a

thought and turns to a thought again as ice becomes water and gas." In this view of nature, man himself is a part of nature as the things of the visible world are not. Man is Soul, the world is merely the appearance of a thought. So Emerson says, "Man carries the world in his head, the whole astronomy and chemistry suspended in a thought." And thus, because he conceives the world, the embodiment of thought, as integrally connected with man, he can speak of natural objects as "Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative," in contradistinction to "man impersonated."

This theory of nature, not fully elaborated in the first essay, though unmistakably indicated, is developed in other essays, notably the later one on nature and is reiterated again and again. It will be found, indeed, to be the keynote of nearly all the essays, varied as they are in subject. It is the point of departure for his thought. Because man is a part of the "oversoul" (to use that term of Emerson's which is nearest technical), a part of that which causes "through all the kingdoms of organized life eternal unity," he has within himself that which will interpret all men's thought and action; his own life is the epitome of all history. And so does Emerson derive his philosophy of History. But this is only one example of the working out of Emerson's conception of nature. His theory of nature determines his theory in all the conduct of human life. A man should be self-reliant, self-expressive, because of "that divine idea which each of us represents." "A true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Where he is, there is nature." The law of Compensation which Emerson finds in

the material world he finds also in the life of man, since all laws are natural laws. And so he declares, for the warning of man, that, "in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold." He formulates Spiritual Laws on the broad basis that "virtue is the adherence in action to the nature of things." So he would assert "the preponderance of nature over will in all practical life." The success of a man depends on how freely he will let flow through him the current of thought from the "soul of the world."

But because man has opposed his will, has become unnatural, he must find nature, "the present expositor of the divine mind," "a present sanity to expose and cure the insanity of men." And so appears the third way in which nature assumes prominence in Emerson's essays. As one who knows all realms of nature does he draw upon their wealth. In a trenchant simile he plies the keen force of a scientific truth: "A man is like a bit of Labrador spar which has no lustre as you hold it in your hand until you come to a particular angle: then it shows deep and beautiful colors." Or he clothes an allegory with the dainty freshness of a summer morning: "These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. Man cannot be happy and strong until he, too, lives with nature, in the present, above time." To Emerson nature is the great teacher.

But in tracing Emerson's philosophy of nature, in noting his application of natural facts, have we, after all, determined Emerson's view of nature? We have discovered his thought about nature. Have we dis-

covered his personal attitude to nature? For Emerson was not all *philosopher of nature*. He was also *lover of nature*. He could not have been the former had he not first been the latter. The conception of nature as the embodiment of spiritual beauty, implies its previous perception as physical beauty. We see the lover of natural, as well as of moral beauty, in him who spoke of a true soul as one "whose acts are regal, graceful, and pleasant as roses;" who said that, "when a man lives with God his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn."

It is true that Emerson nowhere avows his love for nature, save briefly, and, as it were, en passant. In one or two passages there is even a half apology for the "effeminacy" of such a passion. But this timidity of speech in him who was timid no other where, arises, we may guess, not from fear, but rather from an oversternness that would not sanction love of anything less than what he conceived to be the highest and best. Moreover no mere words can contradict the habit of the boy Emerson, to plunge, for his holidays, into the deep woods, or the habit of the man, who said of himself, "I am half poet, and therefore I must live in the country." Neither can one controvert the evidence of such words as these:—"The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning and is stimulating and heroic," or of this:—"The day immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough." Again he says: "I expand and live in the warm day like corn and melons"; and again: "We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty; we

dip our hands in this painted element; our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms."

Emerson's books are not sketch books. Many writers of to-day can give us more finished pictures, yet there is in Emerson's work the proof of a marked, but little-used, power of delicate description. This from "Nature" illustrates: "I see the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house from day-break to sun-rise with feelings that an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea." And this: "Not less excellent was the charm last evening of a January sunset. The western clouds divided and subdivided themselves into pink flakes modulated with tints of unspeakable softness and the air had so much of life and sweetness that it was a pain to come within doors."

It was because he knew nature and lived in nature that Emerson

was worthy to be the philosopher of nature. He had power to see the beauty of the inconspicuous, the common. When he mentions "weeds by the water's edge"; "the mimic waving of acres of houstonia whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye," we think of "the primrose by the river's brim," or "the host of golden daffodils." But to record these forms of wayside beauty, to immortalize them by the grace of song, was not Emerson's mission: that was Wordsworth's. Neither was it Emerson's work to stretch great canvases, and to paint thereon in words that glow and fade not, the beauties of earth and sky: that was the task of Ruskin. Emerson's was the duty of the poet-philosopher—to make clear the correlation of nature and Spirit; to trace in the sensuous beauty of the visible world, the sterner, higher beauty of morality; to identify in the loveliness of Nature, the garment of Truth.

The Pussy-Willow

By ALICE LEE

'Tis pussy-willow time again,
The catkins now are out;
For when we put our furs away
'Tis then that theirs come out.

With them the fashions never change;
They're just as sweet and dear
As when the first old "pussy" said,—
"Dear pussies, Spring is here!"

The Easter Drum

By CHARLES N. SINNETT

AS Richard Pinkham passed under the great trees on Dover Neck, a bright flash of sunlight fell upon his pathway. But when he looked up he did not pause in his quiet, sturdy stride. There was no peering to see what evergreen branch had yielded to the strong touch of the wind and let the dancing beams in among the dusky shadows. His glance went straight to the patch of blue sky above the tree tops. His face quickly lost the faint tinge of surprise which had marked it. Then the blue eyes grew darker and little twinkles of merriment challenged the sunbeams which once more glinted upon his way like signals which he would do well to heed.

As he strode on, black eyes flashed messages across the fens, which began slowly to straighten themselves where the young man's footsteps had touched them. The Indian on the right hand side of the forest trail questioned with his glances.

"Is that the paleface whom you saw land from the vessel at the mouth of the Piscataqua not long ago?"

And the nod of the head on the other side of the path answered, "The very same." And his query was, as his grasp tightened on his tomahawk, "Did I not tell you aright that he was a youth on whom we need to keep close watch?"

At this the black eyes which were interviewed flashed in harmony with the nodding head that slowly lifted itself from behind the great hemlock.

Then the two Indians whispered excitedly together as Richard Pinkham went on to see where he would clear the farm that was to bear his name from that far old year.

"He is not so sturdy as many of the palefaces who come here."

"No, but he has a way of lifting up his face so that he can look into the sky—and then he goes straight on."

"He does not talk so much as the others who have come from over the sea, you said?"

"No, when he speaks, his words hit the mark. But he talks best with the twinkles in his eyes, which are like the glints of the sun on the clear waters of the Coheco. I have watched him when the other palefaces were busy with hot words, and one of those looks stopped what might have been bloody strife."

"Yet he does not seem to be proud of his thoughts and successes?"

"Ah, no. He seems to look above as we do when the Great Spirit helps us in our hunting; yet he will lead the people with a strong hand."

"And he will push us from these, the hunting grounds of our fathers, if we do not watch him with tomahawks well sharpened?"

"Yes. But we will not let him twinkle us about as he does the palefaces."

Then the countenances of both the Indians grew hard with decision. Richard Pinkham's steps and acts must not only be watched by them, but by the keen eyes of many another brave. And this compact was steadily adhered to by the red men up and down the Cocheco and Piscataqua.

And they had judged well of this stout-hearted colonist. Though he was much younger than any of the others who came from England to Dover in the "John and Ann," he became a quiet but forceful leader in some of the most important plans and enterprises of those early days. His is the fourth name on that paper dated the 22nd of October, 1640, which has well been called *Dover's Magna Charta*, and of which Dr. Quint has well said, "It antedated in practice by a hundred and thirty-six years, the principles announced in the Declaration of Independence in 1776." The copy of this paper in the Public Record Office of London, England, gives his name with the quaint spelling of the day, Richard Pinckhame.

In the plans for building the first church on Dover Neck he had a large and wise part. He hewed more than one of the great logs which went into its framework. In the old Dover records stands that entry which sets forth the great value which the settlers placed upon his faithfulness in the care of this important building:

"27 of the 9 mo., 1648.

It is this day ordered at a publike Towne Meeting that Richard Pinkham shall beat the drum on Lord's Day to give notice of the time of meeting, and to sweepe the meeting house, for the which he shall be allowed six bushels of Indian corn for his pay this yeare, and to bee free from rates."

Now when the watching Indians saw Richard Pinkham go to the meeting-house with his, to them, mysterious drum, and when they heard its sturdy, solemn call sound far and wide so that "no sinner might say he knew not that it was ye Lord's Day," their eyes flashed with indignation and wonder.

The full meaning of its music they could not understand. But they saw clearly that this call was more potent than any other message ever given on Dover Neck. It was like the twinkles in Richard Pinkham's blue eyes which they had marked so well.

Men and women came at once to the doors of their log houses and then made ready to go where the drum beats summoned them. Children needed to be told but once of the mission of the faithful sentinel at the door of the meeting-house. Long before the time of service arrived, all the rough benches in the church were occupied, and a little later there was but scanty standing room left. The faint smoke curling about the settlers' houses told plainly that there was no one there to stir the fires.

Just what the people did in that quaint service the Indians could not tell. But it was clear that hither the people would flock on the morning of every seventh day. It was plain to see that a happier and sturdier look was on the faces of these worshippers when they went homeward. They walked closer together. The call of the drum was helping to mould the people in strength and integrity, of which Richard Pinkham was a stronger inspiration than even the minister of grave and learned ways.

And the Indians marked well that, in their homeward walks, the wor-

shippers glanced often at the woods and rivers. The word passed from one watching brave to another, "They mean to keep on cutting down our trees, and taking our fish from the bright waters until all these shall be under their clutch."

Some of the Indians tossed their heads in scorn as they noticed looks of anxiety on the faces of some of their companions, and here and there a shade of fear.

They sent scornful thoughts whizzing upon these "squaws" like vindictive arrows. "There is only one drum like that among the pale-faces. And that bellowing circle is so easy for one of us to lift and fling into the river. Or it could be crushed with one blow from the tomahawk. An Indian could in a second snap the little sticks that roll out the mischief upon the woods and waters. And how quickly the flames would make of all this nonsense a handful of quivering ashes which the winds would blow far away over the tree tops. After that the palefaces would come but little together, and their jealousies and follies would be like the wedges with which they rend the great logs apart. Then the braves could more surely creep upon them unawares, and what was left of this thieving company would be glad to hurry away again across the seas."

But still the mysterious spell of the drum grew stronger upon the settlers of Dover Neck. So, while bands of Indians agreed that it must be destroyed, and larger councils gave the same decision, the weeks slipped by before the plan was made which it was judged would forever stop that sturdy call from Richard Pinkham and his drum. But this plan was thought to be so strong

that grim laughter echoed along the waters where it was certain no pale-faced fishermen would be seen when the summer winds played with the ripples.

The plan was this: The log house of Richard Pinkham was to be carefully watched. When he was gone, his coveted drum should be taken away. But this capture had best be made on the day before the drum beats were expected at the church door. The place of the drum was to be filled with something exactly of its size and above it spread the cloth with which Richard Pinkham always covered it so carefully. Then he would not know until the Sabbath that it was gone. The drum itself must be spared from the dusky hands which longed at once to destroy it. In sight of the church a fire would be made ready for speedy kindling. Then, with a shout which would cause the palefaces to look eagerly thither, the drum would be tossed to the greedy flames, and the settlers would view in dismay the destruction of that which they prized so much. Then the news of this would be passed on and the settlers would not plant many acres of ground that year.

And on a Saturday afternoon, when Richard Pinkham went up the forest path to the church the drum was carried away, and everything was made ready for the coming day.

The two braves who watched young Pinkham on his return home saw him, by the glow of the logs in the fireplace, glance about the room and lift his face toward the stars which sparkled so brightly above the roof. But the twinkle in his eyes was so much brighter than they had seen there before that one of the watchers raised himself tall

and determined under the force of this thought. "He is such a man that we shall never be wholly safe until his scalp dangles in some of our wigwams."

But for the restraint of his companions, the Indian would have at once taken the drummer's life. The dissatisfaction spread to the other Indians when they saw Richard Pinkham walk to the church as usual on the Sabbath morning. It was true that he had no drum with him, but he strode on as cheerily and sturdily as he had on other Lord's Days. He nodded happily to all the settlers whom he saw upon his way. His gaze sought the sky free from all shades of doubt and care. What could this mean?

And all the Indians in their hiding places, near where they expected the fire would forever quell the power of the drum, watched in wonder as Richard Pinkham lifted the great wooden latch on the meeting-house door. And when the young man came out again with a drum held firmly before him with a leather strap, their excitement knew no bounds. Then, when the clear, sonorous tones rang out until it seemed that Richard was beating two drums instead of one, some of the Indians were full of fear. What strange spell was the paleface using? And where would be the end of its power?

"Break this charm at once!" commanded a chief whose word was law. So, with eager hands, the fire flame was kindled. Then, with yells of demons, as they saw young Pinkham and others looking toward them, they threw the drum and sticks into the greedy blaze, and began their wild dance in a close circle about it. This was but for a moment, however. There was a quick flash in

the midst of the fire and then an explosion so loud that its echoes ran rioting through the forest. Some of the Indians were caught by the red tongues of fire, and others were dashed upon the rough ground. All who could do so ran for their canoes on the river's bank with such wild yells as no settler at Dover had ever heard before. They paddled across the waters in haste, and did not rest until they had plunged into the deepest forest shadows, and their lingering terror held them away from harming a settler's home or life for many months; it was a shield between Dover and many an Indian onslaught.

Meanwhile, that Sabbath morning, Richard Pinkham stood at the door of the meeting-house, with the merriment flashing from his blue eyes. And louder, clearer, sounded the drum beats, which brought the people in haste from their cabins. Had not the drum been committed to his charge? Though all the trees on Dover Neck trembled in the throes of an earthquake he knew his post and clear was his pathway of duty. And when the people led as captives what few Indians were living, by the fire, their growing wonder to know all which had happened brought them in haste to where the faithful drummer stood.

When the minister had communed with him a little, he raised his hands and commanded silence among his restless, wide-eyed flock. After a brief prayer he said with strong emphasis, "In such an hour as this, our sturdy, God-fearing Richard Pinkham ought to speak, and with his own blameless tongue, tell us what wonders he hath wrought by the guidance of Him who hath brought us across the seas. But he says this is the work com-

mitted unto me, though, he hath charged me to be chary in my chronicle of his acts. He says his duty lies with the drum.

"And truly no man ever did such duty with more punctilious care—as if the eyes of the Almighty ever regarded him. But the story of what he hath wrought will be a growing cause of thankfulness here, as long as yon river sweeps on to the sea. Truly the Almighty sent our Richard Pinkham to us. His sturdy ancestors won the noble coat-of-arms which many of you have seen in old England. But his deeds are lustier than all theirs.

"Ye well know what day this—the Easter Sabbath. On this day our Lord and Master rose from the dark tomb that we might arise from our black sins and heavy slothfulness into lives of purity and helpful deeds. And it was for this day's honor that our Richard Pinkham made in the quiet which no man's eyes pierced, this drum whose call ye have heard for the first time this Lord's day. It was made with rare skill in the hallowed shadows of this house of God. Ye see how

much larger it is than the drum which he hath been accustomed to beat so zealously!"

And then a smile glowed on the minister's face as he went on, "He is a truly God-fearing man, and hath used all the keen wit with which the Almighty endowed him for the weal of our colony. Just how he knew he hath not told me—but he was certain the lurking savages meant to despoil his other drum. So, during the week days, he hath for a considerable space kept in it a goodly store of powder. And you have heard its voice shout out of the fire vengeance upon the bands of Amalek!"

"I strove only to do what seemed my duty," said Richard Pinkham modestly, as the faces of all the people were turned to his in wondering admiration. "And it is the strong hand of the Lord which hath rolled this burden of fear and danger from us. Praise ye Him this glad Easter Day."

"Let all the people praise Him," said the minister. And the woods of Dover Neck echoed the deep and glad, "Amen!"

The Chosen

By WARWICK JAMES PRICE

Inspired! The word calls up some Hebrew seer,
Some Moses or Elijah, who had trod
The Horeb heights when Deity was near,
And told His people what he heard from God.

And yet to-day,—though critics rend the plan
That ruled the ages, though their learned strife
Runs ever high,—still lives the inspired man;
'Tis he whose best impulses rule his life.

Haverhill—Yesterday and To-day

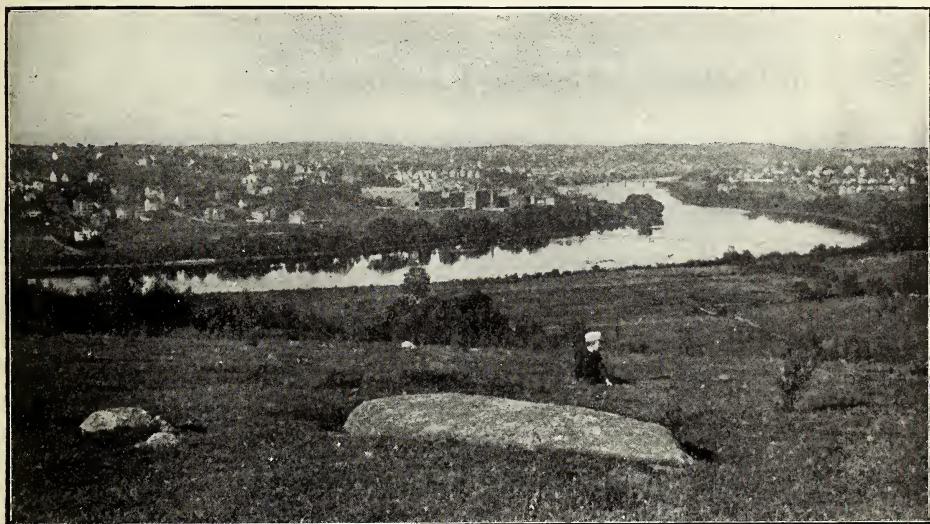
By IDA CLIFFORD ROGERS

HAVERHILL has well been called the Child of Destiny.

Her annals record no meteoric plunges into commercial prominence, and therefore no flight of fickle Circumstance has left her at any time with exhausted energies and stagnating business interests. On the contrary, her growth has been one of normal, symmetrical de-

velopment—together with many natural resources, have combined to give her peculiar advantages which Ward and his associates of 1640 may have anticipated when they selected her site for their plantation.

The City of Haverhill lies along the northern edge of Essex County, (itself the northeastern corner of Massachusetts) her homes dotting



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF HAVERHILL FROM WARD HILL

velopment—the gradual unfoldment, as it were, of a Puritan settlement into a progressive, thriving city of twentieth century solidity.

Though practically an inland town, and therefore deprived of the fuller seaport prestige of some of her sisters, yet her position at the head of Merrimack River navigation—but eighteen miles from the Atlan-

both banks of the Merrimack for a distance of nine miles. From picturesque heights they look down upon the stream which prompted the world-familiar songs of a great poet, and which has from early days played a vital part in the economic life of the region.

Thirty-three miles distant from Boston and eighty-three from Port-



THE SALTONSTALL HOUSE

land, the city is located on the main line of the Boston & Maine Railroad, which crosses the Merrimack at practically the head of its navigable waters, and enters the city near the heart of her industrial life.

The period of Haverhill's settlement was the same as marked the close of Puritan migration to America—a migration which began in 1628, and lasted almost uninterruptedly to 1640, at which time English soil offered for the first time a fair field on which the Puritan might battle for civil and religious liberty.

In the eleven years following John Endicott's arrival at Salem, three hundred ships had brought from England over twenty thousand souls, who, leaving comfortable

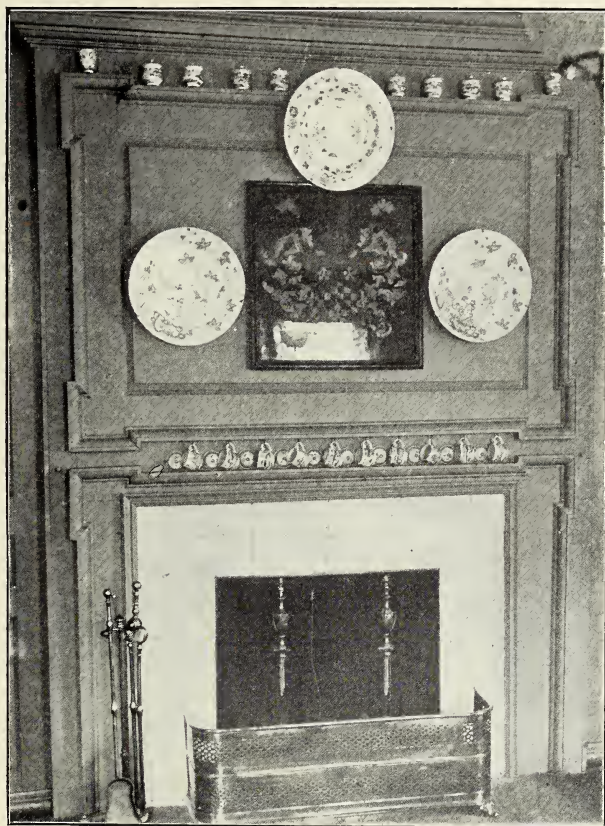
homes in a pleasant land, sought in rude cabins on the rugged shores of Massachusetts Bay that freedom which the mother country strenuously denied her subjects. This influx of population included among its ranks many eminent scholars, divines, lawyers and statesmen, representatives of England's best social life, who, electing the privations of an untried wilderness, bore all its hardships and surmounted its obstacles with that courage and fortitude which fine, strong characters are wont to show when hard assailed. Of such men were Haverhill's first sons.

The idea of the settlement originated with Nathaniel Ward, minister at Ipswich, and author of that

quaint half-humorous, half-poetical work entitled "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam." As an author, however, he is best known by his "Body of Liberties," which has been styled "the foundation stone of our State's independent sovereignty."

Desirous of securing a favorable

A favorable answer to his petition for land-grant being accorded by the General Court, preparations for departure were begun early in the spring of 1640. And here Nathaniel Ward's connection with Haverhill settlement practically ends, for though a projector of the town, he



FIREPLACE IN DINING ROOM OF SALTONSTALL HOUSE

opening for his son, John Ward,—educated for the ministry,—and his son-in-law, Giles Firman,—a physician, he turned from the already overcrowded shore hamlets to the hitherto unexplored wilderness of the Merrimack, believing that this region would furnish the desired field for usefulness.

never lived there, but returned to England in 1647. His son John, however, was its beloved pastor for half a century.

Early in June, 1640, tradition says, "twelve desirable men and good Christians from Ipswich and Newbury" landed in a pinnace near what is now the eastern border of the



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN G. WHITTIER

City of Haverhill, the spot, then called Pentucket, from the Indian tribe of that name who made it their home, and was under the jurisprudence of Passaconnoway, Chief of the Penacooks and Great Sachem of all the tribes of the Merrimack Valley.

Passaconnoway was a man of great influence among his people, and it was with his consent that Passaquo and Saggaheew in 1642 granted the Indian titles to the lands which the colonists had chosen. The deed, bearing the distinguishing marks of

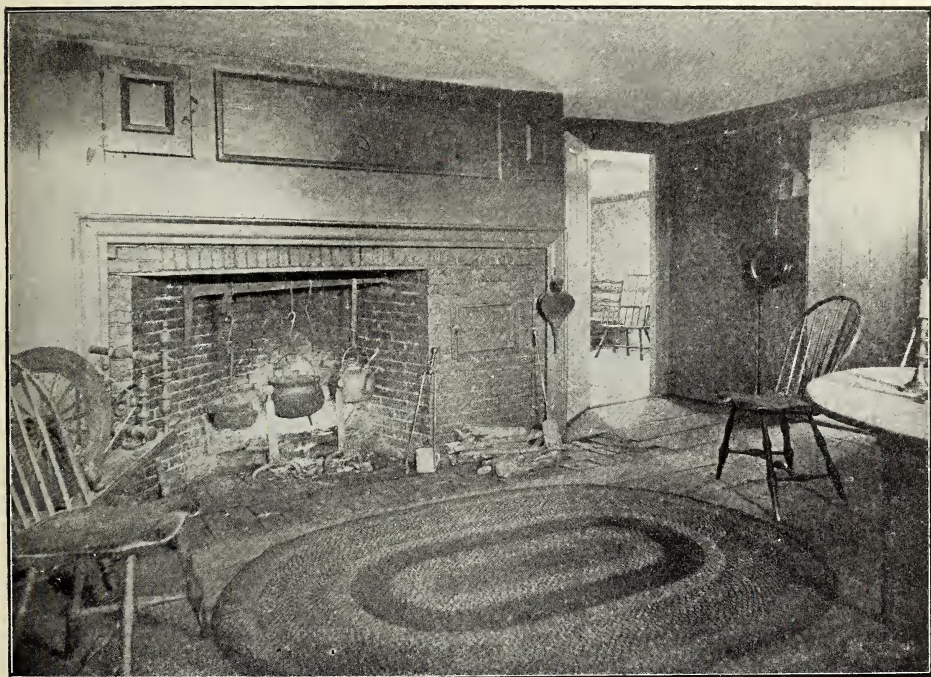


SCHOOLHOUSE OF WHITTIER'S BOYHOOD

both chiefs is still extant, though lacking its pristine freshness.

The first rude cabins, clustering near what is now the present outlet of Lake Saltonstall, furnished but poor shelter to that little band of pioneers during the bitter winter of 1641-2, when the cold was so intense that Boston Harbor was frozen over sufficiently solid to admit of team traffic during six weeks. The little

John Ward, the third in a series of eminent divines, was a man well fitted for his position of counsellor and leader. A ripe scholar, and an able preacher, he was a man of great sensibility, and united those physical and mental qualities, which made him respected and beloved of his people for half a century. In token of the rich esteem in which he was held, they named their plan-



KITCHEN IN THE WHITTIER HOMESTEAD

party had its courage severely tried in that snow-clad forest, isolated from the comforts and blessings of erstwhile homes; but the metal proved its genuineness and shone the brighter for the test. With the spring came cheer and encouragement, and when in the fall the Rev. John Ward himself made his appearance among them, there was general rejoicing and thanksgiving.

tation for his native town,—Haverhill, in old England. He was allotted sixteen acres of land for his home lot, near the present site of the "Buttonwoods,"—an estate now in the possession of the Historical Society, and at one time the home of Ward's daughter, who married Nathaniel Saltonstall.

Separated by a considerable margin from the stream, the early cabins

of the settlers straggled along the embankment, below which the first road (the nucleus of the present Water street) wound its rough and jagged way. On all hands the primal forest reached forth to shut in

provements rapidly followed. In 1645 the landowners numbered thirty-two, such names as Corliss, Ayer, Peasley, Hale, Eaton and Heath making their appearance; to be followed by others equally promi-



THE HANNAH DUSTON MONUMENT

and close about this handful of intrepid pioneers, bent upon subduing its wildness. Their second highway was long known as the "Great Road" and as the list of landowners steadily increased, changes and im-

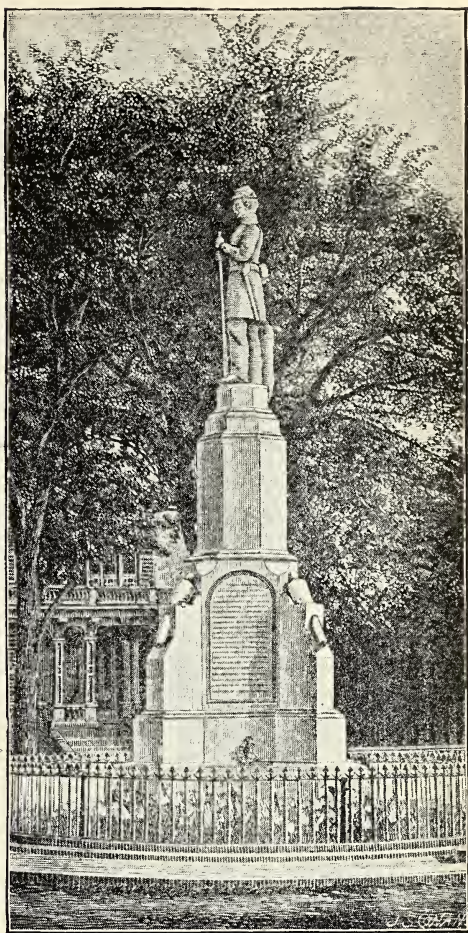
ent in the later history of the town.

The centre about which the life of the Puritan settlements revolved was invariably the church, or so-called meeting-house. In the year 1648 the first rude meeting-house of

the Haverhill colony was erected. It was a primitive structure, of meagre dimensions and furnished with seats of the rudest description; but was regarded with the utmost veneration by every man, woman and child who gazed upon its completed staunchness. It was erected in a portion of what is now Pentucket Cemetery. The seats, which were allotted by a committee specially elected for that office, were expected to be occupied only by individuals designated, and complaint of failure to do so was punishable by a fine of "12 pence in corn for each day's neglect or refusal." The women and girls were seated apart from the men, as were also the boys, who were provided with a tithingman to quell any possible hilarity or attempt at conversation. Loud upon the Sabbath air sounded the horn of Richard Littlehale, summoning every soul to worship, unless detained at home by reason of ill-health.

Those early worshippers must have drawn heavily upon supplies of divine grace, or else their natural fortitude was phenomenal, for the introductory prayer usually occupied an hour, while the sands of the hour-glass ran repeatedly low ere the sermon reached its "lastly." A quaint entry in the journal of one of these early-day preachers reads: "Was given uncommon power in prayer to-day. Prayed twice at two hours each . . ."

The Haverhill meeting-house, like all the early churches, was capable of many and varied uses. It served as a town-house, fort, magazine and bulwark against later-day attacks by Indians. Attendance at town-meeting was obligatory, and the peculiar training received at these functions proved of inestimable value to these fathers of Revolutionary patriots.



THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

With the growth of the town a ferry across the river became a necessity, and we find one established near the foot of Kent street—so named for Stephen F. Kent, the second richest man in town.

Although this period was one of tranquility, coming conflicts were casting their shadows before, and preparation for exigencies were not neglected. A training ground was set apart where the youth of the town received instruction each Saturday afternoon "in ye exercize of armes."



THE WHITTIER SCHOOL—OLD HAVERHILL ACADEMY

No annals of Haverhill would be accurate which failed to mention the services of the Saltonstall family. The name first appears upon Haverhill records in 1663. Nathaniel Saltonstall, who played an important part in the formative period of the town's history, was descended from an ancient and highly respected family in Yorkshire, England. His grandfather, Sir Richard Saltonstall, was the first named Associate of the six original Patentees of Massachusetts, and one of the first Assistants. He was present at their Court, August 23, 1630. He came over on the ship with Governor Winthrop, and was a leader among the first settlers of Watertown.

Nathaniel was born in Ipswich and was graduated at Harvard in 1659. He married Elizabeth Ward, daughter of Reverend John Ward, and settled in Haverhill in 1663, occupying the estate upon whose

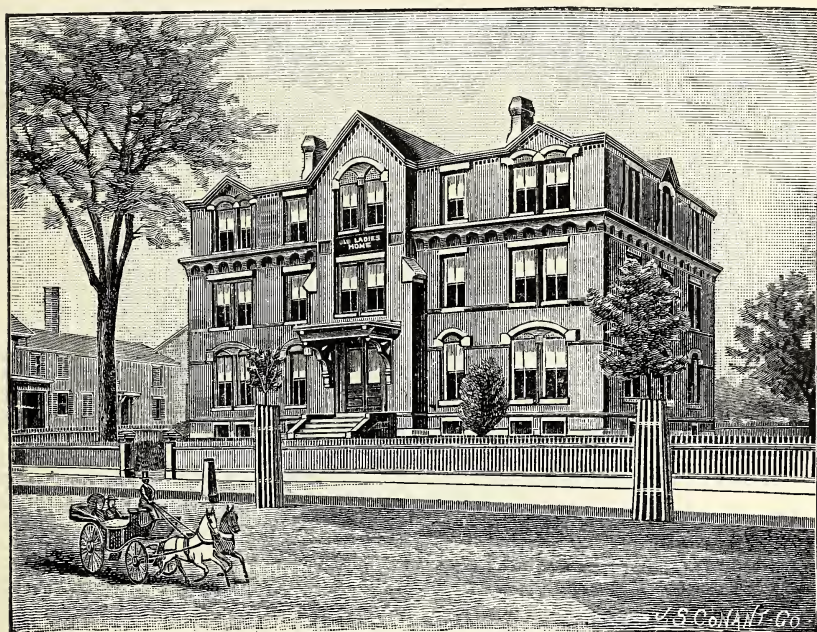
site now stands the "Buttonwoods," already referred to. He occupied high military and judicial offices to which his superior talents and powers recommended him. He was for thirty-two years clerk of the writs, serving as Deputy to the General Court for two successive terms, and was one of the judges appointed on the Salem witchcraft trials. He refused to serve, however, or have anything to do with the matter, thus evidencing his sound sense, and adding to the honor of a name already illustrious. It is but fair to say that Nathaniel Saltonstall's influence upon Haverhill was inspiratory, and in a high degree ennobling.

The long period of peace which preceded the Indian hostilities of 1675 had been characterized by a gradual moving out from the confines of the settlement to outlying districts, in order to facilitate farm-

ing operations. Haverhill had thus far happily escaped from the horrors of King Philip's war, but in the renewal of the Indian conflicts of 1688, she was not to be thus favored. For upwards of twenty years she took the brunt of that savage storm of French and Indian violence to which her position as a prominent frontier town subjected her. This period was the darkest she has ever known, and it has placed a bloody

the bloody drama of this period would constitute a volume of themselves; but the universally quoted one is that to which attention is called by the statue of Hannah Duston, whose marvelous feat of slaying her twelve captors while they slept, aided solely by a boy, is familiar to every reading child of the country.

The horrible massacre of August 29, 1708, lingered in the memories of men of that day to their deaths.



OLD LADIES' HOME

page in her history which the years have not been able to bleach of stain. In those days no man ventured forth without his rifle. At church or in the field, with psalm-book and scythe, the rifle was his trusty companion, for he knew not what painted face lurked in the underbrush beside the highway, or when a tomahawk, following in the furrow of his plough, might end his career. The thrilling incidents in

The attacking party consisted of 250 Indians and French Canadians, who were first discovered in the early dawn by John Keezar, who was returning from Amesbury. They had passed the outlying garri-son undiscovered, and alarm was now too late. They first attacked the house of minister Rolfe, tomahawking himself, wife and infant child. Rolfe's two little girls were concealed by a negro servant be-

neath tubs in the cellar, she herself hiding behind a barrel, while another female inmate of the house found refuge in an apple-chest. All escaped unharmed. John Johnson and his wife were murdered in their home, which occupied the site of the present Exchange Building. Good-wife Swan ran a spit through the body of an Indian who sought en-

Rouville,—leader of the expedition. The intense heat of the season made imperative the hasty interment of the forty victims of the raid, and it was a mournful Sabbath indeed that saw the finale of this bloody tragedy—a Sabbath which has passed into Haverhill history as memorable for its sorrow.

Not until 1725 was all apprehen-



HAVERHILL CITY HALL

trance to her home, while Captain Simon Wainwright, a leading merchant, was shot in his doorway. The town becoming aroused, the attacking party fled, pursued by a hastily gathered company of citizens, led by Captain Samuel Ayer, who succeeded in annihilating thirty of the enemy, including de Rouville, brother of the villainous Hertel de

sion from Indian attack removed, and Haverhill without fear sent her colonists to isolated outlying precincts. Divisions of the town might then be safely effected: hence the North Parish, under the pastorate of the Rev. James Cushing, was set off in 1728. Forty members withdrew to this section, while seventy-seven, with Samuel Bacheller as

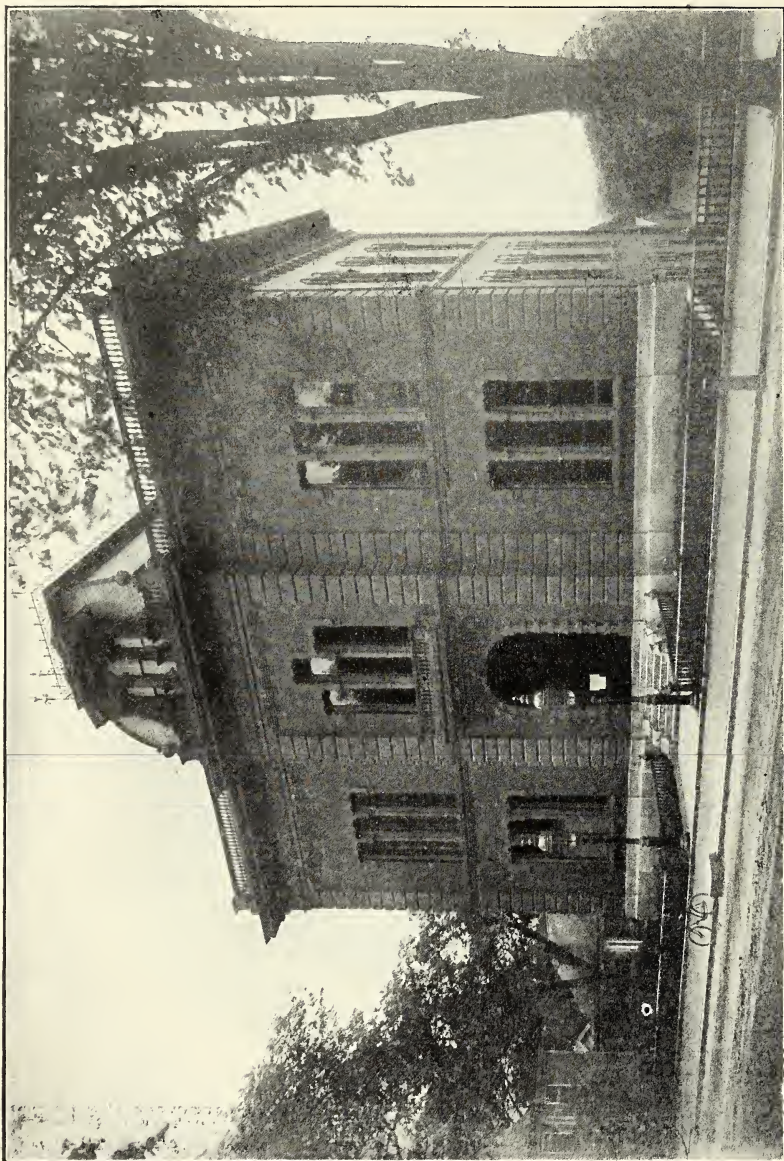


MAYOR RUSSELL L. WOOD

their pastor, went to the western limits of the town. Following these divisions the East Parish was constituted in 1743.

Changes now followed in rapid succession—changes which were destined to affect for all time the scenic beauty of the town. Merrimack street was begun, and the hitherto vacant space which had been preserved along the river front was surrendered to the interest of advancing commerce and industry.

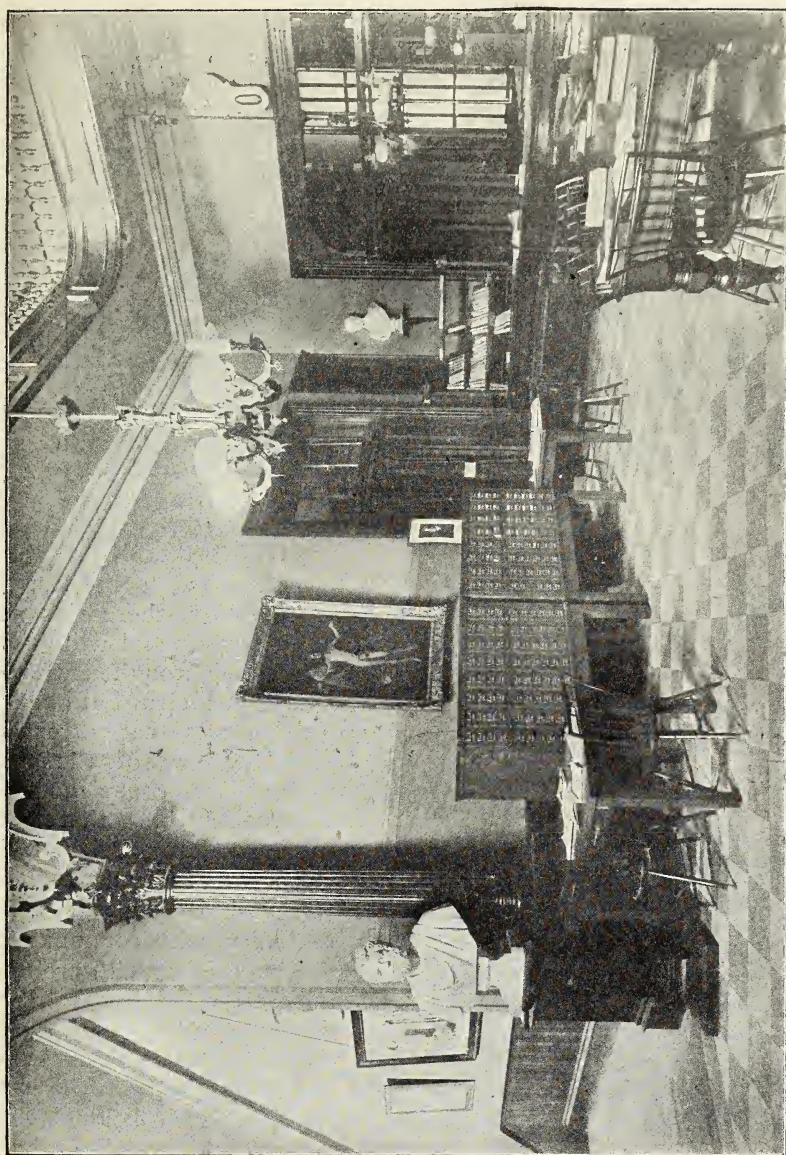
The town was commencing to wake up, and to appreciate the importance of the river as a factor in its coming business life. The great unhewn forest in close proximity, suggested the feasibility of ship-building, and soon wharves, ship-yards and store-houses took the places which a new era of activity allotted them. The beautiful, unobstructed view of the river was lost; sentiment had yielded to progress and presently the whole river front bristled with



HAVERHILL PUBLIC LIBRARY

the tall masts of ships, which went down to the sea laden with products of a rich outlying country. Long trains of ox-carts brought from rural districts, grains, vegetables, fruits and the handicraft of women; and returning carried back fabrics, articles of household utility, tea, coffee, spices and a thousand things

which foreign markets afforded. These were the days which saw the trading merchant grow rich, which saw the humble dwellings give place to handsome homes, and placed the spacious store on the site of the former town shop. Haverhill took her place in the foremost ranks of interior commercial towns.



DELIVERY ROOM IN HAVERHILL PUBLIC LIBRARY

About this time the first step toward the organization of the present efficient fire department was taken. The Fire Club was a unique association, serving a double purpose, that is, that of extinguishing fires and also the ferreting out of thieves. Its original membership was twenty-

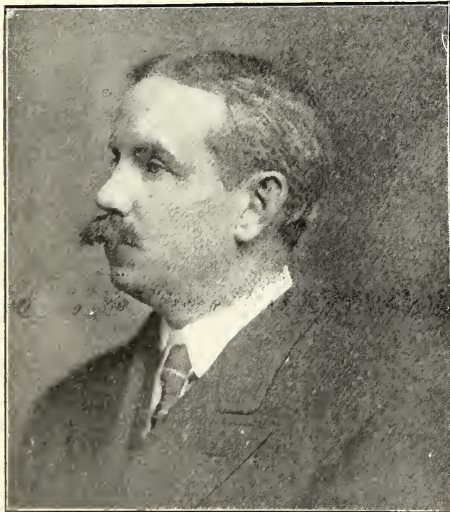
five, and each member was obliged to be present at all fires, armed with green bucket, bag and pole, under penalty of fifty cents' fine for a single absence.

In the decade of American history which concerns itself with the exciting events of the Revolutionary



THE PENTUCKET CLUB HOUSE

conflict, Haverhill was second to no town in enthusiasm and practical zeal. Haverhill's response to her country's need was spontaneous and decisive. From that hour in the fall of 1774, when the news of the first shedding of patriot blood at Lex-



FRED D. M'GREGOR
PRESIDENT OF PENTUCKET CLUB

ington reached her, to the last gun of the Revolution, there was none but the most eager and willing service rendered. Throughout the war Haverhill was deficient but one man only in the drafts that were made upon her. A few of the many names which are conspicuous for special gallantry in that great struggle are Dr. James Brickett, Colonel of the Essex County regiment and afterward Brigadier General; William Baker, who communicated the intelligence which prompted Paul Revere's ride; Ensign James Walker, commander of the boats which crossed the Delaware on the night before the battle of Trenton; and Hezekiah Smith, beloved Chaplain in the army, and friend of Washington. The names of Emerson, Cogswell, Marsh, Greenleaf, Bartlett and Bradley, with many others, are suggestive of bravery, devotion and heroism.

At the close of this great struggle, Washington, the beloved of the nation, made a visit to New England, and one of the towns to be

avored by his presence was Haverhill. On November 4, 1789, a herald riding at a furious pace dashed down one of the principal streets, crying at intervals, as he blew loud blasts upon his horn: "Washington is coming!" Disappointment attendant upon the supposed postponement of his visit was replaced by jubilant huzzas, as the stately ruler, riding with Major Jackson in an open carriage, came into sight. Stopping at the tavern

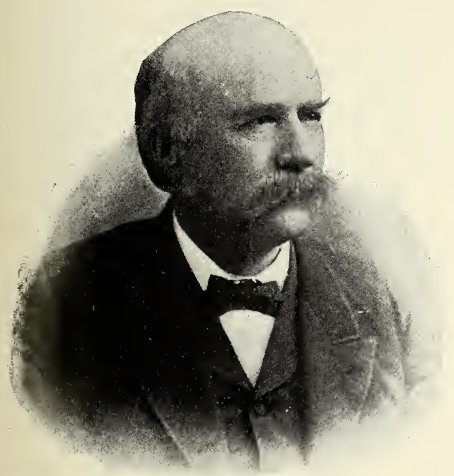
issuance of a weekly newspaper, styled, "The Guardian of Freedom." The building of a bridge to replace the old ferry system was a much needed improvement. This bridge was completed in the fall of 1794. It was erected on three arches of 180 feet each, supported by three stone piers 40 feet square. It had as many sterlings extending 50 feet above, and a draw of 30 feet over the channel. Judith Whiting, an old lady in her hundredth year, walked over it unaided upon its completion.

The West India trade at this time was considerable, and many vessels were built for the transportation of distilled cider and lumber, which were exchanged for molasses.

Mention of a famous military organization formed in 1810 can hardly be omitted from the now increasing public events clamorous for notice. This organization was known as the Haverhill Light Infantry, and had for its first captain, Jesse Harding. The company was long the pride of Haverhill's spirited young men and membership in its ranks was a coveted honor. It lived a long life, and its memory was perpetuated in the Hale Guards of Civil War fame.

Among the representative men of this period Bailey Bartlett and David How stand out conspicuously. The former, a man of great public spirit, was a member of the Convention adopting the constitution of the United States, and of the famous constitutional convention of 1820. He belonged to both legislative assemblies of Massachusetts, and for four years represented the Essex County North District in Congress.

David How was the largest merchant trader of his time. He built stores and sent shoes of his own manufacture to Western cities, reap-



JUDGE HENRY N. MERRILL,
PRESIDENT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

then known as Mason's Arms, (the present site of the City Hall,) Washington called while in Haverhill upon Chaplain Smith, Bailey Bartlett, and merchant John White. He reviewed the militia, visited several places of industry and walked up Merrimack street as far as Washington, so named in his honor, departing at dawn the next morning by way of the old Water street ferry.

With the progressive tendencies following recovery from prostration attendant upon Revolutionary conflicts, new demands were met by the



U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND POST OFFICE

ing phenomenal harvests from his labors. His vast wealth was spent with great generosity, some of his agricultural operations proving of permanent benefit to the city.

Prosperous and progressive as Haverhill now was, already favorably known to the world by her production of hats and shoes, a new epoch was opening before her which was to revolutionize her commerce and make her a great manufacturing centre. When the iron rails touched the Merrimack at Bradford, the shriek of the locomotive silenced the shipwright's adze and the calker's hammer; but Haverhill industries had travelled along highways of diversity, and the coming of the railroad, so disastrous to the interests of the purely shipping town, meant for her not paralyzation and decay, but rather increased vitality and broader development. The

markets of a great and growing country were now at her doors; it remained only for her to furnish them with the products of her skill and genius.

The record of Haverhill's relations to events of the Civil War is still too recent a bit of history to call for detailing here. It need only be said that she proved herself worthy of her previous history, sending to the front 1,300 men, 85 more than her quota. Of these 73 were mustered out commissioned officers, and six were field officers. There was raised and expended, exclusive of State Aid, the sum of \$118,135.49, the sum paid out for State Aid and afterward refunded by the Commonwealth being \$114,542.22.

At the close of the great struggle, Haverhill was quick to recover from the enervating influences which she, in common with other towns

throughout the North, had felt during the years of strife and bloodshed.

Her institution as a city in 1870, with Warner R. Whittier as her first mayor, marks the close of her history as a town, and the beginning of a new era of prosperity.

Modern Haverhill, with a population of 37,175 is preëminently a shoe city. The manufacture of fine shoes is her leading industry to-day, as it has been for many years; but among the great shoe centres of the country she occupies a unique position. She is the Slipper City. She leads the world in the manufacture of slippers, and is in fact the only city making a specialty of the production of such goods in large quantities. Haverhill slippers fashioned of every conceivable material, and in infinite variety of style have found their steady way to every quarter of the globe, gradually establishing for themselves a reputation

which may truthfully be said at the present time to be international.

It is a far backward cry from the elaborate white satin shoe of 1905, fresh from the gloved hands of the cunning workman, to the rude brogan of the farmer, made over a lapstone during the winter months, and brought into town for sale with the advent of the spring; but the same characteristics which marked the work of the early shoe-makers distinguished the "team," and later machine work of the town, and evidenced themselves in the output of the great factories which followed in the quick wake of the Civil War,—namely good material and honest workmanship. Doubtless it is to these two characteristics of her product that much of Haverhill's shoe prestige is due.

From the small beginning of twenty-eight factories in 1832, the business has developed until to-day it shows some three hundred firms who



HAVERHILL HIGH SCHOOL

employ over fifteen thousand operatives and distribute in the vicinity of \$3,000,000 annually in wages. The total shipments for 1904 aggregate 408,053 cases—a slight decrease from those of 1903, attributable to the removal of several firms to the West. Pessimists throughout New England shoe centres view this so-called "Westward trend of business" with apprehension, but the Haverhill optimist sees no cause for alarm in a few isolated cases of such migration from his home city, and demonstrates the tenability of his sanguine position by calling attention to the fact that not a single shoe factory stands vacant in Haverhill to-day.

The "Haverhill Gazette," the ably edited daily sheet of the city, commenting upon the slipper business under date of December 23rd, says:

"The holiday slipper trade in this city for the present year is now closed, and it has been fully up to the average of past years. Haverhill slippers, the finest in the world without exception, were never in better demand than during the past few months, and some of the artistic designs were marvelous to say the least. The large factories are all busy at the present time and the small shops are picking up in good style."

But while the slipper trade is to-day in excellent condition, and this class of foot-wear forms the bulk of her product, the shoe industry is by no means limited to this particular phase of manufacture. Haverhill made her reputation distinctively on fine hand-sewed, high-cut shoes, and they are to-day turned out exclusively by a number of large concerns, men's, women's and infants' shoes finding particular places for their production.

A feature of the Haverhill shoe industry is the contract shop, which provides for the completing of vari-



ATTORNEY GENERAL W. H. MOODY

ous processes in connection with the construction of the shoe. The contract shop has demonstrated its practicability, and has proved an excellent thing for the small capitalist, who by it is spared the necessity of expending funds for costly machinery of varied sorts, and is therefore enabled to conduct an excellent business along special lines.

Hand work is also a marked feature of the manufacture. Formerly great "freighters," laden with various parts of the unmade shoe, circulated through the rural districts distributing and collecting products for the factories; but this feature is no longer prominent, although many women are engaged in the artistic beading and decoration of fancy foot-wear, and the hand-turn workman is permanently in evi-

dence. In fact it is authoritatively stated that no city boasts so many hand-turn workmen as does Haverhill.

Closely allied to the contract shop are the several hundred establishments more or less directly connected with shoe manufacturing proper, which feed and support the great factories. These are the dealers in dies, patterns, lasts, stiffenings, heels, tops, paper and wooden boxes,

A few, however, may be specified, as typical of the body, and as illustrating the multifarious branches of the great industry.

Beginning in a small way over thirty years ago, with a floor space of 23x67 feet, J. H. Winchell & Company occupy to-day the largest factory in the city. Their building is seven stories high, with a floor space of 250x50 and an annex of 125x50 feet. They employ from 800 to



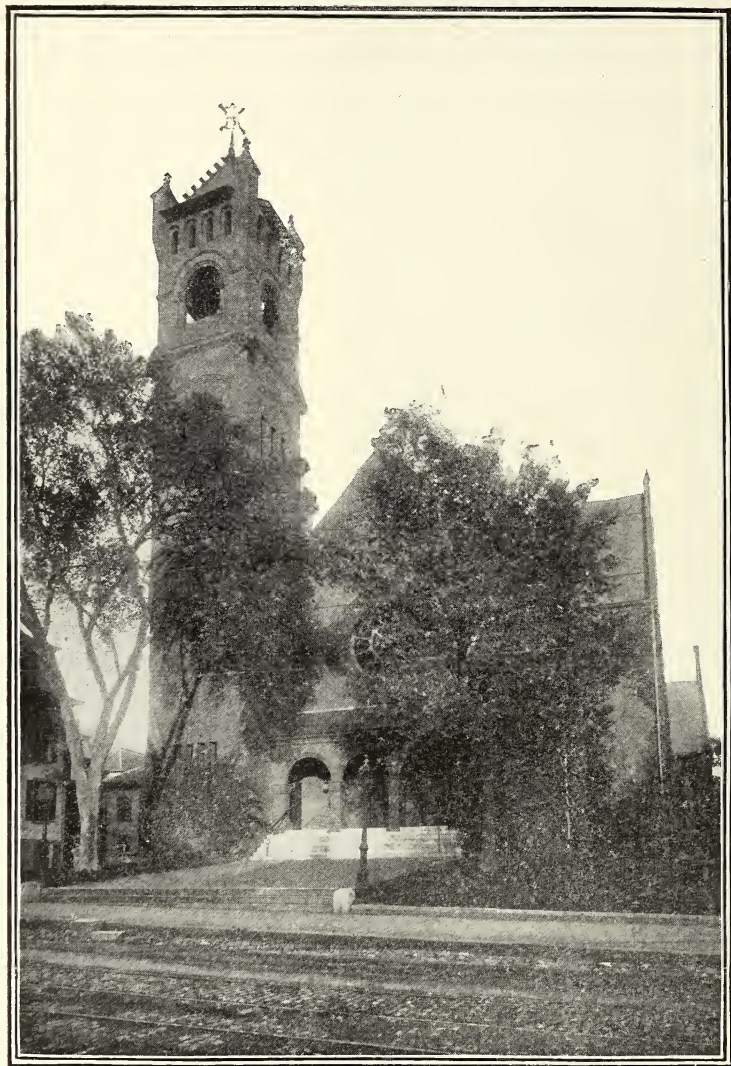
RESIDENCE OF ATTORNEY GENERAL MOODY

bows, buckles, brushes, etc. Haverhill dandles through her fingers all links in the evolutionary chain of the shoe and welds them with rare skill into a fine, strong, perfect whole.

It might be invidious, and would certainly exceed the limits of this article to mention in detail the half a hundred and more representative firms whose names are to-day identified with high excellence of product in the shoe and leather world.

1000 men in the manufacture of men's shoes, of which the "Washington Shoe" is their widely-known specialty.

One of the busiest of the large factories is that of W. & V. O. Kimball, manufacturers of Good-year welt and McKay sewn men's shoes. Their floor space covers an area of 40,000 square feet, and their output is in the neighborhood of two thousand pairs daily.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

An old and well known firm is that of T. S. Ruddock & Son, engaged in the manufacture of machine-sewed and hand-turned shoes and slippers. Their capacity is 4800 pairs daily, and their removal from Essex street to their present quarters on Granite street was necessitated by the growing demands of their business.

During the past five years many firms have catered to a growing export trade. Among such are W. W. Spaulding & Company, whose goods, both men's and women's light footwear, have found their way into the markets of England, Australia, South Africa and many other foreign countries. H. B. Goodrich & Company—a name associated with shoe



RESIDENCE OF C. H. HAYES AT "THE HIGHLANDS"

manufacture for more than forty years,—is another exporting firm. Their novelties in the way of material and designs are of particular interest. John W. Russ & Company, the largest concern manufacturing men's shoes exclusively, also send their goods abroad, while Charles K. Fox's white slippers are favorably known the world over. Hervey E. Guptil's line is also of a very high grade. But the slipper of the most exclusive design, and fashioned with the highest art, is made by Mr. A. A. Ordway for home markets. Mr. Ordway who is an artist, is his own designer, and the product of his factory is a marvel of beauty and elegance. Chesley & Rugg, S. B. McNamara & Company, The Federation Shoe Company, Hussey & Hodgdon, and a score of others might be mentioned as adding their quota to the

fame of Haverhill as a shoe centre. But the tributary trades demand recognition, and with the citing of a few such the subject must give place to others of interest and importance.

Yonder loom the chimneys of the great sole-cutting establishment of C. W. Arnold. The completion of a seven-story addition to this enormous plant will make it the largest in the world.

The Ellis Lacer Company, with their little device for holding together the uppers of the shoes while lasting and relasting, have made their name famous in this country and several foreign lands, where their article is being manufactured in large quantities.

The Allen Machine Company, the largest in the United States devoted exclusively to the sale of new and rebuilt shoe machinery of all kinds,

J. A. Dalrymple & Co., one of the largest manufacturers in the world of slipper bows, bead work and ornaments, C. H. Hayes, large wood and paper box-makers, the Pentucket Heel Company, S. W. Hayden, maker of boot and shoe patterns and Lenox & Briggs, manufacturers

the case, for antedating the manufacture of shoes is that of hats, which are to-day produced by two large concerns, namely the Gilman Hat Company and W. B. Thom & Co. The former produce men's and women's soft hats to the extent of 60,000 dozen per year, while the



E. J. M. Hale.

of morocco are a few of the many supports with which the shoe industry maintains and propels itself.

A stranger, visiting only the shoe district of Haverhill, would depart with the impression that the place is nothing but one vast, active shoe manufactory. Such, however, is not

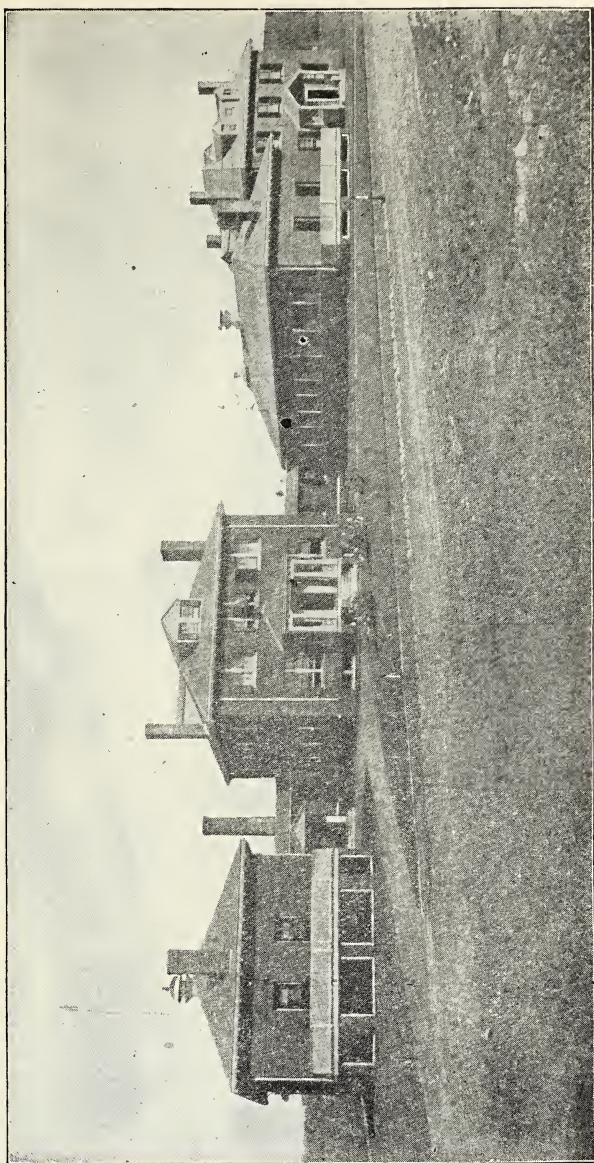
latter employ some 400 people in the making of men's hats exclusively.

An industry of recent date is that of furniture manufacture, represented by J. M. Brown at Island Park. Already doing an excellent business, it is believed that this factory will be but the nucleus of an

industry which will be a valuable addition to the city's enterprises.

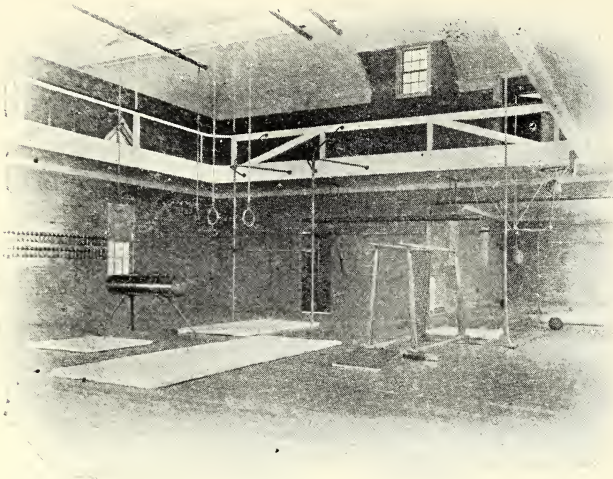
Before slipping from industrial to social aspects, a word as to the character and abilities of the Haverhill operative should not be omitted. His average intelligence is remarkably high. Born and bred to the bench, it is from his ranks that many of the large shoe manufacturers have sprung, and it is due to his skill and ingenuity, his practical and mechanical knowledge, that so large a degree of success has followed the careers of many shoe manufacturers. Local influences favor the man who is working to rise, and he is unhandicapped by obstacles which, in a city having a less substantial social fabric, would tend to deter his progress.

A large number of the laboring class own their homes, a fact which explains in a degree the universally neat appearance of their exteriors and grounds. Nothing so bespeaks the character of a city's inhabitants as their dwellings and thoroughfares. The humble dwellings of the Haverhill working class are notable for their plainness and freedom



THE HALE HOSPITAL

from tawdriness. There is about them an air of solidity and comfort which is in harmony with the superiority of their owners. When one turns from them to the palatial mansions of the wealthier class, which group themselves in the locality known as the "Highlands," there is none of that



Y. M. C. A. GYMNASIUM

jar to the artistic sense which is ordinarily so painful when contrasting the homes of dissimilar social classes. The undulating surface of the city affords many picturesque sites which have been appropriated by rich and poor, while the abundance of shade trees that line the tidy streets are many of them monuments to the women, who calling themselves "Shenstones," caused numerous beautiful trees to be placed along the streets and public squares of their city, which to-day owes much of its beauty to their loving efforts. These trees are the delight of the masses and classes.

The retail trade of the city centres along Merrimack street, and the varied stocks of the large department stores show a *fin-de-siècle* completeness that is truly metropolitan. Eight lines of street railroads, radiating in all direc-

tions, bring into this Hub a purchasing population of at least 100,000 which must be efficiently served. That it is so served is evident from a glance at such establishments as The Leslie Dry Goods Company, Mitchell & Company, Simonds & Adams and others of the same ilk that do an extensive city and suburban business.

Playing no inconsiderable part in the growth and development of the city is a body of men known as the Board of Trade, which four years since absorbed the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, continuing and supplementing the work of the latter in a highly able manner. The individual and general business interests of the city have been advanced and a large amount of information diffused through their efforts. The Board early directed its attention toward the project of

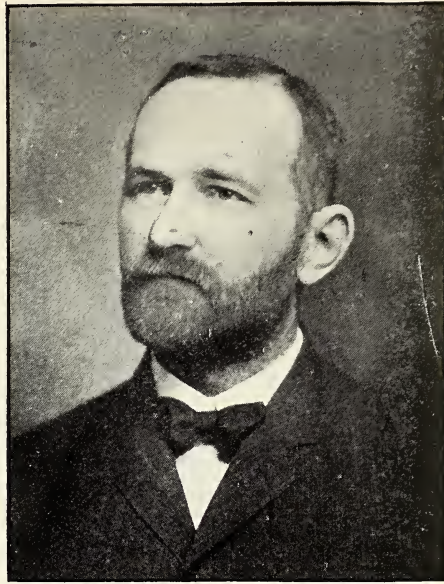


Y. M. C. A. OF HAVERHILL

deepening the river channel sufficiently for the admittance of deep-draft vessels for freighting purposes. The Merrimack has constantly claimed the attention of Congress as regards harbor and river appropriations, and it is confidently expected that the construction of a dam in the near future, near the Lion's Mouth, will lead to the desired result and give the river a much desired channel depth of ten to fifteen feet.

Attention is called by the Board to the fine factory sites upon the Bradford side of the river, offering the unusual advantages of wharfage upon one side and railroad transportation on the other, which, considering the ready accessibility of Boston markets, would seem to offer strong inducements to prospective manufacturers. Through the influence of the Board, which acts in sympathy with the city government, several large industries have located here and are doing a substantial business. It has chosen three of the most prominent business men of Haverhill, Charles H. Hayes, Edwin H. Moulton and P. N. Wadleigh as trustees, to be given power under a declaration of trust, to purchase land and build large, modern factories. They are quietly working at present and confidently expect to accomplish a great deal toward the advancement of the business of the city in the near future, as many of the leading citizens have given them assurances of support.

The public schools of Haverhill rank with the best in the country. A curriculum is maintained which is in accordance with the highest modern ideas of practical and comprehensive education. Superintendent S. H. Holmes is a man peculiarly alive to progressive methods, and the city has just voted at his



FRANK N. RAND,
PRESIDENT BOARD OF TRADE

instigation, to make a trial for the coming year of the famous Batavia method of individual instruction throughout its schools, which number 33, and are composed of 5765 pupils, with a teaching force of 171. Schools for Manual Labor, Evening Schools, (both for males and females,) where drawing and commercial branches are taught, are also maintained, and with excellent results.

Any mention of Haverhill educational advantages would be incomplete which did not include a reference to Bradford Academy, which is the oldest seminary for young women in the country, being founded in 1803. The school building, including the boarding and school department proper is located in the centre of an area of twenty-five acres. The location is high, and the grounds are laid out in spacious lawns and adorned with shrubs and flowers. The school, famous for its

high moral tone, is no less popular to-day than it was a hundred years ago. For the past three years it has been full, to its utmost capacity. The most recent addition to its equipment is the gymnasium building, finished a year ago. It is of red brick, and its woodwork is of natural pine. A clear floor space of

years, which fits students for Wellesley, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Vassar and other colleges. The general course of five years, and the two years' course for high school graduates have been planned with care to meet the needs of girls who do not go to college. The departments of music and art are presided over by instruc-



MISS LAURA A. KNOTT,
PRINCIPAL OF BRADFORD ACADEMY

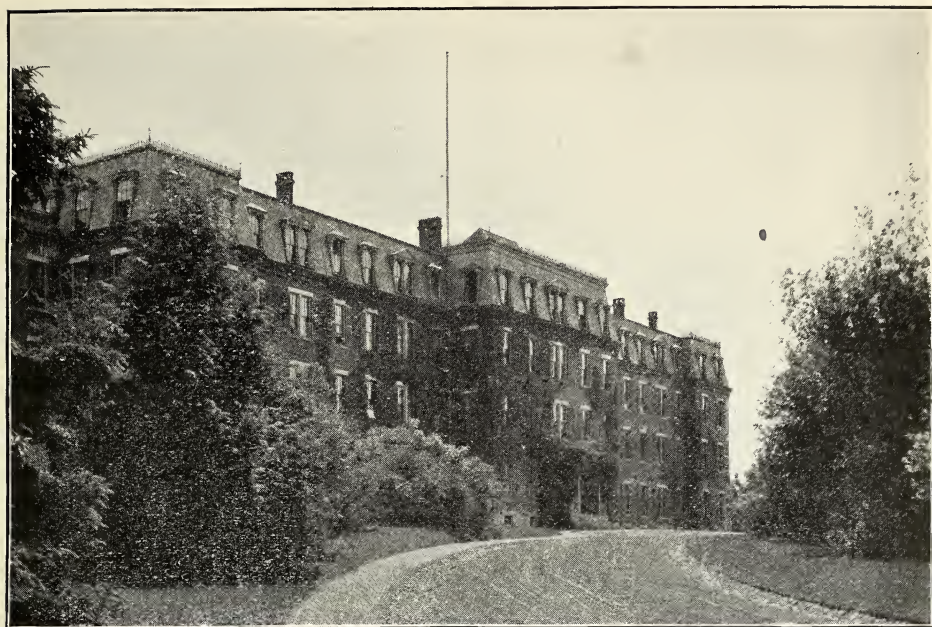
60x40 feet gives ample opportunity for basket-ball or tennis, when the room is not occupied for regular gymnasium work. A well selected library of over 5,000 volumes, with a complete card catalogue is open to the students at all hours.

The courses of study are adapted to meet modern needs. There is a college preparatory course of four

tors of special fitness, who come from Boston. The instructors in French and German are native teachers of experience.

A comprehensive summary of the scope and merit of the institution was supplied by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie in his address at the centennial of the academy in 1903. He said:

"In the rush and the mutations of



BRADFORD ACADEMY

our modern life, it is a fortunate thing when the aims and methods of an institution of learning are not made out of hand, but have their roots far back in the past, and are modified and enlarged by the wise hand and the wise memory of experience."

And that wise hand and wise memory are personified in the present principal, Miss Laura A. Knott, a Radcliffe graduate with full experience in normal school methods, who has been in charge for the past four years. Her ideals, her training, and her executive ability combine to make her a model principal.

One of Haverhill's institutions that has long been a potent factor in its educational life is the private school of Miss A. M. Wheeler, on Park street. With a competent corps of assistants, this school covers not only the earlier years of a child's life, but has become recog-

nized as admirably fitting pupils for entrance to the High School, where Miss Wheeler's endorsement is equivalent to passing the required examination; those so endorsed are said to be specially well prepared, the short session in her school, with some home preparation, accustoming them to the independent spirit of scholarship demanded in the higher work; in brief, they know how to study. Not only here but in the secondary or High School studies themselves, for college or other preparation, the principal's skill is testified to by many either now in college or scientific schools or graduates therefrom.

Nothing more proper may be here introduced regarding the head of this flourishing institution than the words of Secretary W. H. Moody, who in a recent Haverhill "Home Week" address spoke of the frequency with which, on a long west-

ern journey with the President, he met men of prominence knowing Haverhill and cherishing it not only as a birthplace but for personal memories of its people. We quote his words from a report in the Haverhill Gazette: "I met one man, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, a son of a former pastor of the Portland Street church of this city; and this being a family gathering, let me tell you his words. He said to me, 'Do you know Ann Wheeler?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Well,' he said, 'she was one of my teachers out in Haverhill, and she was one of the best teachers I ever saw in all my life.' That is a compliment which I feel like bringing back, coming as it did from one of the greatest and the brightest men of our country and the head of one of the gratest universities of this country, and I take great pleasure in presenting it." Such an encomium, coming from such unsolicited source, needs no further comment.

One of Haverhill's most enterprising firms is that of Chase Brothers, who have the most complete establishment of its class outside of Boston for printing, stationery, sporting goods, etc. This firm, now styled "The Chase Press," started a small printing business in 1876, doing all the work themselves, but with the increase in business, new departments were added until now their establishment occupies nine entire floors. Both members of the firm are young men who give personal attention to the details of the business and their high-class productions are well and familiarly known throughout New England.

Of her public library Haverhill is justly proud. The library was founded by the late E. J. M. Hale in

1873, and was opened to the public in 1875 with 20,962 volumes. The cost of the building, site, books and equipment was \$79,711.78, of which the site and \$30,556.23 were given by Mr. Hale. The rest was contributed by over 500 citizens. Mr. Hale's gifts and bequest to the library amounted to about \$175,000. The library is well endowed, and has about 80,000 volumes, being fifth in size among Massachusetts free city libraries. The circulation in 1904 was 152,765 volumes, about 3,000 volumes are added annually, and 200 periodicals are on file in the reading rooms. It has four branches, and maintains intimate relations with the schools through deliveries at the grammar schools and ten travelling libraries for the union schools. As a reference library it is particularly valuable, being rich in books on the fine arts, Americana, genealogy and New England town history. It has about 7,000 mounted pictures, nearly a complete collection of local newspapers since the first one published in 1793, and one of the best collections of first editions of Whittier and works about Whittier.

To the early settlers religious observances were a part of their sustenance, and in the thirty churches scattered throughout the city nearly every Christian creed finds its sponsors. Many of the church edifices are of unusual architectural attractiveness, and the clergy are an exceptionally able body of men.

The Young Men's Christian Association, a staunch abettor of church influences, occupies an attractive home on Main street. A legacy of generous proportions has made possible the recent addition of a fine gymnasium and swimming tank of 33,000 gallons capacity.

Shower baths, bowling alleys, basketball facilities, and an efficient educational department, make this institution the peer of any of surrounding cities.

The city's financial institutions include six national banks, a safe deposit and trust company, three savings banks and two coöperative banks. It is the boast of these institutions that no depositor has ever lost a dollar through the failure of a Haverhill bank.

Facilities for obtaining insurance in Haverhill are similar to those of other cities. Nearly every American and foreign company is represented here, and the rates for insurance vary according to the hazard. An aqueduct system owned and operated by the city offers low water rates and opportunities for high pressure hydrant service, which, in connection with a first-class fire department, headed by Chief John B. Gordon, make the probability of another disastrous fire like that of 1882 extremely remote. The third in a series of conflagrations more or less devastating, this fire destroyed over two millions' worth of property and left hundreds of shoe firms without homes. But phoenix-like they rose, and in an incredibly short time the burned-over area was covered with factories in full swing of activity.

Of public and semi-public buildings—educational, philanthropic and hygienic institutions—Haverhill has a goodly supply. Among these her City Hall, erected in 1889 on the site of the old Mason's Arms Tavern, is a building which for architectural beauty is not exceeded by any other in the state. The Post Office, completed in 1895, is another edifice which attracts the eye as being in excellent taste and admirably

equipped. Postmaster H. I. Pinkham, who is a personal friend of his townsman, Hon. William H. Moody, has recently been appointed to a new term of office, thereby insuring the excellent service which the city has always enjoyed in this department.

Exceedingly well protected against physical contingencies is Haverhill, for she boasts three hospitals within her limits: a City Hospital proper,



HON. BOYD B. JONES

which occupies a wing of the Alms House, an Emergency Hospital and a fine, modern, endowed hospital, known as the Hale Hospital at the east end of the city. The latter derives its name from its founder, the late E. J. M. Hale, who by his will left the city in the vicinity of \$175,000 for various purposes. The hospital has been the recipient of many bequests from interested citi-

zens, and its new buildings of recent construction show modern conveniences and luxuries to equal those of larger and more pretentious institutions. Its commanding site, overlooking a view of charming picturesqueness, is a factor in its attractiveness of which few similar institutions can boast. Miss Ann C. Parker, its matron, is at the head of a training school for nurses which is very thorough in its methods and practices.

The Old Ladies' Home is an institution which is most adequately equipped and ably managed. Capable of accommodating twenty-five persons, its comfortable quarters are always filled, and applicants are constantly waiting. Built in 1876 at a cost of \$10,000, it is richly endowed and owns its own building. Other benevolent institutions which might be mentioned in detail, but which must receive only cursory enumeration, are The Elizabeth Home for Children, The Female Benevolent Society, The Haverhill Day Nursery, The Men's Club and The Young Women's Reading Room,—titles which suggest the scope and character of Haverhill benevolence. Forty-five thousand dollars was expended last year for the poor, while \$16,000 was expended for State Aid and \$16,000 for Soldiers' Relief.

An institution of an entirely different character is that known as the Historical Society, which has for its object the collection and preservation of articles of local historic interest. Its home, the gift of Mrs. Mary Duncan Harris, is on historic ground, being the old Saltonstall estate, previously referred to as "The Buttonwoods." Under the patronage of Judge Ira A. Abbott, and the superintendence of Leonard W. Smith, the institution is in a

thriving and prosperous condition.

Among the interesting relics preserved here is the sheet in which Hannah Duston brought home the scalps of her twelve Indian captors. Here also is the original Indian deed to Pentucket lands already referred to, carefully preserved.

Haverhill is an amusement-loving city, and a large and well appointed theatre, with several minor places of attraction, furnish entertainment to those seeking it during the winter season. Her clubs also offer great possibilities along this line, and there are so many clubs, representing so many different interests, that a word regarding one of her representative societies is demanded before briefly touching upon other subjects.

The largest club in the city is composed of a company of gentlemen numbering 350, who call themselves The Pentucket Club. A purely social organization, its home is the old Duncan mansion at the corner of Main and Summer streets, which was purchased and remodeled to meet the exigencies of the society in 1895. Its wide piazzas overlook beautifully shaven lawns and flower beds, while its interior, richly fitted with every detail of comfort and luxury, is admirably adapted to its purpose. Billiards, bowling and a quiet hour in the reading room are the favorite recreations, while a conservatory, an art gallery and an opera hall offer their fascinations at appropriate seasons. It was in this hall, which is occasionally the scene of the club's theatricals, that a banquet was tendered Hon. William H. Moody by his fellows at the time of his appointment as Secretary of the Navy. Draped above the head of the board, several flags, tied in different styles of intricate knots by a

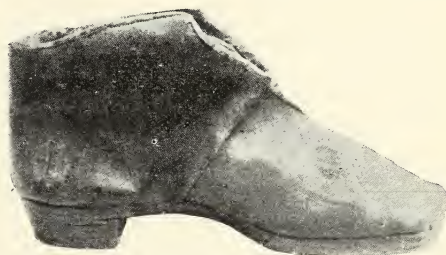
clever jack tar, caught the quick eye of Mr. Moody, who remarked upon the cunning work of some hand. Wishing to confound him, a friend who is extremely fond of a joke, gravely announced that a Secretary of the Navy was expected to be able to tie all such knots with unhesitating facility. Equal to the occasion, Mr. Moody replied that duty demanded his resignation upon the spot; but though worsted by the requirements of office he should nevertheless go down with flying colors.

It is during the summer season, however, that Haverhill most enjoys herself. A pleasure steamer plies each day between the city and the beaches eighteen miles away, and the sail down the Merrimack, past points of historic and poetic interest, is one of the most charming river sails offered throughout New England. Among these the Pines, Eagle Island and numerous other leafy retreats are easily accessible from the city, and offer unlimited delights to those who wish to escape from dusty streets to Nature's cool shadows. The half dozen city parks also afford breathing spots which are much appreciated by the children. Winnekenni Park, a delightful estate on the outskirts of the city, purchased some years ago for public resort purposes, is a favorite recreation ground for both young and old. The completion of a circuit road, connecting it with the city will in the near future make it more than ever popular. With an annual appropriation of \$7,000, it is surprising to note the extensive improvements which the Park Commission effect in their work of beautifying the city's green spots. To the untiring efforts of Superintendent Henry Frost much of the effec-

tiveness of results and conserving of funds is due.

A notable event in the history of Haverhill was the celebration of her 250th birthday on July 2nd and 3rd, 1890. The occasion was made one of special rejoicing and festivity. Elaborate preparations were made for its celebration, and a great concourse of guests and townsmen united in making it memorable for its associations and recollections. The commemorative oration was given by the Rev. Samuel White Duncan.

An ode written for the occasion by the poet Whittier was read with much impressiveness. The venerable poet was unable to be present, but



AN OLD TIME SHOE

the last stanza of his poem indicates the deep and loyal affection with which he regarded his native town:

"The singer of a farewell rhyme,
Upon whose outmost verge of time
The shades of night are falling down,
I pray God bless the good old town."

Doubtless the poet Whittier has won wider distinction than any other of Haverhill's sons. Born in the East parish in 1807, his early songs are replete with that sentiment of intense love of the Merrimac Valley and scenes of his boyhood which lingered with him to the very last. Here in the old Haverhill academy he received his early education; here he taught and edited a paper; here he first began to paint those word pic-

tures which the world delights in to-day; and here two hundred years old stands the house of his father—a shrine toward which hundreds of pilgrims yearly wend their way. This old house is now in the possession of the Whittier Club; is in excellent repair; and its interior furnishings are preserved precisely as they were when occupied by the Whittier family.

Many have been the solid Haverhill men and women to make famous names for themselves by their talents and abilities. Such names as Harriet Newell, pioneer missionary to India, Benjamin Greenleaf, mathematician, Dr. James Nichols, expounder of science, Charles Short, educator, Henry Bacon and Henry D. Morse, lights in the field of fine arts, Daniel Appleton, founder of the well-known publishing house of that name, are but a few of those which have become familiar the country over; while the names of Marsh, Crowell, Atwood, Carleton, Train, Seeley, Longley, Minot, Ames, Wingate, Farnum, Merrill, Hale, Nichols and a score of others could be cited as enjoying perhaps a narrower, but not less appreciative recognition.

Of those who are to-day identified with high offices both at home and abroad, doubtless Hon. William H. Moody enjoys the highest repute. Born in Newbury, December 23rd, 1853, he graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, in 1872, and from Harvard University four years later. Directing himself to the study of law, Mr. Moody practiced with marked success for several years. His incumbency of the district attorneyship was a notable one, and doubtless the ability displayed in that office led to his election

in 1893 as Congressional representative of the sixth Massachusetts District, a post made vacant by the death of Gen. Cogswell of Salem. His promotion to the office of Secretary of the Navy and again to the Attorney Generalship certifies to the high esteem with which his versatile capabilities are regarded at the Capitol. Mr. Moody has always been prominent in the social life of his home city, and is a member of its leading business and educational institutions.

At the head of municipal affairs is Roswell L. Wood. Elected a member of the Board of Overseers of the Poor, in 1901, his popularity led to his inauguration as Mayor, in 1904, and also his re-election to that office last December. He is much beloved of the old soldier, in whose behalf he has always shown a lively interest, which interest also extends in a marked degree to the worthy poor. The Board of Aldermen, and the various city officers, from the lowest to the highest, are devoted to the interests of their city, and personal aggrandizement does not play the part which it is apt to assume in larger cities throughout the country where personal loyalty is a missing factor.

It would be at variance with the spirit of this article to select for special commendation a few prominent names representing particular vocations, to the neglect of others perhaps as worthy but less conspicuous. It is sufficient to say that the citizens of Haverhill are to-day worthy of their honorable ancestry, and that the city herself, standing upon the threshold of her present prosperity, looks with confidence toward a yet more prosperous and expansive future.

HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

A backward glance from the summit of Great Hill leaves upon the memory an impression of the city which fair scenes of many lands can hardly out rival. From this summit

To the north the Deerfield Mountains loom ghostly and tall, with Atkinson Academy buildings a little to the west in the foreground. Afar to the east, and beyond the spires



THE RIVER FRONT

glimpses of twenty towns in Massachusetts and as many in New Hampshire are visible to the naked eye. Here, 339 feet above the sea, the country stretches its rich acres of hills and farm-dotted vales before the gaze in a panorama of scenic beauty which impels an exclamation of delight. To the south and west lie Groveland, Andover, Methuen and Lawrence, with Wauchusett and Monadnock grim sentinels guarding their backs in the dim distance.

of Newburyport the Atlantic stretches its pale turquoise band from Cape Ann to Boar's Head, and lastly, as if drawn by a magnet, the eye rests upon the Merrimack,—a blue satin ribbon twining in and out of field and forest now subtly tinted with spring's faint green. Swinging strongly along under bridges and past towns, joyous as a child it goes, pulsing with summer's promise—full of her latent laughter and song.



BOOK NOTES

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, by Edward Everett Hale, with a new introduction and notes by the author.

Dr. Hale's most famous story comes to us in a fresh dress and a record of nearly a dozen copyrights in this country, but this is but a partial indication of its popularity for as he states in the introduction, when it appeared it was printed much more extensively in England than it was in America. It has made its way round the world, in many translations, and is an ever welcome guest.

In the introduction Dr. Hale tells how his hero's name, a creature of his own fancy proved to be that of a real person, the incidents of whose early days somewhat tallied with those of the imaginary Philip Nolan, and of the pleasant and unpleasant complications growing therefrom.

In writing the book Dr. Hale struck a popular note, which has since echoed with a volume and persistence of which he little dreamed. It is a book for every young American, and indeed for every young citizen of any country, for love of country which is its lesson, is due, under whatever flag the book is read. (Little, Brown & Company, Boston. 35 cents, postpaid.)

THE STORY OF A LITERARY CAREER, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, with description of her home and life by Ella Gyles Ruddy.

In this little volume the writer presents her autobiography, in response to numerous inquiries relating thereto from literary clubs and other interested people. The story is entertaining, as a picture of the inspiration which aided Mrs. Wilcox in overcoming more than the average obstacles which impeded her early career. It will prove encouraging to young authors, if only they really have the genius upon which her success was built.

She is frank in her disclosures of literary experience, and reports the exact remuneration received for each manuscript which found a publisher. The booklet is handsomely printed, and will please and satisfy the thousands of admirers who have attached themselves to Mrs. Wilcox through appreciative interest in her work. (Elisabeth Town, Holyoke. 50 cents.)

TRUSTS VERSUS THE PUBLIC WELFARE, by H. C. Ritchie.

Mr. Ritchie assumes in his first paragraph that "trusts" are a menace to public welfare, through the regulation of prices for labor, the destruction of competition, and the control of every market, and that their purpose is to extort from the public the highest possible prices, without provoking revolution.

His book is chiefly valuable from its mass of statistical information of the extent to which business concentration has gone, and the volume of stocks and bonds now existing with suggestions as to the amount of aqueous certificates upon which the public is now contributing the money to be divided as dividends among the "consolidators." The figures are more easily accessible in this volume than in the voluminous pages of "frenzied finance" which seem to have inspired it, and to this extent certainly it is of value to every student of the times. (R. F. Fenno & Company, New York.)

SIMPLE RULES FOR BRIDGE. By K. N. Steele.

The increasing popularity of bridge whist practically insures a large demand for these "Rules," which are given in the simplest possible manner in a little booklet of 35 pages. (William R. Jenkins, Sixth Ave., New York.)

Recently received from The Macmillan Company is "The Declaration of Independence" written by Herbert Friedenwald, Ph. D. and furnished for editorial purposes. (Price, \$2.00.)

MODERN ARMS AND A FEUDAL THRONE, by T. Milner Harrison. Illustrated by W. E. B. Starkweather.

Young people generally will be interested in this story of a shipwreck in the Southern Pacific, and the discovery of some wonderful things in the Under World. It is quite as interesting and quite as improbable as anything by Jules Verne, and the writer's ingenuity in working out numerous sensational situations is admirable. (R. F. Fenno & Company, New York. \$1.50.)



MISS FENTON

(See article "Famous Prima Donnas of Old.")

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Famous Prima Donnas of Old

By FRANCES GWEN FORD

LITTLE attention was paid to solo-singing before the 17th century, but then, as the first complete opera with airs, recitatives and choruses was developed by Francisco Caccini and some of his Italian compatriots, a daughter of Caccini became prominent in the rendering of her father's music. Later in the same century Marguerite Bertolazzi and Leonore Baroni were also noted women singers. But the great prima donna was not evolved till the eighteenth century when those wonderful "Queens of Song" began their part in the history of the world's music. Among the earliest of these were the Italian Margherita de l'Epine and the famous English trio, Mrs. Tofts, Anastasia Robinson and Lavinia Fenton.

Unfortunately, with the first visit of Margherita de l'Epine to England, was begun the intense and often ridiculous display of partisanship by the public, passed on from time to time, for one or the other great prima donna. In the case of the Italian singer and her rival Mrs. Tofts, admirers of the latter

one evening when the two were singing, made such a demonstration against the foreigner that neither could be heard. Unattractive in person as de l'Epine was, she managed, in the end to hold her own, for in addition to her fine voice she was amiable, and an unusually good musician.

Mrs. Tofts, who as a matter of fact, was Miss Katharine Tofts, "Mrs." being merely a title of courtesy and a reversal of the modern custom, was a finely proportioned, fascinating woman, with an exquisitely sweet clear voice. Her salary was some \$3000 per season, over \$100 a night. Wonderful terms for 1708! In this she outdid her rival for l'Epine only drew \$2000 per season. Notwithstanding her high salary, the amiable Katharine condescended to some small scrapping with Rich, her manager, over gowns and other articles she wore on the stage. One \$400 costume worn in Camilla, caused much interest through Rich's refusing to pay the bill and Mrs. Tofts refusing to sing till he did pay. She also insisted on an allowance for "locks for hair,

jewels, shoes, washing of veils, etc.," and declared \$500 insufficient. Her love of money, it must be admitted, led her sometimes into rather unseemly behavior, for a guest staying at the same house as the beautiful but avaricious favorite, wrote at one time to a friend: "Mrs. Tofts was on Sunday last at the Duke of Somerset's where there were about

Smith, British Consul at Venice and a famous connoisseur. The "Italian woman" in this way had the public to herself for many successful years, but not content with eighteen or more, she was foolish enough, when her day passed, to sing side by side with the charming blue-eyed Anastasia Robinson, and did not retire for nearly a score of



MRS. ANASTASIA ROBINSON

thirty gentlemen, and every kiss was one guinea. Some took three, some four, others five at that rate, but none less than one!"

The sturdy l'Epine did not long have this formidable rival to fear, as insanity developed in Mrs. Tofts, which obliged her to retire in a few years. Though she recovered, she never resumed the rôle of a prima donna, and married Mr. Joseph

years more. She married after twenty years' stay in London, Dr. Pepusch, arranger of the airs in the "Beggars' Opera," and was said to have brought him a neat little fortune of \$50,000; a more consequential sum in those days than in our extravagant times. It is also said that the doctor's wife could earlier have been Countess, if she had been more ambitious, as the Earl of Nottingham was a devoted admirer.

Anastasia was the daughter of a portrait painter and made her first appearance in 1714, when she achieved great success, which lasted

for some dozen years, till her marriage to the Earl of Peterborough was publicly announced. She was a good-tempered as well as an accomplished woman, with a fine voice of extensive compass, though of uncertain intonation. As salary she received nearly \$5000 for a season, with the addition of a benefit night, which shows the increase in market value of a prima donna.

voice in less than ten years. Though Anastasia Robinson retired as a Countess she had to put up with a very eccentric husband, a man who cooked his dinner himself in cap and apron and then ate it with his guests. It is recorded, however, as a happy marriage and Anastasia never seems to have regretted the lost glory of the great prima donna.

Lavinia Fenton achieved enormous success and lasting fame by her sweet voice, and the grace and charm with which she sang all music of the ballad order. And as the first impersonator of "Polly Peachem" in Gay's semi-burlesque "Beggars' Opera," she became such an idol to London opera-goers that even fans and screens were decorated with her songs and witticisms. She sang for five years, and among her successes may be chronicled that of becoming a Duchess, for on the death of the wife of the Duke of Bolton he married Lavinia Fenton, and she enjoyed the privilege of being addressed as "your Grace" for nine years. She died in 1760.

In 1719, the turbulent and obstinate Francesco Cuzzoni appeared upon the scene. She was a singer who, contemporaries said, had most extraordinary powers of inspiration, with marvellous agility in the use of her voice, the high notes of which were exceptionally sweet and clear in tone. Both ear and voice were so true that it was impossible for her to sing out of tune, and she possessed great command of pathetic expression. With no attraction of face or figure she deputed herself as if she had both, and so deluded the public into a belief in their reality that combined with the charm of her voice she became a prodigious favorite, young gallants of the day even fighting duels over the right to

escort her to her carriage, while the gowns she wore, in her famous rôles, became the fashion in the "smart set," especially a certain brown silk embroidered with silver. Handel's admiration for her induced him to compose various airs suited to her voice; very often though, through sheer wilfulness, Cuzzoni sang his compositions in any other manner than the one he intended, and a rehearsal sometimes resulted in a wordy quarrel. This was not long endured by so capable a man of business as Handel; and satisfied that what she needed to control her airs and graces was a rival, he imported to England the beautiful Faustina Bordono. The two women were of the same age, both born in 1700, and nearly equal as singers, and at once the public got up partisanship as intense as that in the case of Mrs. Tofts and Margherita de l'Epine. Faustina's voice, a mezzo-soprano, with a range from B flat to G in alt, was managed with great discretion, and she was the first singer to introduce with success a repetition of the same note. But with greater execution than her rival, she lacked the heart-touching qualities which Cuzzoni's voice possessed, though it was of Faustina that Lady Cowper elegantly expressed her appreciation by writing on the cover of a libretto, "She is a devil of a singer." Faustina's coming proved a dangerous experiment for both Cuzzoni and herself, for on one occasion it is chronicled that when the two singers were on the stage together the applause of the rival factions so upset the nerves of each that they literally fell upon one another until personal damage was done. The feud grew to such an alarming extent that the directors of the opera decided that one of the

favorites must leave. At last it was agreed that London must be rid of Cuzzoni, and as it was known that she had vowed that she would never sing for a penny less than her opponent, a guinea less was offered her. This accomplished the desired end and Cuzzoni in 1728 left London and went on a series of tours. She later returned twice to England, but at the last visit, 1750, her voice was gone, and attendance at her per-



SIGNORA FAUSTINA

formances was merely a matter of charity, and after this, life was down-hill for poor Cuzzoni! In Holland she became so poor that she was arrested for debt, and was only able to extricate herself by being allowed to leave the prison at night, to sing in public. After she was again free she kept body and soul together by making button-holes, till she died in 1770 at seventy years. Her public life covered thirty-one years.

Though Faustina had the field clear in London when Cuzzoni left, she did not remain there long. After only two years' residence in England she returned to Vienna and was married to the famous composer, Johann Adolph Hasse. But even with such a husband as Hasse to uphold her, after fifteen years of undisputed sovereignty, she, in her turn, suffered at the hands, or rather voice, of a rival twenty-eight years younger than herself. This

was the faultless singer, Regina Mingotti, a prima donna who made her debut in 1749, and who, as a musician and a vocalist, certainly came very near outranking, if she did not entirely outrank, every other prima donna of the eighteenth century. Her voice reached high G and she had marvellous execution largely due to the excellent instruction of Porpora, that most famous of singing masters, under whose genius the old Italian method reached the height of its glory, and to whose training the girl singer had been committed by her husband, Mingotti, the impresario, of the Dresden Opera

House. What she really lacked for peerlessness, the public considered, was beauty; with that it would have deemed her incomparable. Mingotti's career as a prima donna lasted forty years. On retiring she made her home in Munich where she had the satisfaction of being received at Court.

Contemporary with Mingotti was one of the most beautiful of women and magnificent sopranos, Catterina Gabrielli. Though a born queen,

Gabrielli was the daughter of a cook in the household of Cardinal Gabrielli, from which fact came her nickname of "La Cuoehetina." The Cardinal, hearing the girl sing one day, was so impressed with her accurate ear, the quality of her voice and the extraordinary ease with which she managed it, that he assumed the responsibility of her musical education and she was trained by the best masters, finishing with Porpora. Her equable voice, though not powerful, was of great compass, two and a half octaves, and of exquisite quality. She used it with great effect in rapid, brilliant passages, but not quite so successfully in those demanding great expression. As an actress she possessed much art, liveliness and grace, and though short in figure carried herself with great dignity, and assumed all the hauteur and grand manners of the traditional queen. With hosts of admirers in all directions, among those in Vienna being Emperor Francis I, she became the heroine of most remarkable love affairs, and her youthful beaux not only lost their heads and hearts but often a limb, so anxious were they to draw swords in her behalf. Indeed Gabrielli's delight in any fracas relating to herself made duelling almost a mania with those seeking her smiles. With all this flattery, being naturally of a wilful disposition, she became insanely capricious. Sometimes she would sing in so low a voice the notes could scarcely be distinguished, and when remonstrated with would reply that she could be forced to cry but not to sing. Once she was even sent to prison for twelve days for this cause, and while there sang to her fellow prisoners with the beauty and skill of her finest efforts. A

journey to Russia was one continued ovation and Catherine II showered her with costly presents, though over her salary of five thousand ducats the Empress is said to have demurred, suggesting that even her Field Marshal did not receive such a sum. "Well then," was the spoilt favorite's reply, "get your Field Marshal to sing for you." The last part of her life was spent at Bologna where she formed a strange contrast, through her charities and sedate life, to the gay and frivolous woman of former years. She died in 1796 at the age of sixty-six.

As a queen of society as well as song, Sophie Arnould became prominent in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Born in Bohemia in 1744, when twelve years old her voice was unusual enough to attract the attention of a certain princess at vespers. She was accordingly summoned to the palace where her singing and impersonation were found to be of so unique a character that it was decided that she must be educated in both, and under competent instruction in a few years she more than fulfilled all expectations. Paris went wild with admiration when she sang in Gluck's operas, and her fame in the profession is largely connected with his music. Her voice was limited in range and not very flexible but sympathetic, strong and rich. Voice, genius, beauty, magnificent eyes, incomparable grace and fascinating witchery of manner are catalogued among her charms. Poets and philosophers repeated her *mots*; throngs of noblemen, diplomats, soldiers, poets and artists came to the green-room hoping to have a word with the singer. Her home in Paris, the Hotel Rambouillet, was a palace where she reigned as queen. Even

the sedate Benjamin Franklin, burdened with his mission, found time for some delightful hours in her society, while Marie Antoinette on the verge of the great tragedy, made her a favorite companion. Some twenty-one years covered the time of Sophie Arnould's triumphs and her last public appearance was made

created great sensation the latter part of the eighteenth century included Gertrude Elizabeth Mara, Brigitta Banti and Elizabeth Billington, born respectively in 1749, 1759, and 1768.

Mara, whose maiden name was Schmäling, was the first great woman singer born in Germany, and



SOPHIE ARNOULD

in the eventful year 1776. After the French Revolution, in her old age, she was given a pension by the State as a "national reward for the eminent services rendered by the Citoyenne Arnould to the country and to the sovereign people at the opera." She died in 1803 at the age of fifty-nine.

A group of three singers who

by some authorities ranked also as the greatest singer of the eighteenth century. Her father, a musician, undertook her musical education and at six years of age she was a prodigy as a violin player. Schmäling and his little daughter travelled from place to place, performing before any audiences they could get together, though when ten years old

the little Gertrude secured patronage sufficient to gain herself a hearing by George III. At his Court the great ladies, though they petted the young violinist, regarded such playing as unfeminine, and persuaded her to give it up. For this reason

she, when seventeen, with enough favor to enable her to secure an engagement there at a small salary, and before many months she became an amazing success. This prima donna had little of the desired beauty of the great singers, but her



G. E. MARA, *née* SCHMÄLING

the girl turned her attention to her voice, whose power she had just begun to realize, though as an untrained singer her first public efforts met with little success. Later, after some careful instruction by Hiller, who brought out a number of famous singers, she was heard at Leip-

countenance was good-humored and she was agreeable in conversation. The most difficult music could be read by her at sight, not a usual thing then even with famous singers, and when listening to her singing all defects in appearance seem to have been forgotten. Her voice had

a range of two and three-quarter octaves, from G to high E, with the happy combination of sweetness and power, and she managed it with great fluency and sang also with great intensity of expression, though critics considered she had little real feeling of her own. As the first great German prima donna she became one of the most distinguished figures of the time, and even Frederick the Great to whom none but Italian singers had been considered worth listening, was so much of an admirer that she was made Court Singer for life with a yearly income of \$2250. Frederick would allow no shirking of duty, however, and once, the story goes, when either from indisposition or disinclination, the prima donna broke an engagement to sing, she was literally obliged to leave her bed and fill the part she had undertaken—so much for a royal task-master!

In the meantime, she had married the dissipated violinist, Mara, who became a continual source of trouble to her. To escape him and to avoid the exactions of the Court she ran away at last to Dresden, but was detained by the Prussian Ambassador until Frederick's wishes in the matter had been learned. Fortunately for Mara, biography has it, the Emperor had just then lost a tooth which disabled him from playing the flute, and caused him also to lose much of his interest in music, so he allowed the engagement to be annulled. On a visit to London the released prima donna sang Handel's music in a magnificent fashion, but as she sat through the performances the English people were much annoyed, and she also got into disgrace in Oxford by throwing a book at a musician in the orchestra, who played out of time. Once when

singing, and the instrumental part assumed more volume than she liked, she remarked sarcastically that it was the first time she had ever been called upon to accompany an orchestra. One wonders what she would have said to our modern orchestration! She could keep no money, as enormous sums were continually extorted by her brute of a husband, and when she retired to Moscow she was obliged to support herself by teaching. She sang altogether twenty-one years, though on her last visit to London in 1819 her voice was quite a thing of the past. She died in 1833 at the the age of eighty-four.

In Brigitta Banti, the daughter of a Venetian gondolier, Europe boasted one of the finest singers of the world. Ten years before the French Revolution, as a beautiful Italian peasant she attracted much attention by singing in the streets of Paris. Her voice, which biographers have styled "luscious," was enormous in compass, sonorous, flexible and exquisitely sweet, with intermediate notes of extraordinary power, so it was no wonder that the manager of the French Opera as he listened to the girl was assured of a prize, and at once placed her under the best musical training. In a few months her success was marvellous, though she was always careless and indolent and relied more on her natural gifts than on any education. At the height of her popularity she could not read the simplest music, but her execution was perfect, and with a voice probably of three octaves, beautiful in face and form, she had the world almost distraught in its wild admiration over her. Among the offers of marriage she received (always a running accompaniment to a great prima donna)

was one from the son of Lord North, but she married a very different person, one Zaccaria Banti, a dancer in London. After Banti had sung some twenty years her health failed in the prime of life. She was forced to retire, and died four years afterward at forty-seven. As she realized that the "voice without a fault" was largely due to physical organization, she bequeathed her larynx, extraordinary in size, to the city of Bologna "as a wonderful specimen of that organ."

Elizabeth Weishel, better known as Mrs. Billington, had a German father, but her mother was an English singer of much charm and some fame. Elizabeth was born in London, 1763, and carefully trained in music from early childhood. At fifteen she eloped with, and married, Thomas Billington, her music-master. Worldly matters did not prosper with her for some time, though a few engagements helped to keep her before the public, and at last the manager of Covent Garden, London, consented to engage the young wife. Mrs. Billington was never a good actress, but she was always an excellent musician and possessed a most correct ear, which would instantly detect any instrument out of tune in the orchestra. With a handsome face and figure, and thoroughly bewitching in manner, she became after one performance in London a triumphant prima donna. Later in Paris her success was equally as great, and Napoleon was often one of her admiring listeners. Her knowledge

of music made all the embellishments which were then "the rage" judicious and in good taste when she used them, and she sang, as one chronicler has it, with "refreshing neatness and precision." Part of her brilliant career is memorable in London for her singing the first work of Mozart produced there, and it was Mozart who said that when Sir Joshua Reynolds painted



MRS. BILLINGTON AS ST. CECILIA

the picture of Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia listening to the angels, he should have reversed the scene and had the angels, enraptured, listening to Mrs. Billington.

In largeness of salary Mrs. Billington went beyond all previous records and received the sum of \$15,000 for three nights a week for six months, with a benefit of \$2500 more.

Though she nominally retired

early from her profession, she sang afterward in London and was really before the public for twenty-five years. Her death in 1818, at the age of fifty, was owing to the effects of a blow from a scoundrelly second husband, a Frenchman, Felican by name, whom she had married in

Among Mrs. Billington's rivals in that famous time was the beautiful but ignorant and indolent Giuseppe Grassini, daughter of a Lombardy farmer. She was born in 1773, and when only twenty attracted the notice of the musical world. Her voice was originally a soprano,



ANGELICA CATALANI

1749. Even in the first week of their supposed honeymoon he had been publicly flogged in Italy for cruelty to her, but with strange infatuation she had still adhered to him and from time to time paid out large sums of money to support his riotous living.

which under training became a beautiful contralto of an octave in range, and she had a rich and finished style. As she realized her lack in execution she never attempted any passages beyond what she could do perfectly, and in expressing the subdued and softer passions it is ad-

mitted she has never been excelled. She had a figure graceful and majestic, deep black eyes which were intensely expressive, and she possessed great dramatic instinct. Even Napoleon on one occasion while listening to her, sprang to his feet and shouted like a school-boy. Grassini retired in 1817, after a triumphant career of twenty-three years, marrying Colonel Ragani, director of opera in Paris. She died in Milan in 1850, when eighty-seven.

To be included in this galaxy of great singers was Angelica Catalani, who was born in the Roman States, 1780, and was the last of the old school of the eighteenth century. She did not touch the heart or captivate the sense, as some of the others, but her audiences were held spell-bound with astonishment over her wonderful execution and the marvelous range of her grand soprano voice. This covered three octaves, and though criticized for becoming sometimes merely an imitation of musical instruments, was so largely popular that it greatly excelled in marketable value all voices of the time. For a season in Portugal, Catalani received a sum equal to \$15,000, and from Kings Theatre, London, during the season 1806-1807, she secured, including bene-

fits, \$25,000. The total profits from the year 1807, with concerts and tours added, amounted to \$100,000.

At one musical festival she received over \$1000 for singing "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia," and by the time she left England she had accumulated the nice round sum of \$250,000. However, Catalani was generous as well as business-like, and \$380,000 profits from concerts was one of the enormous sums distributed by her in charitable ways. Besides her beauty of voice Catalani had great beauty of person, large blue eyes, dazzling complexion, a tall, majestic figure, and to crown all, much beauty of disposition. Her marriage to Captain de Vallebregue was a romantic love match and her whole life was above criticism. She retired in 1825 when fifty-nine, about thirty years covering her public career, and died, 1848, at seventy years of age.

Perhaps something of the glamour of "once upon a time" hangs over these Queens of Song as it does over the Princes and Princesses of fairy lore, but that they were exceptional women with superb gifts in voice, and wonderfully trained, is thoroughly attested by their unique position in the history of the world's music.



William Claflin

By MARY OLIVIA SUMNER

THE name of William Claflin stands for all that is best and noblest in life. For wisdom in statesmanship, purity in politics, integrity in business, progress in education, broad philanthropy and sincere Christianity he is a conspicuous figure in history. Generous and helpful in every worthy cause, loyal to his country, faithful to his friends, devoted to his family, the story of his life is a splendid record of traits and talents turned to the best possible account and furnishes a valuable example for those of succeeding generations to follow. He died January 5, 1905.

William Claflin was born in Milford, Massachusetts, March 6, 1816, the son of Hon. Lee, and Sarah (Adams)

Claflin. His father was a man of wealth and position, which he had acquired through his own efforts, being in every sense a self-made man. He was a well known philanthropist, an ardent abolitionist, a man of wonderful strength of character and a devout Christian, all of which qualities the son

inherited to the fullest degree. He received his early education in the Milford district schools, and later attended Milford Academy. At the age of fifteen he entered Brown University, but owing to ill health was soon obliged to give up the course, returning to his home where he was placed in his

father's business, the manufacture of boots, which became one of the leading concerns in the state. Following his habit of doing with all his might whatever claimed his attention and efforts, he worked so hard that an attack of typhoid fever resulted. Recovering from this he was sent to a warmer climate and was started by his father in business



THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM CLAFLIN,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1880

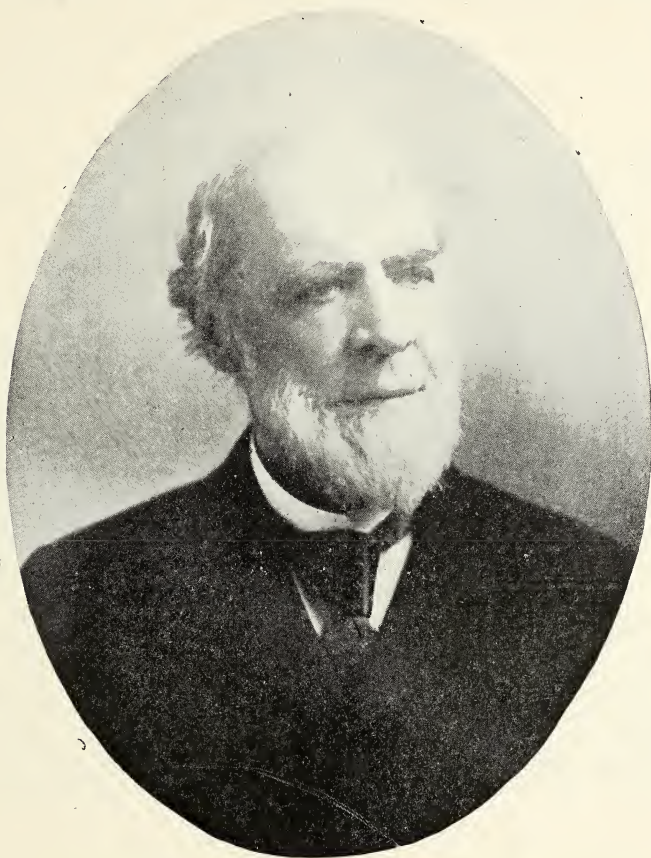
in St. Louis; a mammoth undertaking for a young man in those days, for as there were no railroads, all transportation was carried on through New Orleans and the Gulf, and owing to the scarcity of money in the West, the exchange was made by barter instead of currency. So well did he succeed that he was soon able to

conduct the business on his own account and responsibility, and the rare judgment displayed and developed at that time was a distinguishing characteristic through all his later life.

In 1840 he married Nancy W. Harding of Milford, who lived but

in his dealings, just and kind to his employees.

In 1845 he married Mary Bucklin Davenport of Hopkinton, a woman of strong and inspiring character, of keen sensibilities, an earnest helper in every good cause, and an enthusiastic friend of all women who were



EX-GOVERNOR CLAFLIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1896

little more than a year. A few years later he left his Western business to the management of a partner, and returned to Massachusetts, opening tanneries and boot and shoe factories in different parts of the state and elsewhere. He became one of the leading business men of Massachusetts, honorable

struggling to make the most of their lives; a handsome, gracious and talented woman, who has left evidence of her literary ability in books, entitled "Under the Old Elms," "Reminiscences of Whit-tier" and "Brampton Sketches," which have been a delight to all who have read them. She died

June 13, 1896. The Claflin family lived for a short time in Boston, but soon removed to Hopkinton, occupying a brick mansion near the center of the town, where they entertained most generously. It was the beginning of that hospitality for which afterwards they were famous.

In 1849 Mr. Claflin was elected to the Massachusetts House of

highest office of the Commonwealth.

Thrice was he elected Governor, serving the state faithfully and honorably. It is a remarkable fact that the six nominations, three for Lieutenant-Governor and three for Governor, were made by acclamation. Many important measures came before him when Governor and in them all he invariably decided as



"THE ELMS," HOME OF EX-GOVERNOR CLAFLIN

Representatives by the Free Soil party and served in that capacity until 1853, when he had an interval of rest from political cares which he devoted to business. In 1860 he was elected to the Senate, and a year later was made president of that body. In 1866 he became Lieutenant-Governor, holding the office for three years, and at the end of that time was chosen to fill the

he thought wisest and best, regardless of cost to his own interests. His greatest work as Governor was in securing the beginning of the construction of the Hoosac Tunnel, due almost entirely to his persistent efforts. But he always felt that his greatest service to the state was his veto of the Boston, Hartford & Erie bill, which called for a loan of \$15,000,000 to that road for the con-

struction of tracks via Blackstone and Middletown, as a competing line with the Boston, Worcester, Springfield and Hartford line to New York.

Important as Mr. Claflin's work was at all times in the politics of Massachusetts, the greatest political service of his life, according to his own estimation and that of his friends, was his work on the Republican National Committee. He served on this committee for twelve critical years following the close of the war, working most assiduously for the first nomination of Gen. Grant for the presidency and entirely neglecting his own interests. (It was during the campaign previous to his first election as Governor.) In 1872 he was made chairman of that important committee, on which he labored with indefatigable zeal for President Grant's second nomination. The value of his services during these crucial years cannot be over-estimated. Previous to this period he had been a delegate to the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency, and the two men were firm friends in the dark and troublous times that followed.

In 1877 Mr. Claflin was elected to the national House of Representatives, where he remained through two terms, declining a third. While living in Washington the Claflins kept the same open house that was characteristic in their Northern home. President Hayes and Mr. Claflin became close friends, and many a Sunday evening found them singing hymns together at the White House.

It has been remarked by a well-known statesman that Mr. Claflin's position in Washington society was a unique one. Believing strongly

in total abstinence he had the courage to stand by his convictions at all times although entertaining most lavishly. With his retirement from Congress the active political career of his life was ended, but his intense interest in the affairs of the state and nation never abated in the least degree while life lasted.

In 1855 Mr. Claflin purchased the beautiful country estate in Newtonville, known for fifty years past as "The Old Elms." It is one of the historic landmarks of the United States. There the hospitality of the genial, courteous host and his stately wife was at its zenith. The estate belonged originally to Governor Simon Bradstreet, later to Judge Fuller and afterwards to Gen. Hull. The name of "The Old Elms" was given it by Henry Ward Beecher, who, with his talented sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe, was a frequent visitor there. The scenes described by Mrs. Stowe in "Old Town Folks" were laid in that neighborhood. The grand old place was a haven of rest to Charles Sumner when his hours were darkest, and the solace he received from this generous-hearted pair was a wondrous balm to his sore heart. Henry Wilson and the poet Whittier found in this restful spot the companionship so dear to their lonely lives. There the noble Henry Durant matured many of his plans for his splendid memorial college at Wellesley, and there later Alice Freeman, long the gifted president of that college, passed many delightful hours. It is interesting to know that Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote part of her attractive story, "Through One Administration," in the shade of the beautiful elms. Many other well known writers, notable among

whom were Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Lucy Larcom, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Sarah Orne Jewett and Edna Dean Proctor, were also welcome guests. Ex-President Hayes, Chief Justice Chase, Madame Carmen Diaz of Mexico, Gen. Banks, John B. Gough, Horace Greeley, Dr. Peter Parker of Chinese fame, Louis Agassiz, Dr. Fairbain, president of Mansfield College, Oxford, England, Dr. Joseph Campbell, that blind educator of rare genius, Rev. Newman Hall, the celebrated English preacher, Professor Drummond, Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America," and a host of others partook at different times of the hospitality dispensed at this famous mansion.

During the winter season the family resided in Boston, first at No. 8 Walnut Street, where they agreeably entertained Père Hyacinth, during his visit to America, and Senator Revels, the first colored man elected to the United States Senate. Later their home was at 63 Mt. Vernon Street, a spacious residence purchased by Mr. Claflin while Governor. In his memorial address upon William Claflin, delivered before the Wesleyan Association and later at the memorial service in the Newtonville Methodist Church, Dr. William F. Warren, former president of Boston University, said: "With the possible exception of Mrs. Sargent's, the Claflin home, more than any other of the Boston of that day, was the resort and social headquarters of the authors and philanthropists who visited the city." And Rev. C. L. Goodell, now pastor of the largest Methodist Church in New York City, in his memorial address for Mrs. Claflin eight years before,

voiced the same sentiment. His words were: "Over that threshold more of the good and great have passed than over almost any other in our great city."

From youth Mr. Claflin was a devout Christian, a member and staunch supporter of the Methodist church, giving largely to that denomination both from his brains and his purse. In the cause of the abolition of slavery he was one of the strongest advocates in the country. William Endicott of Boston, in his letter, read at the memorial service previously mentioned, paid him this tribute: "To my mind his greater service, which may not improperly be called a public one, was not as holding important official position, but as an active force in developing the public sentiment which made Massachusetts a leader in the contest which led to the abolition of slavery in the United States." This strong anti-slavery principle caused him, while in business in St. Louis, to pay \$800 for a slave for the purpose of setting him free. The very great danger attending such a proceeding can scarcely be conceived in these days.

The Claflin University founded by his father in Orangeburg, South Carolina, for the education of the colored race, frequently received large donations from him. Another favorite philanthropy was the Morgan Memorial Chapel, established in Boston, in 1868, by Rev. Henry Morgan, for the betterment of the poorer classes. Mr. Claflin was of the utmost assistance in starting this charitable institution, both with money and advice, and watched its growth with keen interest. His belief in equal suffrage was firm and he was the first governor of Massachusetts, and it is

believed of any state, to advocate the franchise for women.

For the promotion of education he labored most earnestly, and was influential in securing many acts which are a lasting memorial to his name. When Prof. Eben Tourjée, filled with zeal for the advancement of music in Boston, purchased the great St. James Hotel in Franklin Square, the project met with general disfavor, as it was considered a wild scheme, but Mr. Claflin, realizing its possibilities, stood firmly by him and the development of that great institution, the New England Conservatory of Music, has proved the wisdom of his judgment. After the colleges of Wellesley and Smith were established, Mt. Holyoke Seminary declined rapidly in favor, and Mr. Claflin, in his farsighted judgment, saw but one course to pursue if it was to be saved. In his opinion it must be made a college. To this plan, however, the board of trustees, of which he was a member, would not listen. For three years he vainly urged this step, but later, and after he had withdrawn from the board, the value of his opinion was recognized and Mt. Holyoke College is the result.

While governor it was his privilege and pleasure to sign the charters for Wellesley and Smith Colleges, and for Boston University. This last named institution was founded by Hon. Lee Claflin, Isaac Rich and Hon. Jacob Sleeper, who strongly wished to establish it in the country, but finally yielded to the persuasive arguments of William Claflin, who saw the numerous advantages to be gained with city environments, as regarded better opportunities for lectures and music. He was made president of the board of trustees, holding the office through the re-

mainder of his life. He was president of the Massachusetts Club, the oldest Republican political organization in the state, from 1875 to 1904, when he was made president emeritus. He was one of the founders and a director of the International Trust Company of Boston; a trustee of Wellesley College and of the Conservatory of Music; president of the Theological Library; a founder and for years president of the Hide & Leather National Bank of Boston; one of the incorporators of the Boston Five Cents Savings Bank; a former president of the New England Shoe & Leather Association; and president of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, before which he delivered a remarkably fine address upon John Hancock, when nearly 78 years of age. The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him in 1868 by Wesleyan University and a year later by Harvard College.

A few years ago owing to failing health he gave up his winter home in Boston, residing entirely at "The Old Elms," where he was always delighted to welcome his friends. His daughter, Mrs. Charles W. Ellis had lived with him since the death of Mrs. Claflin and had been his constant companion.

From my childhood I remember Mr. Claflin, in his frequent visits at my grandfather's home, as a man of dignified presence, tall and erect, and with the courtly manners of a gentleman of the old school, all of which attributes he retained to the last. His eyesight never grew dim with years nor his hearing less acute, while the keen and comprehensive grasp of affairs and the sound judgment for which he was always remarkable never failed him to the end. His reminiscences of

former times and friends were most delightful, but he never dwelt in the past. He was unassuming in manner, of a calm yet forceful temperament and had infinite tact. William Claflin belongs now to history. Through the lights and shadows of more than four score

years his faith in God and his fellow-men remained steadfast.

All honor to the man who for over a half century has been such a potent influence for good in the state and the nation. His memory is a rich legacy to the people of Massachusetts.

Another Milton

By ARNOLD M. ANDERSON

AT the age of sixty-five years, Mr. Cassel lost his eyesight and, in consequence, was compelled to retire from business. Having long been accustomed to the activities of business life, he chafed under the affliction which imposed so many restrictions upon his movements and it was not until he developed a passion for poetry that he began to know any feeling of resignation to his lot. Previous to his blindness he had not cared very much for books, but now they became his chief delight. He was under the care of the only other surviving member of his family, his daughter, Clara, who, in every way possible, sought to alleviate the misfortune that had come to her father so late in life. She read to him daily and it was in the course of these readings that he acquired a special fondness for poetry; this fondness grew upon him and one day he startled his daughter by remarking that he had a good mind to try his hand at verse-making.

He did try. With business-like determination, he set himself to grinding out verses upon the well-worn classical themes, for the most part.

He sang the praises of Pan, the shepherds and the nymphs; there was scarcely a god in antiquity to whom he did not compose an ode. Clara, seeing that her father was happy and contented while engrossed in literary composition, encouraged his muse by cheerful flattery, little guessing what the future would bring forth.

With something to occupy his mind, Mr. Cassel required less attention than formerly, and Clara found time to write longer letters to a very impatient young man by the name of Paul, who had more than a brotherly interest in her and who, by reason of his business interests in another part of the country, was forced to conduct his wooing through the agency of the United States mail.

For a time Mr. Cassel was content to write for the mere sake of writing, but at length came the yearning to have his work published; also, his business instinct must have whispered to him that it was just possible that his efforts might be turned to pecuniary account. Accordingly he prevailed upon Clara to copy some of his

better pieces into legible script and send them off to the magazines. In a few days they began to come back; by ones and twos and threes they came until they all had returned and with each came a courteous rejection slip.

Mr. Cassel was a trifle disconcerted, but he was not crushed; he resolved to carry the experiment further. After submitting manuscripts to the various publications for several weeks and enclosing return postage, which was invariably used for the purpose designated, he became disheartened and began to doubt that he had any poetical ability. For several days he scorned his pen and refused to write a word, then his egotism got the better of him, and he arrived at the conclusion that possibly the real objection did not lie in the poems themselves, but in the form of the manuscript. "No editor has time to puzzle out handwriting; all manuscripts should be typewritten," he argued; and forthwith a type-writing machine was procured and Clara at once proceeded to learn how to operate it. Thereafter the poems were sent out neatly typewritten, but, strangely, they did not prove any more acceptable; they still continued to come back with ridiculous regularity.

Then Mr. Cassel was disgusted; he began to hate editors and to draw invidious comparisons between his own poems and those which appeared in print; he was surely developing into a cynic when an opportune bit of good news restored him to his usual good nature.

"At last, father, a poem accepted!" announced Clara one morning upon her return from the postoffice.

"Which one, child?" asked the father eagerly.

"The 'Tribute to the Muses.'"

"I knew it, I knew it! I felt it! That was bound to sell. Who took it, daughter?"

"The 'Welcome Weekly.'"

"What did they say? When will it be published? How much did they pay?"

"The editor doesn't say much; simply that it will be paid for at their regular rates upon publication. He doesn't mention when it will be published."

"No? Well, it won't matter much to me. I am blind. I will never know the joy of seeing my poems in print. You, Clara, are my eyes now! How utterly I depend upon you! You never complain; you never let me feel that I am a burden to you; you—"

"Father, stop it! Burden? Why, I would die of lonesomeness if I didn't have you!"

"Ah, no, you are now a woman, and there is no telling when you may fall in love with some good-looking man—well, I wouldn't blame you—it's all natural, this loving and marrying. I am selfish to wish to keep you near me always. I am selfish to be jealous of a lover who—who has not yet appeared."

"Father, I will never leave you. I promise you that. Don't dare to think of such a thing again. Of all things, don't worry about me—a poet has trouble enough without worrying about his daughter."

"A poet? Ah, have I the right to be called a poet? Do you think this accepted poem means recognition?"

"Perhaps! who can tell?" answered Clara, laughingly.

"Just think; what if I should become famous, a famous blind poet."

"Like Milton?"

"Like Milton? Don't make sport of me. Yes, I have a loving daughter; in that I am like him. No, Clara, I shall never be great—I have begun to write too late in life—I am too old."

"Nonsense! Poets are never old!"

"Daughter, I feel young! I love poetry! It may be that it has been sleeping in me all these years; it may yet burst forth. Oh, if I could only write as I feel! My soul is full, but when I try to put my thoughts on paper, the words forsake me; the rhymes come hard; the inspiration is lost in the effort; I become sluggish. I must be more patient; I must work harder."

Now fairly mounted upon his Pegasus, Mr. Cassel must needs use the spurs, yet it was seldom that he could urge his animal out of an unsteady trot. The beast was willing enough, but something ailed him; his joints were stiff, he had the stringhalt, the fire was gone out of him, and however eagerly he might try to prance gracefully to music, he could only jolt about heavily. At times he would toss his head and jerk himself into a convulsive gallop, then stop suddenly, almost throwing his rider. He was a broken-down Pegasus and his actions betrayed not only his advanced age, but also inefficient training; his mission had been subverted; too long had he been forced to serve in commercial harness where his wings were all but useless. Was it any wonder that now he did not take kindly to flight; that he was not able to raise himself from the ground, notwithstanding the spurgalls? His efforts were pitiable, yet the Muses seemed to smile encouragement.

Disappointments continued to

rain upon Mr. Cassel. Once, when the "Welcome Weekly" published his "Tribute to the Muses," for which he received one dollar in cash and a year's subscription to the paper, his hopes revived slightly, but only to be stifled by the many rejections that followed. Even the "Welcome Weekly" did not encourage him by another acceptance. Mr. Cassel had long ceased to write for the sordid purpose of adding to his income; he had a higher aim; to gain an honored position in literature. He was thoroughly in earnest and with every out-going manuscript went a fragment of his heart, but the manuscript only returned.

Clara viewed her father's increasing uneasiness with dismay; she petted, cajoled and scolded him, but he was not to be daunted; he had sold one poem, he could sell others. Besides he felt that his work was constantly improving and so was becoming more worthy of publication. Upon a certain poem entitled, "In the Darkness," he expended an unusual amount of time and thought; in these verses he embodied the reflections and sensations of a blind man; there was so much of his soul in this composition that he naturally entertained an inordinately high opinion of it. His expectations were correspondingly high and, after the manuscript was sent upon its first journey, he awaited the result with impatience.

One day, a week or more after this poem had been sent off, Clara entered her father's room in somewhat of a flutter. In her hand were two envelopes, one containing "In the Darkness" rejected, the other a letter from Paul which she had been reading on her way from the post-office. The blind man was quick to detect his daughter's agitation and

in his hopeful eagerness he demanded childishly: "Tell me, Clara, tell me that it has been accepted! Quick, tell me that 'In the Darkness' has been accepted!"

The old man was trembling with excitement, his face was glowing and written all over with assurance. Clara hesitated. She gazed at her father in perplexity. A shade of doubt overspread his expectant face for an instant, then he burst out confidently: "Quick, child, tell me! You can't fool me! I feel that you bring good news! Out with it!"

Clara was alarmed. What should she say? She dared not tell him the truth. Yielding to a filial impulse, she clasped him about the neck and kissed him fervently upon his forehead. "Yes, father, it is accepted!" she said as tears filled her eyes.

Mr. Cassel's joy was unbounded. He wept and laughed and shouted; he hugged his daughter, danced about, called down blessings upon the editor and his magazine; he knew no restraint, but freely gave vent to his feelings. It was plain that the idea of doubting the truth of Clara's statement never occurred to him.

"Now tell me what the editor said; read his letter—but first let me feel it," he commanded, after he had calmed down a little.

Clara placed a page of Paul's love letter into her father's hand.

"I feel the ink," he murmured, as he drew his fingers lightly over the paper; "how closely it is written, and how much writing! Here, take it and read it!"

Clara took the sheet and glanced at the burning words of love written thereon: "I will never give you up, I cannot," ran the lines; "I love you not for a day or a year, but forever. Believe this, however long

our marriage may be delayed. I know you will be my wife some day—a way will be opened up, only trust me, have faith in me! You know I have no desire to take you from your father; I know how he needs you, but what is there to prevent us three having a home together? Why can't you explain this to him? Surely he will understand—he would be only too willing to see you happy—and if you love me truly you cannot be happy without me any more than I can without you. Still, I don't wish to urge you to do anything against what you consider your duty. At all events, I am coming to see you and then—" These words she haltingly translated into such familiar editorial phrases as: "We are pleased to accept your poem for publication in our columns and we take pleasure in inviting you to submit more of your work for our consideration. While the main purpose of this magazine is the publication of fiction and articles on literature, history and travel, we are always glad to devote suitable space to poems of merit."

"It's music to my ears, daughter, it's the sweetest music I have ever heard! 'Poems of merit,' yes, there must always be a demand for poems of merit. I must write some more at once! I will be famous yet, Clara!" said Mr. Cassel enthusiastically.

Clara hoped against hope that the next poem would actually be accepted, but it was not, nor were any of the many following ones which evolved in rapid succession from her father's productive brain. Gradually the old man began to lose heart again; he sank into deeper depths than before; his health was impaired. Clara decided to deceive

him just once more. She announced another poem accepted and instantly her father was aroused from his melancholy and again his hopes soared skyward.

Once inaugurated, a system is likely to prove indispensable; so here. Clara was compelled to resort to deception every time her father's spirits became dangerously low. A poem accepted was the only medicine that would restore his heart to buoyancy. Naturally, as time went by, the dose had to be administered more and more frequently to accomplish the desired effect. How long could this pitiable farce be kept up? When and how would it end? Clara was constantly put upon her guard to prevent her father from learning the true state of affairs; she was harassed continually by petty anxieties; her father was fastidious about the smallest details; he wished to feel the page upon which his poem was printed; he must indorse the checks and sometimes he insisted upon opening his own mail. Clara had to substitute magazines, blank checks and forged letters. He wished an account kept of all his literary earnings; so Clara had to keep a cash book in which she noted down his supposed income. It was well that she did this, for her father was fond of referring to the sums paid to him—they were indeed paid to him, but Clara had to practice the strictest economy in the management of the household in order to do it. Furthermore every letter and scrap of communication from the publishers had to be filed away for reference. As most of this correspondence was mythical, it had to be supplied by Clara who dared not trust to her memory or wit for fear of discovery.

But in spite of these precautions,

there were many narrow escapes. Mr. Cassel was talkative; he was not loth to speak of his literary success; the visitors, and they were not a few, had to be let into the secret. Had the old man been the least bit suspicious, he would have guessed the truth a hundred times, but happily he had come to think too highly of his own work to be suspicious. He craved applause also; the most commonplace compliment he construed seriously and accepted as an honest opinion.

Mr. Cassel's ambition mounted a step higher. Why not publish his poems in book form? Clara heard the suggestion with misgiving, but there was no smothering the idea. The task was commenced. Each poem that her father had written was considered separately; rhymes were changed, words substituted, lines altered—the corrections were many, but after much careful editing, the poems were arranged in the order in which they were to go down to posterity. Off to the publishers went the book until a fictitious publisher was found to accept it; then there was fictitious correspondence; fictitious proofs to read and, finally, a fictitious volume was issued from a fictitious press. The sales were slow at first, but as the old poet's spirits began to droop, they picked up a little. The first edition lagged, yet it was eventually exhausted and a second edition was issued, fictitiously.

Now Mr. Cassel felt that he indeed had a respectable literary standing. For weeks he rested quietly upon his honors, was contented; then he began to wonder why no one sent for his autograph. Soon requests came from flattering admirers. In a staggering, uneven hand which betrayed his affliction,

the blind man wrote gracious replies which were never posted. In some cases signed photographs were sent, supposedly. Oh, the joys of authorship! Fellow poets wrote friendly letters, thanks to the thoughtfulness of Clara. These were glorious days!

Days of illness followed. Mr. Cassel was confined to his bed; propped up with pillows, he would sit for hours peacefully fondling a beloved book—his own, he thought, but in reality the poems of Milton. From another book, a home-made, typewritten volume, the collected works of her father, Clara would read selections. How the old man's face would beam; his ecstasy was sublime and the pride that played about his lips was glorious in that it knew no fall.

But he grew weaker in body and was no longer able to sit up in bed. The press of the country was concerned for his health; a letter came announcing that he had been unanimously elected a member of the Author's Club; there was much to live for.

"Daughter," said the old man one day in a feeble voice, "but for one thing I would be completely happy."

"What is that, father?"

"I would like you to be happily married. When I get well we'll have to hunt up some good-looking young man for you."

Little did the guileless poet dream that he was but a petted, pampered old man. And he died happy—contemplating his autobiography.

The Plan

By CLARA D. GILBERT

I saw a sculptor busy with his art:

I marvelled; his design I could not see;

Nor, in my blindness, could I understand that he
Who with the chisel wrought, knew well his part,
Knew that each stroke was needed to work out his plan.

I watched, but fearing, hindered not; and lo!

From that plain marble, wrought with skillful strokes but
slow,

There came, in time, the image of a perfect man.

So God, unhindered, worketh His design;

But do we, faithless, turn His strokes aside,

Unwilling in His promise to abide.

Deeming our weakness more than power divine,
We mar what might be, in accordance with His plan,—
His thought at last perfected in the soul of man.

An Early Dartmouth Student

By A. BROWNELL SPENCER

IN these days when Dartmouthiana is to the fore, it may be interesting to recall the going to Dartmouth of one of her sons who did her much honor in after years.

After the college days recorded in the following extract from his life, Mr. Vaill studied theology for a short time. He had preached only four sermons when he was called to Hadlyme, Connecticut, where, after preaching twenty sermons, he was found so acceptable that he was installed and remained there for fifty years. His salary probably never exceeded four hundred dollars if it equalled that; on this sum he educated two sons for the ministry, both boys I think receiving college educations.

"Some time in the month of June, 1772," writes Mr. Vaill, "a plan was proposed by Mr. J. O., who had removed the preceding year into the neighborhood of Dartmouth College, for several young men to procure a college education, and to defray their expenses by tending a saw-mill and grist-mill, the property of the college, which he had taken to run on shares. A brother of Mr. O. had before this become a member of Dartmouth College. I had been thinking of a public education for some time, and had been desirous of obtaining one; but no way seemed to be open to me for it. Two of my acquaintance concluded to make trial of Mr. O.'s plan, and I felt inclined to join them in this new and arduous enterprise.

"But numerous and seemingly insurmountable difficulties lay in the way. My father was considerably advanced in life (turned of fifty) and had no other son except one who was then an infant about six months old, and had involved himself in debt to a considerable amount, for the purchase of a settlement for me, that I might live near him. He had seven daughters, most of whom were dependent on him; and on learning my plan to leave home for the purpose of acquiring an education, my parents started such strong objections, that I felt it to be my duty, at first, to give it up. Still the subject was on my mind continually through the summer and I was not satisfied to abandon it.

"At length I signified by letter to Mr. J. O. my desire to go and pursue his proposed plan, and received an answer from him in the fore part of September which fixed my determination to go forward. My father offered me one half of his property, if I would relinquish the idea of leaving him and remain on the farm; but I replied that I would rather give up my claims to any part of his estate than not to go. My friends in general regarded it as a visionary and wild undertaking which would soon be given up in despair, and dissuaded me all in their power. My father told me that as I was of age, he had no legal right to control me; and should leave me to do as I thought best.

He did not refuse to assist me so far as he was able; yet he was not in circumstances to afford me much pecuniary aid.

"Having made the best preparation I could under my circumstances, I set out, with three others, for Dartmouth College, September 28th, 1772. I took my axe with me, and such articles of clothing and a few such books as were necessary.

"Four of us started in company, taking one small horse with us on which the youngest and most feeble of our company rode most of the way. Three of us travelled on foot, and for part of two days each footman swung his pack soldier-like. But at length we contrived to place our packs on our horse. The distance we were to travel was computed to be one hundred and eighty miles. I had only about fifteen shillings in money in my pocket to bear my expenses on the journey; and as this proved insufficient, I received some more from one of our company. We travelled on an average about thirty miles a day. I had never before been twenty miles from home nor gone on foot a whole day at a time. I became excessively weary, and at times almost ready to lie down in the street.

"On the third day, as we went from Hartford on the east side of Connecticut River we reached Chicopee River in Massachusetts; and finding the bridge gone, three of us forded the river. One rode the horse over and ascertained that it was not dangerous on account of its depth. We pulled off our stockings and shoes and waded across, a distance of about ten rods. The water was cold, the stream rapid and the bottom covered with sharp and slippery stones.

"We reached Claremont in New

Hampshire on Saturday night, and put up at a small tavern, over the Sabbath, on the beach of Sugar River. The landlord was an Episcopalian. A meeting was held at his house on the Sabbath.

"On Monday, October 5th, we reached the College mills. The mills were one mile south from the College. They stood on a large brook, and near to them was an interval of fifteen or twenty acres of land, which interval was nearly surrounded on one side by a high hill of a semi-circular form, which extended from northeast to southwest. This hill was thickly covered with forest trees. The road from the mills to the College, after about sixty rods of level land, passed directly up this hill, which was about one fourth of a mile from the bottom to the top, and thence through a hemlock swamp, nearly half a mile in width, before it reached the plain on which the College stood.

"We found Mr. J. O. living alone in a small frame, unfinished house, which had been built for the residence of the man who should tend the College mills. A more solitary and romantic situation can seldom be found. The howling of wild beasts and the plaintive notes of the owl greatly added to the gloominess of the night season.

"Mr. O. was supplied with some provisions and utensils sufficient for one who lived in his solitary condition. His lodging was a box made of boards, called a bunk, with a ticking filled with pine shavings, and a sufficient covering of Indian blankets.

"For the first week we strangers took each one a blanket and slept upon the floor; but in a short time we furnished ourselves with bunks

and straw beds, and with utensils sufficient to take our meals in a more decent manner. The first four or five weeks we spent in tending the mills, and in clearing away the trees near our house, which furnished a supply of fuel for the winter. One of our company returned to Connecticut before winter.

"Three of us now entered upon the study of the Latin grammar and continued to pursue our studies through the winter. Our tutor was a brother of Mr. J. O., who was a member of the Sophomore class in College. We gave him his board for his service in teaching us; and we had no other instructor till we entered College. During the first winter, we studied in our cold house and used pine knots to burn for lights instead of candles, for a part of the time. I lodged in the chamber, with one of my classmates. We ascended a ladder placed in our small entry. My pillow was a duffed great-coat, and our covering narrow Indian blankets. We did our own cooking and washing until the latter part of March, when a young married couple came from Connecticut and lived in our house and superintended our domestic concerns.

"Having repaired a small cottage near by, built in part of logs, we removed into that to study and lodge, where we remained during the next summer suffering many inconveniences, and undergoing many privations. On the return of spring in 1773 as soon as the ice dissolved, we resumed our sawing. We sawed about sixty thousand feet of pine boards, and stuck them up. We also tended the grist-mill in our turns. We had one dollar per thousand for sawing and stacking the boards, and half the toll for

grinding. We also burned over several acres of ground, and cleared them for tillage,—we sowed a part with clover seed for mowing and pasture, and planted yearly about one acre of corn, besides our garden. Our cornfield was never plowed. We employed our hoes in planting corn, and we dug our field when the corn was up with our hoes. In the first summer we built a new convenient house. One of our number and myself constructed the chimney; and for want of cattle, we backed the stones from several rods distance. The mantle-tree stone, two of us carried on our shoulders nearly a mile; and the jamb stones we backed some distance.

"Thus I continued to labor and study for two years before I entered College. My hardships were excessive, and especially in the spring, when after studying through the winter, we turned out in the latter part of March, two of us at a time, and tended the saw-mill for about six weeks together. In the second spring we sawed about seventy thousand feet of boards; and in the third about ninety thousand. We made it our rule to saw every evening, except Saturday and Sabbath evenings, till ten o'clock, and in the meantime some one in his turn tended the grist-mill.

About two years after we began our enterprise, two young men from Massachusetts joined us, one of whom brought on an excellent cow, which furnished us with milk and butter for most of the year, and greatly contributed to our living more comfortably."

To interrupt Mr. Vaill's narrative for a brief moment, it may be interesting to know that a great granddaughter of this "young man from

Massachusetts" likes to tell how her great grandfather, who too was desirous of availing himself of the privileges of Dartmouth, but who too had no money, took a cow and started for Dartmouth, living on the milk on the way. Scores of young men went out from the teaching of this wholesomely nourished young man to become preachers and teachers of men, and to-day this great granddaughter is doing most successful work in starting the poor children of one of our large cities in a wise way.

"After I entered College," continues our narrator, "I went twice a day to recite with my class in College, which made me four miles' travel each day. We recited to our tutor immediately after morning prayers and again at eleven o'clock; and part of the time we had three recitations in a day. In the winter, we rose frequently at five o'clock and in the shortest days at six o'clock; and having united in morning prayer in our family, I set off for College, having to face the northwest wind, which was cold and piercing in that climate; and not infrequently I had to break my path through a new fall of snow, a foot in depth or more. Considering the severity of the winters in that cold region, it was marvellous that I did not freeze my limbs, or perish with the cold, especially as I was but thinly clothed for that climate.

"After my admission to College I tended the saw-mill about six weeks in the spring, which was chiefly vacation; and in summer in addition to going to College twice or three times a day, I made it my rule to labor about three hours in the field or garden or some other kind of manual labor. I had scarcely

a moment's leisure from one day, week and month to another. My hardships were excessive, and especially in the spring in tending the saw-mill. I was frequently exposed to being drenched with water when mending the trough or buckets of the water-wheel; and in one instance, I experienced a narrow escape from being torn in pieces by the saw. I continued at the mills and pursued my studies and labors until the month of June, 1777, when I was in my junior year which completed the term of about four years and a half.

"My design when I set out to procure an education was that I might be prepared for the work of the ministry. This object I kept continually in view after I entered on the prosecution of my plans. My mind was habitually impressed with the importance of living a religious life, I daily kept up secret prayer and paid a greater attention to reading and hearing the Word. I gained more clear and satisfactory views of the doctrines of the Gospel and of the nature of regeneration and Christian exercises from the discourses of our president, Dr. Eleazer Wheelock . . . I ventured to join the College Church some time in 1775 while a Sophomore."

In June, 1777, then in his Junior year in College, Mr. Vaill found his health greatly impaired and it was thought best for him to return to Connecticut, which he did, remaining in his father's house until his health was fully restored. On his return to College, he took charge of the More's school, so called from a benefactor of that name to the College. This school was kept in a room in the College building, and by means of this service Mr. Vaill

continued to defray his expenses in part for one term, when in consequence of the scarcity of provisions and the deranged state of the College and of the country, he returned again to Connecticut and spent the winter of 1777-8 at his father's house in Litchfield. The state of the College at that time is thus described by Mr. Vaill:

"The College was frequently in a state of alarm and especially so after Burgoyne with the Northern army had taken the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Such was the confusion among the students, as well as apprehension on the part of the faculty, that College exercises were often interrupted and in several instances they were suspended, and the students permitted to return home; or they were sent for by their parents, or called for to join the militia, or to enlist in the army. For so many as two years before I graduated, frequent interruptions and embarrassments attended our College course.

"In the spring of 1778 I returned to the College; but not finding provision made sufficient to board all the students in the commons, a number of us of different classes, agreed to purchase our own provisions, and to hire our board dressed at a private house not far from the College, and we continued thus to live until commencement, which was the fourth Wednesday in August. I then took my degree with my class; and to pay up my College bills which remained unpaid, I was obliged to hire some money which brought me in debt about twenty

dollars at the close of my College life.

"In carrying me through the trials and hardships of my Collegiate course, I find in the review, abundant occasion for gratitude to God for his care over me, and loving kindness toward me; and I would particularly notice the following things in which his goodness appears to have been very conspicuous:

"First: In upholding me and enabling me to maintain constantly an unshaken resolution to persevere in my undertaking, amidst all my discouragements. Though my health was feeble, and I experienced distressing sickness, and great depression of spirits, and often felt that I could not long survive, yet I was not shaken in my purpose to go forward. Indeed there was no time at which I indulged for a moment the thought of relinquishing the object I had in view.

"Second: When I was brought into great straits through want of clothing or provisions, a way was soon opened in Providence for my relief. At one time I found myself in great straits for want of proper apparel; and for want of some articles, it seemed as if I must absent myself from the worship of God on the Sabbath, and on one Saturday I concluded I should have to tarry at home the next day for want of some articles of clothing; but providentially before night, my father arrived from Connecticut and brought me the articles I wanted, very unexpectedly to me."

The Dampening of Maria's Ire

By MARY G. CHAWNER

"IF John wasn't the most good-natured man in the world, he never could have got along with me," Maria herself had often admitted in her quick, decided tones; and the neighbors all agreed that there wasn't another man in our community, if, indeed, there was another in the whole state, who would have stood Maria's tantrums as her husband had stood them. Still she had her good points; there was nobody who doubted that. "She's outspoken, but she most generally hits the nail on the head," her friends declared; and we all liked Maria.

"My! he knows I ain't myself when I take a spell," she would explain, with little energetic jerks of her slender figure, "and he knows enough to keep still and not go to arguin'—or pacifyin', either. John's got more sense than most men. He knows that when I run out of breath I'll stop, and there ain't no way of stoppin' me afore that." And then she would add with a little laugh and a twinkle in her sharp, black eyes, "It's a good thing the children is like John instead of me."

As for John, he never said much about anything—only once. The minister had been making a pastoral call and had just climbed into his buggy while John stood at the horse's head, adjusting the checkrein. As the minister gathered up the "lines," the mare jumped nervously and struck John's foot sharply with her shoe.

The minister (he was a new man

and not from these parts, either) observed with a smile, "She's a bit skittish—like some women—has to be humored, of course,—but needs a pretty firm rein."

John's broad face flushed to the roots of his straw-colored hair, but his big hand rested steadily on the horse's neck, and his blue eyes looked straight at the minister, as he said, slowly and gently: "Yes, everybody knows that Maria's got her ways, but she's got kind feelin's, too, as folks around here knows; she can chirk up a body that's sick better'n the doctor—and Doc Gillum's real lively, too. And I reckon you've noticed how she's always the best hand at a picnic, jokin' and goin' on and doin' more work than anybody. And there ain't a better housekeeper anywhere!"

Then John loosened the checkrein another notch and stepped aside to let the minister drive on.

But one April morning something unusual happened.

Maria was washing the dishes at the kitchen sink, her sleeves pinned up high and her hands fairly flying in and out of the suds, while little Jimmy with a checked apron tied around his neck was soberly wiping them. A soft wind came in at the south window in front of her and dislodged a lock of Maria's smoothly combed black hair. Maria's blue calico dress was stiff and bright—so was her brown and white gingham apron.

"I got to clean that parlor to-day,"

she said decisively, as she glanced out of the window; "it's nice and sunny. That's the last room left now. Do hurry, Jimmy," she continued, her gaze still resting on the vivid grass and the leafing trees and the white picket fence beyond. "You can pull the tacks before you go to school.

"If it hadn't rained every day this week," she ran on quickly, as she stepped swiftly to the stove for the tea-kettle and poured the scalding water over the big heap of dishes in the dripping-pan, "I could'a' had it all done by now—and the washing, too. If it hadn't been for old Mrs. Sopher's funeral last Friday, I'd a' got through last week, before these rains. I was expectin' 'em. I hate to be behindhand with house-cleaning. You never can tell what's goin' to happen."

Jimmy polished a cup diligently, slowly deposited it on the table and was carefully extracting another from the miscellaneous pile when his mother observed him. "Take care, Jimmy," she said sharply; "that's great-grandmother Smithkin's cup. I wouldn't have it broke for the world. Why don't you take the top ones anyway? You don't have to do all the cups first—when I'm in a hurry, too,—but you're just like your father, you can't hurry, I reckon. There, I'll get it for you."

She rinsed her hands hastily from the suds, drew out deftly the blue-figured cup, and swung it quickly toward the table. Suddenly it lay in a dozen pieces on the floor.

"There!" she said in a sarcastic tone, and shut her thin lips tightly, "that's a good start for the day. Pick up the pieces, Jimmy, and lay 'em on the corner of the table there.

You better do these plates now," she added more gently; and Jimmy, solemnly and cautiously, lifted the big meat platter from the top of the pile.

Just then John appeared at the open north door. He looked as fresh and wholesome, with his tanned face and clean blue overalls and jumper, as the spring sunshine behind him. There was the whinny of a horse near by as he stepped in, with his bucket—a cedar bucket with brass rings—which he held well away from his body while he carried it with heavy, careful steps to its shelf in the corner. As he lifted the bucket to its place, the lower edge struck the shelf and a dash of water fell with a little slap on the smooth, spotless floor.

Maria whirled about—"There you go!—just pour that whole bucket of water on the floor, won't you!"

There was a queer tightening about John's mouth as he stood for a moment looking squarely at the white wall, his hand still on the pail. Then he lifted the bucket carefully, turned slowly about, moved gravely to the middle of the room, and deliberately turned the bucket upside down.

Jimmy's eyes blinked at the sound of the splash and he backed slowly round against the wall, where he stood, with the big platter and the wiping cloth, both clasped against his breast, while he gazed with open mouth and wide blue eyes at his father.

"Now, you have done it!" began Maria in her shrillest tone, as she watched the spreading water. Then she bit her lip and looked into her pan of suds. In a moment she broke out laughing. She rested her

hands on the edge of the dish-pan and laughed, till tears stood in her eyes. Then she sank down on the wood-box at the end of the table, and laughed.

John still stood in the middle of the floor holding the bucket. He looked soberly at his wife. His face had relaxed. Jimmy still held his platter against his checked apron, and gazed at his mother bent double on the wood-box, her head in her arms and her thin shoulders shaking with laughter. The water made its way in little rills into the corners of the room. The cheerful chirping of wrens came in with the warm breeze.

Finally Maria straightened herself; drew a long breath; wiped her eyes with her apron; and said, in a voice husky with much laughter,

"Well, John Lowders, I guess if you had done that fifteen years ago, you'd have saved yourself a good many scoldin's you've had since then."

John said nothing. He looked earnestly at the floor as he walked out with the bucket. Jimmy set the platter on the table, and slowly pushed it into the very middle of the shining white oil-cloth.

Perhaps John saw the point and made use of it. He never mentioned the matter so far as was known. But Maria's friends say (Maria told the story, of course) that it really did make a difference in her; and that, whenever the slightest reference was made to the incident of the water-bucket, a queer grin overspread her face and she quickly bit her lip.

Mater Pulchra

By STEPHEN TRACY LIVINGSTON

Had she not died, and could I have her now
As when I saw her last, in early days,
She of the rosy mouth and sunny brow,
I of advancing age and solemn ways,
My heart in tender wonderment would fill
That one so young cou'd be my mother still.

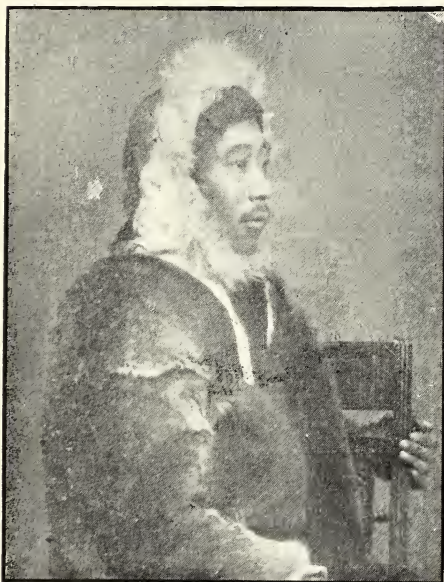
By strange inversion, I should be to her
Older, maturer than herself; and she,
Untouched by care that later years confer,
As any happy girlish friend to me.
O faithful portrait, keep her ever so,—
Pausing, before life's fair enchantment go.

Decorative Arts of the Eskimos

By RANDOLPH I. GEARE

AT all times and in all regions men have exhibited a desire to record in some suitable way the chief events in their lives, to illustrate and decorate, however rudely, the principal objects associated with their various occupations, and at the same time to

with their everyday industries, has prevailed. The beautifying of any object is due to impulses common to all men, even back as far as the period when men inhabited caves and hunted the mammoth and the reindeer in Western Europe. The result of such decoration affords a



SUK'UUK, A KAVIAGMIUT ESKIMO



NERLUNG'NER, A KAVIAGMIUT GIRL

establish thereby proof of ownership of the things decorated.

Each race has its own peculiar way of accomplishing these ends. In the case of the Eskimos, the decoration of useful implements or objects of ornament by carving figures upon them, as well as the custom of fashioning them in the shape of some animal or thing connected

fair criterion of the artistic sense which has been developed, and to a great extent indicates the characteristics of the race, which may be thus reflected in their decorative arts. A degenerate race exhibits but crude ability in this direction, while another, higher in the scale of civilization, is sure to manifest evidences of its superiority through its arts.

"All human handiwork," writes an eminent ethnologist, "is subject to the same operation of external forces; but the material on which these forces act is also infinitely varied. The diverse races and peoples of mankind have different ideas and ideals, unequal skill, varied material to work upon, and dissimilar tools to work with. Everywhere the environment is different."

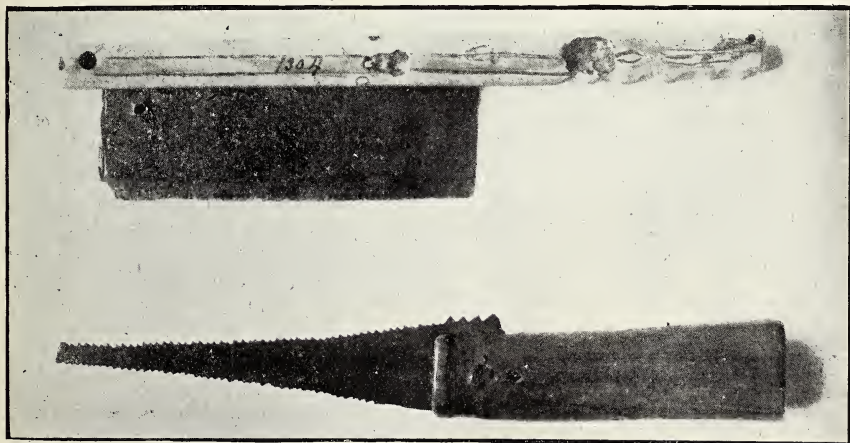
Viewed from this standpoint, it may be said that of all the art industries which have been evolved among uncivilized or partially civilized peoples, none is probably of greater interest to the student than the carvings of the Eskimos. Their abilities in this direction, which are indeed remarkable, vary considerably with the locality where they originate. Thus the artistic sense is far more highly developed among the western Eskimos than among those of regions further east, with whom ornamentation is almost entirely restricted to articles of clothing, while their implements and utensils are undecorated, save perhaps with some simple pattern in lines or dots. It is to the west of the Mackenzie River region (near 130 degrees

west longitude) and particularly south of Bering Strait (about 170 degrees) that the highest decorative art of the Eskimo has been developed. There the commonest articles of ivory and bone are covered with ornamental carving, and even wooden objects are painted in various colors.

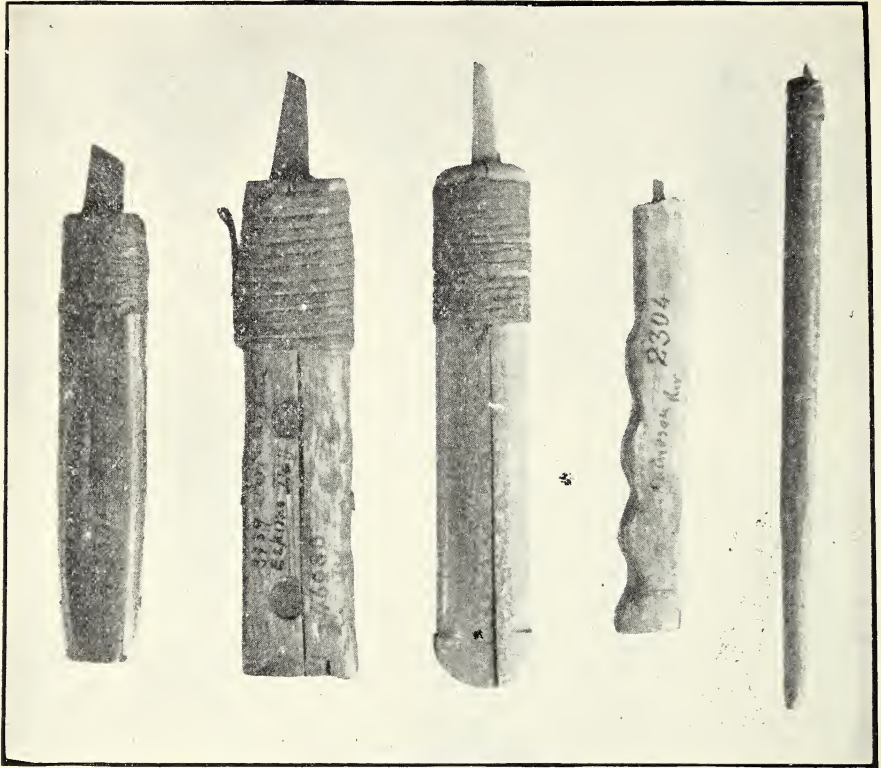
At the northern extremity of Alaska, Point Barrow, an intermediate stage of the graphic art is noticeable, halfway, as it were, between the more highly developed ornamentation of the region to the southwest, and the simpler forms further east.

The art of the Greenland Eskimo is of a much lower grade; in fact, in western Greenland there is but scant evidence of its existence. A notable exception is manifest, however, in the case of one small tribe on the east coast, whose art almost rivals that of the Alaskan artist with respect to carving in bone and ornamenting their weapons and other articles.

The chief difference between the work of the Eastern Greenlanders and the Alaskan Eskimos seems to be that among the latter, engravings



SAWS FOR CUTTING IVORY



VARIOUS FORMS OF GRAVERS

illustrating human life and the animals of the country are the most popular subjects, whereas the former excel rather in small reliefs representing for the most part animals and mythological beings grouped together and fastened with admirable taste and care to the surface of their wooden implements. In fact, the present Greenland Eskimos appear to have a pretty fair talent for drawing and writing, while scarcely any traces of the arts of drawing and sculpture belonging to earlier times remain, with the exception of a few small images cut out in wood and bone, which probably served as play-things. There is a conspicuous absence of the graphic art among the

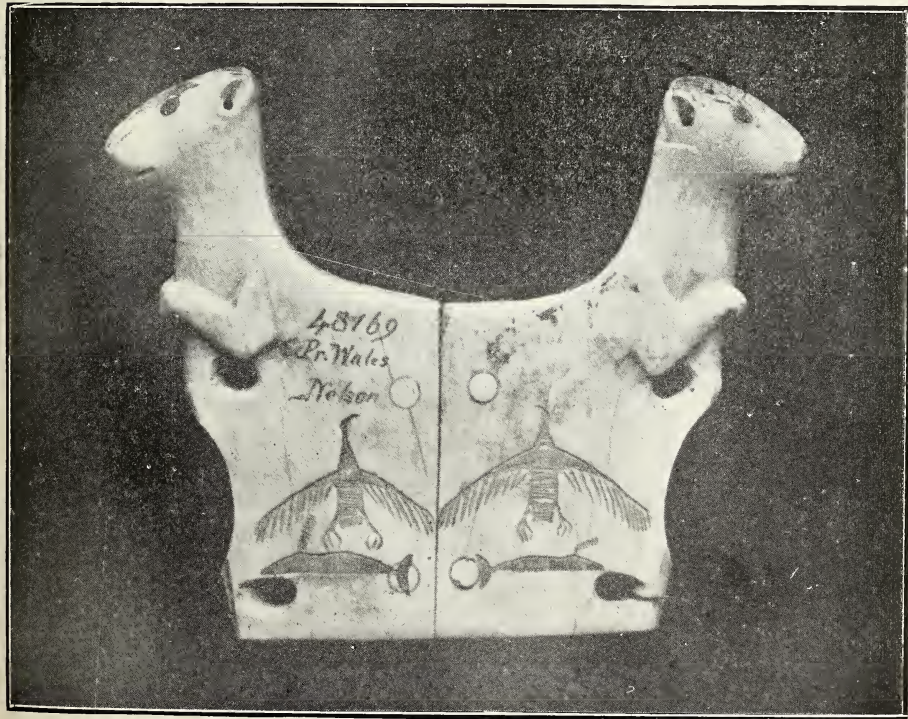
Labrador Eskimos and in the region between Hudson Bay and the Mackenzie River.

Speaking generally, the Eskimo family occupies the greater portion of the coast of Arctic America, Greenland, the Aleutian Islands, as well as a small region on the Chukche peninsula of Siberia. The total coast line thus included is nearly twice as far as from New York to Liverpool, although the extreme points of Eskimo occupation in America are only about 3,200 miles apart. These people, wherever they live, stay as near the seashore as possible, seldom going more than fifty miles inland. At the extreme east of the area, as already indicated, are

the Greenland Eskimos, who live along the north, east, and west coasts. At Labrador they are found as far southward as Hamilton Inlet. Again, they occur on the east coast of Hudson Bay, but in the northern Arctic islands, though several present evidences of former occupancy, none are now found. So, too, in the western part of the central region of the continent, and even from the Mackenzie River westward between Herschel Island and Point Barrow, they do not seem to have built any permanent villages, although this strip of country is no doubt hunted over in summer. Numerous settlements occur, however, on the coast of Alaska from Point Barrow down to Copper River, and the Aleutian Islands are also more or less occupied by them. Crossing over into

Asia the Eskimo family is found on the Diomed Islands, and is also represented on the Siberian coast by the Yuits, who are believed to be a comparatively recent arrival from the American side.

The Alaskan coast Eskimos are separated into several distinct tribes, bearing almost unpronounceable names, such as Ugalákmuts, from Copper River westward to Icy Bay; the Kaviagmuts—perhaps the most popular of all the tribes—occupying the island of Kadiak and the greater part of the peninsula of Aliáska; the Oglemuts, along the northern coast of that peninsula from 159 degrees to the head of Bristol Bay and as far north as Point Étolin; and the Kiatéquamiuts, on the coast from near the mouth of Nushegak River west to Cape



MYTHIC BIRD AND WHALE ON IVORY HARPOON REST

Newenham. This tribe excels in carving ivory, of which material most of their weapons and tools are made. There are many others, but it is hardly thought necessary to mention them all.

The total Eskimo population, excluding the Siberian tribe, was estimated about ten years ago at 34,000, and has now perhaps decreased to

of man in Europe, thinks it more than possible that the Eskimos were at one time identical with the cave men of France; in fact he argues that the only people with whom these cave men are intimately connected in manners, customs, arts, implements and weapons, are the Eskimos, and that the most surprising bond of union between them is



DECORATED ORNAMENTS OF IVORY

30,000. Whether they will go on diminishing in numbers and finally become altogether exterminated is an interesting study for the ethnologist, but the fact that they are decreasing at all should add interest to the consideration of their arts.

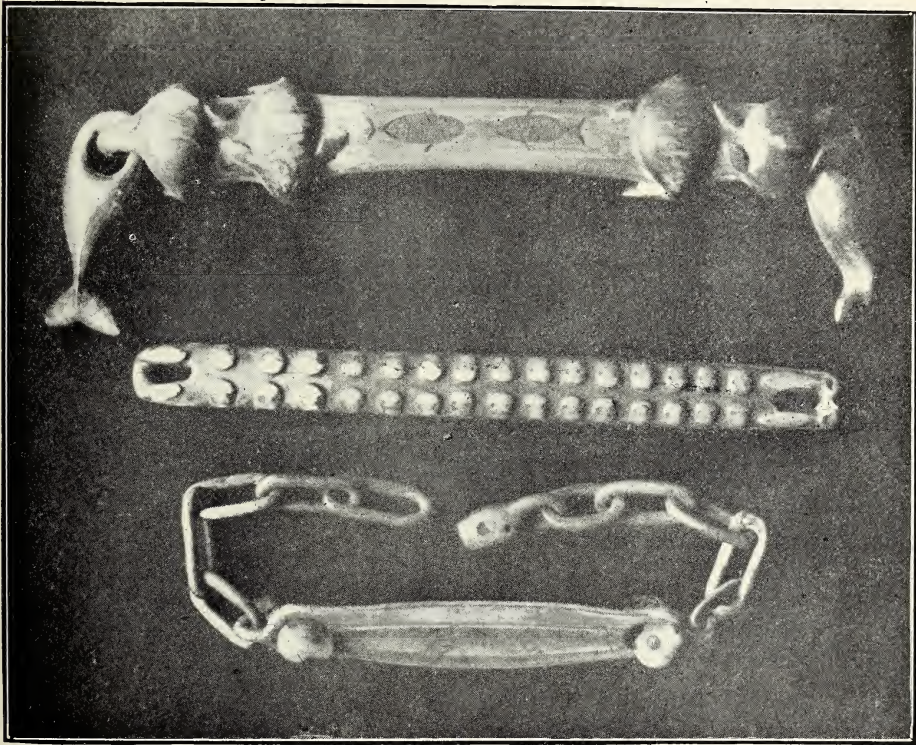
Mr. W. Boyd Dawkins, author of "Early Man in Britain" and a recognized authority on the antiquity

the art of representing animals. "Just as the former engraved bisons, horses, mammoths, and other creatures familiar to them," he writes, "so do the latter represent the animals upon which they depend for food. On the implements of the one you see the hunting of the 'urus' and the horse depicted in the same ways as the killing of the reindeer

and walrus on the implements of the other. * * * All these points of connection between the cave men and the Eskimos can, in my opinion, be explained on the hypothesis that they belong to the same race." And further on he says: "From these considerations it may be gathered that the Eskimos are probably the representatives of the cave men, and

been driven farther and farther north by the attacks of the Indians; but who can tell positively?

Other authorities seem to think that the development of the pictographic art among the Eskimos, especially those of Alaska, is attributable to their contact with the Russians, and that although these natives preserved a limited degree of



ORNAMENTAL IVORY BAG HANDLES

protected within the Arctic Circle from those causes by which they have been driven from Europe and Asia. They stand at the present day wholly apart from all other living races." It might be that, unaccustomed to war, they were driven from Europe and Asia by other tribes in the same manner as within the last century they have

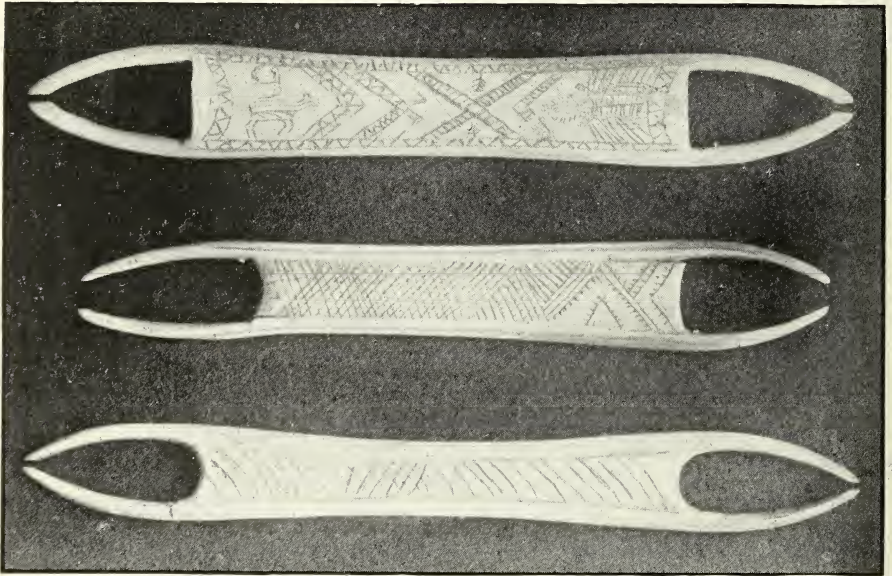
culture as to decorating their weapons and a few other articles of daily use with simple lines and dots, yet the representation of any animate forms or other objects has been adopted since the earliest visits of civilized man to the Alaskan coast. If this be so, however, it is difficult to account for such utensils as decorated arrow and

spear straighteners, which are apparently similar to like relics found in the caves of France and figured by Messrs. Lartet and Christy in their work entitled "Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ," although a close comparison of the engravings of these two races is believed to result in showing that the work of the cave men is in some respects superior to that of the Eskimos.

But wherever the Eskimos sprang from, it is of interest to note these

copper, brass, white metal—consisting of block tin, lead, etc.—and occasionally iron; and tanned hides of the walrus. Designs of various kinds are also depicted on the human skin in the way of tattoo marks among the several tribes of Eskimos between Alaska and Greenland.

Of all these materials walrus ivory is the hardest and most durable, so much so that it will retain indefinitely the most delicate etchings. Its white or creamy tint forms a deli-



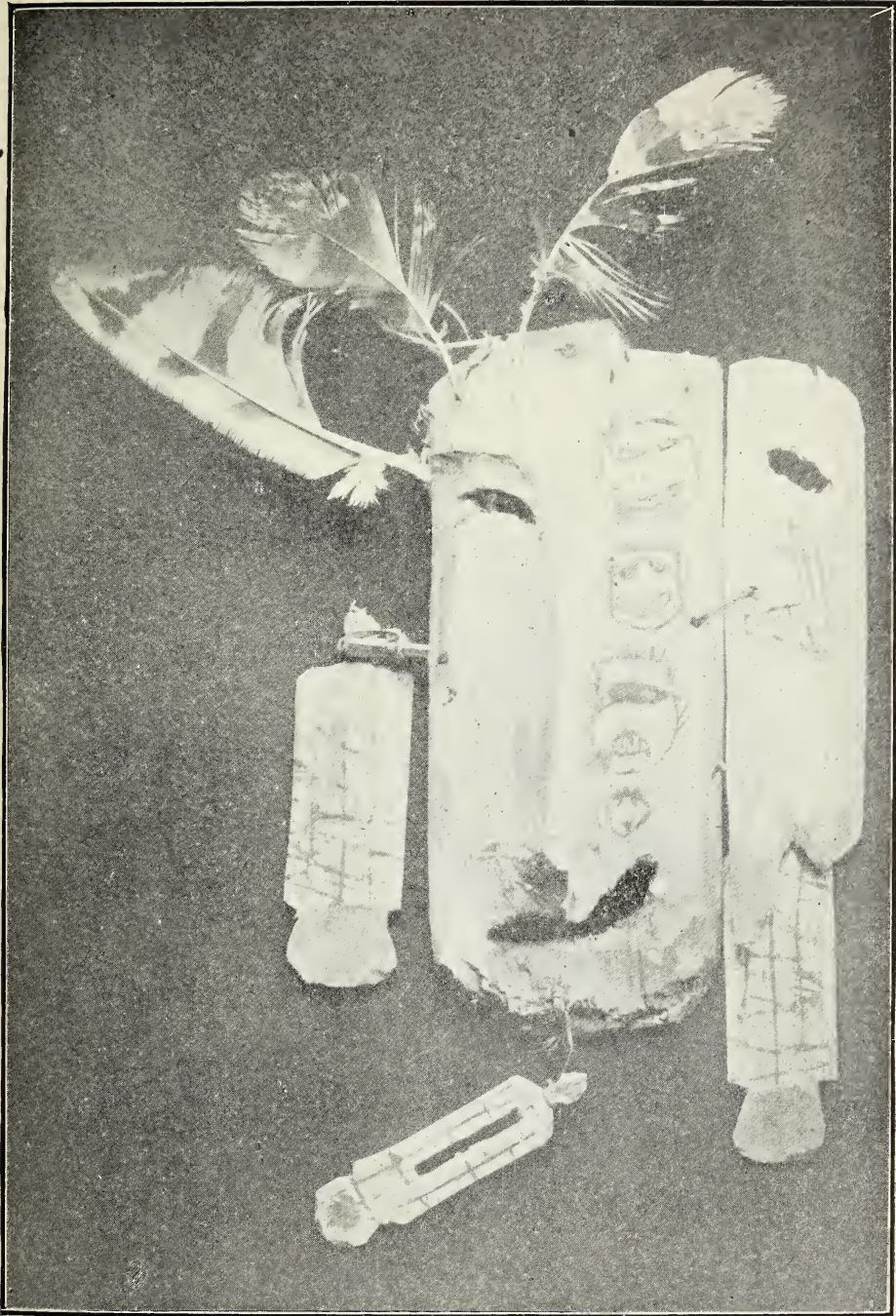
WEAVING UTENSILS

points of resemblance between them and the cave men of France both in respect of their carved weapons and utensils of reindeer horn, etc., as in the portrayals of animal forms upon them.

The materials used by the Eskimos for the display of their art are walrus ivory; horn obtained from the Barren-ground caribou or reindeer; bone from the legs and ribs of reindeer and the *humerus* of the swan; wood; various metals, such as

copper, brass, white metal—consisting of block tin, lead, etc.—and occasionally iron; and tanned hides of the walrus. Designs of various kinds are also depicted on the human skin in the way of tattoo marks among the several tribes of Eskimos between Alaska and Greenland.

One tusk will usually furnish four slabs, which are obtained either by sawing or by scraping and splitting. When a tusk has been selected, it is rudely scratched with a piece of quartz, or other silicious stone, along its length until the sharp edge



DANCING MASK OF WOOD



WALRUS (ROSMARUS OBESUS, ILLIGER)

will no longer deepen the groove. The other three sides are scratched or channeled until the pieces can be separated. This may be effected by pressure of the hand or by means of a piece of wood shaped like a knife-blade, on which is dealt a sharp blow, but so skillfully as not to shatter or fracture the ivory.

The ivory slab, when separated, is scraped or rubbed with a fragment of freshly broken basalt, in which the cavities form additional cutting edges. The holes or perforations in the ends are produced by means of stone drills. The ivory is next smoothed by rubbing it against a fine-grained stone, or against fine sand held in the hand; and finally a polished surface is produced by rubbing two pieces of the ivory against each other.

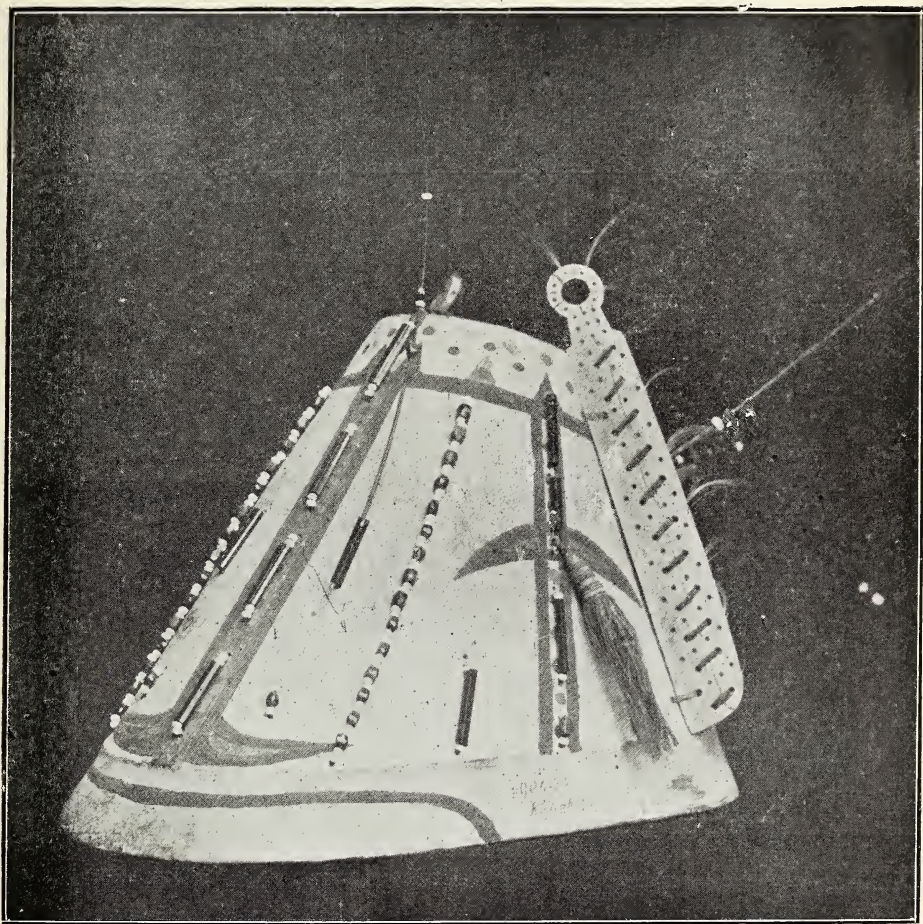
Next comes the etching, which was formerly done with the sharp edges of fragments of flint, skillfully fastened into a piece of wood and used as graters. In later years files and saws have been used for cutting the ivory into the required shape, while pieces of steel are employed to make the perforations.

Mythical animals are sometimes portrayed on ivory harpoon rests. In the accompanying illustration is shown one of the kind made at Cape Prince of Wales for use on the bow of a umiak (canoe). The two pieces of ivory are ingeniously mortised together. The birds are "thunder-birds" or eagles, descending to catch two whales, each of which is in the act of ejecting a stream of vapor from its blowhole.

Ivory handles for carrying bags

are somewhat common among the Eskimos of Point Barrow. Many of them are decorated with whales, whale-flukes, bear-heads, seal-heads, and other objects with which the natives are especially familiar. The two rows of bead-like objects on

something like a horse-shoe. This is an Eskimo comb, the curves of which form an interesting example for comparison with designs on wood made by the natives of New Guinea. Next to the comb is seen an ivory-carved head, used probably



DECORATED HUNTING HAT MADE WITH WOODEN BASE

one of the illustrations represent seal-heads in relief, while at either end are seen two whales, flanking the perforations through which the cords of the bag pass.

Among the ivory objects illustrated will be noticed one shaped

for attachment to the end of a cord belonging to a set of harness or some weapon. The front or rounded portion resembles a snake's head, although a seal's head was more probably intended by the artist! The seals carved on the lowest ob-



ARROW AND SPEAR STRAIGHTENERS OF BONE

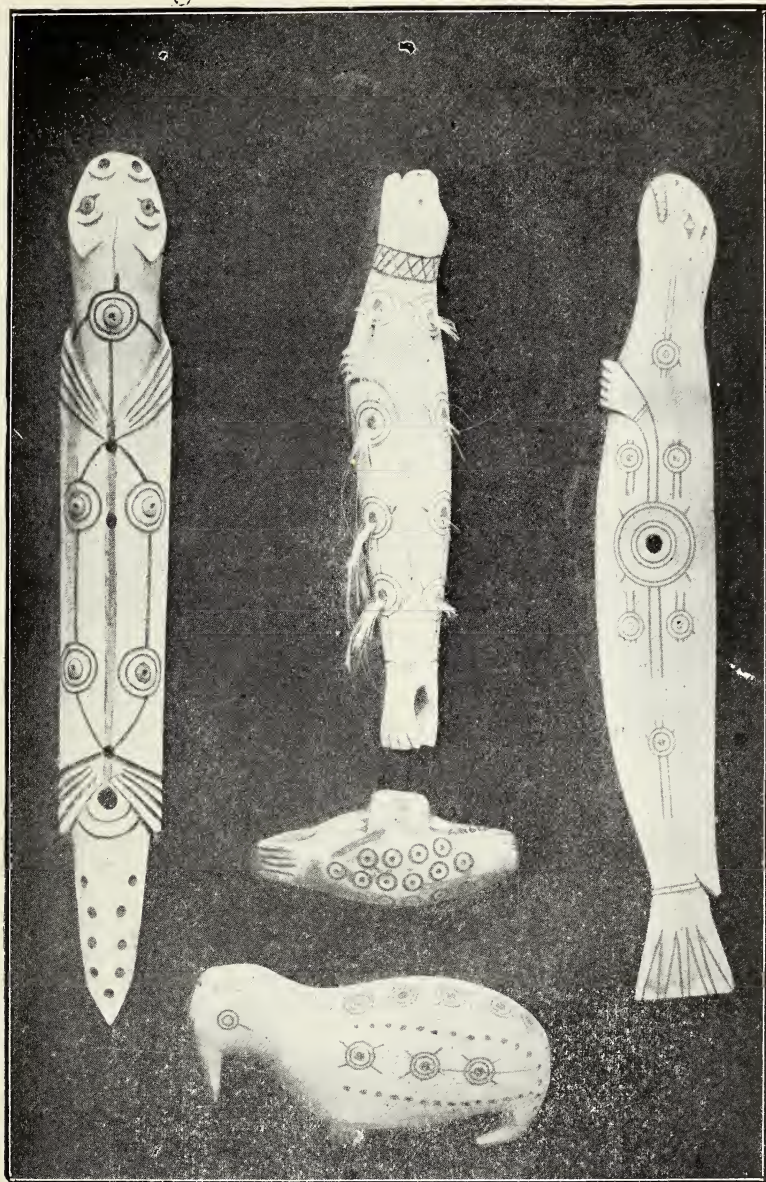
ject are excellent illustrations of the Eskimo's art. The first figure in the same group represents a pair of ear pendants from St. Michaels, made of beluga (whale) teeth and ornamented with the zigzag or "fish-trap" pattern. On each pendant is seen a small cross, a design of quite unusual occurrence in Eskimo art.

The figure on the right of this is a buckle or ornament used by Eskimo girls for fastening their hair. The decoration shows a face, the eyes being indicated by sharply incised lines, while the pupils are perforations made with a drill.

Effigies of animals are often carved in ivory and several of them

are shown together. Three of the figures represent seals. In the second figure, which is considered a very artistic piece of work, the concentric circles are ornamented on the outer side with three short radi-

ating lines, and a longer base line in imitation of the common flower symbol, which it represents. The lowest figure represents a walrus (incredible as it may seem!) with ornamentation of concentric rings

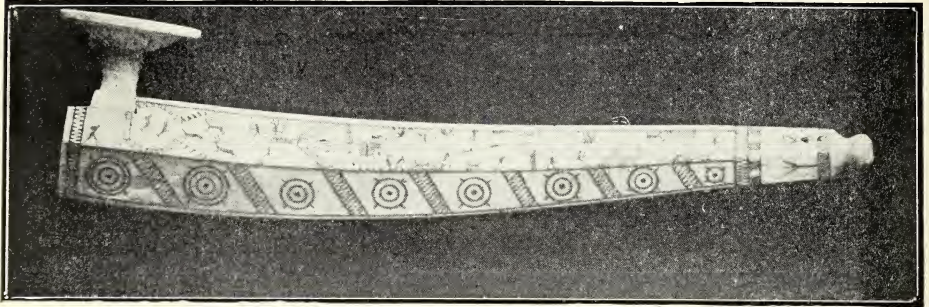


ORNAMENTED ANIMAL EFFIGIES OF IVORY

on the body and radiating lines, also in imitation of the conventional flower symbol. The peculiar marking on the top of the head, no doubt intended to represent the wrinkles or folds of the skin, also serves as the Eskimo symbol to indicate the sex of the animal.

The pipes which the Eskimos delight in carving out of pieces of wal-

while the *humeri* of swans serve as tubes for needle-cases or snuff-boxes. Several arrow and spear straighteners of bone, representing for the most part various animals, and ornamented in different ways, are here shown, as well as implements for beating and scraping the snow from clothing, and knives for skinning and cutting up animals.



IVORY PIPE

rus ivory are really very beautiful, and on them they seem to expend their highest artistic abilities, especially for the purpose of commemorating hunting scenes and other occupations. The one here shown is typical, and the reader can readily discern for himself the incidents of fishing and hunting which are depicted thereon.

Reindeer horn, obtained from the Barren-ground caribou, also affords a very excellent material for Eskimo workmanship, and a number of specimens have been found which had been decorated with simple forms of ornamentation and various pictographic records. Several utensils employed in net-weaving are shown as an example.

Bones from the legs and ribs of reindeer are often met with, inscribed with various kinds of ornamentation and pictographic work,

The handles, and sometimes the blades, which not unfrequently consist of steel and are used for working and fashioning ivory rods and bag-handles, are quite often elaborately decorated.

Tobacco boxes, small utensils and tools, women's trinkets, etc., are sometimes made out of wood. These are frequently incised, but the ornamentation seems to be largely restricted to simple figures composed of straight lines, and perhaps dots. Wood is also sometimes used for ornaments, masks and toys, the surface of which may be whitened, and upon this other designs are portrayed, as in the picture of a dancing mask.

The decorated hunting hat, obtained from Katmai Island in Cook's Inlet, Alaska, is common to the natives of the islands of Kadiak and to those occupied by Aleuts. The

specimen illustrated is made of wood shaved down to an average thickness of about a quarter of an inch. The color is principally white. To the wooden base thin decorated pieces of bone are fastened, while the ornamented slab of bone on the right side of the hat is decorated with oblique grooves, between which are rows of dots or else complete perforations. Of course, in this as in other objects, the decorations vary according to the workman's skill and taste, the principal aim in the construction of hunting hats, used in canoe trips, being to protect the eyes of the hunter from the glare of light and to strengthen his vision in searching for game.

As already indicated, various metal objects are occasionally met with, bearing rude ornamentation. Very little silver is used, and then chiefly in making bracelets, an art imported from the Thlinkit Indians,

who in turn borrowed the idea from the Haida Indians.

Tanned hides of walrus are occasionally ornamented, while reindeer skins and other small peltries, used for articles of clothing, are sometimes decorated with designs in color by means of small wooden spoon-like tools, of which the back of the bowl is cut into patterns which are moistened with pigments or stains, and are finally impressed on the skin or other fabric. This process is very much like that practised by the South Sea Islanders in decorating tapa cloth.

The Eskimo artisans, when living in a village, do their engraving, as a rule, after the day's work is over, in a common meeting-place, which we should probably designate as the town-hall. Here, too, they receive strangers, and if they desire to extend hospitality to them, sleeping-quarters are provided for them in this building.



Regret

By REYNALD SMITH PICKERING

Those things she freely gave to me,
 Her woman's love, her woman's trust,
 I cast aside all carelessly
 To mould and rust.

The memory she left to me
 (Too late the bitter tears that start)
 Will rest forever sacredly
 Within my heart.

"Cousin" Hiram's Antique Furniture

By STANLEY JOHNSON

TR ESCOTT people were more surprised than pleased with the return of Hiram Meekins to his home. When he had run away from it forty years before, with the gold fever in his restless veins, he was a very bad boy, and he had developed into a worse man.

His father, in his broken-spirited manner, had endeavored to make the farm pay, and had died in the attempt. Then his mother, with plenty of wholesome New England spirit had struggled all the years to secure a living from the farm and to keep it free from a mortgage. How bitter had been her struggle, none but her neighbors knew. The whole song of her life was expressed in the words, "Some day Hiram will come home and settle down." With this hope in her heart she had fought her way with hired men and those who "farmed it on shares"—generally in the role of the lion in the case—until, when she was laid to rest, she should have worn a crown of victory, for she had won.

The administrator sought for Hiram Meekins, and at last the news reached him in Colorado, and he lost no time in returning to his New Hampshire birthplace. He arrived there poorer in spirit than when he had departed, and equally poor in purse. The administrator, who had been a contemporary of Hiram, was decidedly outspoken when he drove him over to the farm-house. "Folks would hev felt better, Hiram, ef you'd a come home 'fore yer mother

died. She set a good deal o' store by ye,—for some reason or other."

Hiram replied to this reproof with a grunt and then added that "he guessed he wouldn't hev be'n of much use, sence he never hed be'n to himself." But the sight of the old home made him more communicative. "Them buildin's look awful nat'ral. Guess ef mother was able to get along alone, I'd orter. I'm tired o' huntin' fer gold. I've seen folks become millionaires findin' mines whar' I'd looked fer 'em twenty years before, and didn't seem ter sense nothin'."

"Yer don't mean yer're goin' ter stay here, do ye?"

"Cert, my friend; why not?"

"But yer don't know nothin' 'bout farmin', do ye?"

"Guess I know as much as ther wimmin. Don't see why I can't do it ef mother did."

The administrator looked at him curiously. Then he said significantly, "Mebbe yer can, ef yer air the man yer mother was!"

"But she wan't no man! What could a woman do? Yer can say what yer please 'bout me. I'll just bet I can make a go of it. All I want is a field o' potatoes; I'll let some one hev the hay. I ain't goin' to bother myself 'bout cattle." And herein his companion learned how much he knew about farming. His disgust at the lack of sentiment in Hiram Meekins was too deep for further words. They entered the cold rooms of the farm-house in

silence. Hiram Meekins at once noticed changes inside.

"I must say, pard, this don't look natural inside here. Wher'd all this old dunnage come from? Don't see any furniture used ter be here when I was a boy."

The administrator turned on him in a rage. "Your mother, Mister Meekins, had a hard struggle. Whenever her folks died up here or down country, she had ter take her share of the prop'ty in some old pieces of furniture sech as ye see here. Fact is, 'bout all they had ter leave was some sech old stuff as this."

"Darndest collection o' duds I ever seed."

"Wall, yer mother used ter be pretty des'toot at times so she sold her modern goods and put these in ther places."

"Seems as if she might have scrimped a leetle more and not have cluttered up the house with this stuff. It's only fit fer kindlin' wood."

Then the administrator's face crimsoned with real anger. "I wouldn't use much o' thet kind o' talk up here. Trescott folks had a sight o' respect fer ye'r mother,—an' they know thet she did scrimp,—and it wus all done that ye might hev a home some time. She knew thet yer wan't good fer much; but she had a kind of an onreasonable love fer yer."

"Trescott folks can think what they please o' me. I don't give a hang fer 'em. Now ye can git. Jest leave me the key an' I'll pitch camp."

All this happened as the autumn was turning into winter. Hiram Meekins came to his own just as the year's crops had been garnered.

He found potatoes enough for the winter in his cellar and wood in his shed. He had an acquired western instinct, which soon guided him to places where an excuse for whiskey could be obtained. His diet as a western mining prospector had been one part mining camp waffles and pork, and the remaining two parts brandy and whiskey. What little manhood he might have carried away from the New Hampshire farm had been sapped up by this form of nourishment. Thus his wants were satisfied. But he looked on his household goods with a feeling of having been robbed. During the winter he petted his resentment against his mother, and poured it forth whenever he came in contact with his townspeople,—which was seldom enough. These good people shunned him, and felt in a degree that his advent had tainted the pure New Hampshire air they were accustomed to breathe. Their early judgment that Hiram Meekins was a very bad person was not reversed.

As he had allowed others to discover the gold mines that he had passed by, so Hiram Meekins had no conception of the real value of the old-fashioned furniture his mother had left behind. He treated the heirlooms with the same alcoholic brutality which drunkards sometimes exercise towards their wives. He often vented his wrath on the pieces of solid mahogany, which had fallen to his lot from four different branches of his family. His home was a clearing house for antique pieces that had survived, in some cases, the wear and tear of 250 years. They were the mute witnesses of the past generations of the Meekinses, Lufkins, Howlands and Edsons. But he was as un-

aware of their pedigree as he was ignorant of their value.

In his dining room ticked a tall grandfather clock, on whose face the phases of the moon worked themselves out with a greater heed to the rulings of an inside mechanism than to the laws of astronomy, so irregular were its windings. For Hiram Meekins sometimes allowed it to remain in silence for weeks, having no need for a timepiece better than the sun itself.

In his bedroom stood a solid mahogany four-poster, with legs exquisitely carved. The dents in those same legs told how frequently its unappreciative owner went to bed in a bad temper. In this room also was an ancient bureau of rosewood, as heavy as a grand piano; and, rarest of all these treasures, a high-boy of a pre-revolutionary time. But for its handsome swinging brass handles, not an ounce of metal had been used in its manufacture,—for its joints were held together with the exquisite workmanship of an obsolete art of the cabinet-maker. It had been brought to New Hampshire, just after the Revolution, when the first of the Meekinses had taken up bounty lands in Trescott township. It was made of cherry, and sometimes Hiram Meekins contemplated cutting it up into kindling wood, when he had exhausted the resources of the pig-pen and the corn-crib,—both of which he had found in an advanced state of decay.

In his sitting room was an old sofa, made with what seemed a prodigal waste of mahogany. When his drinking had made the trip up-stairs a hazardous undertaking, he quite frequently fell asleep on this. It would certainly seem so, for it bore a greater number

of the traces of his resentment. Then there was an old secretary of beautifully grained mahogany, stuffed full of old letters, dating back for generations, of the four clans of whom Hiram Meekins was the sole and unworthy representative in Trescott.

Had his mother not saved all the old newspapers for the past forty years, he would have used these for kindling fires,—to his great loss later. These contained interesting bits of history of the families of Edsons, Lufkins, Howlands and Meekinses into which Hiram had no desire to delve at present. There was a mahogany sewing-table of a very rare pattern with a deep drawer, made of a thin piece of veneer, rounding backward. Susanna Edson had received it as a part of her wedding outfit 150 years ago, during the early days of Massachusetts colony. There were two other mahogany tables, standing on beautifully carved, claw legs, which the second generation of Meekinses, reaping wealth from the farm the first ancestor had cleared, had purchased in Boston. They were twin tables and when placed together were to be used for a dining table; but they had been so long separated that they must have forgotten their convivial days.

In the dining room was a massive sideboard, from which an early Lufkin had dispensed hospitality to the royal governors when the throne of the Georges controlled America. Besides, there were many chairs and light-stands, old plates bearing historic pictures, remnants of sets of English china, with the border of gold almost obliterated by injudicious washings, candlesticks, an old spinning-wheel, and kitchen utensils, valueless now, as the need

which had called them into being had been superseded by the advent of the stove.

The first six months Hiram Meekins had spent in Trescott had been destructive. The sight of the old things irritated him and he was ruthless in his cruelty. He knew of no Lufkins, Edsons, Howlands or Meekinses, and at the time of his return, none of them knew him. Then the New Hampshire spring came, and he looked forward to his one industry,—the planting of his potatoes,—in almost the same spirit he had been wont to regard his mining exploits. He was always going to find a mine some day, and daily he was going to plant those potatoes. But his neighbors noticed that he didn't. They would have been more than willing to let him both starve and freeze to death the next winter. He was given over as a case hopeless of reform, and so completely given over to the Evil One that not even the minister ever darkened his door,—for which Hiram credited the minister with the possession of real wisdom.

Although Anna Lufkin had been an only daughter, and Hiram was her only son, there were other Lufkins, other Howlands, Meekinses and Edsons in the world, of whom Hiram knew not, and who knew not him. Many of these had, like Hiram, followed the "Star of Empire," and had not returned. Prosperity had blessed many of them, both in the form of wealth and descendants. Thus it happened that when the July heat came, Mrs. Sylvester Lufkin of Chicago betook herself to the Franconia mountains, and settled herself comfortably in the Profile House with her horses and coachman.

"I brought them," she said con-

descendingly to a friend, "because I am so fond of mousing around these old farm-houses back on the hills,—to see how others live. It is a mystery to me how they get a living off these rocky hillsides. And then I am so anxious to find some rare pieces of genuine old-fashioned furniture! And, you know, down there in Trescott,—now you really mustn't mention this,—they have no summer hotels, and it is so far from a railroad, that no one ever goes there. If they had anything they would not know the value of it. It is a drive of twenty miles and I feel instinctively that there must be some treasure there."

A few days later the pair started on their first expedition into the unknown Trescott. It took them past the old Meekins place. "Just fancy living out one's days there," Mrs. Sylvester Lufkin commented, as she examined it through her lorgnette. "It seems quite deserted; suppose we stop and make a reconnoissance." This last remark awoke Hiram Meekins from his morning nap under the apple trees, where he was dreaming of the, as yet, unplanted potatoes. He rubbed his eyes, picked up his pipe, drew a bottle from his hip pocket, drank and returned it there. By the time his relative had come around the corner, he had assumed an expression of contented inadvertency.

"Oh!" Mrs. Lufkin exclaimed in well-bred tones, again lifting her lorgnette, and turning to her companion, "a man! You really must excuse us, sir,—we thought this was one of the abandoned farms we hear so much about."

Then Hiram Meekins arose. He had reached that stage of his morning potations which produced a condition of grandiose courtesy. He

bowed very low and said:—"Yes, Madame, you've struck it. I am a man."

"And do you live alone in this lovely, sequestered place?"

"I may say so; I am at present the only denizen of this prospect,—sech as ye see it."

"How interesting! How remarkable!"

Then Mrs. Sylvester Lufkin chanced to glance through the dining room window,—and Hiram Meekins was at once forgotten, as well as the etiquette which rules against looking into strange windows.

"Oh! do come here!" she called to her friend. "Just what I told you. Do look at this magnificent side-board!"

It made Hiram Meekins think of the times when he had imagined he had struck "pay dirt." His face was expressionless, but he was doing a good deal of thinking. He bided his time until Mrs. Lufkin should return to her good manners. Both ladies were making a complete circuit of the house, looking through the windows with gloating eyes, whispering to each other in enthusiastic gasps, and pointing to this and that piece of antique furniture. Then they returned partially to their senses and—to Hiram.

The scraps of conversation the latter had received had made him much wiser, and had reinforced his gallantry, so that he was able to rise nobly to the occasion. It was plainly evident to him that there was something of unusual interest in his despised possessions, and his first real appreciation of their value dated from that minute.

"'Pears ter me, ladies, sence ye tek sech a lively int'rest in my place ye'd better come inside; as the

Mexicans uster say out in Colorado, —'this house is your'n.' "

"Oh, can we come in!" both ladies said in chorus.

"Cert, I'd be honored, ladies. As it's a man's habitation, ye'll in course mek allowances."

They entered, and while Hiram sat smoking leisurely, made a tour of the rooms. Their bursts of enthusiasm over his "dunnage" was a rapid but useful education to Hiram. He began to see possibilities, such as would warrant him in hiring his potato planting.

"You have a veritable treasure-house," Mrs. Lufkin exclaimed when she returned. "A perfect mine of such exquisite things! Now that four-poster,—its simply divine! And this secretary,—oh! may I look in it?"

"Oh cert! Mek yourself puffedly ter home. Them letters in thar,—they're old, too."

"Just see them!" Mrs. Lufkin continued as she opened the door. "The dates! Here's one 1835 and this one is 1804! Such a romantic story they must have to tell! May I read,—or is it asking too much?" she asked beseechingly.

"Yer can do ez yer please, only put 'em back. I set so much store by these old things! They're very val'ble ter me an' I've cared fer 'em very partic'lar."

Mrs. Lufkin dipped into the letter, and then gave a little scream. "Why, this is from Thankful Lufkin! Why, my husband's grandmother had a sister named Thankful Lufkin! Are you a Lufkin?" She turned suddenly to Hiram, and for the first time during the call he was noticed.

"I'm proud to admit that I am, Madame,—at least my mother was," Hiram replied, with another flourish

and bow. And then he continued, as if by inspiration, "I'm your husband's admiring blood-relative, Madame, twice removed."

"Well, did you ever?" Mrs. Lufkin exclaimed in what was undoubtedly real joy. "It is too delightful to be true! And you live here all alone in all these charming surroundings. How romantic! I should think you would be afraid to leave this place a minute,—this old furniture is—is—priceless!"

"Yes, I know it is, Madame," replied Hiram Meekins, without a qualm. "I stand gyward over it, night and day."

"And so you really are my husband's relative?"

Hiram Meekins stood ready for a second trial. He had guessed right once, although unconscious of the fact. "Yes, yer come over some time and look them letters over,—they'll tell ye the story."

"Certainly I shall," Mrs. Lufkin replied, and looking at the beautiful panels of the secretary continued, "and this furniture! My husband has nothing of his ancestors,—nothing! His grandfather went west so early, you know! I suppose it would seem a sacrilege to you, sir, to suggest the idea,—but I believe he would pay almost any price for some little thing, like that sewing-table, that had once been in the Lufkin family."

"Well, Ma'm, yer see it's all Lufkin,—all these dear old things," Hiram Meekins continued, taking another leap into the dark. "An' it's all so precious ter me, I couldn't really bring myself to part with any of it. It's 'bout all I hev in the world, too."

"Ah! yes, indeed, I can appreciate the feeling; it's a very creditable one; and I want to thank you for

your goodness in letting me see these things, and read these letters, too. I want to read them all so much. And I am very glad to know my cousin—?"

"Hiram Meekins!"

"Cousin Hiram, let us shake hands in the presence of these dear family relics. They almost speak to us in approval! I am proud to have found you."

"The feeling is mutual, Cousin—?"

"Beatrice—Beatrice Marston was my name. My husband, James Lufkin, is a real estate operator in Chicago; but he is coming here later on, and I am sure he will be overjoyed at my discovery."

"Cousin" Hiram had now been duly christened. That evening he took a different view of his surroundings, and with the lining of an old coat he endeavored to erase the marks of his feet on the carving of the four-poster. He celebrated with potations of an unusual quantity of the excuse for whiskey he was able to buy at the drug store in the village.

"Cousin Hiram Meekins," he chuckled to himself, "here's to you,—and likewise to Cousin Beatrice Lufkin!"

That evening the new cousin in the Profile House wrote a long letter to her husband concerning her new discovery. "He's such a dear old man," she closed, "and so high-minded. He is like Midas sitting among his treasures, but apparently destitute of the necessities of existence. I feel that we should do something for him, for his clothing is very shabby, and I do not think he has enough to eat. If you have any cast-offs, please send them, for he looks to be about your size. It is so noble of him to hold on to these precious relics. I know by the way

he spoke, that they are almost a part of his body,—and that he could not be induced to part with them. I hate to think of his remaining up in this cold country in winter. I think that we should be very kind to our own flesh and blood; so that when he dies we shall not have any regrets.”

“Cousin” Hiram did not plant any potatoes that summer; he began to work his antique furniture mine instead. The hundreds of letters, both in the old secretary and in the attic, were an interesting study wherein he might find some more cousins. He went through them all carefully, and when his cousin Beatrice came from time to time, he had a selected lot for her, all Lufkin, in which they both learned much that they had never known before.

Other letters which related to the Edsons, the Howlands and the Meekinses were never shown. He could prove that all the old furniture was “every stick Lufkin,” but not by the evidence of the letters,—for he told lies with an expression of innocence on his face, that would have made a cherub envious.

By the time that Cousin Sylvester Lufkin arrived he had learned so much that he appeared, to the latter, to be a paragon of family history. The thought of selling was unbearable then,—not until he could find some more cousins as possible bidders for his favor, would he be willing to admit that there was even a ghost of a chance of anything ever leaving his possession.

“Cousin” Hiram played the role of a martyr to the love for heirlooms—and played it well, too. Cousin Sylvester Lufkin accepted him for the real thing. “He is a relative to be proud of,” he declared.

“A sort of Cousin Pons, don’t you know, Beatrice. And he’ll die some day—and—well, we must be kind to him. I see a good deal that should be done about the place; and it is such a rare chance to spend one’s money,—not in charity exactly—but in doing good to one’s own flesh and blood.

“I’m going to leave him some money and tell him to brighten up the old place for winter, and put in his winter fuel besides. Then we’ll send him a box of groceries for Christmas, and—well, I think it is our duty to look after him a little, and about the middle of the winter I’ll send him the transportation to make us a visit to Chicago.”

“Yes, he certainly deserves it all,” Mrs. Lufkin replied. “He has done a great service to the family in preserving all these beautiful things,—and, Sylvester, if you can, do suggest to him that he make a will,—you know it might happen that—”

“Yes, I’m going to do that, Beatrice.”

But they never were obliged to make the suggestion, for when they came to make their farewell call on “Cousin” Hiram, he, provident man that he was, announced, “I’m goin’ ter mek my will, fer I see thet ef I don’t, this here antique furniture will as likely as not go outern the Lufkin family.”

So when winter came and “Cousin” Hiram found himself possessed of a brand new coal stove, and a well-filled bin; with a larder provided with bacon, ham and many other palatable commodities, and a sum of money to be devoted to certain things,—but which he knew would be devoted to an important article of his diet,—he felt that he had played his role as a finished actor should.

His drama was but just begun however; his success with the Lufkin contingent had put him in a state of prosperity he had never dreamed of. But there must be somewhere some Edsons, some Howlands and some Meekinses. He must find them. He was not lonely that winter; he studied old letters, old deeds and documents, until he was equally as learned in the lore of the other clans as in the Lufkins.

About Christmas time he received transportation to Chicago, and, dressed in the clothing his cousin had given him, treated by the barber, and in other ways pruned, he made quite a presentable patriarch when he arrived in the windy city. Mrs. Lufkin had heralded the coming of her interesting cousin, and he was prepared to accept the role of a lion. His training in the mining camps, and his ready adaptation to his cousin Sylvester's liquid refreshments made him picturesque and bizarre enough,—and he roared well. He would not have been half as interesting if he had not been a little less than half civilized.

When his visit came to an end "Cousin" Hiram had been the subject of sketches in the Sunday editions of the paper and felt more than satisfied with the way he was handling himself. Before his departure he expressed a desire to visit his former haunts in Colorado,—and even as far as San Francisco. His cousin Sylvester demurred over the danger of leaving his precious relics at the mercy of thieves and fire in Trescott. But "Cousin" Hiram said he had a claim out there in Colorado, that he really had to look after,—and the transportation was

reluctantly given. Cousin Sylvester took care to take out a liberal fire-insurance policy on the precious things in Trescott. Thus supplied with his transportation and a liberal supply of money, "Cousin" Hiram chose to go straight for "The Golden Gate." He had discovered evidence that there was a collateral branch of the Edsons—who had settled, a couple of generations before, in San Francisco—and if perchance he should happen to find other cousins, possessed of wealth and an unholy passion for old-fashioned furniture,—well, why not have more than one golden goose?

The Lufkins had secured photographs of the old furniture, and "Cousin" Hiram went armed with a complete set. It would not be surprising to learn, in these days of the old-fashioned furniture fad, that he was successful. Mrs. Lobelia Edson was a widow with wealth, which a millionaire mining prospector had left behind him for her benefit. "Cousin" Hiram had no difficulty in making good her claim to membership in the true Edson clan. Under his skilful management history soon repeated itself. When "Cousin" Hiram returned in the spring he opened a bank account, and Mrs. Lobelia Edson engaged quarters for the summer at the Mt. Washington Hotel. When she came to see him and spend the day, she found him as delightful as the Lufkin cousins had, and possibly more so, for having married a mining prospector, there was a bond of sympathy between herself and her cousin, which had been lacking in the Lufkins. "Cousin" Hiram managed with dexterity, and there were no collisions between the two sets of cousins. He also assured his

cousin Lobelia that he had made his will and the Edson relics would be secure, if she outlived him.

But "Cousin" Hiram's appetite for new cousins was not yet appeased. He looked up the Howlands and the Meekinses, and found the crop of cousins much more abundant than in the cases of the others. He chose with discretion, however, and in New York he discovered a Howland with all the desirable qualities, and had no trouble in securing the adoption. The same tactics resulted in the discovery of a satisfactory Meekins cousin in Boston. They all commended his great affection for the family heirlooms, and were all politely solicitous as to the final disposition of them. "Cousin" Hiram made them all happy with the assurance of providing that each of the four clans would eventually come to its own.

They were anxious to have the furniture look at its best, and a great deal of money was spent in having it put into first rate repair. It was scraped and polished until it looked as fine as the day it was made. Trescott people marvelled at the prosperity that seemed to surround Hiram, but more than all else at the great care and affection he displayed toward the furniture he had once spurned with tongue and boot heel. But "Cousin" Hiram kept them all guessing.

The four clans had visited the place, and there had as yet been no unpleasant meetings. But it worried "Cousin" Hiram not a little for fear there might come a day when he would appear in anything but a noble light toward his benefactors. He knew that the day must come some time, but he preferred not to be present in the life. He made all

sorts of plans, but none of them seemed to fill the need; for the only way for him to escape seemed to be death,—and life was too beautiful to leave at present,—too full of delicious liquids that put him in such a frame of content with himself and the earth and the fullness thereof.

Then, as if by inspiration, a plan suggested itself to him, which if it was the least commendable of all his double-dealing was the most characteristic of him. He would sell out to the four sets of cousins in turn, under the plea that a mining claim of his in Colorado had been found to be unexpectedly rich, and, with regret, of course, he was compelled to part with his possessions. Then he would decamp,—and it would be difficult, he believed, to ever find him again. Of all his plans this seemed the most suitable to the kind of role he was playing,—that of getting all that was coming to him.

But fate ruled otherwise. As prosperity came, "Cousin" Hiram's habits grew worse and worse. During the winter his lonely carousals were the scandal of the good, old-fashioned place, and his neighbors felt it was a mortal disgrace to have him in town. During his last winter of life, "Cousin" Hiram knew but very few sober moments. He preferred to remain at home, because although his potations were excused by his doting cousins as a habit he had acquired in the western mining camps, he could not enjoy the freedom he would like with his cups. Out there in his lonely farm-house he was his own master, and his antique furniture were as his crown jewels.

One night during this winter the eastern part of the township was aroused by a glare of light that

showed that some farm-house was in flames. All within a radius of a mile rushed to the rescue, for when death and fire come, people in the country forget their resentment. But it was too late to do any good, for both "Cousin" Hiram and his possessions were beyond help. Only the ashes remained as speechless

witnesses of "Cousin" Hiram's debauchery and deception. He had never written the contemplated offer to sell his antique furniture,—and hence to this day, this arch deceiver is mourned and venerated by four sets of cousins, none of whom know the others,—or probably ever will.

New England's Hymn-Writer

By HENRY L. SHUMWAY

THE recent observance throughout the Christian world of the eighty-fifth birthday of Miss Fanny J. Crosby, the writer of religious hymns, brings to the attention of the public a most interesting personality, which has been to the many at best but a name, while the hymns have become known and loved all over the world. Probably no one since the days of Isaac Watts and the Wesleys has produced so many hymns that have been so generally accepted as expressive of the faith, hope, aspirations, and purpose of the Christian public. The fact that she has been blind since infancy, and has secured liberal education and accomplished so large an amount of effective and appreciated work, adds to the interest in her career.

Frances Jane Crosby was the daughter of John and Mercy Crosby, and was born in South East, Putnam County, New York, March 24, 1820. When about nine years old, the family removed to Ridgefield, Connecticut, and remained there four years. Her father died during this period, and her education,

which he had carefully guided, was interrupted. At the age of fifteen she was sent to the New York Institution for the Blind, and was a pupil there for twelve years, and afterward remained as a teacher for about a similar period. She married a teacher there named Van Alstyne, but her biographers are silent as to his history.

Her talent for rhyming and versification manifested itself at an early age, and her first effort, at eight years of age, not only shows this, but also discloses the happy temperament which, under discouraging circumstances, is one of the secrets of her success in inspiring joyous religious emotions in others. She wrote:

"Oh, what a happy soul am I!
Although I cannot see;
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.
How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't!
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot, and I won't."

She remained at the institution until 1858, teaching grammar, rhetoric, and ancient and American history. Naturally there came with

her environment a symmetrical intellectual development, and her vivid imagination came under the control of a maturing judgment. She developed a discriminating vocabulary, and her faculty for metrical expression kept pace with her other attainments. Her memory, her only personal store-house of knowledge, took the place of the books which were accessible to others, and her work demonstrated her possession of a liberal education. The Bible was always a treasure-house to her, and its language and spirit were dominant in her literary work. During her residence in the institution, its managers utilized her gift of verse-making by introducing her to audiences all over the State, which were gathered to hear the aims of the school, and to induce the parents of blind children to confide them to its care.

At such a gathering in New York city, in 1843, she read:

"The smile that decks the human face,
The brilliant eye, the joyous brow,
Are beauties we may never trace;
A rayless midnight shrouds us now.
But why, oh why, the falling tear?
Why heaves the sad, unbidden sigh?
The lamp of knowledge, bright and clear,
Pours lustre on our mental eye."

Close observation of the words of others, a retentive memory, and an active imagination were effective in equipping her with what appears to be a remarkable faculty for correct and picturesque description and a knowledge of natural scenery. In her earlier verses, printed in a volume in 1844, and entitled "The Blind Girl, and Other Poems," these characteristics are strikingly apparent. They are also well illustrated in this excerpt from "The Desolate":

"A trembling star, of mildest hue,
Was gleaming in the purple west,
And pearly drops of balmy dew
Young flowers caressed.

"Oh! lovely orb as the eye traced,
Methinks thou to my memory
Didst paint a well remembered face,
Once dear to me.

"While thus I mused, a threat'ning cloud
Swept o'er the sky of azure blue;
That radiant star, in its dark shroud,
Sank from my view.

"I gazed; the cloud soon passed away;
Again that star burst on my eye;
I felt a calm serenity,
I knew not why.

"When sorrow wrings my aching heart,
And all is dread and drear to me,
Fair star, thy lustre then impart,—
My guardian be."

There is a constant vein of sadness running through this juvenile volume,—the privations of the blind, the parting of friends, the deaths of parents and associates, and similar topics pervade its pages; but even these are lighted by earnest expressions of content, and of a strong and unquestioning religious faith. It is noticeable, however, that in the eighty titles there are none of the secular songs nor religious hymns which were later the abundant product of her pen. Two or three hymns appear, but they are not among those which achieved general popularity.

It is stated that she did not begin to write hymns until after she was forty-five years of age. The inspiration toward this work seems to have been her acquaintance with W. B. Bradbury, so well known as a writer of popular hymn tunes. Her first hymn,

"We are going, we are going
To a home beyond the skies,"

was written for him. Following this came a constant stream of

songs, secular and religious, whose spring was the musical genius of Mr. Bradbury, George F. Root, W. H. Doane, Sylvester Main and others. She wrote almost without conscious effort, but the "psychological moment" was necessary for her best work. Mr. Doane called on her one morning and asked for words on the idea, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and played the air to which he wanted them adapted. He was in a hurry, said he must have them at once. She went to her room, and in a quarter of an hour returned with the lines which have since proved so popular and so full of consolation. "Rescue the Perishing" was written under similar pressure. These instances, and many others in the history of her work, indicate that her talent is an inspiration as much as a conscious effort.

Most of Miss Crosby's secular songs were written before she had produced any of the hymns upon which a larger portion of her reputation is based. Among these are "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," "The Hazel Dell," "There's Music in the Air," "Proud World, Good-Bye," and a score of others. She has written thousands of hymns during the last forty years, and they have been sung all over the world. Among the most familiar are "Savior, More Than Life to Me," "Some Day the Silver Chord will Break," "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord," "Blessed Home Land," "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior," "Jesus is Calling," "Blessed Assurance," "Saved by Grace," "All the Way My

Savior Leads Me," "Keep Me Near the Cross," and "Jesus the Water of Life Will Give." So fruitful has been her pen that publishers have felt forced to conceal her prolificness by the use of various signatures, nearly a score of which are given by her biographers.

Four volumes of her verses have been published. The first has been mentioned herein; the latest is "Bells at Evening," issued in 1903, and it is announced that another volume is in preparation. Miss Crosby resides at Bridgeport, Connecticut, in the family of Mrs. William Becker, an old friend, and has as her companion a sister, Mrs. C. W. Ryder. Her talent and her service to the cause of religion have had frequent recognition from all parts of the world. Perhaps the most concise and expressive is quoted from Frances Ridley Havergal. In answer to an inquiry "Who is Fanny Crosby?" the answer was given, "She is a blind lady whose heart can see splendidly in the sunshine of God's love." Mrs. Havergal's own tribute is published in Miss Crosby's last volume. It is entitled "A Seeing Heart," "one stanza of which is a fit ending to this sketch:

"Oh, her heart can see, her heart can see!
And its sight is strong, and swift and free;
Never the ken of mortal eye
Could pierce so deep, so far, and high
As the eagle-vision of hearts that dwell
In the lofty sun-lit citadel
Of faith that overcomes the world,
With banners of Hope and Joy unfurled,
Garrisoned with God's perfect Peace,
Ringing with pæans that never cease,
Flooded with splendor, bright and broad,
The glorious light of the love of God."



The Girls' Garden

By BARRINGTON KIDD

THE two Lindabury girls slowly mounted the sagging wooden steps of the green terrace behind their house. A stranger passing along Oldmeadow Main Street hardly suspects the Lindabury house of having such a pleasant thing as a grassy terrace behind it, for the square, stone dwelling stands severely close to the side-walk, an uncompromising structure which seems to demand of the spectator: "Well, who are you to be looking at me, I should like to know?" The late Judge Lindabury built the mansion in 1847 and his portrait, hanging in the solemn hall, reminds one oddly of the house itself.

A grateful prospect, however, greeted the placid eyes of the Lindabury girls as they paused for a rest in the weed-grown path. To their right lay the orchard, with its brooding, comfortable trees now venturing bravely into fragrant blossom. Behind them was the low, rambling porch, draped with a venerable grape-vine, and to their left stretched the pallid green of the home pasture, whence Larry McCabe was leading old Doll to the red barn at the end of the driveway. In the distance jutted the roof of the cottage in the hollow, which by the Judge's will belonged to the first of his three daughters to be married. A wisp of smoke was floating from the chimney.

"I am afraid gossip is true for once, Nancy," said Miss Avicia, drawing in her breath. "The cottage

is certainly occupied." Sometimes the face of the older lady resembled her father's and it did so now. "What incredible effrontery on Janet's part! What assurance!"

"Yes, but Janet is poor," said Miss Nancy. "Perhaps she has nowhere else to go. I infer that her husband, Mr. Northcote, left her nothing, and—"

"Let us trust that our phlox does well this summer," said Miss Avicia sharply, and strolled along the path.

Miss Nancy sighed. Janet's disgraceful runaway marriage long had been a forbidden topic. But Miss Nancy, at forty-five years, was younger by a decade than Miss Avicia, and upon gentle Miss Nancy the traditional Lindabury firmness often was a burden. However, she followed Miss Avicia in dutiful silence. Miss Nancy always followed.

The path brought them to a circular garden plot, divided by low box-wood hedges into three equal triangles. One of the segments was dotted with red roses, another with yellow roses, the third was a tangled little wilderness of bedraggled plants except for a dismayed but recognizable white rose bush at its apex. Near the circle a great, dipping elm shaded a rustic bench, and upon the bench the two sisters rested, for Miss Avicia was not strong.

In their childhood the Judge had dedicated this circular rose garden to his three children, the red divi-

sion to Avicia, the yellow to Nancy, the white to Janet, the youngest. No hands but the dainty hands of the Lindabury girls had ever cared for these flowers. This morning it was impossible to say that the garden appeared well kept. There was more than a suspicion of everlasting and dandelion among the red and yellow roses, and as for the shrubs which had formerly borne white blossoms, they were frankly disreputable.

Miss Avicia tapped the arm of the bench resolutely. "We must be at work," she said.

"Now?" asked Miss Nancy.

"To-morrow," decided Miss Avicia. "I am hardly up to it to-day." She leaned back wearily.

Miss Nancy breathed another quiet sigh. She would have gladly busied herself among her neglected plants; but since the girls wore pinafores and pantalettes it had been the strictest point of honor that one sister should not work in her garden while another was unable from illness to work in hers. Miss Nancy folded her hands and gazed at the roses. Quaintly poetic queries trembled in her mind as she watched the sunshine kiss the forsaken flowers. Why must flowers wither? Why must the world grow old? Could no sunshine make it young again?

Miss Avicia stirred uneasily on the bench. "It is time we went in," she said. "I shall ask you to read a page of Mr. Richardson to me, Nancy."

But the chapter of "Sir Charles Grandison" did not soothe Miss Nancy, and in the stone house the parlor was sombre and silent. Was it really less sombre under the elm? Miss Nancy was not sure, now that the girls' garden was going to seed.

II

"I cannot be positive at this distance," whispered Miss Nancy excitedly. "I think it is actually a child."

"A child!" echoed Miss Avicia. "A creature of flesh and blood or a—" Her voice died away in a gasp of something which from anybody but a Lindabury would be regarded as superstitious fear.

The nocturnal scene, in truth, was elfin. It was nine o'clock—midnight for Oldmeadow. Behind the screen of vines on their back porch the Lindabury girls clung tremulously to one another and peered into the silvery moonlight. The drowsy, purring hush of the June evening was punctuated by the faint crunch of earth. Someone was gardening.

"A child," reiterated Miss Avicia decisively, "and Lawrence is smoking on the bench. I see sparks from his pipe."

It was immediately obvious to the two ladies that Larry would not profane with tobacco the presence of a sprite, and they plucked up their voluminous skirts from the dew-flecked gravel. Normally, to find a trespasser in their garden would have shocked them to the exclusion of every other emotion but stupefying horror. Now, however, the mystical vagueness of the night, the wondrous unreality of the setting of their adventure, enchanted the spirits of the Judge's daughters. Up the terrace they advanced like ghosts. Indeed, they might well have been ghosts, with their brocade gowns and their snowy hair dressed high,—ghosts of Vauxhall or Versailles.

Larry McCabe, on the contrary, was not impressed by the supernatural qualities of the spectacle.

When he saw the sisters he dropped his pipe hastily into his palm and hissed a panic-stricken warning.

"Duck, mavourneen!" admonished old Larry. "Duck, for the love of—oh, glory be, we're destroyed entirely!"

"You have a visitor, Lawrence," accused Miss Avicia.

"Small the know I know, ma'am," mumbled Larry. "Visitor, is it? Ma'am, I made bold to bring my smoke here for the divarson of the moon, and—"

"Lawrence!" exclaimed Miss Avicia, in her father's state's-prison voice.

"There's a murderin' big lump of a cat in there," suggested Larry hoarsely. "Maybe 'twas that you seen, ma'am."

"Then it is true that there was something," said Miss Nancy, "and I'll have no cat rolling about in my bushes. Bring her out, Lawrence."

"Come, puss! Come, puss!" coaxed Larry with suspicious vigor.

An unmistakable and healthful giggle sounded from the box-wood. Miss Avicia sniffed in wrath. Miss Nancy changed color, for she rather dreaded those occasions which demanded an exhibition of the Linda-bury temper, and the two ladies filed remorselessly around the hedged circle to the attack of the gardener. They found that Larry was not alone. A girl, nine or ten years old, stood at his side.

"If you please, Aunt Avicia," she said, looking from one of the sisters to the other doubtfully, "if you please, Aunt Nancy—the cat was just me."

As if she thought this statement needed proof, she giggled again, and her dimples and laughing gray eyes showed prettily in the moonlight. She had unruly hair of chest-

nut, and a business-like apron covered her short frock. The apron had been of recent service, for it was spotted with fresh earth.

"Child!" vociferated Miss Avicia. "Whose child are you?"

"I'm Janet Northcote, Aunt Nancy," said the girl.

The younger sister swayed impulsively and her lace shook a little where her fingers clutched it. "No, I'm your—I'm Miss Nancy," she murmured.

"Oh," faltered Janet, blinking with embarrassment. "You see, I didn't know. How do you do, Aunt Nancy?" and she held out one hand. She had a weeding trowel in the other.

Miss Avicia brushed aside the outstretched hand with her silk skirt as she swept majestically forward. "Do you know that you are very wicked to come here?" she said. "Do you know that it is like a wicked thief for you to use our garden? Are you not ashamed?"

Janet dug her toe into the loam and consulted a friendly-looking lilac with her puzzled gray eyes.

"And you, Lawrence," resumed Miss Avicia. "Have you nothing to—"

"Please, ma'am," said Larry, twisting his cap, "please, ma'am, seeing how she told me she was sent from the cottage by Miss Janet as was, and—"

Miss Avicia's glance froze the words on his lips.

"That is, ma'am, by the Widow North—"

The glance would have congealed the speech of Webster.

"By her mother, ma'am," amended McCabe desperately, "and seeing how I mind well from his own say-so ma'am, that the Judge, rest his soul, gave her mother a sort of right in

her part of the rose garden forever, why—"

"Is not Lawrence's idea correct?" put in Miss Nancy timidly. "Our poor sister has almost as much right to the white rose plot as to the cottage, Avicia."

Miss Avicia frowned obstinately, but Larry took courage.

"Yes, ma'am," he affirmed, nodding at the chestnut hair. "The little girl comes this night to my room in the barn. 'Mr. Larry,' she says, 'my mother has sent me to take care of the white roses,' she says. So I think no harm to it, ma'am, her having the same name."

"She sneaked in the dark, like a thief," said Miss Avicia.

"Mama told me that you'd be vexed, Aunt Avicia," spoke up Janet, "if you saw me."

Miss Nancy's eyelids fluttered. Too well she remembered the evening when Janet's mother had been denied admission at the door of the Lindabury house, and the more recent day when her letters had been returned by her older sister, unopened.

"That is why I came in the dark," proceeded the girl. "But it is not very dark, you know. I can do the things with my trowel that Mr. Larry tells me to do. Can't I, Aunt Avicia? Please, I will be so quiet."

Miss Avicia turned away. "It seems that the child's parent is bound to enforce her ownership here," she sneered. "I presume, Nancy, that we are powerless to prevent her molesting us. It is in the most wretched taste, this conduct."

"Would it molest us," ventured Miss Nancy diffidently, "if she came to work in the garden at sunrise? I don't believe it would, Avicia. If

Janet would come early in the mornings—"

"Oh, that will be fun!" approved Janet, clapping her hands. "Everything is pretty at sunrise."

Miss Avicia seemed to ratify the negotiation, although she took no part in it. It was arranged that little Janet, under Lawrence's direction, should be allowed to care for the white roses every morning before seven, not after. Under no circumstances was she to pick the flowers. She must never come to the stone house.

"I do not like that big stone house as well as ours," announced Janet innocently. "Good night, Aunt Avicia. Thank you, Aunt Nancy. Good night," and she danced off with Larry, trying gaily to urge him to run, and laughing in triumph when his stiff knees responded.

"She has her miserable father's irreverence for age," said Miss Avicia.

"She has her mother's voice," said Miss Nancy.

III

There was that summer much rain in Oldmeadow and an autumnal July. During the wet weather the Judge's gout lingered so manfully in Miss Avicia's slim ankle that Larry was despatched with a three-cornered epistle to Dr. Melville—"Miss Lindabury's compliments," and so on. The veteran physician frowned resolutely when he received it. Mrs. Northcote was very ill.

For all his resolution, Dr. Melville could bring himself only to hint at Mrs. Northcote's trouble in the presence of her sisters. The oldest Lindabury girl heard the news with impassive unconcern, but Miss Nancy left the room hurriedly. At the end of Miss Avicia's week's imprison-

ment the two ladies strolled in the morning sunshine to the bench beneath the elm.

"The white roses promise nicely now," said Miss Avicia. "The young person must have—" She checked herself and her eyes wandered to the yellow flowers. "My dear," she continued truculently, "I perceive that you have taken advantage of my infirmity. Your roses have been tended, also."

"Oh, my love," exclaimed Miss Nancy with some acidity. "You know that I have been always at your bedside. How can you suspect—"

But the yellow roses certainly looked better. Miss Nancy twirled her fan.

"In my unfortunate condition," Miss Avicia said, glancing at her foot, "it does not seem fair—however, when one is old, one must not complain of the thoughtlessness of those who are younger."

"It is true that I am younger, Avicia," retorted Miss Nancy coldly. "But I declare to you that I have not touched—"

"Fiddlesticks!" snapped Miss Avicia.

"You demean yourself," retaliated Miss Nancy, and the sisters silently retired to either end of the bench.

Miss Nancy furtively surveyed her shrubs. When she saw that Miss Avicia dozed she left the seat and crossed the box-wood edge. A lady-like but slumberous note from the shadow of the elm reassured her, and she passed on among the roses to the centre of the circle where the three triangles met. Here she was in the very heart of the garden. She spread her shawl on the ground and reclined upon it, out of sight behind the bushes, pruning them noiselessly. The air was preg-

nant with their incense of the blossoms. The noontime sun beamed through the gossamer web of leaves. A bird twittered lazily and Miss Nancy fell asleep.

Through a fragrant dreamland Miss Nancy strayed until a drifting petal brushed her cheek. She stirred and looked, and in return Janet looked down upon her gravely.

"Oh!" whispered the girl. "I didn't know—"

"Hush, child." Miss Lindabury paused to hear her sister's peaceful breathing. "Hush, child," she said. "You must not waken your Aunt Avicia."

In spite of the cobweb of trouble on her flower-like face, Janet dimpled mischievously, and Miss Nancy set her lips.

"Why have you dared to come now?" she queried irritably. "You know the rule."

"My mother is—has been sick," said Janet. "She wants a flower from the white rose bush. The doctor frightens me."

Miss Nancy stood up unsteadily. "Janet so ill!" she moaned. "Can nothing be—" The white rose bush nodded graciously at her hand and Miss Nancy pointed at it. "You must be quick, dear," she said. "Avicia would be so vexed—but our own sister Janet! Can nothing be done? Is she no better?"

"My mother tells me that she is lonely sometimes," said Janet. "Oh, did you see how nicely I fixed your yellow roses, Aunt Nancy?"

She broke off a single white rose reverently and tucked it into the gathered folds of her apron. Miss Nancy did not notice that other flowers were there already, for her eyes had turned toward her own plants.

"Wait, my dear," she murmured. "You shall have another flower to take to Janet. Come with me—softly," and they tiptoed along Miss Nancy's garden, and Miss Nancy's eyes were as tender as the blossoms. "There," she said, "give that to my sister. She will understand."

The child took the yellow rose and touched it to her chin, smiling. "Look, Aunt Nancy!" said Janet, opening her apron.

Miss Nancy looked down. A wealth of roses nestled in the snowy linen—red roses, warm and pleading.

"Avicia's flowers!" gasped Miss Nancy.

"I talked to Aunt Avicia before I saw you," explained the girl eagerly.

"But she's asleep!"

"Not now!" cried little Janet.

Miss Nancy stared falteringly at the bench. Miss Avicia sat up very straight, holding out her trembling hands.

"I feel that I have just awakened after many years, Nancy," she said. "It was our lonely sister begging for a white rose that awakened me. Shall we not go to the cottage, Nancy—we two old fools?"

"And, please, shall I carry the flowers?" asked Janet.

"We will carry them ourselves," proclaimed Miss Avicia. "Give me the red roses, Janet."

But Miss Nancy interposed. "It would be best for little Janet to take all the roses, Avicia," said Miss Nancy. "I think it is she who has made the girls' garden one garden forever."

Lame

By ETHEL M. KELLEY

I wonder how 'twould seem not to be lame,
To have this leg akickin' round the same
As th' other one, and not to have a crutch,
I wonder does it hurt with two legs much!

I wonder if they have those curly pains
Right up their spinal column. Brother 'splains
'At when you want to walk you never know
Nuthin' about it till you up and go.

I wonder if they think how it would be
To kinder lay around all day like me,
And have to swallow eggs and milk and stuff
When folks won't believe you've had enough.

I wonder if they think 'bout God, and 'bout
The Angel Host. I s'pose when they get out
It seems so good to feel the air and sun
They don't think nuthin' but just run and run.

Prominent Country Clubs

By DAVID PAINE

WHEN, twenty years ago, tennis was in such vogue, only to be superseded by golf a few years later, people called them fads, and wondered what would be the next erratic move of fickle humanity. No one except a few evolutionists, perhaps, viewed these sports, as well as riding, bowling, skating and kindred others, in their proper perspective, and foresaw their grand culmination in that unity, composed of such ideally diversified elements, the Country Club. Yet the name already existed, although it designated but the mere nucleus of the latter-day institution, that nucleus which developed directly into the various forms of equine and athletic sport and pleas-

ure. That a club, organized in the interests of racing, would in the short space of twenty years be a noted golfing ground as well, with every opportunity for the advancement of physical sports and social intercourse, would have been regarded as an insane fancy by the promoters of America's first country club, yet such has been the force of American energy and versatility that not only has this wild vision been realized, but the example set by Brookline has been most widely followed all over the country.

When the Saxon blood within us, no longer to be controlled, called loudly for the sports of merry England, young America, replying that ancestral hunting-seats could



THE COUNTRY CLUB, BROOKLINE



COUNTRY CLUB, BROOKLINE

not be established in a day, asked what was to be done. England herself gave the key to the answer in the Hurlingham Club of London, a famous sporting centre, in spite of its unpropitious situation in the immediate suburbs of the city. The idea of a club seemed to fit in perfectly with democratic American principles and the result was the incorporation of the Myopia Club at Winchester in 1879. Before this year the originators of the club had held steeplechases at old Beacon Park in Brighton and also at Clyde Park, while the latter had been used for flat races as well. Many persons will to-day recall that exciting occasion when ten well-known horsemen ran the Clyde Park course from start to finish, presenting a spectacle most unusual for those times, and old lovers of high bred horses will relate to younger generations the wonderful feats of Mr. Gossler's Canadian mare, Maid of Ottawa, as well as the famous steeplechasers, Charlemagne, Rose, Baronet, Duke of

Abercon, Zinzabar and many others.

Just about this time coaching also had become a popular form of amusement and it seemed feasible to several Bostonians to organize a club which should include coaching with the more prominent interests of races and steeplechases. And so, one day during the winter of 1881-82, about a dozen gentlemen assembled at the house of J. Murray Forbes on Commonwealth avenue, to discuss the matter. There it was decided to send out invitations to a selected list of gentlemen, asking them to join the proposed club. A circular stated that Clyde Park would be leased for use of the organization, provided one hundred and fifty favorable answers were received with as many pledges of an annual contribution of \$30. The invitations were greeted with an enthusiasm most gratifying to the instigators of the plan. Three hundred subscribers promptly signified their willingness to participate in the project and leased Clyde Park at once, thus securing for conserva-

tive Boston the honor of the first country club in America, perhaps in any country. The charter members, Charles H. Dalton, Henry S. Russell, Francis E. Bacon, E. V. R. Thayer, Robert C. Hooper, Charles J. Paine, Robert H. Stevens, J. Murray Forbes, Charles J. Morse, Francis Peabody, Jr., and Augustus Heminway, gave a peculiarly appropriate name to the new association, for "The Country Club" in its simplicity and dignity shows, as no other appellation would, its priority. All later organizations of a similar order were, of course, obliged to differentiate themselves by specific titles, as "The Philadelphia Country Club," "The Baltimore Country Club," and "The Essex Country Club."

The grounds which now came under the control of The Country Club were originally owned by four brothers, William B., Daniel, Eben and Francis E. Bacon, the last of whom had bought out the others and was the owner of the property at the time the club was founded.

The estate had previously served various purposes: once it was used as a road house; in 1846 the Norfolk Agricultural Society made its headquarters there and located its present middle entrance; one summer it was the home of John Shepard, and in 1865-66 it was in the hands of the Clyde Park Association, from which it received its name. A half-mile track, laid out by Thomas Motley in 1870, contributed to make the place adaptable to the uses of The Country Club which after a five years' lease, purchased the property in 1887. The cost of this land, covering an area of one hundred and fifteen acres, was partially defrayed by bonds; later forty acres more were secured to afford a skating pond and additional space for golf.

The first home of The Country Club was unpretentious. Under the supervision of Mr. Forbes, the old house and stables belonging to the estate were thoroughly repaired and here were held the first social



SHEEP AT THE COUNTRY CLUB



DINING ROOM AT THE COUNTRY CLUB, BROOKLINE

gatherings of the club. It is doubtful whether later years, bringing with them sumptuous apartments, finely appointed hostelry and greater facilities for sport, have added to the pleasure of those early days, when a circle of intimate friends gathered merrily round a Sunday lunch, or celebrated that gala event, a Hunt dinner.

The clubhouse as it appears to-day, occupying a far larger area than in 1882, is indicative of the continued advance of the organization and of the constantly increasing demand for better accommodations. The old part of the building which has been standing for about a hundred and twenty-five years, remains the centre of the modern structure—an ancient grandam, decked out in fine array by the hands of a later gen-

eration, scarcely recognizing amid her new furbelows, her own personality. Situated about three hundred yards from the highway, with the stables and squash courts behind it, the home of The Country Club presents a most hospitable and aristocratic, as well as handsome appearance, with its broad roof and ample piazzas, some of which, enclosed in glass, are used both in winter and summer. A classic touch is added to the building by the lofty Ionic pillars on the side facing the driveway. The broad gravelled driveway sweeps in between green lawns, past the grand stand, to the front of the house, where tall pines break the expanse of lawn and add to the place their picturesque charm.

There are two main entrances,

one for the ladies, the other for the gentlemen. The ladies' entrance leads into a wide hall, finished in red and white, to the left of which, through an archway, lies the reading-room. The walls of this apartment are hung with a paper wrought in a rich peacock design, while the same deep tones prevail in carpet and hangings. The pictures, suited to the character of the club, are out-of-door and sporting scenes, photographs of club events, and portraits of those men who have served as chairmen of the successive executive committees, Charles Dalton, Henry S. Russell and J. Murray Forbes. The position is at present filled by Laurence Curtis. Beyond the reading-room is the smoking-room, its walls adorned with souvenirs, among which is a program of the first steeplechase.

A second arched doorway leads from the hall into the reception-room, where luxurious armchairs, cosy corner seats piled with cushions, and a deep fireplace invite the club members to drop in for a cup of tea on any afternoon between three and five. The prominent feature of the room is the glass case, filled with trophies of the club championship.

The reception hall opens into the new dining-room which can easily accommodate two hundred and twenty guests. It is beautifully finished in white and the wall spaces are covered with unique canvas panels, painted by the German, Karl Yens, and portraying the hunt from start to finish.

The progressive *fin de siècle* movement has entitled women and children to the privileges of country clubs, and recent additions at Clyde Park have done much toward providing them with better accom-

modations. In fact, one of the most artistic spots in the clubhouse is the ladies' reception-room at the right of the entrance. The wall paper, tracing in delicate tones the bewitching flowery landscape of Japan, the dainty green willow furniture with its odd Japanese coverings, the dwarf Japanese trees in their tiny pots, the mantel with its ornaments of quaint Japanese pottery, the soft yellow silk hangings, all combine to impart to the room an elusive, fascinating Oriental atmosphere.

Directly over the reception-room is the ladies' boudoir, quite as charming in its own way, for the many rose tints and rose forms of wall paper and furnishings vie with Nature herself and almost delude one with the belief that he is in a garden and not in a room of roses. At the left of this exquisite apartment are the lockers and at the right the old dining-room, now used for private parties, and sleeping-rooms for the gentlemen who are members of the club.

On the third floor are the kitchen, the laundry, and the servants' quarters, an arrangement most desirable for the comfort of the place, as "kitchen odors" are eliminated.

The Country Club, appealing at the very outset only to horse lovers, has always grasped the situation of the hour and has invariably responded to its call. In 1892, when golf was just beginning to win devotees in this country, the club immediately offered a six hole course to the pioneers of the game, but later, the links, like other resources of the club, were extended in response to a growing interest. Squash and tennis courts are popular features of the grounds, and there is also a fine bowling green, after the

English style, which is often the scene of friendly contests. The club has always been a model example for the younger associations in its liberal patronage of all kinds of sports, and its outdoor as well as indoor activity is so truly perennial that it is rather hard to say where the calendar year really begins, whether with the racing and hunting in the fall, or with the spring tennis and golf.

the clubhouse to the pond glows with torches and red fire, while twinkling lights, flashed from the trees by thousands of swaying lanterns, together with the big bonfire, forms a dazzling setting for the skaters and curlers and for the fur-clad women in their comfortable, swiftly-gliding chairs. These festive occasions replace the regular Monday night balls held in the clubhouse for many years, until the rooms be-



ANTE-ROOM AT THE COUNTRY CLUB, BROOKLINE

The approach of winter changes the centre of interest from the sports of fall to the ponds, to skating and to the curling which has been growing steadily in favor during the last five years. All through the crisp winter days the ponds are open to enthusiastic skaters and once in every two weeks the ice-sheet, brilliantly illuminated at night and gay with music, is the scene of a merry carnival. The winding path from

came overcrowded. Tobogganing had its season here some years ago, but the uncertainties of the climate rendered it unpracticable. As soon as a slide had been put into good condition at considerable expense, the sun and the south wind conspired with seeming malignity to interfere with the sport.

Polo has never been very successful at Clyde Park, as the Myopia and Dedham Polo Clubs have nat-



NORFOLK HUNT RIDERS,
DR. MAURICE H. RICHARDSON, MR. A. C. BURRAGE, MR. ARTHUR LEWIS

urally monopolized the players of the vicinity; yet the grounds include a fine polo field, now fallen into disuse, where at one time the national championship games were played. The Myopia Drag Hounds were also for several years connected with the club, making an autumn season of four weeks at Clyde Park, enjoying good runs about Dedham and Brookline and the surrounding country, until the advance of civilization made it no longer possible to hunt in that locality.

It is the steeplechase, however, which has kept the lead in sport at The Country Club. The course, at first very poor and only two and a half miles in extent, has been enlarged and improved and is now one of the finest in the country. Formerly it was customary for gentlemen to enter their own horses, irrespective of breed, and ride them themselves, but the new régime has brought with it professional jockeys. The Country Club annual steeplechase, beginning the seventeenth of

May and continuing for three days, is the great racing event of the year. The grounds are thronged with guests and the grand stand is gay with excited crowds, displaying here and there the sheen of "the Primrose and the Green," the colors of The Country Club. The largest stake of the event is \$5,250; \$3,500 and a \$250 cup, the gift of a member, constitute the reward of the winner, while \$1,000 goes to the second best competitor and \$500 to a third. This annual meet brings with it the race for the "Duke's Cup," named for the famous steeplechaser, Mr. Cromley's "Duke of Abercon." For two consecutive years this cup has been won by Robert C. Hooper and a third victory will make it permanently his own.

The club stables, four in number, are quite as spacious as all other accommodations of The Country Club; they contain about seventy-five large box-stalls and shelter at present as many horses. The care

of a flock of 150 sheep—animated lawn mowers—is among the duties of the employees, whose number ranges from sixty in the winter to eighty in the summer, when a special corps is needed for the grounds alone.

With the increased popularity of the club, the dues have been raised from the modest sum of \$30 to the present fee of \$80 and the membership, originally 300, has increased to 850. The racing stakes, at first running from \$60 to \$100, now amount to thousands, while the attendance at the meets, which was once considered large at 800, now assumes the proportions of tens of thousands. Since the formation of The Country Club, sixteen others have sprung up in Massachusetts, but, far from being eclipsed by these younger rivals, the Brookline organization still holds the foremost rank.

Along Massachusetts' beautiful North Shore are four well known

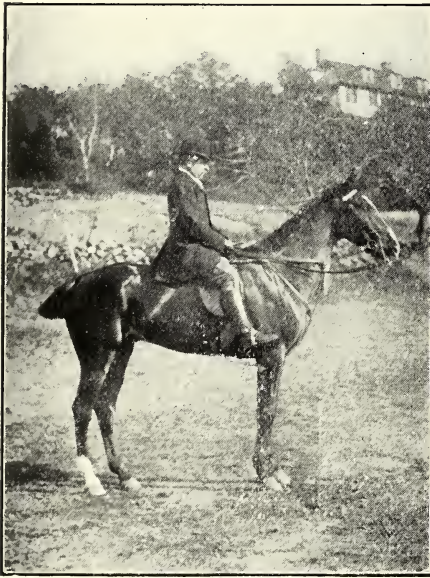
country clubs, comparatively near one another, but quite distinct in character,—the Salem, Danvers, Essex, and Misery Island Country Clubs. The Salem club enjoys the reputation of being the most popular winter club in the vicinity. The grounds, located on the old Nourse Farm at Proctor's Crossing, cover an area of thirty acres, which is laid out in golf links and tennis courts, providing besides facilities for skating, coasting and tobogganing; and the original farm-house of the estate has been transformed into a cosy clubhouse with all the charms of rural simplicity. The new speedway, recently completed about the meadow in the vicinity of the clubhouse appeals to the owners of fast horses and to make this feature more attractive, a series of races has been arranged and prizes have been offered. The toboggan chute, gay with torches in the evening, and the rosy-cheeked snowshoe parties introduce a bit of Canada



FARMERS' DAY AT NORFOLK HUNT—MIDDLE WEIGHT HUNTER TAKING JUMP OF 3 FEET, 8 INCHES

into the old Bay State and create in its sons and daughters a desire to multiply this class of winter sports.

Another farm to be utilized by a country club was the old Stowe farm in Putnamville, an estate of one hundred and forty acres, consisting mainly of pasture, woodland, and rocks. It was purchased in 1901 by the Danvers Country Club, an association of four hundred members, formed in the interests of golf. A farmer and his wife were



MR. CHARLES E. SWEET, NORFOLK HUNT

engaged to take charge of the old house and provide simple lunches whenever they were needed, but applications for membership increased to such a degree that the entrance fee was set at \$15 and a steward was procured to arrange more elaborate dinners. The final outcome of all this was the great variety of social gatherings for which the club is famous—musicales, whist, dancing and amateur theatricals in the winter, weekly

tournaments with the Salem and Peabody Golf Clubs during the summer, a grand annual opening in May or June, and each fall a Field Day, followed by a dinner. The golf course which has been improved from year to year is now 3,000 yards in length and is one of the finest sets of links in the country. The ladies of the club take a special interest in this tantalizing game and are quite skilful as well, twenty-four of them playing constantly with their regular handicap system. To the golf links, tennis courts have been added, and this year will probably bring a diamond to the baseball team which was formed last spring.

The house belonging to this club can boast of a far nobler pedigree than any other clubhouse in Massachusetts. In 1730, Israel Putnam's mother, Sarah, gave him various lots of land in what is now known as Putnamville, on one of which he appears to have built his home; or, as he had been married ten years before the property came into his possession, the house may have been built and the farm managed by him long before this date; from which it is reasonable to conclude that the clubhouse is from 175 to 180 years old. Of Israel's five daughters, one, Eunice, married Elias Endicott, a direct descendant of the old governor, and made her home in this house, her share of the paternal estate. The roof, originally projecting to guard against Indian attacks, has long since been brought down plumb, but various portions of the edifice brought from England, particularly the old tiles in the fireplace, with such names as Putnam and Endicott, veil the historic homestead in an almost sacred mist of antiquity.

The Essex Country Club, with its

delightful situation at Manchester-by-the-Sea, is the most exclusive country club in the state. During the summer months the popular North Shore resort is a brilliant court of wealth and fashion with attachés of foreign legations as pages; of such aristocracy is the Essex Country Club composed. The land in the possession of the club, two hundred acres in all, is no

from others of the same name. A part of the grounds was once Rocky Sheep pasture, famous for its berries and the home of partridges and rattlesnakes. Even now mushrooms grow here in abundance and in the early fall mornings it is not unusual to see the pickers wandering hither and thither in search of them.

Golf links and tennis courts are



MR. HENRY G. VAUGHN AND HOUNDS AT NORFOLK HUNT

single estate or farm, but the accumulation of several purchases. The first acquisition was from T. Jefferson Coolidge, who bought it of Thornton K. Lothrop, who in turn obtained it from Ezekiel Cheever, Samuel Cheever, Mrs. Carter and others. Then "Pop Ear" plain was added, with the adjacent hills and woods belonging to Jonathan, Nathaniel and Isaac Allen, the latter called "Buz" to distinguish him

of course in evidence on the beautiful grounds. There is no race course or polo, as the sports are strictly of the athletic type, but their place is well filled by the numerous band concerts, merry coaching parties, festive dinners and exciting tournaments which whirl by with the passing summer. In the pretty clubhouse are distinctly separate apartments for ladies and gentlemen, an attractive pool-room

extending the width of the house, a smoking-room and a card-room, both with cheery red papers and hangings, a library and a lounging hall. The stable provides ample space on either side for fifteen horses to stand in harness with a wide driveway between. Opening out of this stable is the old part, with standing room for six or eight more horses. There are also fourteen stalls, a modern harness room, and

nent feature of the clubhouse is a large, new dining-hall, as well as a café; there is also a smaller room used for private parties, and on the second floor are a dozen chambers and baths; in the spacious living-room are several pool tables.

The newly formed Tedesco Country Club at Swampscott, formerly known as the Tedesco Golf Club, has the most imposing and attractive clubhouse on the North Shore. A



COUNTRY CLUB AT MISERY ISLAND

a fine system of filter beds, put in at a cost of nearly \$2,000.

Just off the shore at Beverly Farms are the eighty-six acres which make up picturesque Misery Island, flecked with charming summer cottages and bungalows. It was purchased for the use of the Misery Island Club, which began at once to improve the spot with such energy that in less than fifteen years a clubhouse, an ice-house, a caddy-house, and fine golf links have sprung up on the island. A promi-

horseshoe stairway leads to the broad piazza which extends around the house and from which one can catch glimpses of the ocean. The lounging hall in the centre of the building is two stories in height, with a gallery at the second floor elevation. Of the nineteen chambers with which the house is provided, a certain number is reserved for lady members or for the gentlemen of the club who come here with their wives,—quite a unique feature in a country clubhouse. There are ten-

nis courts, shooting traps and golf links, the latter a nine hole course, which will probably be lengthened this year to eighteen.

Leaving the North Shore we come upon the clubs of younger growth. The Merrimac Valley Country Club, organized in 1898 in Methuen, draws its membership from Lawrence,

ver, attracts the club members, not only by the glorious panorama which is enrolled before it, but also by its opportunities for social pleasure.

The modest hyphen of the Vesper-Country Club is most expressive to the initiated, for it calls to mind at once the two organizations of which



COUNTRY CLUB AT DANVERS

Haverhill, Methuen and Andover. Although established for the encouragement of all athletic exercises, it devotes its energies chiefly to golf and possesses a most excellent nine hole course. The clubhouse, beautifully situated on an elevation overlooking the Merrimac River and the hills of North Ando-

the present club is the outgrowth, the Vesper Boat Club and the Lowell Country Club. In the Merrimac River, about four miles from the heart of Lowell, there is an island of ninety-five acres called Tyng's Island, from the old colonial family who owned it for so long a time. Here Captain Tyng im-

prisoned a band of Indian captives at the close of King Philip's war, and tradition says that Wannelancet, chief of the most powerful tribe of the district, died here in the captain's custody. The Lowell Boat Club, founded in 1875 to develop the possibilities of rowing and canoeing, often made this island a rendezvous for river excursions and when, in 1894, the newly formed Lowell Country Club bought the property, it was evident that a union of the two clubs would mean their mutual advantage. This union, practically effected at once, resulted in the incorporation of the Vesper-Country Club in 1899.

The old boat house on Pawtucket Street, Lowell, became the social centre of the new association, although it has been changed considerably within twenty-five years to provide for a billiard room and other needs of a growing club; while the Country Club contribution, the island, shows a splendid 2,950 yard golf course and a bowling green. The organization numbers to-day 350 resident and 100

non-resident members, truly a satisfactory evolution of the original little boat club of fifty members.

Three and a half miles from Worcester lies the extensive property of the Tatnuck Country Club, comprising about two hundred acres and offering the varied attractions of a rifle range, traps for clay pigeons, archery fixtures and a skating pond, in addition to the tennis courts and golf links. The large building which dominates the grounds, erected at a cost of over \$20,000, is not merely a clubhouse but rather a country home for the members.

A second country club of Worcester County, not at all similar to the Tatnuck Club or indeed to any in the state, is the Grafton Country Club. Its purpose is well symbolized by its motto, "Sua Cuique Voluptas" and its coat-of-arms with a partridge rampant as the crest, the lead bars hanging, the fox's mask, the trout, the golf sticks crossed and the race horse. The thirty-six acres of farming land and groves purchased by the eight founders of



THE ESSEX COUNTRY CLUB



THE MYOPIA HUNT CLUB, HAMILTON

the club in 1895 have grown into an area of 250 acres which, together with the adjoining estates of club members, reaches the total of 2,500 acres, with a circumference of ten to twelve miles; the clubhouse development has kept pace with the growth of the landed property and now, instead of a cabin of two or three rooms, there is a large commodious clubhouse with ample stable accommodations. At the base of the slight elevation on which the house is built, is the horse show ring with the grand stand. The members of the club comprise ninety strong, well-educated gentlemen, interested in various sports and giving, besides, a hearty impetus to the study of birds, botany and forestry.

Devotees of rod and line find within a quarter of a mile of the clubhouse a famous trout brook; riders have at their disposal twenty miles of soft green turf and shady woodland roads, with charming views and an abundance of walls and rail fences for vaulting; sportsmen enjoy here the most complete

plant for trap shooting in Massachusetts, and will probably see in the near future the best Game Preserve in New England, as a few members of the club, especially interested in shooting, have recently purchased the Braney Farm, an estate of eighty-nine acres, intending to make up, with the coöperation of the Country Club and the owners of adjacent territory, a total of 10,000 acres. Worcester County has long been a favorite resort of the fox hunter and the Grafton Hunt has the reputation of furnishing the best sport of that type in New England. The Hunt has been duly recognized by the National Hunt and Steeplechase Association, with Harry W. Smith as Master.

The 2,500 acres of forest primeval, consisting of evergreens, oak, chestnut, walnut, birch, ash and elm trees, would gladden the heart of any forester; the birds that make music in their branches or nest on the edge of the marsh, in the sand-bank or in the secluded covers, offer boundless opportunities to bird

lovers, and students of botany may revel in a profusion of the common and many of the rarer varieties of forest, field and meadow flowers, ferns and plants.

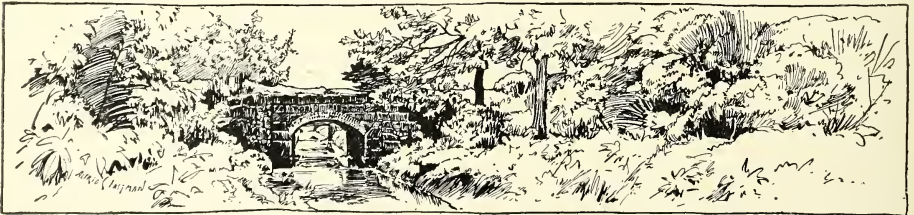
A club of surprisingly rapid growth is the Country Club of New Bedford. Organized in 1902, its membership list of 350 is already full and there is a large waiting list. It has purchased eighty acres of land, has laid out a 2,700 yard golf course and two tennis courts, and has built a clubhouse with a good macadamized driveway. Not content with this, it has leased grounds for shooting purposes and erected a shooting-box.

Better than any other Massachusetts club, perhaps, the New Bedford Country Club indicates the modern trend of affairs and the keen, ever-increasing interest in physical exercise. How far will it carry us? Is it the inevitable swing of the pendulum, and is it taking us of the twentieth century back to the standpoint of the Greeks? It may be a little early to answer that question, but what can be affirmed most emphatically, is that the Country Club is a potent factor in the elimination of morbid nervousness—that American bugbear—and is equally potent in the work of reconstruction;

for all who submit to its healthful, pleasing régime are surely progressing toward sane, normal, active manhood and womanhood.

The Winchester Country Club emphasizes shooting and has recently given much attention to the development of that sport; Taunton's Country Club, the Segregansett, presents a pretty rural scene, a golf course, and a low cottage nestling in a mass of foliage; the Brockton Country Club, the Commonwealth Country Club at Chestnut Hill, the Framingham Country Club and the Country Club at Springfield are all flourishing organizations with a special interest in golf, which to-day takes precedence over all other sports. Among the special "hunt" clubs the Myopia and the Norfolk are the most prominent.

The clubs mentioned by no means exhaust the list, for every well populated location in the suburbs of Boston has its organization, more or less specialized at present, but in many cases only the embryo, from which in the near future will be developed the more comprehensive association of pastimes which are included in a fully developed Country Club.



Legislative Efficiency and Morals

By R. L. BRIDGMAN

FROM the odors of corruption and the complaints of inefficiency in Congress, state legislatures and city governments, it would seem as if legislative bodies in the United States were worse than ever, and as if they could not be much worse than they are. But there are facts on the other side, though the average citizen would dispute it. Without saying a word to palliate present wrong-doing, it is proposed here to challenge the accuracy of the popular impression.

A few years ago the counsel of a railroad corporation which had to seek legislation in three states, one of which was Massachusetts, said that the Massachusetts legislature was the worst in morals which he knew. Now, a legislature must be judged in two respects,—its capacity for efficient and prompt work as a legislative machine, and as a body with moral character. Possibly the Massachusetts legislature, in both respects, may be an approximate representation of other state legislatures and so may be a fair illustration for the whole country. At any rate, the propositions are here maintained that, as a parliamentary machine, the Massachusetts legislature has improved greatly in recent years and is now more efficient and trustworthy than ever, and that its moral character averages no worse than a generation ago, as far as individual members are concerned, while its official standard of morality is distinctly higher.

Below will be given specific reasons for affirming that this legislature has kept up, in some measure, with modern improvements in business administration and with progress of machinery, and that it is worthy of popular respect for its remarkable success in transacting a vast amount of public business of large importance,—for it must be remembered that this legislature cannot, as Congress and some other legislatures can, smother business in committee; everything which is presented must be acted upon, and the entire docket of the legislature must be cleaned to the last petition by positive action before the governor can be asked to prorogue the branches. Doubtless plenty of opportunity exists for improvement in methods. It would be easy to point out many particulars. But, admitting that, yet credit is due for what has been done, and general charges of corruption and inefficiency should not pass without challenge.

Marked progress has been made in recent years in ability to dispose of the business. The length of the session is by no means commensurate with the increase of business introduced. This involves less debate on the floor of the House,—the senate debates being a negligible quantity. Written speeches are rare and the member who produces a manuscript thereby procures for himself at once the inattention of members, no matter how potent his argument or well prepared his

speech. The exceptions illustrate the rule. Members want speeches fresh from the brain or not at all. Again, debate is limited by frequent use of the previous question, for it is employed in the House freely after the debating period of the session begins. Again, when large matters are taken up, it is a frequent practice, before the beginning of the discussion, to set the time when it must end. Debate is not permitted to drag, and notice is served that members must be present at the voting at a particular time. Indifferent members may take advantage of this fact to absent themselves from the debate and come back just to vote, but the practice prevents waste of time. Recently there has been adopted a ten-minute rule for speeches, giving twenty minutes to the opening speech on each side, and allowing an extension of time by vote of the House. Though this rule does not amount to much and injures the quality of debate, yet it is continued for its moral effect in restraining prolific talkers. The general temper of the House is against long speeches and the tendency is growing. Nobody makes a long speech, compared with those of former years. It is true that thoroughness of discussion is sacrificed, and that there seems to be a weaker comprehension of the principles and policy of government, but this loss has been accompanied by a decided gain in the executive efficiency of the parliamentary machine.

Again, there has been developed a wholesome sentiment against postponement of business, and this has increased legislative efficiency. The orders of the day are coming to be regarded more and more like a big woodpile from which the tough

sticks are to be taken in order, the same as the easy ones. If the crooked and knotty ones are put aside to be taken up at the end, they make an exceptional amount of hard work all at once, and that work is not likely to be well done. Besides, it is more self-respecting to take the work as it comes. It is shiftless to shirk the hard things as soon as they come in sight, and it is unfair to the members who are always present to attend to business if the House makes special assignments for the negligent ones who wish to come only when their own measures are pending. Consequently fewer matters are postponed for debate, and the accumulation of matters on the table is materially smaller. This attitude involves a distinct raising of the moral tone of the House, as well as an increase in its efficiency as a parliamentary machine.

Still again, by the evolution of the committee on rules the dispatch of business has been promoted perceptibly. This committee, which exists for each branch separately and sometimes sits jointly, has the presiding officer of the branch for chairman. It is composed of the most experienced legislators, and it is more of an honor to be a plain member of the committee on rules than to be chairman of any other committee, with the possible exception of two or three of the most important. All measures involving suspension of the rules for the admission of new business are heard by this committee. The interested persons have their hearing by counsel if they prefer. For sufficient reasons the rules are suspended, and the House always takes the judgment of the committee without debate, with rare exceptions. Thus

there is saved much time which was formerly consumed on the floor of the House when every such matter had to be fought out in open debate, without previous consideration. The committee on rules is also a sort of administrative committee for legislative business, especially the presiding officer, and measures are crowded all they will bear.

Orders of the day are disposed of more expeditiously than formerly. The speaker merely calls the calendar number and the first clause of the report, in case of a report, and the several items are hustled off briskly, as fast as the words can be spoken. A few minutes each day from this cause amounts to a large aggregate in the session.

Legislative business has settled down to more regular hours. The horse has learned to pull more steadily. There are fewer rearings and plunges and frantic efforts to run with the load. Most of the members live near enough to the State House to return home every night, and this large majority has fixed the hours which allow time for home concerns and travel. Committee sessions begin at 10:30 in the forenoon, and so do the sessions of the House after the committee hearings are ended. Recess is from one o'clock to two in case of the period between committees and House sessions, and from 12:50 to two in case of House sessions. Afternoon adjournment is reached at 4:40. Fewer evening sessions are held than formerly, either of committees or legislative branches, and this results in better transaction of public business, for daytime is better than evening after a day's work for a clear head, and an evening session is not as judicial and

safe as a session by day. Friday sessions, which formerly were materially shortened, have been redeemed until Friday is a good legislative day, though it is expected that the western members will take the mid-afternoon trains, which they must do to reach home that night.

Committee hearings have been shortened. Witnesses and counsel are held down to the vital points of petition and remonstrance, though they are given sufficient time, as a rule, to put in all the facts and argument which are necessary. Less time is given to cumulative testimony. Again, hearings of several matters are assigned to the same hour, so that, if any waiting must be done, it shall be by the public and not by the committee. This year as many as twelve distinct matters have been assigned for the same minute by one committee, instead of assigning them in chronological order, so that, if any case is not ready when it is called, another can be taken up.

In spite of the common belief that much freakish legislation is introduced, the truth is that the proportion of this sort is declining, and much of the business which comes up session after session is part of the slow progress of reform and justice, fighting its way against conservatism, prejudice and moneyed hostility; or it is some such matter as woman suffrage which is stoutly supported as a matter of principle, though it seems to make no headway. But these matters take only a small and diminishing part of the time of the legislature.

Reports of state departments are now presented by law more promptly than formerly, and thus legislation is delayed less than it

was years ago, and the new proposition to make the financial year of the state institutions and commissions end November 30th instead of December 31st, will enable accounts to be closed in time for presentation to the legislature at the beginning of the session. These many points of improvement in the transaction of business make the legislature a much more efficient parliamentary machine than ever. It is true that improvements are still urgent, such as punctuality of the members at committee hearings, division of work between the Senate and House, attendance upon the sessions rather than loafing in the reading-rooms, and promptness of committee reports after hearings, but it is only fair play to give credit for the progress which has been made, especially when the public is disposed to be unjustly censorious.

Now, when it comes to the moral side of the account, the border between fact and opinion becomes more hazy, because exact statements are less possible. But this proposition will be maintained: that, in certain specific matters, distinct improvement has been made, while in the morals of the members personally there has been at least no deterioration within the last twenty-five years.

One of the specific matters is the regulation of the lobby and the control of the floor of the House. Go back twenty years to the bitter fight over the incorporation of the town of Hopedale from the town of Milford. It was largely supported on the side of division by the wealthy and powerful Draper family of Hopedale. George Draper, the father, founder of the famous Home Market Club, stood, part of the

time, at the doorkeeper's desk, where he had a good lookout over the floor. During part of the time the oldest son, General William F. Draper, since then United States minister to Italy, sat in the middle of the fifth division, right among the members. Both of these actions were perfectly proper according to legislative practices and standards at that time. Before then, and for some years afterward, the floor of the house was open to the public. Lobbyists and promiscuous outsiders came in freely and sat among the members. But for the last fifteen years no person not a member has been allowed to sit among the members. The public is excluded from the floor, and no person, with certain specified necessary exceptions, can be admitted without a card of invitation from a member, which is taken up by the doorkeeper.

After the famous West End investigation of 1890, the lobby regulation law was adopted. It requires the registration of all "legislative agents," as lobbyists are called, as well as of all legislative counsel. As far as machinery could go, the members did what they could, without any precedents as a guide, to reduce the lobby evil to manageable terms. That the law fails to work in some respects is admitted, but it does something. It has never been relaxed. It has been enforced in one case, imposing a severe penalty. It is a subject of study for improvement and it has evidently come to stay. Lobbyists have since then, by rules of the House, been shut out from the reading-room and kept from the members' corridor. At the session of 1905, the House adopted unanimously an order to keep the public passage-way before the doors of the

House clear by requiring the public to be stopped a certain distance from the doors. Charges upon the floor of the House, in 1902, against the Boston Elevated Railroad Company of giving places to the constituents of members, presumably at the solicitation of members, in return for which members were supposed to vote for the interests of the corporation, led to the last rule of the legislature for better morals. It was honestly meant and says:

"A member of either branch who directly or indirectly solicits for himself or others any position or office within the gift or control of a railroad corporation, street railway company, gas or electric light company, telegraph or telephone company, aqueduct or water company, or other public service corporation, shall be subject to suspension therefor, or to such other penalty as the branch of which he is a member may see fit to impose."

No action has ever been taken under the rule, for no violation has ever been reported since its adoption, and no case gross enough to challenge attention has occurred. But it stands there, an illustration of the latest effort to prevent improper influence and a rule with the force of life in it.

Legislative junketing has become a thing of the past, with rare and comparatively slight exceptions which have plausible excuse as required by the public good. Committee trips have been greatly regulated. When the state had a financial interest in the Hoosac Tunnel, that interest required an inspection of the tunnel every year by the entire legislature. At first, wives and friends of members went with them, for why should not the train which was going in any event carry a few more?

The extra refreshments were regarded as a mere trifle. But this liberty was restricted before the trip was abolished. When the state sold its interest there was no excuse for the trip, and it has been a long time since public welfare was supposed to require the presence of the whole legislature at some point of public improvement.

Committees formerly went where they pleased, and the state paid the bills sometimes, and sometimes not; for complimentary trips were given by petitioners for favors, and there was a general use of railroad passes both for committee trips and for daily travel by the members. Annual passes to the members were formerly as much a part of the expected perquisites as the salary from the state. But abuses and a growing moral sense led to reform. All passes are prohibited, and the state now pays the mileage of members. No committee can travel at all unless by two-thirds' vote, and all committee travel is at the expense of the state. This rule cuts off all chance that railroad or street railway companies may give transportation and thus put the members under obligations to support the corporation's measures. No persons are allowed to accompany the committee, unless by vote of the committee, except the State House messenger, who goes to make travelling and hotel arrangements for them, and only reasonable expenses are allowed. It is true that preposterous amounts for cigars are still charged as reasonable, for the legislative conscience has not yet risen above that seduction. Monthly reports of committee expenses in detail must be furnished by the sergeant-at-arms to the legislature, and this statement is printed regularly as a public

document. A majority of the committee must approve every bill for a trip before it can be paid. Improvements in this rule were made as late as 1904, and it is strictly enforced.

The legislature is more conscientious in holding its sessions regularly. Before the number of cities was as large as now, when more of the people proportionally were in towns, every March town-meeting day was a day off for the legislature. The day of the adjourned meeting in April was also taken frequently. But the sense that the legislature should attend more strictly to business grew stronger, and now no day is taken off at all.

Lately a new moral sensitiveness has shown itself,—and it is justly to be credited to moral sensitiveness alone,—and that is in regard to the right of the legislature to vote remainders of salaries for the balance of the year to widows or other legal representatives of officials who die in office. The first case to occur was that of the widow of the late Henry A. Clapp, the highly appreciated Shakesperean scholar and clerk of the supreme judicial court. There was no question that a vote of his remainder of salary would be justified by an unbroken line of precedents from dim antiquity. But the protest, which had been heard faintly before, a protest that it was not good morals to vote the people's money in such a way, made itself felt so strongly that, though eloquent and honorable members argued for the old practice, the appropriation was defeated. It is true that that very House, later in the session, broke its own precedent in favor of the widow of one of its own members. In 1905 the same question arose again in the case of the

widow of the late Chief Justice Albert Mason of the Superior Court. Though much was said in favor of giving her the remainder of the salary he would have received had he lived through the year,—and as he died January 2d, there was about \$7,000 involved,—yet the effort failed, and the new departure was sustained by a large majority. Thus the precedent is strengthened and it promises to become universally regarded.

In relation to the personal honesty of the members, exact comparison is impossible in the very nature of the case, for so much is secret. It is true that as late as 1903 the legislature, the Senate particularly, seemed of as low moral quality as in any year which could be remembered. Current gossip of the State House put the stigma of personal corruption upon as many members of both branches as in any previous year. But no facts could be proved. It is true that the proportion of probably corrupt men in the legislature is less than the current public opinion would seem to indicate. It is not likely that the purchasable element of the two hundred and forty members of the House ever reaches higher than twenty or thirty, and probably not to that number often. Most of the members are honest and above suspicion. It is the corrupt few who give reputation to the entire body.

On the other hand, it is always to be remembered that the chief offenders are not the members of the legislature, but the distinguished private citizens, heads or agents of great corporations, who ought to be in state prison for crime, who stimulate the conditions which cause corrupt men to get themselves

elected to the legislature, who are primarily the cause of all the legislative corruption. It is the attack upon legislative virtue by a great corporation which reveals the weakness of members and causes scandal. If corporate petitioners are held up by legislative highwaymen, it is only because the highwaymen have been trained to know where the spoil is and how to get it. The petitioners merely reap what they have sowed.

When such corporate attacks have been made, the result in the more distant past seems to show that the members were as weak and as dis-

honest as they have been in late years. Traditions still haunt the State House of days when great railroad lobbies, or town-division lobbies, struggled to carry their bills by free use of money, and, if reports are true, the past had its great sinners as truly as the present.

With this vague conclusion the case must be closed, that the members personally are probably no worse than formerly, since modern corporate conditions have prevailed, while in formal morality, which is real morality in this case to a large degree, the legislature is better than it ever was before.

How I Frustrated a Burglar

By G. EVELYN FISCHER

IT WAS pay-day at the District School, and I had received my first quarter's wages. Somehow the possession of those two fifty-dollar bills (my first earnings) so distracted me that I could hardly teach the last two hours, and even as I locked the school door that night, my mind was busy with all possible investments.

So engrossed in thought was I, that as I turned the corner of the schoolhouse, I almost ran into a man, who appeared to have come from the wood-shed. "Maybe he was trying to steal the wood!"—but in the magnanimity of my heart at that moment I thought, "I shall not stop to notify the neighbors, let the poor fellow have it." I hurried on for I had a long cold walk before me to Deacon Holbrook's old farmhouse where I was staying. I

arrived just in time for an early supper. The whole family were going to a wedding in the next town. As it was such a long distance they were going to stay all night, and come back early in the morning, in time for the chores. They hoped that I wouldn't object to being left alone, and it certainly was ridiculous to think of danger in the country, where one seldom even locked his doors.

I was not at all nervous, but rather welcomed the thought of a long quiet evening, for although my room was practically cut off from the rest of the house, being communicated with only by a long dark hall, which ran the entire length of the ground floor, yet noises were bound to penetrate when the children were at home.

I spent the first part of the even-

ing in writing, and then settled myself for a long enjoyable time with "Romola." But somehow my mind was continually distracted. First there would be disagreeable creakings of the boards out in that long dark hall, then the bare branches of the old elm would tap mysteriously on my window, and now and then the light would flicker in a ghostly way.

Finally, about eleven o'clock, I gave up, and climbed into the high old-fashioned bed, where I buried myself under the crazy quilt. For no reason I knew of, I felt "scary," and could not sleep. I heard the old clock in the kitchen strike twelve, and the sounds seemed to come quavering along the lonely hall as if half afraid to venture there.

At last I had dropped off into a troubled doze, when I awoke with a start. Someone was slowly raising the lower sash of my window. For an instant I was paralyzed with fear, and then, with one leap, I was out of bed, had seized my precious bills from under my pillow, and was speeding along the dark hall.

As I landed on the floor the window was hastily dropped, and I heard footsteps on the dry leaves. But that lent me no comfort, and I flew along in terror until I found myself in the kitchen. Here I stopped to collect my thoughts, when I heard the window being slowly raised again.

The persistency of the fellow showed that he must have known that I was alone, and that terrified me still more, but it was no time to give way then, something had to be done, and done quickly. The fellow

had to be gotten out of the house.

There were no fire-arms, I must resort to strategy,—but what, I did not know.

Suddenly a statement which Mrs. Holbrook had made that morning ran through my brain, as trivial things often do in times of great excitement. "That ketchup there on the second shelf is working, and will go off like a gun when it pops," was what appeared to me in that instant as an inspiration.

Maybe it wouldn't sound like a pistol, but at least it would make a noise too loud and mysterious for the burglar to attribute to one small woman. But perhaps it wouldn't pop at all, and everything would be lost! But rather take the risk and fail, than not to try at all. I resolved to work my little scheme.

With two large bottles of ketchup in my hands, I crept back along the cold hall, close to my room, where I could hear the burglar groping about. Then with trembling hands, which were to decide my fate, I uncorked the bottles. There were two loud bangs, a scuffling of feet in the next room, and then sounds of retreating footsteps. I waited until sure that the steps were dying away in the distance, and then ventured to look out of the window. I saw the dark figure of a man fleeing across lots.

Then, almost in a state of collapse as I was, the ludicrous side of scaring a burglar with a ketchup bottle appealed to me, and between laughter and tears I grasped the still foaming bottles and hugged them hysterically. And thus the family found me several hours later.



Feeding the Army of the Potomac

By J. RODNEY BALL

BREVET Major Thomas J. Cate, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, was the originator and builder of the brick ovens which supplied the Army of the Potomac with soft bread during the War of the Rebellion. He was not called upon to sacrifice his life in the Baltimore riot, as were four of his comrades, and was instrumental in securing the first rations for the men of his company, when camp was made in the Capitol at Washington. The bread, which was furnished by private enterprise, was poor in quality and insufficient in quantity, and it was desired that ovens should be built within the Capitol. Major Cate assumed the responsibility, erected his first two ovens with wooden slabs for doors, and supplied the soldiers with better bread at a greatly reduced cost. His efficiency was recognized, and he was made army baker, in which capacity he was enabled to save more than two hundred thousand dollars to the government. In this article, for the first time, Major Cate has allowed the story of his distinguished services to become public. He has told it to me, and I have faithfully striven to set it down in the words as they fell from his lips.

He said: I had enlisted in the local militia some time previous to the outbreak of the war, and when hostilities began, I held a commission as third lieutenant in Company F of the Old Sixth Massachusetts regiment. I went to Washington with

the company at President Lincoln's first call for troops. We received our order between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of the fifteenth of April, and took up our line of march for Lowell at eight o'clock the next morning. Joining the three Lowell companies, we were taken to Boston and first quartered in Faneuil Hall. We were marched to Boylston Hall, where our outfits were given us, and on the morning of the seventeenth Governor Andrew reviewed our column. We were given the state colors, and marched at once to the depot, where our train for New York was boarded. The night of this seventeenth of April was one of intense excitement for us, for as we traversed the Old Bay State, and its sister state of Connecticut, bonfires, salutes, and ringing cheers greeted us everywhere. Our coming had been heralded, and the good people could not do enough to show their appreciation of our readiness to go at once to the aid of our country in her time of peril. Early on the morning of the eighteenth we arrived in New York, and, passing through the crowds of enthusiastic and applauding people that lined both sides of Broadway, we embarked on the Cortland street ferry. Again entraining at Jersey City, we were greeted with continued demonstrations. At Newark and Trenton salutes were fired upon order of the governor, but nightfall saw us in the old City of Brotherly Love and

away from the lauding thousands that had beset our path. It was late when the boys, having supped, wrapped themselves in their blankets and sought rest on the bare floors of the Girard House, but it was later before the officers had opportunity to enjoy supper at the Continental Hotel. We were destined to sleep but a little while, however, for about one o'clock the next morning we were startled by the sounding of the long roll, and ordered to fall in.

We took up our silent march to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station through what seemed to be miles of deserted streets. No one but our commander knew why we had made such an early start, but later we learned that he had been warned of a rumored attack at Baltimore, by President Felton of the railroad, and had endeavored to surprise the city and thus escape any conflict. Our arrival in Baltimore four hours earlier than we were expected frustrated all the plans of those who would detain us, in order that they might capture Washington, but the rupture of peace could not be prevented. Some twelve hundred men without uniforms had joined us at Philadelphia, and were considerable of a hindrance to us in this difficulty. Our train was attacked by the rioters, rifles, pistols, and even stones being freely used in the outbreak. Colonel Jones and his staff together with Companies A, B, F, G, and H, aside from having the car windows smashed, went through the riot safely. Companies C, I, L, and D seemed fated to bear the brunt of the conflict, and it was from their ranks that the first blood of the Civil War was shed. Four men were killed, Privates Addison Whitney, Co. D; Sumner H. Need-

ham, Co. I; Luther C. Ladd, Co. D, and Charles A. Taylor of the same company, and thirty-six were wounded. The twelve hundred unarmed men from Philadelphia were turned back, together with our band and company music. Aside from this we were one hundred and thirty men short, although all were accounted for afterward. We left Baltimore for Washington at two o'clock that afternoon, and after removing varied obstructions placed all along the track, we arrived in the Capital City four hours later, and were received by Major Irvin McDowell, afterwards Major-General McDowell.

We were assigned to quarters in the senate chamber in the Capitol; details were made and two lines of pickets were placed about the building. The entrance was fortified to withstand siege, the cast-iron plates which were being used in the construction of the dome being pressed into service, together with hundreds of barrels of cement. The men were hungry, and it was late before rations were given them. The commissary headquarters were in the basement, and details were made to go below and draw the rations of hard-tack, flitch, green coffee, and sugar. Green coffee was a hard proposition for a hungry man, and I said to the man in civilian dress who was making the issue:

"What are we going to do with green coffee?"

"D—n it," he replied, with a look of withering scorn at my ignorance, "you have an iron spoon and a tin dipper. Burn your coffee in the spoon, pound it between two stones, put it in the dipper and pour hot water over it. Then you will have your coffee."

I afterward learned that this man was Major Beckwith, later chief commissary for General Sherman on his famed march through Georgia to the sea. The rebels had by this time gotten hold of the Virginia end of the long Alexandria bridge, and by the twentieth of the month we were cut off from all communication with the north. Preparations were made to survive the promised siege, and eleven thousands barrels of flour were seized by the government in Washington and Georgetown. This was stored in the rotunda and the corridors of the capitol, the barrels being piled in tiers of five high in the broad corridors, leaving but little more than a passage way.

Major McDowell called for men who could build ovens to bake this flour into soft bread. I was experienced as a mason, and went on the detail prepared to lay brick. Looking over our materials, it was found that there were no castings for the ovens, and it was feared that we should have to continue to subsist on hard-tack.

"Is there a man here," asked Major McDowell, "who can build an oven without castings?"

I thought of the oven in the old house in New Hampshire where I was born, and its construction with a plank for a door, and I volunteered to take the responsibility of building such ovens. I did build them, and the first two, set up in the room of the Committee on Printing, had a piece of white oak plank for doors. My first order was received from Colonel Jones, just as my regiment was ordered to the Relay House, Maryland, and in terms as follows, I was placed in the quartermaster's department:

Headquarters, 6th Reg't., M.V.M.
in United States service, Capitol,
Washington, May 4th, 1861.

Lt. T. J. Cate, Co. F.

You are hereby detailed and ordered to take the following named privates and report yourself to Capt. Kilborn of the Quartermaster's department, viz: Privates Trumbull, Co. G, Wilson, Co. G, Merrill, Co. F, Foster, Co. F, Gilson, Co. B, Greenlaw, Co. F, Bailey, Co. F, Safford, Co. I, Duchesney, Co. F, and act in accordance with his orders until he relieves you or until you receive further orders from me; at such time as you are relieved you will report yourself and command at headquarters of the regiment, wherever they may be, if practicable to do so.

E. F. JONES,
Colonel 6th Reg't.

From this small beginning we increased our capacity for baking, occupying all the rooms in the basement of the old center building and the arches in the rear, which had been built for coal. Since 1861, those arches under the broad terrace of the westerly front of the Capitol have been removed and replaced with a story of marble.

Our bread was made entirely from the old-fashioned hop yeast, containing as ingredients hops, malt, potatoes, flour, and water. We made about fourteen hundred gallons of this yeast every day, consuming in its manufacture from twenty to twenty-four bushels of potatoes, four pounds of hops, eight quarts of malt, and twenty-five pounds of flour. The bakers used three barrels of flour for each batch of bread. The sponge was set and allowed from three to four hours proof, to raise it. Then it remained from two and one-half to three hours in the trough, and it took two hours to work it into loaves or rations, and bake it. When this bakery was working on full time, the fourteen ovens would furnish sixty thousand rations in twenty-four hours, although we had

baked sixty-five thousand in that time. The usual run of the plant, however, was forty-five thousand rations daily, being as many loaves of bread, which consumed from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and forty barrels of flour.

I experienced considerable difficulty in learning how the yeast was made, for my yeast maker, Cottman, a German, would have nothing to do with me when I began to question him regarding that important phase of the process. I was not to be daunted, for I had determined to become thoroughly acquainted with my new avocation. I sent home for a man whom I knew, and he came to Washington and applied for work. I went into the yeast house, and asked Cottman if he had anything for a civilian to do. "He's a poor fellow who wants work," I said, "and I wish you would give him something to keep him busy."

"All I can give him," replied Cottman, "is general policing about the house, and washing yeast cans." "All right," I said, "give him that work." He did, and in three months my man had learned the whole business, and I sent Cottman and his German helpers off to look for other employment. In this way, I became a yeast maker.

President Lincoln came into my bakery one day, with Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, and I shall never forget the remark he made concerning it. I conducted them through the plant, and while in the bread room I took up and broke open a loaf of bread. The President took it from my hand, turned it over, and addressing Senator Wilson, said, "Well! If the man who bakes this bread is as good as the bread, he is a pretty good kind

of a man." After that, I sent a pan of bread to the White House every week, and it was served on President Lincoln's table.

On April 17th, 1862, I received orders from Major Beckwith, Commissary, U. S. A., with whom I had previously become acquainted in the Capitol, to proceed to Manassas Junction and Bristow Station, Va., and examine the localities with a view to the erection of ovens to furnish thirty thousand rations daily. I did so, reported, and we concluded that it would be best to set up field ovens at the Junction. On May 28th, I received orders to go ahead and construct the ovens. I did so, and finding it necessary built twenty-seven of them in order to furnish the called for amount. They were completed, and a part of them had been fired up, when the second battle of Bull Run was fought. The rebel cavalry under Jackson and Stewart swooped down upon us without warning, and I had just time enough to jump on my horse and escape with the cavalry picket line, which was being driven in. Every man without a mount was gobbled up, together with a great amount of commissary store, including flour, which had been sent down to be baked into bread. Some of my men took refuge in the ovens which had not been fired, hoping to be overlooked, but their hiding-places were discovered, and they were dragged out and taken along with the enemy.

My time of service was drawing to a close, and I was preparing to rejoin my regiment, when Senator Wilson informed me that the Commissary-General wanted me to remain in charge of the Capitol bakery, and hold myself in readiness to

erect other bakeries as they should be required. As for my pay, money was no object. I did not return home with my regiment, and August 1st, 1862, President Lincoln appointed me a first lieutenant in the 16th U. S. Infantry.

I was ordered to report to Captain J. McL. Taylor, Chief Commissary at Fortress Monroe, Va., with men and material to build a bakery with a capacity of sixty thousand rations per day, to supply the army by way of the James River. I erected the bakery, and we had a steamer by which we sent bread up the river to Suffolk every day. There was one day in which we met with considerable resistance from the rebels, for after we had passed up river, they placed a battery on the bank of the stream in our rear. We became aware of the danger, and having considerable hay aboard, we piled the bales around the pilot house. We received three shots in running the battery, but as none of them struck the boat's machinery, we suffered but little. The savings of this plant to the government were between thirty and forty per cent. My books show that during the month of November, I issued 359,091 rations, equal to 1,901 barrels of flour. Had the same number of rations been issued in flour, we should have required 2,519 barrels, leaving a balance of 583 barrels on the side of the government. This at \$7.75 per barrel, deducting the expenses of manufacture, netted a saving of \$2,644.43. In June of the next year, I was detailed to relieve Captain Graham, Commissary of Corcoran's Irish Legion, and was ordered to Washington to collect some \$800 due the government for stores sold to the officers of that

command. On August 17th, 1863, I tendered my resignation as first lieutenant of the 16th regiment, because of sickness and death in my family, and the prospect of an early termination of the war. My resignation was accepted and I came home, where I remained until the last of December, when I returned to Fortress Monroe.

On January 23d, I received from Major-General Benjamin F. Butler an appointment as recruiting officer among the rebel prisoners incarcerated at Point Lookout, Maryland. Five days later, I received the following document:

Office Chief Commissary,
Fortress Monroe, Va.

January 28, 1864.

Sir:—You will proceed immediately to Point Lookout, Md., and report to General Marston and Captain James A. Cook, C. S. Volunteers, and ascertain from the latter, what material there may be on hand to erect a "bake oven" sufficiently large to bake 6,000 rations every twelve hours. If necessary to procure additional material you will proceed to Baltimore, Md., and report to Captain Thomas C. Sullivan, C. S., U. S. Army, who will furnish your requirements to complete the erection of this oven. You will report your action to me as soon as practicable.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. McL. TAYLOR,
Lieut. Col. and C. S.

Thomas J. Cate, Esq.,
Acting C. S. and Recruiting Officer
For Point Lookout, Md.

I erected the bakery as ordered and furnished bread for the prisoners, eleven thousand in number, while our poor boys were starving in Andersonville. On April 24th I was commissioned a first lieutenant in the 36th regiment, U. S. Colored troops, and assigned as Division Commissary for the black men under command of Brigadier General E. W. Hinks, in the third division of the Eighteenth Army Corps.

This was a portion of the expedi-

tion which was sent up the James River under General Butler. A part of my division landed at Wilson's Wharf, on the north side, while the remainder disembarked at Fort Powhatan on the opposite bank of the stream. General Hinks became impatient and ordered the captain of our boat to run up to the remains of an old wharf. He did so, and with the provost guard, Captain J. J. Livermore and myself, rushed ashore. There was a Confederate flag flying from a staff on an embankment. A few shots were fired, and the captain and I made a break up the bank, reached the pole, seized the halyards and pulled the flag to the ground. Then we ran up the Stars and Stripes, while cheers rang from our comrades in arms. On July 1st, Major-General H. F. Smith ordered me to report to Captain M. A. Hill, Acting Chief Commissary at the headquarters of the 18th army corps in front of Petersburg, Va. Here we were obliged to supply rations to men on the firing-line, at places within fifty yards of the enemy. This had to be done at night, and even then was very precarious business. Once more I was relieved, and once more I received new orders. This time, my order was to report to Lieutenant-Colonel M. R. Morgan, Chief Commissary on the staff of Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding the armies operating against Richmond.

The same day, August 27th, I received the following order, bearing the endorsements of General Grant:

Office, Chief Commissary,
Armies operating against Richmond,
City Point, Va., Aug. 27, 1864.

Sir:—You will proceed without delay to Washington, D. C., for the purpose of making your arrangements for putting up at this place a bakery that will bake for 100,000 men in 24 hours. You will make all

necessary arrangements, the subsistence department furnishing all the material and all the labor required. You will go to Baltimore if you find it necessary, but before going there you will report to Lt. Col. Bell, C. S., Depot Commissary at Washington, D. C., and receive his instructions.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

M. R. MORGAN,

Lt. Col. and C. S.

Approved by command of

Lieut. Gen. Grant,

E. S. Parker, A. A. G.

Lt. T. J. Cate,

36 U. S. C. T.,

Headqrs. Armies of the U. S.,

City Point, Aug. 27, '64.

This order proved too large to be filled in Washington and I went to Baltimore as ordered. Everything was shipped from there, and in twenty days we were turning out soft bread at City Point. We had but one set-back. The government was paying large bounties, and needed every man in service in the field. We could not make details, and in getting my hundred and fifty men to build the bakeries I had to depend entirely upon civilians. We finished the first four ovens and fired them up.

The yeast maker made his yeast and the sponges were set. We soon found, however, that they did not rise but soured, so I was obliged to bury them. I set more with like results, and after four trials concluded that something was wrong with the yeast. I went aboard the steamer for Fortress Monroe, and caught the regular boat for Washington, arriving there the next morning. I hunted up my old yeast maker, and with a jug of stock yeast returned to City Point. I turned every man out of the yeast house, put a strong guard on the door, and set my man to work. We had no more trouble with the yeast, and as I had mistrusted, I found that some-

one had been doctoring it with soap, a piece as large as a small potato being sufficient to spoil a whole batch of bread.

This bakery cost the government \$35,168.28. The daily output of the twenty ovens was in the vicinity of 100,000 rations, or 137,500 pounds of bread. For example, I will give from my report of the transaction now in my possession the business of February 16th, 1865. There were baked 100,905 rations from 450 barrels of flour, and 113,293 rations were issued. To do this work, two hundred and twenty-three men were employed night and day. The rations, when baked and inspected, were stored in the bread rooms. Each night, a train of ten freight cars would be shunted up alongside this storehouse, and the issue ordered for the next day placed aboard. The plant was in actual operation from September 1st, 1864, until August 11th, 1865, during which time 72,559 barrels and 130 pounds of flour were baked into 16,751,733 rations under my supervision. The total expenses for the entire time were \$137,835.65, while the receipts, estimated from the saving of flour and the sale of barrels, were \$298,125.43. The balance in favor of the government was \$160,289.78, this representing the difference between the cost of the rations, had they been issued in flour, and the expense of manufacture of the soft bread prepared under my direction.

I made my headquarters at City Point, in the abandoned house of Dr. Eppes, together with the quartermaster. In June, 1864, while the army of the Potomac was crossing the James River, my negro boy came in one day and said, "Massa, General

Grant is down there on the point." I went down and found the great soldier sitting on the fallen trunk of a tree discussing the situation with his Chief Engineer. I told him that I had comfortable headquarters, and asked him to come up and share them with me. His wagon train did not come in that evening, so he did come up with some of his staff, and I had the honor of preparing his evening meal and partaking of it with him. I never saw a man so calm and self-possessed in times of stress. He would sit on a log, smoking or whittling with his jackknife, and receive the most important reports without the slightest indication that they were of more than ordinary significance. He did not want to wear his gold lace, and never desired to show off. He abhorred unnecessary military exclusiveness, and it was a great deal easier to approach his tent than it was that of General Butler, his inferior in rank. Some time afterward, I built headquarters for the General within but a little way of what was later my bakery site.

Shortly before this time, in May of 1864, occurred the explosion of the ordnance boats at City Point, an event of which but little is said in history because of its mysterious origin. The boats, several in number, were warped up to the wharf, and one day, in some unknown way, they were blown up. The explosion was a terrific one, its force demolishing houses and trees, and wrecking all property within a considerable radius, including the house in which I had spent a previous winter with my family. After this explosion, orders were given to prevent smoking on the wharf, and so strictly were they enforced, that

General Grant himself was ordered to put out the fire in his cigar as he approached the water front. I had a tent erected in the ruins, in which I kept a supply of hard-tack for use in case of emergency, such as the unexpected removal of troops. While stationed here, I was taken down with fever and sciatic rheumatism, and was compelled to resign

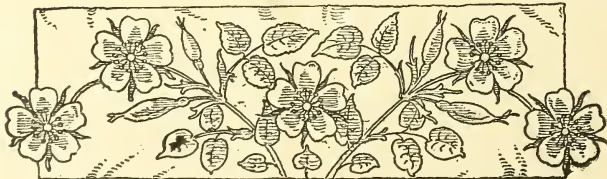
my commission. I was honorably discharged upon a surgeon's certificate, stating physical disability. On November 10th, 1865, I was appointed by the President a brevet major of volunteers, upon recommendation of the commanding general of the United States army, for meritorious services in the subsistence department during the war.

The Road to June

By GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD

Is this the road to travel, friend,
For rest and roses in the end?
The frozen ruts, the barren track,
The darkness, seem to urge me back;
I cannot read the bitter sky,
There is no star to journey by;
I seek a soft Arcadian noon—
Is this the road that leads to June?

Yea, this road and no other, friend!
Trudge onward, till it break and bend
Down pleasant hillsides warm with sun,
To plains where limpid rivers run,
And you will find the way grown sweet,
A lure unto your weary feet,
Till, bathed in dusk or steeped in noon,
You reach Arcadia,—and June.



Lancaster and Clinton

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON

LANCASTER on the Nashua, enterprising and enthusiastic young Clinton,—mother and daughter towns, dissimilar yet living side by side in harmony and pleasant association; so closely is their history intertwined that it would be impossible to tell of one without in some measure telling of the other. Both occupy sites of great natural beauty. Yet so lovely is the mother town in her old age that one is fain to say she has hardly a rival throughout all our fair New England. The region was always beautiful. The early settlers valued it as a "goodly possession." They "stopped not on the eastern hills, but hastened into the broad and fertile valley, with its uplands and plateaus, on either bank of the Nashua. They found here the wild loveliness of nature, and they made it more desirable for their children."*

The early history of Lancaster and of Clinton is the same. To John Prescott, a descendant of Sir James Prescott and a native of Lancashire, England, is accorded the honor of being the pioneer and the first permanent settler of Worcester county. In those distant days Sholan or Shaumauw, sachem of the Nashaways, ruled the whole territory as far west as Mt. Wachusett from his chief wigwams near the Washacum lakes, two beautiful sheets of water in the south of the present township of Sterling. It had once been a strong and savage tribe, but

the pestilence, which had proved so destructive to the Algonquin nation as a whole, had swept nearly all these Indians away; while many of the survivors had fallen prey to the marauding Mohawks, so that in 1643 hardly more than sixteen families remained. Thus it was doubtless with some idea of seeking protection from the presence of the white brothers, of whom such marvellous stories had been told them, that Sholan and his warriors began making frequent visits to the settlement at Watertown, some thirty-five miles to the east, near the great sea. These visits were made ostensibly for the purpose of exchanging peltries for the trinkets and the more useful articles to be found in the various stores, but through them Sholan had become acquainted with a certain Mr. Thomas King, a trader, toward whom he showed an unusual friendliness and good will, and through whom he invited the white people to become his neighbors.

"Come into my territory," urged the red man. "Buy some of my land, and build yourselves wigwams, and let us dwell together in peace as brothers. My rivers are full of fish and my forests abound in deer and wild fowl. You shall bring your wives, and also the stores that you sell to us, and we will share with you our hunting-grounds." Whatever may have been the motive of the old chief, whether protection from his more savage red foes or

* History of the Town of Lancaster, by Rev. Abijah P. Marvin.



LANCASTER MILLS, CLINTON, "CALIFORNIA" IN FOREGROUND SHOWING PART OF THE TOWN

the mere desire of barter without the necessity for making that long and tiresome journey, he was successful in inducing the English to go and inspect and then to purchase from him a tract of land covering about eighty square miles, along the valley of the Nashua river, a little to the northeast of his principal village.

The records show that about ten men were associated in this purchase. But for some reason the majority put off the settlement of their grants for a considerable time, to finally give up the enterprise altogether. Young Norcross (or Norcroff), a "universal (university) scholar," who had been chosen to accompany them to the frontier as their minister, returned soon afterward to England. Only John Prescott, the stalwart blacksmith, remained true to his contract. In 1645 he sold his lands in Watertown and set out with his family and house-

hold goods through the wild forests and swamps for Nashaway. The journey proved to be almost insurmountable even to this dauntless man. The Sudbury river with its wide and, at that time, dangerous marshes was the greatest difficulty. Here, it is said, he lost a load of his household stuff, while his wife and children on another horse were barely saved from drowning. We, in these days of good roads, of strong bridges, and of easy conveyance, can but dimly conjecture what perils our forefathers met and conquered in those trackless forests, from the land itself and from wild beasts and savage Indians. Prescott was obliged to halt and wait for the granting of a petition to the General Court to send workmen to make "a passable way" for them to the safe ground beyond the marshes. This consumed so much time that it was long past the planting season before the little party at last

reached the beautiful valley that was henceforth to be their home.

Meanwhile, in 1643, two men of the original company had spent a few months in the new plantation and had constructed a small trucking-house on the southeast slope of the high eminence now known as George Hill, under their joint names, Symonds & King. But the death of these men during 1643-4 ended what might have been, perhaps, a permanent venture. Three others, Ball, Linton, and Waters, were then sent out from the lower colony to prepare the way for the coming of the proprietors, lots being given to them with the injunction to begin the plantation without delay. Had these men persevered in their undertaking, they would thus have won the honor that now is given to Prescott, since they were first on the ground. But the name of Ball

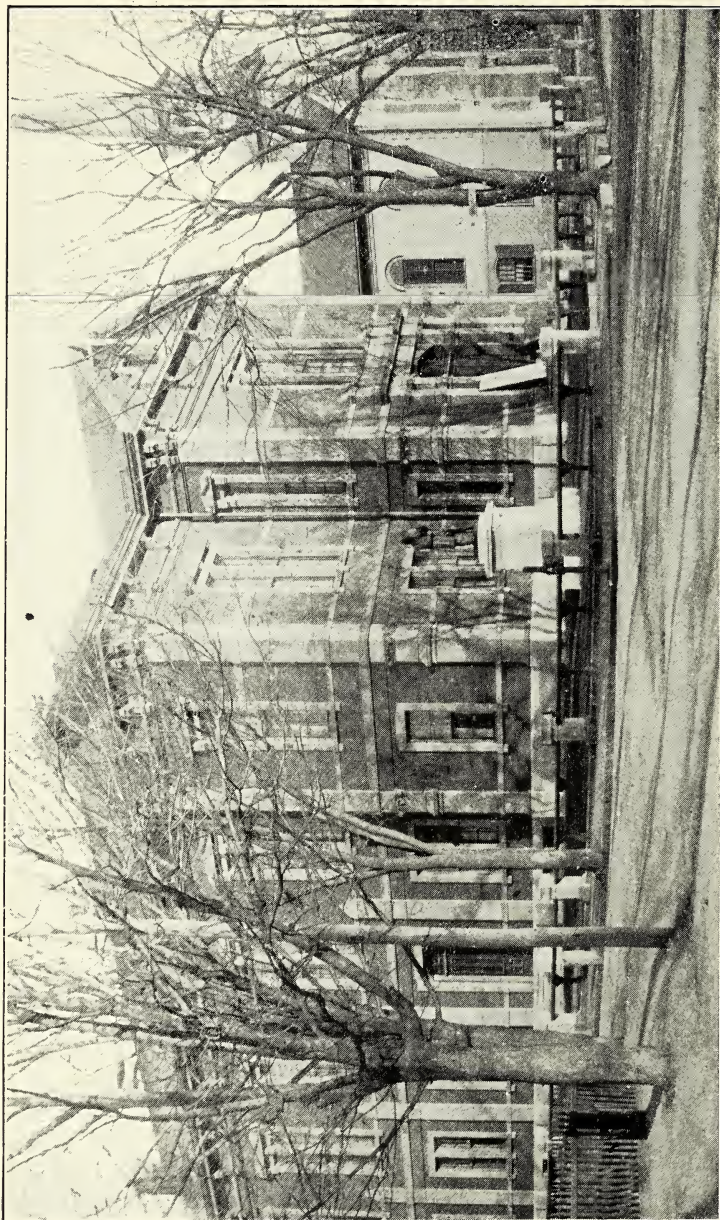
soon disappears from the records, while it is known that Richard Linton and Lawrence Waters did not become residents until several years later. Prescott, on his arrival, chose for his home part of the land now occupied by the public buildings of Lancaster. But he did not stay long in this location, for his garrison-house stood on the lower slope of George Hill, near where the trading-post of Symonds & King had been situated. This lot became the centre, from which the other lots had their "boundings and descriptions." The place is now known as "Maplehurst."

Other settlers came very slowly, for in 1652 there were only nine families in the plantation. In the records of the General Court for that year, we find the following entry:

"Considering that there is already at



CARNEGIE PUBLIC LIBRARY, CLINTON



TOWN HOUSE, CLINTON

Nashaway about 9 families, & that seueral, both freeman & others intend to goe & settle there, some whereof are named in their petition, this Court doth hereby giue & graunt them libertyes of a townshipp, & at the request of the inhabitants, doe order it to be called Prescottt."

But against the wish of the

settlers, a change was made in the name during the following year, probably because "it smacked too much of man-worship." The name of Lancaster was then given to the town, possibly in remembrance of the English county in which Pres-

cott was born. The act of incorporation bears the date, May 18, 1653, by which the town was rated with Middlesex county.

For many years Prescott was the leading man in Lancaster, and held the most important offices, though because he was not a freeman, not having joined himself with the church, he was not allowed to vote until the enactment of 1669 gave the right of suffrage to all men of good character, whether church members or not. "This man," writes the historian, "partook of the nature of the material in which he worked." His fellow settlers "leaned upon his rugged strength and were held to their task by his stubborn tenacity." No one else was so earnest as he in serving them. A corn-mill was the great need of the settlement, for all the corn had to be carried to Watertown for grinding, or else ground by hand. Besides continuing the forge which he had opened several years before, Prescott constructed a mill a little farther down the stream than the present one, which rude structure of logs was the first grist-mill within the limits of Worcester county. His mill-stone is said to have come from England. When the first kernel of corn passed over its surface, on the twenty-third of March, 1654, the industrial history of Clinton began. Early in 1659 he had also completed a saw-mill near the place where the Bigelow Carpet Company's dam now is. The log houses of the first settlers gradually gave place to those built with sawn lumber, and Prescott's mills became a central point for all the country round.

The settlement continued to prosper until 1675. It consisted of about fifty families, whose lots lay

along the rich intervalles and neighboring uplands in what is now Lancaster. Prescott's garrison and mills were the only buildings in the territory which is now Clinton, where he held some three hundred acres, besides owning most of the district now known as South Lancaster. The outer edges of this township, which marked the extreme western advance of colonization in Massachusetts, was still a vast, uncleared forest. In 1659, when the legal survey had been made by Ensign Noyes, the bounds of the town had been veered around to the northwest somewhat, and the original area reduced to sixty-five square miles. Lancaster thus comprised most of the territory now included in the surrounding towns of Harvard, Bolton, Leominster, Sterling, Berlin, Boylston and all of what is now Clinton.

In 1675 signs of war troubled the peace of the settlement, and on August 22nd, old style, eight persons were killed in an Indian attack. After this a few houses were garrisoned, yet the people were not very vigilant, supposing that the severity of winter would keep their foes in quiet. In this they were deceived, however, for on February 10, 1676, King Philip, followed by fifteen hundred warriors, including the hundred and eighty natives of the Nashaway valley, made a desperate assault on Lancaster. They invested the town in five different places. But the main attack was on the house of the Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, whose garrison stood on the land now owned by Mr. Thayer, not far from the Sprague bridge. A single pine tree now marks the scene of this terrible massacre. Not being properly guarded at the rear and sides, the building was



HIGH STREET, CLINTON, LOOKING SOUTH

vulnerable in several places, so that after two hours of heroic defense the forty-two or more persons within fell victims to the tender mercies of their painted foes. A few were successful in escaping, but by far the greater number were killed or carried away captive. The sufferings that befell the latter, of whom were Mrs. Rowlandson and her three children, have been quaintly but thrillingly set forth in her "Removes," first published by Samuel Green at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1682. Fifty-five persons either perished in this Lancaster massacre or were taken captive; the few men were tortured to death; some even of the women and children were horribly butchered, but the majority, after months of almost incredible suffering, were ransomed.

The work of many years was thus entirely undone. The town was destroyed, every building, except

"God's house," which the Indians feared to touch, and one remote dwelling, was burned. Yet three years later we find evidence that there was a fresh effort to settle the Nashua valley. Such was the indomitable courage and steadfast endeavor of those hardy Puritans. The names of Houghton, Sawyer, Wheeler, Whitcomb, Joslin, Wilder, White, More, Keyes, Bailey, and of several others whose descendants still live in Lancaster and Clinton, soon afterward appear on the records. One of these, Ralph Houghton, was the first town clerk of Lancaster, from 1656 to 1670 it is certain, perhaps longer. Mr. Rowlandson did not return. Doubting, probably, whether his scattered flock would ever be united again, he accepted a call in 1678 to Wethersfield, Connecticut, and here his wife Mary joined him on her return from captivity, continuing to live on there after his death in 1680. Mrs.

Rowlandson, it is interesting to note, was the daughter of Captain John White, who was "the largest property holder in town" before the massacre, and had a number of children. John Prescott, with those of his family who survived the Indian raid, also returned and rebuilt his houses and mills. But he was already an old man and it was not long before he resigned the whole property into the hands of his son John, who cared for him until his death in December, 1681, at the age of seventy-six. The old slate beneath the modern slab reads simply: "John Prescott, Deceased."

From 1680 till late in the eighteenth century the life of the township was a series of toils and hardships, of repeated conflicts with Indians, yet interspersed with seasons of brightness and good cheer. In the general struggle between England and France for the control of North America, Lancaster, like

other colonial towns, took a deep interest, and did its utmost, both in money and men, to help the mother country, and not a few military offices were filled by her sons. Lancaster men have always stood in the front ranks of life. But this war was without doubt the *reveille* that woke their sleeping energies and called them forward, for it enlarged the political horizons of these heretofore sequestered agriculturists, so that the citizens of Lancaster became henceforth citizens of the world. It also prepared them for the more strenuous needs of 1775 to 1782. During this period Lancaster nobly upheld her country's honor and the "mighty arm of Washington." She sent her full quota of "good men and true" to the cause, and paid her full share of the cost. Following, as the Revolution did, so closely upon a time that in the history of the town has been aptly termed the "golden age of Lancas-



VIEW OF MAIN STREET, LANCASTER CENTER



GREAT ELM, LANCASTER

ter," when prosperity and thrift had filled its treasuries with plenty, it was, perhaps, better able to give than some of the other towns of the Commonwealth; but of this plenty it was so liberally bestowed that a considerable war debt burdened the people for many years after peace was declared. There was only one Tory in the town of sufficient prominence to be named, Colonel Abijah Willard.

Such names as Houghton, Willard, Flagg, Wyman, in what is still Lancaster, and Sawyer, Allen, Rice, Stone, Pitts, in the district that is now Clinton, were prominent in the period of reconstruction that followed the Revolution. From about the year 1809 onward the industrial life of the two sections, though always self-dependent, acquired a strength of growth especially in Clinton, since so called, that during

the next three generations transformed it into a working centre for all the surrounding territory. The famous Poignand & Plant mills were opened in 1812, on the site of the old grist-mill of John Prescott. There is little doubt that this was the first mill in the world where all operations for converting raw cotton into finished cloth were performed under one roof. Records of sales and samples of the goods manufactured as early as 1813 have been preserved. The two products of the mills were gingham and sheetings, the first of which brought from forty to fifty cents per

yard in those days, the latter, three-fourths of a yard wide, thirty to forty-five cents. It is related that Louisa Elizabeth, a daughter of Mr. Poignand, who married Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, February 13, 1814, was dressed for her bridal in garments made entirely from the products of her father's mills.

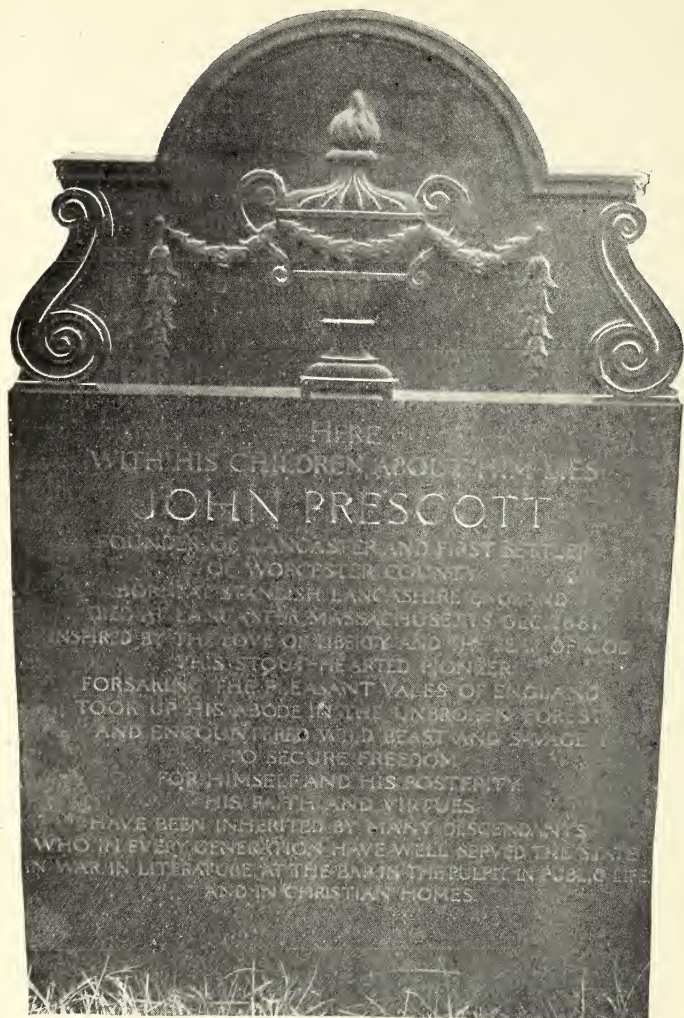
These mills gave employment to many of the farmers' families, as well as to the poorer class that had accumulated in the community. There was soon a considerable settlement of the employees in the immediate vicinity of the mills, which came to be known as "Factory Village," and to which the partners, but especially Mr. Plant, stood in a sort of paternal relation. This little community was the embryo Clinton. And like the Clinton of to-day it was a flourishing, wide-awake, ambitious community.

Owing to various business reverses after Mr. Poignand's death, this first great textile industry of the town came finally to an end in 1835. But it had prepared the way for a greater to follow, and in 1843 to 1844 the preliminary steps were taken toward the founding of the great Lancaster mills, whose yards and buildings, as shown in an accompanying illustration, cover an extensive area in the Nashua valley just below the great dam of the Wachusett reservoir now nearing completion. Erastus Brigham Bigelow and Horatio Nelson Bigelow were the founders. Men of remarkable character and strong influence were both these brothers; men also who were already acknowledged authorities on the making of machinery and on mill-construction in general. E. B. Bigelow was a man of wonderful inventive genius, whose original inventions and im-

provements in existing machinery are almost too numerous to mention. His loom for weaving figured ginghams revolutionized the making of that fabric. His loom for making ingrain carpets, patented first in 1842, was set up at Factory Village on the site of the present Bigelow Carpet Mills, thus forming the beginning of that large and important industry by H. N. Bigelow in 1854. The Clinton Wire Cloth Company, where anything in wire goods from common wire screen to linked scrub-cloths and barbed fencing is now manufactured, also owes its existence to that marvellous creative power of E. B. Bigelow. Of his ability one says: "It is surely no exaggeration to say that Mr. Bigelow, through his mechanical genius, has accomplished in the industrial world more work than twenty thousand ordinary laborers do by brain and muscle in their lifetimes,



GREAT ELM SHOWING SIZE OF THE TRUNK



JOHN PRESCOTT MEMORIAL AT LANCASTER

and these ideas of his will still keep working on through an indefinite future."

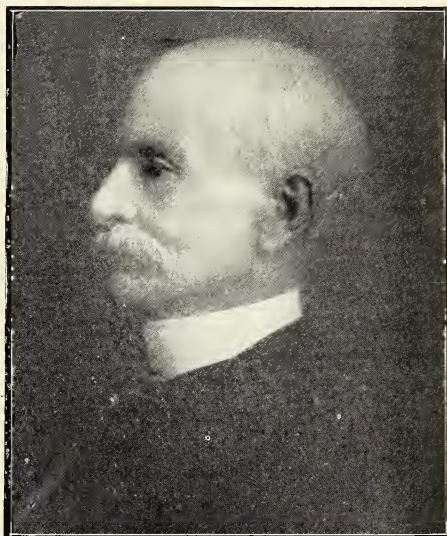
An account of what the Bigelow brothers did for Clinton would be a long story in itself. It is enough to say that during their lifetime the little hamlet of three hundred mill operatives increased to a population of more than two thousand seven hundred; with all the varied accessories of intelligent citizens that

such a community requires,—teachers, physicians, ministers, lawyers, and business men. Schools, churches, stores, a newspaper, a library, were among the things the new order brought. Public buildings were erected; clubs and societies were formed; a gas company for lighting the streets was organized; in short, behold suddenly a town where a generation ago had been—a wilderness! E. B. Bigelow

never lived in Lancaster or Clinton for any long consecutive period. His home on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, is well known, as is also his beautiful country estate, Stonehurst, in North Conway, New Hampshire, where he was wont to entertain with a simplicity of hospitality that made everyone feel perfectly at home. He was a Congregationalist, and ever an active supporter and friend of the Orthodox Congregational Society of Lancaster. H. N. Bigelow, on the other hand, built the mansion which still stands on Chestnut Street, Clinton, and here he lived with his family during the later years of his life. His wife, Mrs. Emily W. Bigelow, who survived him many years, is remembered for her interest in public affairs, her hospitality, and her active work as President of the Congregational Benevolent Society of Clinton. The later lives of the Bigelow brothers are thus seen to be inseparably connected with the growth of Clinton. From two lads brought up on a West Boylston farm, truly there were mighty things developed. Even the very name of the town is due to E. B. Bigelow's appreciative sense of fitness and application. When his first power-loom for weaving coach-lace was put into successful operation at Factory Village in 1838, he gave to the incorporation the name, which had especially pleased him, of a hotel in New York where he had once stopped, the Clinton House, named for DeWitt Clinton. From this industry, which was the beginning of important modern advancement in the settlement, the "Factory Village" presently became known as Clintonville, of which the "ville" was discarded when the

town was incorporated in 1850.

Last year a Board of Trade was organized. It is already a large and efficient organization of the business men of Clinton, who are a unit in their desires and efforts to advance its material interests and add to its catalogue of industrial enterprises. The Board is carefully organized with working committees to which are assigned the important details which naturally come under the influence of such an association. The members are wide awake in their

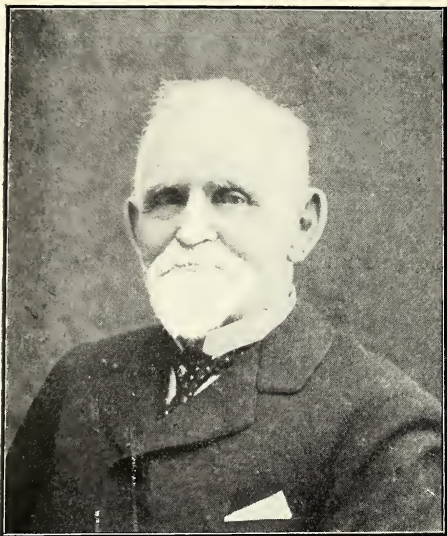


JONATHAN SMITH

appreciation of the possibilities of the town, and quick to discover and utilize business opportunities. The president of the Board is William A. Fuller, and its secretary is Frank P. Breed. It has over one hundred active members.

Some up-to-date details of the more prominent industries of the town are as follows:

The Lancaster Mills corporation has a capital of \$1,200,000, and its annual product of gingham, ladies'



CHRISTOPHER C. STONE

dress goods, etc., is equivalent to 39,000,000 yards. It gives employment to 2,300 people. Its agent or manager is C. H. Richardson, superintendent, W. G. McLoon, and its paymaster, James A. Morgan.

The Clinton Wire Cloth Company is the largest establishment in the world engaged in the making of wire cloth in great variety, including poultry netting, cloth in brass, copper, tin and galvanized wire, hand and spiral work and fine meshes, with perforating and electric welding departments. The company has branch sales-houses in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. Its mill work is divided into nine departments, the annual output being some 180,000,000 square feet of cloth, and employing five hundred hands. Organization: president, E. W. Hutchins; treasurer, C. F. Fairbanks; assistant treasurer, secretary and general salesman, C. F. Fairbanks, Jr.; manufacturing agent, J. D. Missroon; superintendent, P. E.

Holmberg; consulting engineer, Charles Swinscoe.

The Bigelow Carpet Company has a capital stock, with the Lowell mills, of \$4,030,000. The annual product at the Clinton mill is 2,500,000 yards of Brussels, Wilton and Axminster carpets; number of employes in weaving and spinning mills, 1,350; agent, Edw. W. Burdett; paymaster, Frank H. Sawyer.

The Gibbs Loom Harness & Reed Company's business was established in 1840, and incorporated in 1876. Its daily output is about five hundred shed of harnesses and two hundred and fifty reeds. A new branch of their business is the manufacture of tempered steel wire heddles, some 50,000 a day. President, William H. Gibbs; treasurer, Earl R. Gibbs. Number of employes, fifty.

The Bellevue mill has a capital stock of \$15,000; its products are rain cloth and woolen suitings. The number of employes is forty; president, James Pickford; treasurer, W. A. Cogswell; paymaster, Walter Pickford.

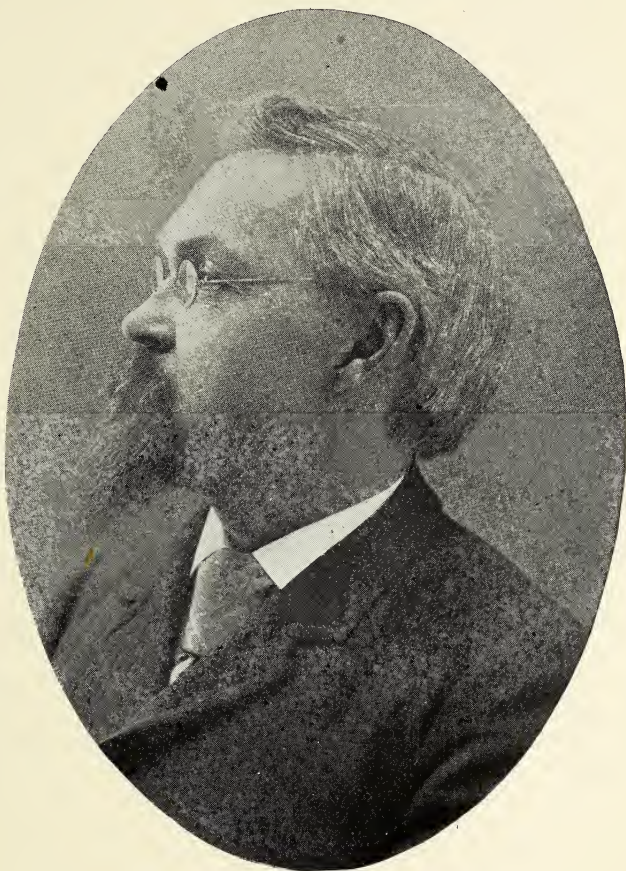
The Nashua Valley mills, on the site of the old Counterpane mill, employ two hundred and twenty-five hands with an annual product of woolen goods for men's and women's wear amounting to \$500,000. Organization: president, William Rodger; treasurer, C. G. Bancroft; paymaster, E. J. Harris.

The Clinton Foundry Company is a business firm which comprises C. C. Stone, Gerdon A. Brown, George C. Stone and Walter A. Stone, successors of the late G. M. Palmer, employing from fifty to seventy hands; the company last year manufactured over \$100,000 worth of iron and brass castings;

capital stock invested, \$40,000. C. C. Stone is the treasurer.

The first National Bank of Clinton was incorporated in 1864; capital, \$200,000; surplus, \$40,000; president, C. C. Stone; secretary of Board of Directors, C. L. S. Hammond;

ment the first year fifty-one patients. This number has steadily increased until last year it reached five hundred and two, proving itself an invaluable blessing to the community. Organization: president, Dr. Walter P. Bowers; vice presidents, C. C.



WELLINGTON E. PARKHURST

cashier, William Hamilton; assistant cashier, Frank M. Hammond.

The Clinton Savings Bank was incorporated in 1854, present deposits, \$2,450,000; guaranty fund, \$112,000. President, John E. Thayer; treasurer, C. L. S. Hammond.

The Clinton Hospital was first occupied in 1893, having under treat-

ment the first year fifty-one patients. This number has steadily increased until last year it reached five hundred and two, proving itself an invaluable blessing to the community. Organization: president, Dr. Walter P. Bowers; vice presidents, C. C.

Stone and Rev. J. C. Duncan; secretary, George F. Morse; treasurer, O. D. Jewett, with a board of trustees of eighteen members, and a medical staff including the local physicians. Clinton has two newspapers. "The Weekly Courier," a county sheet, was established in 1846 as "The Lancaster Courier." The



LUCIUS FIELD

"Clinton Daily Item" was established in 1893. Both are under the same management, with W. J. Coulter as publisher and W. E. Parkhurst as editor, Clarence C. Coulter being the manager of the daily issue.

In Clinton is located the Second District Court of Eastern Worcester, holding daily sessions for the trial of criminal and civil cases, or both. The organization of the court is: judge, C. C. Stone, who has held the position twenty-six years; special justices, Jonathan Smith and E. A. Evans; clerk, Orra L. Stone.

The number of secret societies, political and social clubs in town is about fifty.

The hotels of Clinton, while fair, are not so good as the town could desire, owing no doubt to the easy proximity of Worcester and Fitchburg, and the large "Inn" at Lancaster Center, whither so many summer tourists turn. One store deserves special mention, that of Lucius Field & Company on High

Street, where for more than fifty years he has dealt in a full line of house furnishing goods. The original brick building was erected early in the "fifties," but a considerable addition was made in 1869, by which the block was given its present proportions of four stories, with a frontage on two principal streets. Mr. Field has long been prominent in Clinton's municipal affairs; as vice-president of the Clinton Savings Bank, a member of the board of investment of the National Bank, treasurer of the Worcester East Agricultural Society, a trustee of the Clinton Hospital, and past commander of Baker Post, G. A. R., he still actively serves his town. He is a trustee of the Aged People's Home, to found which a property worth from \$10,000 to \$12,000 was recently willed to the town but has not yet been turned over by the estate executor. Mr. Field is also an ex-member of the Governor's council, as well as of numerous town offices.

The appearance of the town is clean and attractive; the streets are well kept, with asphalt or brick walks. The central part of the town, which is on a considerable eminence with an excellent view, is laid out in a fine common with numerous settees and shade trees. It is bounded by Chestnut, Church, Walnut, and Union Streets, an area of about four acres, ceded to the town for the purpose, by H. N. Bigelow in 1852. The town has a good sewerage system, and is supplied with water from a large reservoir on Burditt Hill. The great Wachusett reservoir has been already so often and so fully described in print that it need be only mentioned here. The office of the chief engineering staff is located

here, and the building of the reservoir has had a marked effect upon the business of the town through the presence of so many workmen who draw on its stores of supplies.

From Clinton to Lancaster Center is a charming ride of three miles over a beautiful road macadamized most of the way in Lancaster, or by electric over an equally attractive road, whose bed closely follows, but is

ate prospect of the project being realized. Approaching Lancaster from the south, one first reaches South Lancaster, where the old trucking-house of Symonds & King, the "first store in Worcester County," once stood. Though Lancaster Center contains the public buildings of the town, this village is the largest in the municipality. From early in the nineteenth



MEMORIAL HALL AND PUBLIC LIBRARY, LANCASTER

outside of, the street after leaving Clinton. This electric road was opened between Fitchburg and Worcester in 1894 to 1896. Its route runs through Leominster, the three villages of Lancaster, and Clinton, thus connecting them in an accessible and quick passage. There has been some talk of opening a road also between Lancaster and Harvard, the township bordering on the east, but there is no immedi-

century till about six years ago it bore the name New Boston. A settlement of Seventh Day Advent Christians here control a large business school, where under the supervision of Frederick Griggs all business branches and several industrial courses are taught. A number of separate industries are also conducted by the Adventists, among the more important of which are perhaps a basketry, the book-

bindery of Rev. E. E. Miles, and the extract establishment of Rev. J. M. Jeffrey & Son. Mr. Jeffrey lives in the old Peter Thurston house, now owned by Mr. Young, a relative of the old family, whose descendants have controlled it for more than two hundred years. The large sanitarium, which for several years stood on Main Street, South Lan-



MISS EDITH J. SWETT,
PRINCIPAL OF THE LANCASTER HIGH SCHOOL

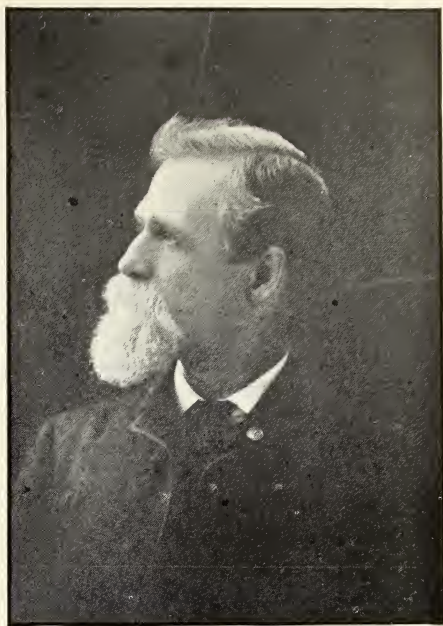
caster, was purchased from its Adventist management by the Messrs. Thayer and removed two years ago. A new brick building of handsome proportions and architecture was erected on the site as a museum for Colonel John E. Thayer's collection of American birds, one of the largest and finest private collections in the United States. The building is an ornamental addition to the

town, and a public benefit, as the Thayer family love to make all their property. It is Mr. Thayer's expressed intention later to donate this museum to the town. It is opened to visitors three days of each week. The building was dedicated last November. Meanwhile the sanitarium was removed to a small hotel in Melrose near Boston, which was burned to the ground soon after last Christmas.

Lancaster Center is altogether a residential section. Its one grocery, a happy combination of old country variety and modern department store, has been kept by A. L. Safford for upwards of twenty years. This with the post office, occupies a small wooden block on the main street. George T. Bailey, son of one of Lancaster's prominent citizens, has for several years been postmaster. Nearly opposite across Main Street is the brick engine house, where a suitable equipment for controlling fires, including a chemical engine, is housed. Beside the post office, separated from it by another street, is Lancaster Inn, a commodious hotel fronting on Main Street. It is an attractive looking building, with a wide veranda all around, and large stables in the rear. The interior is in keeping with the exterior; the rooms are large, and furnished with elegance and taste. E. A. Dore, formerly of Boston, is the proprietor. He lives in the hotel, but the place is open to guests only during the summer and autumn seasons, when tourists come here from many directions. In fact, every available room in the farm-houses that the people wish to let is usually filled by these summer "boarders," many of whom, attracted by the ever-beautiful scenery and by the quiet, regularly spend the hot months

with the same farm-people. So universal has become this custom of letting rooms throughout the summer in the town, that of late years it may be said to have assumed the proportions of an industry. Many of the farmers, who have pleasant, rambling old houses, certainly derive large profit therefrom. The demand for summer produce is also increased in this way, and there are two or three farms entirely devoted to gardening.

The industries of Lancaster are chiefly of an agricultural derivation. The largest non-agricultural pursuit of its inhabitants is that furnished by the Ponakin Mills on the north branch of the Nashua, about one-half mile from North Lancaster and one and a half from the Center. The company was incorporated in 1888 to manufacture cotton yarns; it has a capital of \$60,000. Its president and treasurer is William Stiles of Fitchburg. The numerous workmen live near by in houses and on land belonging to the company; and these dwellings are mostly comfortable and well kept, for the company does all in its power to promote the welfare of its employees. The schoolhouse built to accommodate the children of the settlement was turned over to the town a few years ago. The firm Seymour & MacDonald have a grist-mill and feed store at South Lancaster, that is well patronized by the farmers. This firm also does a considerable business in the line of building-moving. In South Lancaster there is also a soap manufacturer of some importance, Joseph H. Whelan. The town supports three blacksmith shops, and three groceries; but it is natural that the bulk of the shopping should go to Clinton or to the



BENJAMIN F. WYMAN

larger cities so easy of access. For the more æsthetic shopping the wealthier class of citizens is wont to go into Boston or to New York.

In North Lancaster there is a small hotel, the Fairbanks House, George W. Greene, Jr., proprietor, also a store and a blacksmith's forge. But the numerous minor businesses that flourished here in the old stage-coach days have been superseded or otherwise brought to an end. Comb-making seems to have been the most popular occupation of the early days. Certainly it was the most common, for no fewer than a dozen different comb shops have flourished at various times throughout the township. The making of brick was begun, it is believed, soon after the rebuilding of the town, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Some of the lowlands near the river have yielded clay suitable for this purpose, and several kilns

have at different times been in operation. The best bricks were made on the Burbank estate, below Pine Hill, where a large kiln was in active operation more than seventy years ago, and yielded well for many years. That its bricks were of a superior quality is evidenced by the fact that several public buildings constructed from them over fifty years ago show no corrosion from age. The last clay pit to be worked was that of S. R. Damon near the present Still River railroad station, but it has been in disuse for some time.

The present business life of Lancaster, however, as has been stated, is for the most part in some way related to agriculture. A visit to the poultry farms of A. C. Hawkins, and of Charles H. Latham on the Neck Road, near Lancaster Center, is well worth while. Both men are well known among dealers in fancy birds. Mr. Hawkins has also raised Belgian hares successfully, and

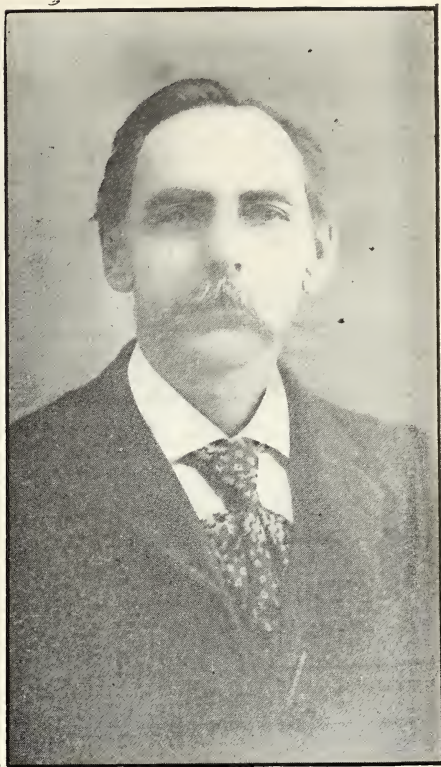
owns many fine horses, while his birds are often sent as far as Australia. Mr. George F. Chandler, florist, of South Lancaster, who will be eighty-four years of age next March, has the distinction of being the oldest living citizen of Lancaster. He was born in Petersham, Massachusetts, and came to this town in 1827. His business in horticulture and nursery stock was begun with a small garden in 1847. The hothouses, which adjoin the family homestead on Main Street, just beyond the Thayer residences, are now mainly in the hands of his son. Mrs. Ware, a sister of Mr. Chandler, who lives close by in one of the two oldest houses in town, is eighty-four, and has spent most of her life in Lancaster.

The schools of Lancaster and Clinton, improved and enlarged as to courses of study as they have been of late years, are considered excellent. An early effort was made by the colonists to provide an



THE OLD BURBANK HOUSE

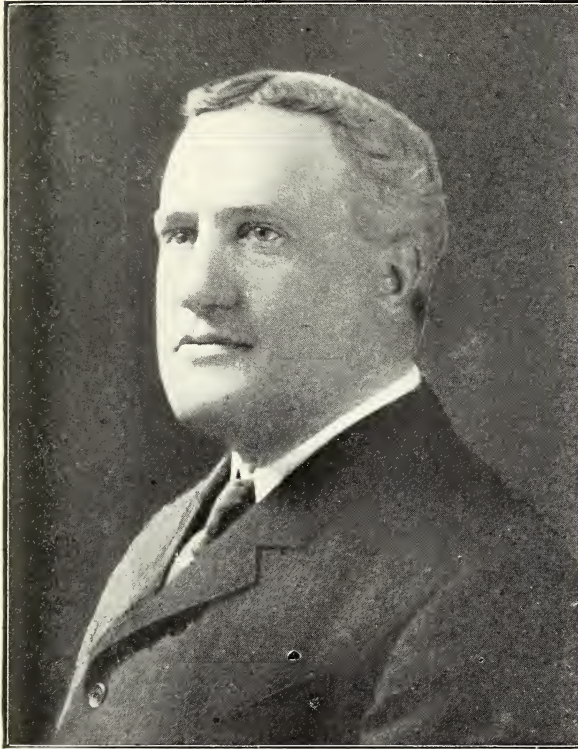
education for their children, and the law of 1747 made compulsory the support of free schools for all children of suitable age. The Nash-away settlement was not lax. During the first century and a half a number of district schools were maintained in different parts of the township. But after the reduction of these districts through the cutting off of sections for the incorporation of Harvard, Bolton, Leominster, Sterling, Berlin and Boylston, 1732 to 1786, the schools were slowly consolidated. Lancaster Academy was founded in 1815, having grown out of the long maintenance of a Latin grammar school. How strong a feeling exists among the people of the two towns toward their schools may be judged from the fact that the separation of Clinton was first suggested by a desire to have more and larger elementary schools and a high school in their community, a cost the mother town could not afford. The incorporation of Clinton in 1850 was an amicable and satisfactory result. Out of 402 children of school age in Lancaster last year in a population of 2,478, 389 attended the public schools. The attendance in Clinton is, of course, much larger. The school buildings here are models of modern advancement in school architecture. In Lancaster, a thoroughly excellent new building has been erected at the Center, at a cost of over \$35,000, with rooms for the grammar and primary departments on the lower floor, and for the high school on the second. A well-equipped chemical laboratory here is the especial joy and pride of the school. Miss Edith J. Swett, principal of the high school, is one of the very few women who have yet been elected to such a position; but her



E. WILLARD CARR

special fitness for the work and her uplifting influence have made themselves strongly felt even outside the school during the five years since she came here from Smith College, and have been factors that with her sweetness of character have made her so beloved by all her pupils and their friends.

The State Industrial School for unruly girls, established in 1856 on the "Old Common" near the Center, may aptly be mentioned here. The superintendent, Mrs. F. F. Morse, is a kind and matronly woman, who has a good influence over her charges, and loves her work. The school includes a number of large dormitories and halls, all in good condition, and a broad farm, which



COLONEL JOHN E. THAYER

supplies the tables with vegetables, and enables the girls to learn something of gardening. Eleven teachers are employed for the classes.

"Memorial Hall" in Lancaster, close by the new schoolhouse, erected in 1867 in memory of the townsmen who fell in battle during the Civil War, is a pleasant home for the public library. The original cost of the building was about \$30,000, most of which was a gift to the town from Nathaniel Thayer, Esq. It is renaissance in style of architecture. A tablet in the wall of the reading room opposite the entrance is inscribed with the thirty-nine names of the Lancaster honor roll, with this heading:

"THAT OUR POSTERITY MAY ALSO KNOW THEM, AND THE CHILDREN THAT ARE YET UNBORN."

The library is one of the largest in any small town in New England. Its 32,300 volumes include many books of reference and old and priceless manuscripts, with a large collection of choice fiction. A recent arrangement, by which the school teachers may advisedly draw from the library and hold throughout the term any books deemed desirable for the pupils to study or read, the teacher making herself responsible for the safe return of such books, is a custom that might well be copied by other towns. The Clinton Bigelow Free Public Library, of 26,600 volumes, on Walnut Street, is fitly named for E. B.

Bigelow, who donated so liberally to the Bigelow Mechanics' Institute from which it sprang.

The home-gathering of her children, in June, 1902, to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Lancaster, was no empty occasion. It demonstrated with especial vividness how richly the old town has been blessed in her citizens. So numerous a roll of sons and daughters, whom their fellow-countrymen delight to honor, would be difficult to find in any other New England town of equal size. General Joseph Warren, William Ellery Channing, Thomas W. Higginson, Elizabeth P. Peabody, George B. Emerson, Jared Sparks, Mrs. Horace Mann, Mrs. Hawthorne have lived in Lancaster;

Samuel Locke, S. T. D., classmate of John Adams, was president of Harvard University, from 1770 to 1773, Rev. Samuel Willard was president of the same university, from 1781 to 1804; Colonel Francis Washburn, who led the charges and brought about the cutting off of Lees' army at Appomattox Court House, being himself mortally wounded in the final encounter, was a native of Lancaster.

Benjamin F. Wyman, whose an-

cestors settled on "the Neck" in the early days of the town may be mentioned as a representative Lancaster man. Mr. Wyman has for many years been a deacon of the Congregational church. He is much interested in town and family history, and is president of the only Wyman Association in America. The fine old elm-shaded homestead opposite the residence of A. C. Hawkins was the home of Mr. Wyman's great-grandfather, Nathaniel, from 1742 to 1776, and has been the birthplace

of six successive generations. Part of the ell of the house was new in 1742; the barn, which is kept in good repair, was built in 1743 out of timbers from the third meeting-house, which had stood on the Old Common since 1707, and was torn down in 1742-3.

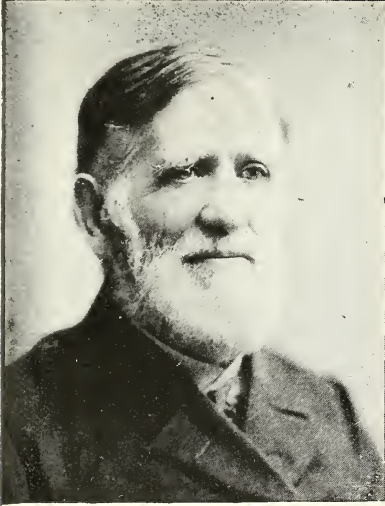
The Burbank estate on Harvard road near Pine Hill, about midway between Lancaster Center and the Still River station, is one of the interesting features of the town.



ESTATE OF COLONEL JOHN E. THAYER, LANCASTER

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The old-fashioned brick house was constructed fully ninety-five years ago. Here the son of Rev. Aaron Burbank, a Baptist minister, Luther Burbank, "the wizard botanist of America," and his brother Calvin, who for many years has been principal of a school in Lowell, Mass., were born and brought up. At his gardens in Santa Rosa, California, Luther Burbank has lately succeeded in producing an everlasting flower, that retains its beauty and fragrance for months after it is

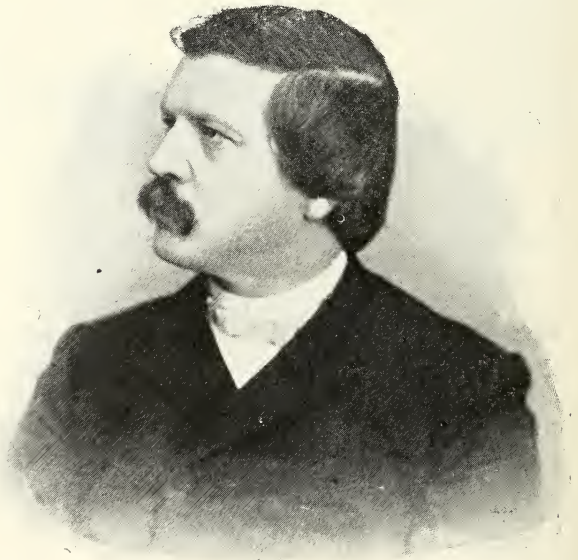


REV. C. W. BOWERS, D. D.

picked, and many other botanic novelties of great interest and value. The old house is and has been for years occupied by Mr. E. Willard Carr, whose name is at present the oldest on the board of selectmen, he having served in that capacity for nearly twenty consecutive years. Mr. Carr is a native of Lancaster, and in his youth helped set out the row of pine trees that surrounds the quaint little "Pine Grove" schoolhouse of brick that still stands in the woods on the northern slope of Pine Hill, a lonely sentinel of the old days before provision was made for conveying all children to the villages for instruction.

Lancaster is essentially a wealthy town, but by far the wealthiest of its inhabitants is the Thayer family. The present Thayers are scions of an old and honorable house, of which

Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, who was pastor of the First Church, Unitarian, best known as the "Brick Church," from 1792 to his death, June 23, 1840, was the first Lancaster representative. The country estates of the four grandsons of this man, John Eliot, Bayard, Nathaniel and Eugene Thayer, cover the eastern slopes of George Hill in South Lancaster that once surrounded the famous Rowlandson garrison. Lancaster is justly proud of the smooth lawns and the tasteful gardens—all the artistic attractiveness that careful landscape gardening can produce—which comprise these estates and add so much to the acquired beauty of the town. The Messrs. Thayer are much interested in horticulture, for which were erected the numerous hothouses that one may see in passing along Main Street in the area beyond the old burying ground. Here are the beautiful collection of roses and rare orchids.

REV. DARIUS B. SCOTT,
PASTOR CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LANCASTER



UNITARIAN CHURCH DESIGNED BY BULFINCH, LANCASTER

Mr. John E. Thayer is especially interested in horses, of which he owns a number of thoroughbreds; while a lover of dogs would enjoy a visit to his kennels on George Hill. While each of the four brothers is devoted to his native town, the last mentioned has been her more active benefactor, and is a present member of her board of selectmen.

Mention has already been made

of Lucius Field of Clinton. Another prominent citizen of that town, and one who has done much for it, is Wellington E. Parkhurst, editor of the "Clinton Courant" and of the "Item." He was a son of Deacon C. F. W. Parkhurst, who came to Clinton in 1853. Mr. Parkhurst was born in Framingham, January 19, 1835, and was educated at the Framingham Academy. When the publication of

a weekly newspaper was re-established at the close of the Civil War, Mr. Parkhurst's name appears on the first issue, September 30, 1865. Speaking of his editorial duties in the old press building that was replaced two years ago by a new block, Mr. Parkhurst says, "I have sat at one window for thirty years." His total editorial service has been forty years. The "Clinton Daily Item" was established eleven years ago. Mr. Parkhurst has filled many high town and public offices; he was a member of the legislature for four years, from 1890 to 1893. One Clinton man says, "The 'Courier,' the best of country papers, will remain a lasting memorial of his wit, his sound sense, and his devotion to the public good." Mr. Parkhurst is much interested in the Clinton Historical Society, whose new home, the finest block in the town, now under process of erection, is donated in memory of his parents by Frank T. Holder, who passed his childhood here. For the past eight years he has been a member of the board of trustees of the State Sanatorium for Tuberculosis patients at Rutland.

The name of Judge Jonathan Smith should not be omitted from the list of prominent Clinton residents. Judge Smith was born at Peterboro, New Hampshire, and is a graduate of Dartmouth College (class of 1871). He removed to Clinton in 1878, and his abilities soon made him active in the public life of the town. He became special justice of the District Court in 1882, which office he has held continuously ever since, save for a brief term in the legislature. He has also been town attorney and chairman of the Board of Health respectively for two years. Judge Smith is like-

wise president of the Clinton Historical Society and of the Weeks Institute.

The religious feeling of the two towns has always been for the most part deep and strong, a fact to which the numerous churches and "goodly" congregations, who were accustomed to assemble before as they have since 1850, when there were only "three chaises" in Lancaster, testify. Rev. Dr. C. M. Bowers of Clinton is a typical exponent of the true orthodox Baptist. At eighty-seven he is still hale and active, and though having no pastorate, often accepts an invitation to preach. A venerable contemporary in Lancaster is Rev. George M. Bartol, pastor since 1847 of the "Brick Church," whose cornerstone was laid July 9, 1816. Mrs. Bartol is a sister of the two Washburn boys, for whom Washburn Post, G. A. R., of Lancaster, was named. Rev. Darius B. Scott, pastor for four years of the Evangelical Congregational Church, formerly pastor for eleven years in Clinton, is highly esteemed in his parish. The latter church has just received a gift of \$15,000 from the will of George Edward Paton Dodge, a "Lancaster boy," who died in Chicago, December 6, 1904, worth two millions.

In writing of Lancaster, one is tempted to wander from the subject in hand and to dwell overlong on the visible attractiveness of the region. A description of the life there, however, would not be complete without some reference to such very apparent beauty. The *Intervales* are a prominent feature of the landscape of Lancaster, and it is along these and the protected southern hill slopes that the farmers find the richest soil. The valley of the Nashua is the valley of the Con-

necticut in miniature, like it, is dotted with trees and, in summer, with flourishing gardens. The roads have not been greatly altered in direction since 1840; they are smooth and dry most of the year, a delight to bicyclists. The beauty of the many drives through the town, of the numerous little lakes,—the shores of many of them dotted with the summer cottages of city people,—and of the views to be seen from the high hills cannot be expressed in words. One can only say with Elizabeth P. Peabody, "This is beautiful Lancaster." The old town is famous for its elms, some of which are massive in size and venerable in age. The Beaman, one of the largest white oaks in the state, seventy-eight feet in height, near Lane's Crossing, is said to be about one thousand years old.

Plans are forming to remove the old town-hall at Lancaster Center, a new building to be erected at a little distance, and to convert the present site in front of the library and schoolhouse into a common. After waiting many years, the town is also engaged in lighting its village streets with electricity from the Clinton Gas & Electric Light Company. The latest indication of progress in Clinton is the agitation in favor of application for a city charter,—a step whose possibility her estimated population of 14,000 ensures and whose advisability the late caucuses rendered unusually plain. Clinton is thoroughly imbued with the "spirit of the age;" and, all conditions unchanged, two or three years hence will doubtless see her a city.

In spite of modern progress, how-

ever, the mind reverts pleasantly to quiet, unobtrusive Lancaster, that will probably never know a "Mayor." There is a wondrous charm about the old town, a bewitching air of restfulness and inspiration, an exquisite mingling of hill and valley, of lake and woodland and stream, of fertile fields and meadows, of quaint farm-houses and modern mansions that the camera can but imperfectly picture, and that pen can only too inadequately describe. Whether seen from a drive through the wooded uplands and dells at the northern extremity of the town, or at sunset from the top of Ponakin Hill, with Mt. Wachusett in the distance and the encircling foothills all along the wide horizon, it is indeed "Beautiful Lancaster,"—beautiful always.

Very few towns in Central Massachusetts can offer better inducements than Clinton to parties seeking good business locations. With ample railroad facilities over three different lines, electric railway connections in various directions, the best of spring water for a town supply brought by gravitation from the Sterling hills, a sufficient variety of churches, an elaborate and efficient school system, a well organized fire department, a large and amply endowed public library, prosperous manufactories whose machinery is very rarely idle, charming parks, a liberal assortment of shade trees on all the streets, and surrounded by a country which abounds in extensive views of mountain, town and rural scenery—with all these advantages, which citizens and visitors fully appreciate, Clinton cannot but prove an attractive business and residential centre.

THE EDITORS' TABLE

The chimney corner is hopelessly out of date. Cradles are rocked on the house-tops and motherhood is in a fair way to become an exact science instead of a fine art. President Roosevelt preaches the gospel of the strenuous stork to American mothers assembled in conclave at Washington, and the nursery world, which could, an it would, make illuminating contribution to the right-bringing-up-of-children question, "ain't sayin' nuffin'."

There is about the presidential speech a very Kaiser-like flavor. One thinks of the three Ks—Kinder, Kirche, Kuche (Chil-

interesting and characteristic as they are. Rather does it seem to appear in the fact that the nation's mothers were there in Washington, far from their several homes, seated day after day in anxious, serried rows, lending their ears to presidential admonition and advice.

The exuberance of the American woman, surprising from the eastern point of view, has set her running along the path where "Culture" and "Education" (both writ large) stand as sign posts to perfection. Let those less eager load themselves with impedimenta of ponderous, self-read tomes,



H. I. H. CROWN PRINCE FRIEDRICH WILHELM WITH
DUCHESS CECILIE OF MECKLENBURG

dren, Church, Kitchen)—which, according to Wilhelm II, should bound and fill woman's existence. Pleasantly he discourses of the plain living and high thinking desirable in nursery circles, smiles approval of the flowing tide of higher education for girls, but confesses that he would build up a neat little wall of the "thus far and no farther" pattern, lest the innocent seeming wavelets should encroach too far and threaten the tree of masculine supremacy, so firmly planted in the sands of time.

The significance of the occasion, however, scarcely lies in Mr. Roosevelt's remarks,

she takes as wanderer's staff the *Club* and fleetly skims over the ground toward the shining goal.

What more laudable than the club spirit as far as it goes? Shakespeare and Spiritualism, Maeterlinck and the Musical Glasses, all these may be analysed, discussed, reduced to theorems, axioms and Q. E. D.s, but "*l'art d'être mère*"!

Distrustful of her maternal instinct, the modern mother hastes to the club; calls a quorum, moves, seconds, amends and resolves; then back to the nursery laboratory to carry out experiments with the subtle

and mysterious elements which combine to make the miracle we call childhood. "It gives to think."

Can she, though she be steeped in Pestalozzi and Froebel and all the rest, learn of a theorist anything that her own mother-wit does not teach her, or, lacking this innate wisdom—by no means always strongest in the child-blessed woman—can she hope to accomplish good results with the country's future makers?

* * * * *

Denmark, with speeches and songs and winding of wreaths, has been celebrating the centenary of Hans Christian Andersen, master magician, head door-keeper to the Queen of Fairyland, prince of story tellers and *persona grata* to that critical lilliput world which writes its age with one cipher and, fearing neither fire-breathing dragon nor tree-tall ogre (as long as daylight lasts) must yet perforce—from craven fear of spectacled governess—waste in sums and spelling so many hours which were surely far better spent in company with the Little Mermaid or the Tinder-box Witch or that arch-villain Big Claus, who so richly deserved his sorry end in the pedlar's sack.

Hamlet with Hamlet left out would surely be less flat, stale and unprofitable than a playroom without that fat blue and gold volume, between whose well-worn covers lies joyous pastime on the rainiest of rainy days, comfort for the most glaring outrage on the part of the "Olympians," and, from breakfast till bed time, a treasure store of fairy wonders, a glitter and aglow with *Märchenzauber*. The first joy of meeting the Little Tin Soldier, the never-to-be-forgotten shiver when the Dog with Eyes as Big as Mill-wheels first sprang across one's path, the tears which dropped so brinily upon one's up-curved tongue-tip when, turning over the page where wicked Brownie flouts the Dame, one found set forth so movingly the sorrows of the Match-girl—these delicate delights have flown like the birds from last year's nest.

Something of compensation, though, is left to the mere grown-up. The happy fancies, the quaint humor, the tender humanness of Andersen's tales, the limpid simplicity of a style which triumphs over every difficulty of translation, the reality of his genius, cannot be understood till the dull years of discretion have intensified the critical sense at the expense of the fantastic faith of the golden days.

* * * * *

"Nancy Stair" is another example of a good book which makes a poor play. In this case it is not altogether the fault of the book; its dramatic possibilities were undoubted. Mr. Paul Potter has, to make a Broadway holiday, turned Mrs. Lane's delightful story inside out and outside in, till, if it were not for the ubiquitous Robbie

Burns and the familiar flutter of tartan kilts, one would scarcely suspect from what source the play is drawn. Nancy, wild, tempestuous, rainbow-tinted Nancy, hardly shows in the stage heroine, charming, winsome, but not our madcap Nancy. Mary Manner's success in the rôle was a personal one. She was welcomed because she was herself, which means that she was adorable, when the playwright gave her a chance, but of

"The sin and the pain

And the joy of the gypsy blood"
not a flash crossed the footlights.

The blaring, in and out of season, of much sounding brass, added to the melodramatic pomp and circumstance of the piece and give yet another pang to the regret of those who had come to the première for love of the incomparable Nancy Stair of Elinor Macartney Lane's romance.

* * * * *

Friedrich Wilhelm, Crown Prince of Prussia, is, despite his tender years, a much married man. If the newspapers had had their way he would have been wedded to half the unmarried royal ladies of



MRS. ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE

Europe and made runaway matches with a baker's dozen of less blue-blooded beauties besides. A prince, young, self-willed and debonair, is always welcome "copy" and "Hohenzollern" looks indifferent well in a headline.

In due course the unexpected happened. The Kaiser, as ardent a matchmaker in his way as the late Queen Victoria herself, waved his sceptre, perhaps (ungallant rumor whispers it) let the "mailed fist" of historic memory show for an instant from beneath the velvet glove, and hey presto! the imperial princeling was offering hand and heart to Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg, young, fresh, charming—sweet as a German hedge rose, and not without a thorn or two of pretty petulance to save the sweetness from insipidity.

A day at the end of May has been set for the wedding. The little Duchess is to have a trousseau fit for a fairy-tale queen. Her bridal gown will show the future empress in every shimmering fold. Providential that the new cathedral in Berlin should have been completed in time for the great occasion.

"Hoch dem jungen Brautpaar!"

* * * * *

The would-be playwright, trying to discover by contemplation of the successful play the ingredient that makes it take, may well despair of explaining to himself the reason d'être of applause and apathy as manifested in the playhouse by the hydra-headed theatre public.

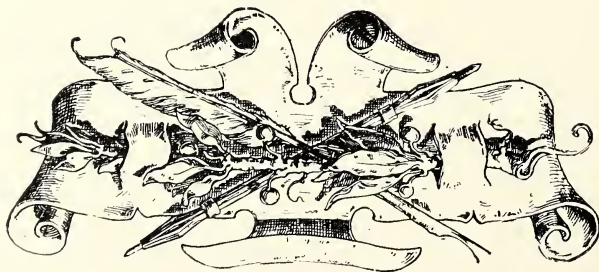
George Bernard Shaw seems to be a winning card. Who would have thought it?—and in New York! Mr. Arnold Daly, who had the courage of his convictions, is to be congratulated on his desperate venture.

"You Never Can Tell" is extraordinarily and audaciously diverting. Read in the study, its lines tell less than "Candida," but, staged, it trips from start to finish with a whimsical "go," a slyness of side nods and becks and wreathed smiles, which at first puzzle, then interest and finally convulse the audience.

"Take care of the types and the action will take care of itself" may or may not be the working rule of G. B. S., Dramatist. "You never can tell!" as the beatific waiter aptly remarks. It strikes the spectator that way, in any case.

You have McComas, a cross-grained curmudgeon, a veritable "pig-dog" of a man, with a temper so vile that his strong-minded wife flies to Madeira before it, and a skin so thin that the scornful flutter of a daughter's eyelid cuts like a whip lash; the irrepressible Clandon twins, most delectable of terrible infants; William, the Arcadian waiter who spells his name B-O-O-N and radiates in the sunshine of fatherhood to the thunderous Bohun Q. C.; Valentine, five-shilling dentist and duellist of sex—they are worked out with a neatness and completeness which might win admiration from that painstaking craftswoman, Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

But—G. B. S. wears his rue with a difference, after all. Always, at the psychological moment, when one grips the idea with seriousness, there is a wink from behind the mask and the situation is saved, one laughs. Mr. Shaw in one of his illuminating prefaces says that any fool can make an audience laugh. The effect of a fellow feeling is to the whole world obvious. Perhaps Arnold Daly counted on that when he started to make a box-office success.



BOOK NOTES

THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

In the matter of novel writing Mrs. Humphrey Ward always shows herself a very proper craftsman. One expects to find in her books a well-balanced plot set forth in pure and flowing English, characters clear cut and subtly contrasted, and an atmosphere at once convincing and eminently refined.

"In 'The Marriage of William Ashe,' all these elements combine to please. Of late years Mrs. Ward has elected to choose her types from the "hupper suckles" of English society. She contrives to reproduce the political *milieu* with much charm and dexterity. If there is in her portrayal of Ashe, the man with a Westminster future, who has early hitched his wagon to the star of premiership; Parham, the cabinet minister of incredible pomposity, and his "black-satin-and-byles" type of wife; in Cliffe with his Byronic vices, and in Mary Lyster, clear, calm and icily distinguished, just a touch of caricature, it is the merest thickening of outline which makes the characters stand forth with the distinctness beloved of the discriminating novel reader.

The interest centres round Lady Kitty, a wild, erratic will-o'-the-wisp with a dash of "half-world" strain in her blood. Her marriage with Ashe, possessed of a world of solid British virtue, an accumulation of inherited ambitions and an eminently gentlemanly view of life, is the story's motive.

Disastrous it is bound to be. Excursions and alarms crowd thickly as chapter follows chapter. Kitty outrages every canon of good form, grows daily more strangely lovely and more emaciated, the foreboding of tragedy deepens. Instinctively one harks back to memories of Elinor and Julie le Breton, they too faded before one's eyes into semi-transparency, though Lady Rose's daughter was rescued at the last moment by a device whose artificiality seemed to testify to the authoress' unwillingness to furnish a happy ending.

Kitty's doleful fate arouses no very poignant sympathy, although nothing could be more carefully polished than the manner of its telling. Perhaps it is the very polish of Mrs. Ward's workmanship which, compelling our admiration and arousing our critical approval, alienates our feelings, makes it impossible for us to take her creations as seriously as they take themselves.

We look at them through plate-glass, as

it were, see their lips move, watch the blood come and go on their cheeks, mark how their hearts heave with sighs, their jaws relax into smiles and find it monstrous life-like, but we cannot feel their pulses beat nor touch the warmth of their bodies. We watch them keenly and with pleasure, but smileless and fearless. (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.)

MINE AND THINE, by Florence Earle Coates.

If this book of verses is no better than most present day "poetry," it is at least no worse. One cannot help wishing that there were fewer occasional poems in this collection for Mrs. Coates, like all other makers of verse, has, in harnessing her Pegasus, prevented him from using his wings; so he has to trot along the common highway, instead of soaring in the ether.

But the other poems are often very charming. There is evident a nice intuition, coupled with a quick sympathy, which lends them much grace and sweetness. Where the author has allowed these qualities free play she is at her best; where she has sat down to think, she is less happy. The poem quoted below shows in little space the best qualities of the book.

AS FROM AFAR.

To see thee, hear thee, wistful watch I keep—

Mother, who in immensity dost dwell—
A child who listens for the boundless deep,
Her ear against a shell.

And vainly though I seek thy face to scan,
Lost in the vasty temple where thou art,
Faint breathings of thy voice æolian
Vibrate against my heart.

(Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston.
\$1.25 net.)

BALTHAZAR THE MAGUS, by A. Van Der Naillen.

This the writer's third book dealing with "The Occult," and like the others conveys its teachings in narrative form, thus adding the personal element which lightens, and relieves the very serious matter which is presented. The "Order of the Magi," which has its seat in "The Himalay," is the psychical influence which is represented as engaged in world reformation. Spurred by the hope of one day attaining a comprehension of divine things, they seek, by holy living, and the constant subduing of all earthly passions, to become equal to the task of establishing a "universal syn-

thesis," which will bring into relation the hazy elements constituting the body of modern science and the elements of religious belief, showing them to be the temporarily separated parts of one harmonious and sublime Unity. Balthazar is the missionary of this order to the United States, and his conversations with representative individual types of leading classes of people give opportunity for explanation of their view of the unity of the highest science with the highest religion as the most sublime faith of which the soul can conceive, satisfying its most lofty aspirations, and pointing clearly the way to the development of those powers which open the heavens to spiritual vision. All who desire to learn the outlines of the ideas of theosophy will find here enough to satisfy their wishes. (R. F. Fenno & Company, New York.)

NANCY STAIR. A novel by Elinor Macartney Lane.

A brisk and stirring tale is "Nancy Stair," and admirable in that it is told with no waste of words; for sheer pithiness and condensation of style, and for direct treatment of the matter in hand, the author merits the highest praise. The scene is laid in Scotland, in the eighteenth century; Nancy is the beautiful and gifted daughter of a Scottish nobleman, "Lord of Stair and Alton in the Mearns," who is the chronicler of the events related in the book, and an example of fatuously doting fatherhood. The fruit of a romantic and peculiar love-match—her mother was an Irish gypsy girl—Nancy has inherited a rich and exuberant nature and a gift for rhyming. Her songs are sung all over Scotland, and her extraordinary beauty is the toast of the countryside.

An important milestone in her life is her "meeting in" with "Robbie" Burns, whereby she discovers that genius is not character, and that the man whom she had admired as a noble paragon is naught but a sinning human being. The "Swap o' Rhyming Ware" between Nancy and Burns forms one of the cleverest chapters in the book.

Tragic complications ensue; Nancy's accepted lover, Danvers Carmichael, becomes jealous of her other admirers, chief of whom is John Montrose, Duke of Borthwicke, and he marries, in a huff, another woman. But it does not take long for this undeniably weak hero to repent of his rashness, and he is soon in Nancy's train again. The Duke is murdered, and Danvers is arrested and tried for the crime; and here the real strength of the heroine's character unfolds itself, but how her woman's wit combined with her woman's love bids her act in this crisis, the reader must find out for himself. Suffice it to say that the story ends with the bark of Nancy's life steered safely out of tumultu-

ous waters into the quiet harbor of domesticity.

The author has succeeded wonderfully in reproducing the life, manners, and atmosphere of the times she depicts, and the illusion of reality is very strong. Her characters are unquestionably flesh and blood. (D. Appleton & Company, New York. \$1.50.)

THE GREEK PAINTERS' ART, by Irene Weir, Director of Art Instruction, Brookline, Massachusetts.

Every student knows something about Greek architecture and sculpture, but of Greek painting so little has come down to us that this field of Grecian art is nearly barren as far as moderns are concerned. Miss Weir has written a book which will serve admirably to fill this lamentable void of ignorance. Intended for the student and the general reader, it presents an interesting description of the painter's art in Greece. It comprises an introduction and five chapters as follows: A brief history of Greek painting—vase painting—color as applied to architecture and sculpture—Greco-Egyptian portraits—Greco-Roman mosaics—and mural painting in Greece and Italy. The author has gained her material from books ancient and modern, from archaeological reports, museum collections, and from discoveries in Greece itself.

The book opens with a graphic account of the author's recent visit to Greece, an appropriate and happy introduction, serving to kindle the reader's interest in the general subject of Greek art by bringing him as it were into personal contact with it.

To the average student it may be a new idea to learn that color was called to the aid of architecture from Homeric times down to the perfect period of its development that culminated in the Parthenon. As the author says: "To those who are familiar only with the cold, coarse white of the plaster cast, the thought of color on the statue seems at first incomprehensible. It is only when we stand before the warmly tinted marbles of Greece, and see for ourselves the additional charm resulting from the use of color, that we are quite reconciled to the idea."

Miss Weir has done her work so well that she has furnished a comprehensive, coherent, and accurate summary, so far as may be, of the field of Greek painting, one which must prove a valuable supplement to the study of Greek sculpture.

Not the least important feature of the book is its splendid half-tone illustrations, which have been used without stint and include many rare and valuable photographs. In its mechanical make-up the volume is a joy to look at and to handle. (Ginn & Company, Boston, New York, Chicago, London. \$3.00 net.)



A Girl's Problem

Food that Restores and Makes Health Possible.

The nervous strain of modern office work will undermine and break down the health unless Nerve and Brain cells are rebuilt daily by proper food.

There are stomach specialists as well as for eye, ear and other organs.

One of these told a young lady of New Brunswick, N. J., to quit medicines and eat Grape-Nuts. She says:

"For about 12 months I suffered severely with gastritis. I was unable to retain much of anything on my stomach, and consequently was compelled to give up my occupation. I took quantities of medicine, but I continued to suffer, and soon lost 15 pounds in weight. I was depressed in spirits and lost interest in everything generally. My mind was so affected that it was impossible to become interested in even the lightest reading matter.

"After suffering for months I decided to go to a stomach specialist. He put me on Grape-Nuts and my health began to improve immediately. It was the keynote of a new life. I found that I had been eating too much starchy food which I did not digest. I soon proved that it is not the quantity of food that one eats, but the quality.

"In a few weeks I was able to go back to my old business of doing clerical work. I have continued to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meal. I wake in the morning with a clear mind and feel rested. I regained my lost weight in a short time. I am well and happy again and owe it to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg. of

Grape-Nuts.

AT THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR, by Edward Stratemeyer; illustrated by A. B. Strute.

The author has already captured the good-will and interest of many of the boys in his "Old Glory Series" of military and naval tales, and this book—another in the series, although complete in itself—takes his boy heroes on American, Russian, and Japanese vessels into the most exciting scenes during the earlier part of the present war. The book is not only an exciting narrative, but it is a suggestive study of naval life and of the character and customs of the two peoples involved in the great struggle, which cannot but prove instructive. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.25.)

THE KAISER AS HE IS, by Henri de Noussanne. Translated by Walter Littlefield.

Kaiser Wilhelm II is probably the most interesting personality among European sovereigns. His exalted rank and powerful position make him most conspicuous and suggest a superior personality, but gossips and authentic current reports have given him credit for numerous weaknesses which are not harmonious with kingly dignity and power.

M. de Noussanne has gathered with patience and combined with skill, series of striking illustrations of the singular personality of the Kaiser, in defence of the leading idea of the book that he is *un malade*, or mentally unbalanced. This idea is supported by interesting discussions of the Kaiser's conduct, the field of illustration ranging from the dismissal of Bismarck to petty interference with domestic affairs. His incompetence is argued with persistent emphasis, and the writer's conclusion is that "no crowned head of State has done his monarchy more harm, nor so completely and unconsciously betrayed the faith of the majority of his people. . . . What Germany needed was a serious, silent, trustworthy, and cautious ruler. Fate gave her a master who, on a certain occasion, had the whim to decorate his head with a pasteboard crown, in imitation of Charlemagne's to take in his hands an orb and sceptre—nothing but 'stage properties'—and thus, enveloped in the cloak of the Cæsars, to have himself photographed!" Such a personage, in a place of such power, cannot fail to excite interest, and students of international politics will find this book an advantage in supplying personal characteristics from which they may attempt to forecast the outcome of his influence. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

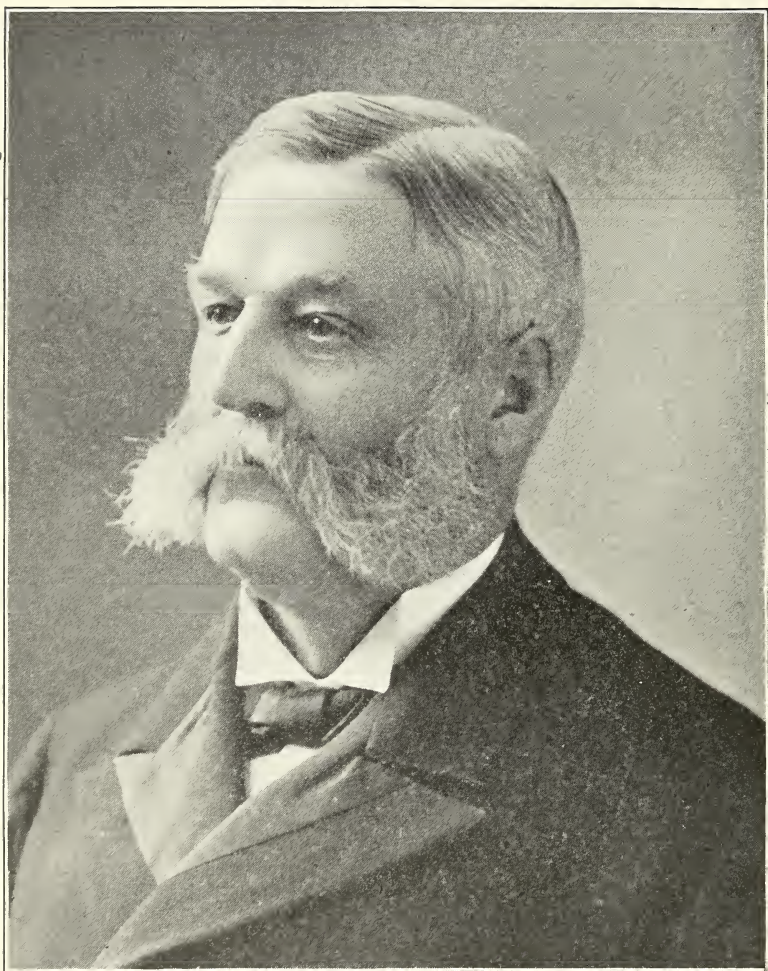
THE ITALIAN IN AMERICA, by Eliot Lord, A. M., John J. D. Trenor, and Samuel J. Barrows.

This is a volume worth the attention of everyone interested in economic and

social questions as affected by the tide of immigration from Latin Europe to this country. The authors are experts in the study of the topic, and they have brought together a mass of interesting and important data, a large portion of which is new and educational to the average citizen. Why the Italian comes here, the limitations of his earlier environment, what most readily attracts him on his arrival as a means of livelihood, his temperament and capacity, and the use he has thus far made of opportunities here are all told in an interesting manner, and with such statistical support of conclusions as to make the book one to be relied upon. It gives to the student of political economy and sociology much material for consideration on the lines of the adaptability of the Italian for assimilation into the American body politic, and its facts and suggestions will, so far as they are read and appreciated, do much to recast public opinion on the question of his desirability as a citizen. The record as presented is a favorable one, and the forecast is encouraging to everyone who recognizes the amount of influence which is inevitable from steadily increasing Italian immigration. It promises, in the view of the writers, an important and beneficial contribution to the cosmopolite American. (B. F. Buck & Company, New York.)

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Company published February 25th their long awaited reprint of Lahontan's "New Voyages to North America," with introduction, notes and index, by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites. The reproduction of this highly readable and virile classic in a beautiful well-appointed and well-edited edition, is a service which will greatly interest historians, librarians, scientists, and the general reader who is fond of a stirring tale of adventure on the confines of civilization. It is in any of its original forms a scarce and costly work; and no edition of the English version of 1703 has appeared in complete form since 1735.

In connection with the approaching Lewis and Clark Exposition, it is interesting to note that A. C. McClurg & Company will publish within a short time several books which may be regarded as most timely. "From the West to the West," by Abigail Scott Duniway, is an account in fiction form of a journey across the plains to Oregon and gives an interesting picture of the perils and hardships, as well as the romantic incidents of travel fifty years ago. Another book, "Letters from an Oregon Ranch," illustrated from photographs, tells with naive humor and a hearty optimism of an attempt to create a home in the wilderness. Both will be attractively illustrated.



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The Story of Camp Meigs

By JAMES ROLAND CORTHELL

AS long as Americans read history the memories that cling to the northern camping grounds of the Civil War will quicken the pulse of patriots. They will be cherished as a priceless legacy of the great days when brother met brother in deadly strife and the soil of the Great Republic was enriched with the blood of heroes. These camp grounds did not, indeed, witness the shock of battle but it was there that the soldier-boy, fresh from the farewell hand-clasp of father and the mother's good-bye kiss, consecrated his young life—with all its splendid hopes—upon his country's altar. It was there that he took his first lessons in the grim art of war. He who can walk with unquicken pulse over the fields where, over forty years ago the heroic youth of the north marched and counter-marched in their preparation for the awful work of war, must be lacking both in sentiment and patriotism.

Massachusetts sent 152,048 men into the army from '61 to '65. The regiments and batteries that made

up this magnificent total were, before being sent to the front, encamped on twenty-one camp-grounds, including forts Warren and Independence. Camp Meigs received more men than any other camp-ground in the State. The following regiments and batteries were encamped there: the 18th, 20th, 24th, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 47th, 48th, 54th, 55th, 56th, 58th, and 59th infantry; the 1st, 2nd, 4th, and 5th cavalry; the 2nd, 5th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 16th batteries of artillery,—25,733 men in all. Camp Meigs, distant only nine miles from Boston, lying at the junction of what are now the Providence and Midland divisions of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, was most favorably situated and was on the line of the main highways. It lay along the bank of the Neponset River and included Sprague Pond which became a popular bathing pool. The camp was a level plain containing about one hundred and twenty-five acres. The soil was porous, and although muddy in wet weather, dried up

quickly. The Providence Railroad cut the camp in two. The easterly half was first called Camp Massasoit; the westerly half Camp Brigham in honor of the Commissary General of Massachusetts. Later both camps were treated as one and named Camp Meigs in honor of the Quartermaster General of the United States Army.

On this extended plain grew up as if by magic, a military community. About two hundred structures were required to meet the needs of the thousands of men who were at certain times encamped there. To make up this total there were about fifty barracks, each capable of accommodating one hundred men, a cook-house and company headquarters for each barrack, stables for a thousand horses, storehouses, guard houses, hospital, pest-house, sutlers' establishments, prison, chapel, powder-house, dead-house, pumping station and last and least the "sweat box" of which more anon.

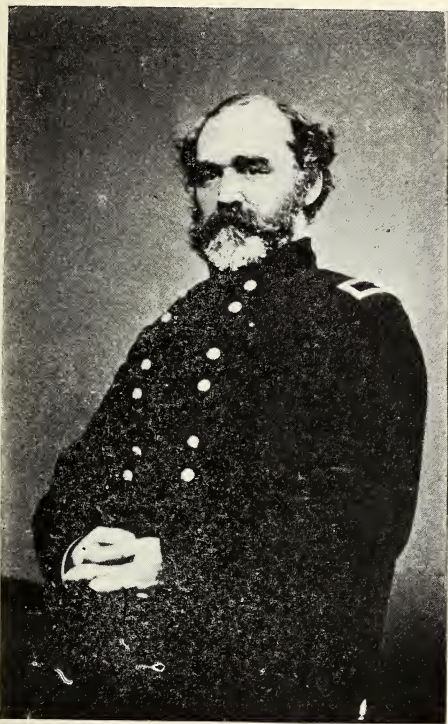
The barracks were located near the easterly and westerly boundaries of the camp, leaving a large unobstructed parade ground on either side of the railroad. In the rear of each barrack was the company kitchen, and behind the kitchen was the company headquarters where company commissioned officers lived. The camp with its thousand novel scenes was the point of attraction for all the surrounding country. Thousands of visitors were continually coming and going.

A book, and an interesting one too, could be written on camp life. It must have been a novel experience to the young fellow, fresh from the college class room or the sales-

man's counter. The first order given to the raw recruit was to visit the regimental barber, who proceeded to give him a "fighting cut"; the next was to take a bath in the pond or river (weather permitting), the next to doff his civilian's habiliments and don one of Uncle Sam's span new army uniforms, that is, if there were any. In the early months of the war they could not be supplied fast enough, and the men who were to become the veterans of Antietam and Gettysburg might have been seen drilling at Camp Meigs in every cut of coat known to the world of fashion and even without muskets. The old clothes of the new recruits were disinfected, packed in barrels and stored. And now our young volunteer is ready for the discipline and drill that are to transform him into a soldier.

The first night in camp, in some cases was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The historian of the 45th—the famous "Cadet regiment" which included many young men of wealth, culture and social position,—tells of his first night at Readville. His company broke ranks in front of the barrack to which they had been assigned and rushed pell-mell into the barn-like structure, each aiming to secure a comfortable specimen of the movable bunks. This done, the whole company began to forage for straw with which to make up beds which should take the place of the hair mattresses to which they were accustomed. They might have brought some dainties along with them for supper, but not a man did it. All marched proudly to the cook-house and accepted graciously a huge slice of bread and a dipper of tea or coffee. The captain read the evening lesson and prayer

for the day after the roll call. Taps sounded at 9 o'clock and the lights were extinguished, but sleep, gentle sleep, was not to be wooed, tired as many of the boys were. Instead, the most absurd sounds broke upon the stillness. Cat calls,—the crowing of roosters and the yelping of curs made night hideous. The



MONTGOMERY C. MEIGS,
QUARTERMASTER GENERAL OF THE UNITED
STATES ARMY

source of these sounds was inside, not outside, the barrack, for the spirit of mischief had seized on the hundred men. Stray boots and other missiles were hurled in the darkness and increased the pandemonium. A company officer came into the barrack with a lighted lantern and demanded that order be at once observed. He was glad to

beat a hasty retreat, as he became the target for every man who could lay his hand on anything movable. For three long hours the infernal racket continued. In the words of the regiment's historian, "The evil one himself was without doubt on a rampage that night and raised a very bedlam in our midst." At last exhausted nature could stand it no longer and at midnight quiet reigned, broken only by the snoring of some noisy sleeper or muttered words of some dreamer of home or the unknown future.

If the raw recruit did not sleep well the first night in camp, it is quite certain that he did the second and subsequent ones, for work, hard and constant, awaited him. The volunteer who expected to "take things easy" must have been grievously disappointed. Nothing can give a better idea of what camp life really was than the soldier's daily routine.

Here is the way the 1st Cavalry spent its time:

Reveille before sunrise	
Stable call	6 30
Sick call	6 30
Orderly	7 15
Breakfast	7 30
Watering	8 30
Guard Mount	8 30
Drill	9 30
Recall	10 30
Drill	11 00
Recall	12 00
Dinner	12 30
Drill	2 00
Recall	3 00
Stable call	3 00
Retreat and Dress Parade	
quarter of an hour before sunset.	
Tattoo	9 00
Taps	9 30

This, it will be seen, kept the men pretty busy. Not only was there the daily drill; there were other demands upon the time and

strength of the common soldier, the most important of these being police and guard duty. Now, at first thought and without accurate knowledge, the former of these would seem to be rather a pleasant diversion than otherwise. Visions of blue-coated officials, sleek and comfortable, doubtless floated before the mental vision of the recent comer to Readville, but he was rudely awakened from pleasant dreams when he was assigned to "police" duty. Imagine his amazement when ordered to empty the garbage barrels, then sweep out the barrack, and then dig awhile in the well that was being excavated.

Guard duty was not quite so laborious, but was monotonous and lonely to the last degree at night, especially when it was cold and wet. To be sure, in cold weather, the State liberally supplied good cordwood which was burned in truly reckless fashion in huge bonfires at which the shivering sentinel could thaw out his congealing blood now and then; but nevertheless, the darkness, the stillness, the monotony, with only the quiet stars and one's own thoughts for company, made guard duty dismal indeed, and yet there were compensations; the possibility of unlawful attempts to enter the camp and the necessity for decisive action, must have come as a sort of tonic after the dull routine of the day. The cry for the corporal of the guard when an arrest was made, passed from man to man along the endless line of sentinels that encircled the camp, must have broken weirdly on the stillness of the night and brought dreams of war to sleeping soldier in barrack or tent near by.

Beside the regular squad, com-

pany, battalion and regimental drill on the great parade grounds, there were, in addition, what tried the staying power of the recruit more than anything else,—viz., the practice marches into the surrounding country, foretastes of interminable and exhausting expeditions awaiting them when they should become real soldiers in real war. An examination of the daily routine will show that there was considerable time for rest and recreation, and here comes in the bright side of camp life. What with games, bathing in pond or river, concerts by the bands, practical jokes, midnight foraging on the hen-coops of neighboring farmers, the excitement of desertions and captures, the arrests of bounty jumpers, incipient riots by hilarious soldiers, the days were filled with work or play from reveille to taps. But the dress-parade gave the men more real satisfaction than any sport they were able to devise. The young soldier never felt so much a soldier as on the days when with clean brushed uniform and polished musket he stood up to be looked at by the crowd, which always made the most of this exhibition of what the recruit could do.

The important factor of discipline was not overlooked at Camp Meigs. The two main offences were drunkenness and abuse of furloughs. The former, the camp being only five miles from the city limits, was impossible to prevent. The men must, of course, be granted furloughs and the temptations of the city were irresistible. Indeed, it was these very temptations that played havoc with the time-limits of the furloughs. It was required that each furlough be promptly

passed to the officer of the day as soon as the man returned. Had he overstayed the limit given he was subjected to a searching examination which usually revealed the truth. If he were able to furnish a good reason for his tardy arrival he was excused. If he failed, he was punished by imprisonment in the guardhouse where, with "plain living," and let us hope "high thinking," he was taught the first duty of the soldier—obedience.

For more serious offences, incarceration in the camp prison for

lutely nil:—there was simply the hole in the ground and the space above. All a man could do was to do nothing. To be sure, he could *think*, but that can't be avoided anywhere. The sweat box probably fell into innocuous desuetude in winter, but in summer it blossomed into great usefulness. After one had stood up in that hole about twenty minutes in a hot July or August day with the blazing sun beating mercilessly down upon the thin sides and roof with no asbestos covering to keep out the waves of caloric, the



COMPANY E, 44TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY, CAMP MEIGS, SEPTEMBER, 1862

longer periods was imposed; while for infractions of certain rules, a short term of solitary confinement in the "sweat box" already mentioned, was the penalty. Now confinement in this unique institution was necessarily solitary, inasmuch as there positively wasn't room for more than one occupant at a time. Fancy the plainest possible box-like structure about three feet square set over a hole in the ground eighteen inches deep, with very limited provision for ventilation, and you have the sweat box. The furnishings of this diminutive prison were abso-

occupant began to have a vivid sense of the reasonableness of the name given the little house. A Turkish bath was really cool in comparison. The prisoner was amazed to find how much perspiration one man could hold and made all manner of New Year's resolutions. He would have given six months' wages for a glass of cold water. And when finally he emerged, looking like a rat drowned in hot water, he was a sadder, and let us hope, a wiser man.

These were great days in the history of Camp Meigs, days that

quicken the pulse of the soldier and the on-looking civilian. The presentation of flags to the various regiments by their friends or by the State was always an inspiring scene. The beautiful banners, spotless then, but so soon to be stained with blood, held the eye of the beholder, and stirred his heart, too. The presentation addresses, breathing pride, affection and patriotism, and the quiet and manly responses were long remembered. The days when grand reviews were held in honor of the presence of Governor Andrew, famous generals from the front, or national officials, were red-letter days in the calendar of the Camp's history. And when the sad and solemn day came that some regiment was at last ready for that for which all the months of preparation had fitted it,—when the order had come to start for the front, when drill was to be exchanged for battle,—that indeed was a day fraught with great issues.

The story of the camp life of any one of the regiments that were at Readville would be interesting indeed. Space permits reference to only the 1st Cavalry. The cavalry service was very attractive to the ordinary man. Compared to the infantry, it seemed to offer a life of ease. To walk all day loaded down with musket, haversack, canteen and knapsack was quite different from riding horseback, and so there was no lack of recruits for the cavalry service; but the government, instead of taking advantage of this abundance of material and sifting out the best, showed no discrimination whatever, accepting heavy men who had never been astride a horse in their lives, when they might have secured light men who were entirely

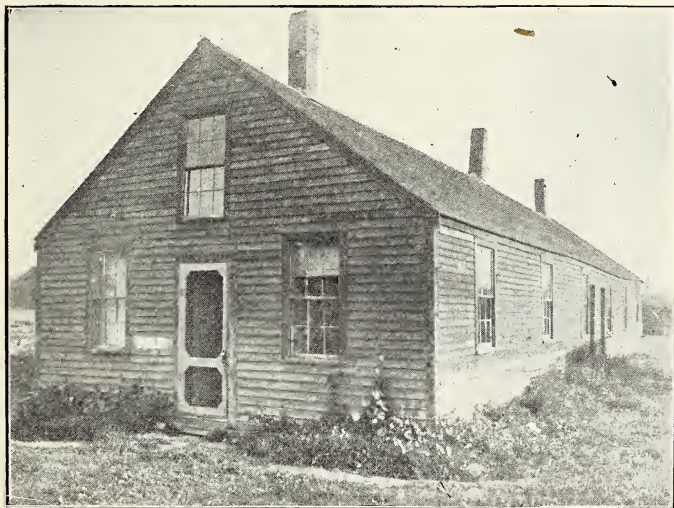
at home on a horse's back. But the 1st Cavalry was made up almost entirely of existing military organizations. Companies A and B were mainly from the Boston Dragoons; Companies C, D and G from the Boston Lancers; Companies L and M from the Waltham Dragoons; Companies I and K from the North Bridgewater Dragoons; Companies E and F from the Springfield Horseguards; Company H was from Essex County and represented no organization. The horses for the regiment were bought of contractors and seemed to include all the vicious and unmanageable equine quadrupeds in the State. They were a motley lot. Few had ever had a human being on their back. They were mostly "Canucks," short-legged, with thick mane and tail, but with training they proved to be excellent animals. Their endurance was remarkable. They could not quite subsist on the diet of the proverbial goat, but they came pretty near it, keeping up their strength on the bark of trees and leaves; in fact on anything eatable.

The various companies reported at Readville during September, 1861. Governor Andrew was determined that the first cavalry regiment from the old Bay State should be an ideal one and realized that everything depended upon the character and ability of its colonel. He knew no man in Massachusetts who met the requirements. In Virginia there was such a man and to him he at once offered the colonelcy. He accepted it and prepared to immediately assume the duties of the position. The man thus selected was Robert Williams of the United States Army, a graduate of West Point,—an ideal cavalry officer, a

thorough disciplinarian, of remarkable dignity of character and bearing, and a splendid horseman. For Lieutenant-Colonel, Governor Andrew selected Horace Binney Sargent of his own staff, a superb horseman, an ardent patriot, an enthusiast in military matters, but without experience.

Trouble arose at the very outset. The men had expected that they were to elect their field officers, as they had their company officials. When Williams and Sargent ap-

been placed under arrest for disobedience. His men resented this interference in what they considered their affairs, and on Lieutenant Rand's appearance to take charge of a fatigue party for duty at the stables, greeted him with insulting language, hooting, etc. Their conduct was reported to Lieutenant Colonel Sargent who ordered Lieutenant Crane's arrest. In the afternoon the men grew turbulent and some were put in the guard house. Their comrades threatened to pull



THE LAST OF THE BARRACKS

peared and assumed charge the regiment was not only astonished, it was indignant. Discontent soon voiced itself in murmurs of disapproval. Disappointment grew into insubordination and insubordination into actual mutiny. On Wednesday November 7th, Lieutenant Rand was ordered by Lieutenant Colonel Sargent in the absence of Colonel Williams, to report for duty to Lieutenant Crane, commanding Company F from Springfield, Captain Robinson of that Company having

down the house and so release them. At six o'clock the men of the mutinous Companies E and F became boisterous. They assembled in squads and went about shouting: "Down with the tyrants!" "No more slavery for us!" "Down with the Beacon Street aristocracy!"

Lieutenant Colonel Sargent appeared and ordered them to disperse. They hooted and derided him. Deeply angered he drew his sword and inflicted summary punishment on several. One man re-

fused to go to his quarters. The Colonel struck him with the edge of his sword, inflicting a flesh wound. Even then he refused to stir. Colonel Sargent then drew his revolver and fired, but missed him. A guard of fifty men then arrested twenty of the ring-leaders and put them in confinement. Messengers were sent to Dedham jail for handcuffs. Companies D and M were put on guard duty for the night.

Fears of a general uprising were expressed. Messengers were dispatched to the city for revolvers and ammunition. Governor Andrew and staff hurried to the camp to suppress the reported mutiny. Colonel Stevenson of the 24th was ordered to report to Colonel Williams, if he asked for help. The insubordinates were at last secured in their tents and a strong guard posted at the quarters of each company to keep the men indoors. On Thursday, the next day, no civilians were admitted to the camp. At 11 o'clock Colonel Williams returned. He at once called the men together and gave them a lecture on the duties of a soldier, which doubtless, they never forgot. "All quiet on the Neponset" was the report Thursday from Readville. Two captains and a lieutenant were summarily dismissed from the service and escorted to the depot by a squad of twelve men of Company B.

Colonel Williams soon realized that he could never make the regiment what it should be with the company officers the men had chosen. He determined to weed out all who were inefficient, and appoint men of the right sort in their places. Many were at once asked to resign. Those remaining were plainly told they were on proba-

tion. October 29th Colonel Williams wrote to Governor Andrew as follows:

"I would most earnestly recommend that none of the officers be appointed to whom I have referred as being unfit for cavalry duties. A cavalry officer should be a man of comparatively light, active figure, of quick, active intellect, and in addition, capable of leading his men, if necessary into the most desperate encounters, with coolness, but at the same time with the greatest rapidity. He should be first in every charge and last in every retreat."

He sent the roster, criticising each man as to capability, mental and physical, severely and pitilessly. Here are a few specimen observations:

"Is too old,—is unfit for cavalry duties."

"Lacks energy of mind and body."

"Might be tried farther."

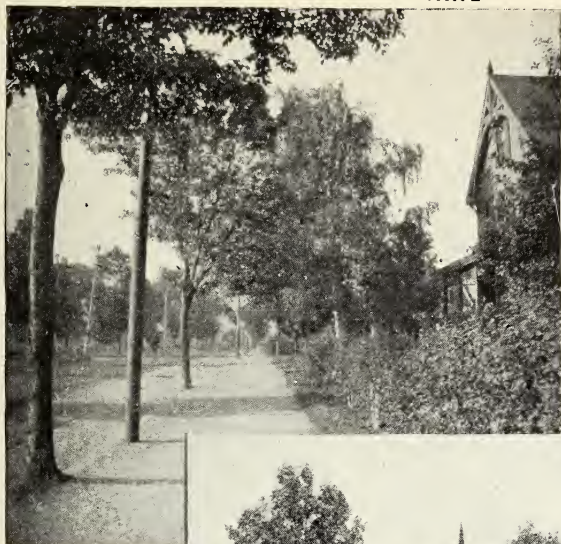
"Is too heavy, lacks energy."

The officers whom Colonel Williams had so summarily dismissed were determined to ruin him. They preferred charges against both him and Lieutenant Colonel Sargent. The press took up the matter and much bitter feeling was engendered. Soon the public began to see that here was a man who knew his business. The charges fell through. Feeling quieted down and the regiment began to show the result of rigid training.

About Thanksgiving, young men began to appear at camp, of fine bearing and with intelligent faces, lithe, strong and active. They had been invited by Colonel Williams to enlist in his regiment with the promise that if found fit they should be made company officers. About twenty most efficient men were thus secured.

We learn from the regimental historian that the camp was finely located as far as securing supplies was concerned, but was as cold a

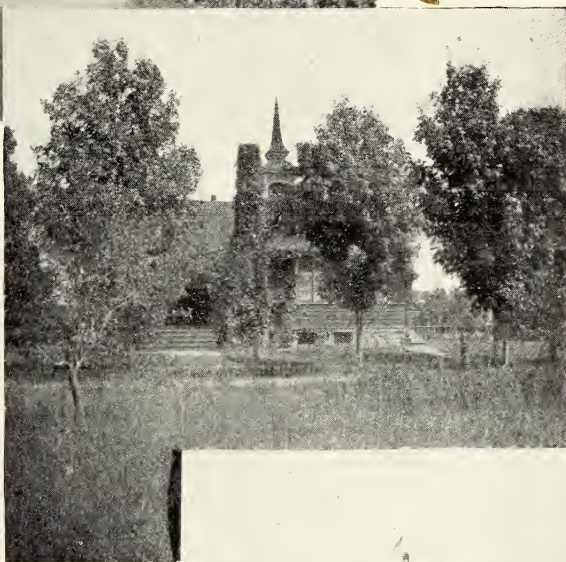
R.I.R



spot as could be found in Massachusetts. The horses no doubt were of the same opinion, for the stables were hurriedly built of rough boards and were exceedingly well ventilated. The men drilled all the weather would permit, and, in addition, were required to take care of the horses. Little leisure remained. Mounted drill began about December 1st, at first without saddles. Now, for an inexperienced person to ride, even with a good saddle, is quite a precarious under-

taking. Imagine then the scene with hundreds of men mounted bare-back, some for the first time in their lives astride a horse, the horses as unused to the experience as the riders, here and there a fiery steed leaping wildly, there a balky horse, here an unseated unfortunate grovelling in the dirt,

bruised and disgusted, the butt of pitiless ridicule, and you have a subject which it is a pity some amateur photographer could not have



A STREET ON THE CAMP GROUND, 1904

BLUE HILL CHAPEL, CAMP GROUND

GRAND STAND AND CLUB HOUSE

preserved for future generations to laugh over. Each battalion had horses of a different color, viz.: 1st battalion, bays, 2nd battalion, sorrels, 3rd battalion, blacks, while the greys went to the band. Every trooper naturally wanted the best horse, but naturally too, this was impossible; result, hard feelings, recrimination, charges of favoritism, etc. In the well-chosen words of the historian, "Forcible exchanges occurred, not to call the deed by a worse name."

The autumn of '61 was very cold and very wet. The soil of the campground, especially about the stables, became a vast sea of mud. The result of a cold snap can be imagined. Locomotion for horse and man over this frozen expanse was anything but agreeable. Many horses were sick. As already stated the uninitiated looked on the cavalry arm of the service as affording an easy life. This illusion was quickly dispelled at Camp Meigs. The man who looked forward to the fun of riding around on horse-back with possibly a groom supplied by Uncle Sam to look after the horse, found that not only was he a soldier like an infantryman, but he was also a groom, a hostler, and a nurse and attendant to a sick horse.

On December 9th the whole regiment marched into Boston, going through the principal streets, and back again to Readville. The only cavalry the Boston people had ever seen in their lives were the red-coated Lancers as spick and span as tailors could make them, and the blue-coated Dragoons with gleaming brass ornaments. These men from Camp Meigs were quite different. Their uniforms were muddy, dirty and worn. Their saddles and bridles were ditto, their horses

were unkempt and untamed. The enthusiasm was not marked, but the right stuff was there. Those very men, mounted on those very horses, on many a bloody field, brought glory to Massachusetts and undying fame to themselves. Colonel Williams was anxious to get away at the earliest possible moment. Newspaper criticism and a constant stream of visitors he did not consider conducive to good discipline.

On December 25th the first battalion, under Major Greeley, bade good-bye to Camp Meigs amid the cheers of assembled comrades and visitors. On the next day the second battalion, and on the 28th the third took its departure. At Hilton Head the battalions were reunited and entered upon the active service which brought imperishable fame to the First Massachusetts Cavalry.

Toward the close of the war, Camp Meigs was transformed into a United States Hospital Camp to which convalescent sick and wounded soldiers were brought, and where in the quiet of green fields and overshadowed by the sentinel hills, they waited, often in vain, for old-time health and vigor. Many a brave boy thus ended his young life at Readville in 1864 and 1865. Sixty-four of them are buried in one lot in the old cemetery in Dedham, the State of Massachusetts having erected a monument there to their memory. Far back from the village street it stands, a granite shaft with marble tablets on its four sides in which are cut the names of the dead. Here under the sighing tree-tops, in the quiet of this old town of the Puritans, they sleep their last long sleep.

To-day Camp Meigs is a thriving village, a part of the town of Hyde Park. Chapel and Library and

happy homes have taken the place of barrack and tent and guard house, but the people have never forgotten that they live on historic ground. In the little Chapel, on every Memorial Sunday, the old veterans gather, uniting with all the people in solemn memorial service. The Camp Meigs Memorial Association years ago planted a flagstaff surrounded by handsomely mounted

six-inch Rodman guns in the little park of three acres, itself a part of the old parade ground. Only July 4th, 1903, this park was formally christened "Camp Meigs Memorial Park," with impressive and appropriate ceremonies. Thus will the memories of the mighty struggle in which a nation was born again be perpetuated on the Old Camp Ground at Readville, Massachusetts.

America's Greatest Actor

By HENRI LAURISTON

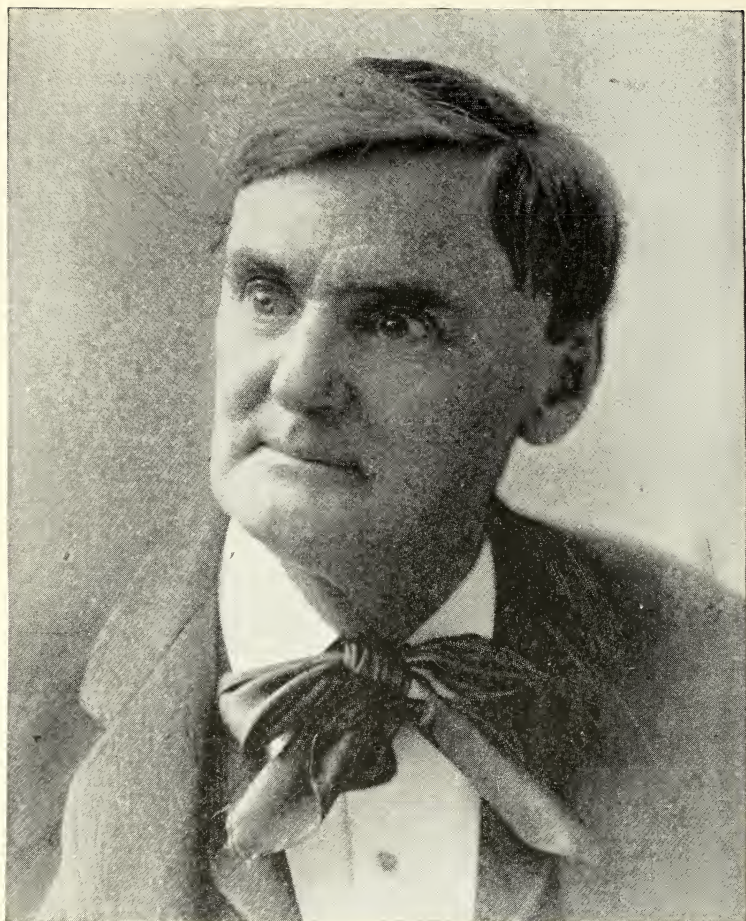
JOSEPH JEFFERSON is dead! No one on the dramatic stage during the last half of a century will be so missed. He stood for simplicity, purity, and healthful

gend of Sleepy Hollow" secured a new and prolonged lease of popular interest and favor through his impersonation of one of the most lovable and interesting characters in American fiction.

Although a Philadelphian by birth, the present generation of play-goers has identified him with New England, through his summer home on Buzzard's Bay. They, too, find it hard to realize that his theatrical career covered more than sixty years—much more in fact if we compute from his "first appearance" at the age of three years. Among his early triumphs were the characters of "Dr. Pangloss," "Asa Trenchard," "Caleb Plummer," and "Fagin," but these are all well-nigh forgotten in his perennial success as "Rip Van Winkle," in which he has delighted both old and young for over forty years. Before 1865 he had acted the character in an earlier play, and had become in love with it,—so much so that he conceived the advantage of a new version which was constructed for



things in his profession, and he was a most practical and efficient agent in its elevation. The shade of Washington Irving owes him an immeasurable debt, for "The Le-



JOSEPH JEFFERSON

him by the famous play-wright, Dion Boucicault, and in this he has immortalized himself, and firmly linked his name with that of Washington Irving, who created the character.

The new version made its initial appearance at the Adelphi, in London; it captivated the English press and public, and the performance was hailed with a chorus of praise. Everyone now knows that it was his favorite character, and the one in which he was most successful.

When he introduced the new play to this country, its English welcome was at once repeated, and it became the most popular of American plays, and he the most permanently popular of American actors. He made notable successes, too, as Golightly in "Lend Me Five Shillings" and as Bob Acres in "The Rivals;" but these and other impersonations are now overshadowed by the enduring splendor of the greater memory.

Mr. Jefferson has been a Massa-



"I WON'T COUNT THIS ONE"

achusetts man since about 1887 when he settled on the shore of Buzzard's Bay; giving his home the name, "Crow's Nest." The first house was burned in 1893, and the present structure was erected immediately afterward. While not professionally engaged Mr. Jefferson has resided here, except during the winter months, when he has occupied a home at the South. His "Crow's Nest" is an attractive building of stone and brick. Its first story is of water-worn beach "cobbles" laid in cement, and the second story is of dark red brick. The arches and window casings are of rough ashlar granite. The house is filled with

pictures, souvenirs and bric-a-brac gathered since its erection; a larger and invaluable collection was lost when his first home was burned.

Especially in his later years Mr. Jefferson was recognized as a scholar in literature and enjoyed the friendship of many men of letters. He was also called upon for lectures on dramatic and pictorial art before the students of Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Columbia, and other colleges, and in this field he demonstrated the fact that his experience and observation had developed in him an all-round scholarship. He was far broader in his knowledge and capacity than a mere actor, and his life work reached into ampler fields.

He found relief from the routine of his profession in the cultivation of landscape painting, and although his canvases are prized by their possessors more as personal souvenirs than as "high art," they are by



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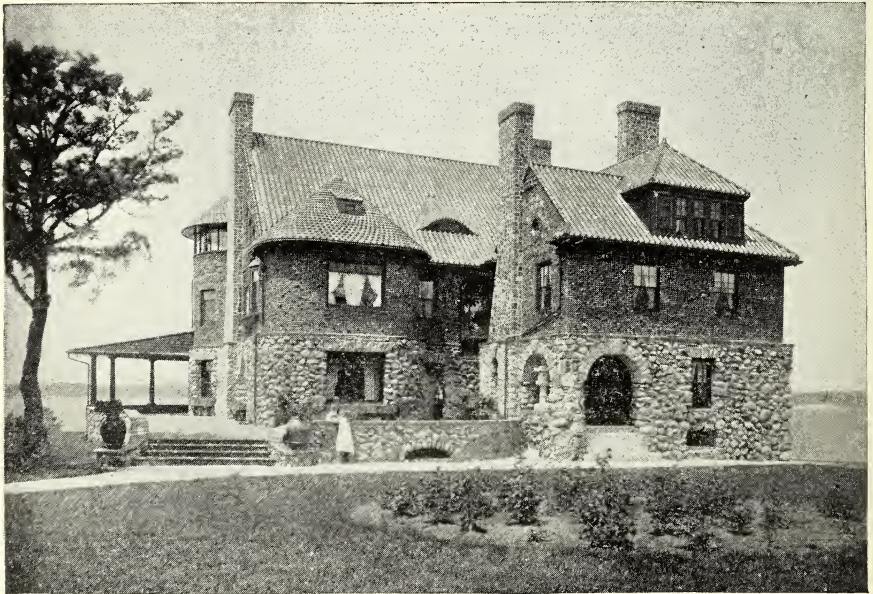
WAKING FROM THE TWENTY YEARS' SLEEP.

no means without merit. He had a quick recognition and a keen appreciation of the beautiful in natural scenery, and he developed a good degree of facility in transferring what he saw to canvas. His other recreation was the fishing-rod, and not only Cape Cod streams and Vineyard Sound but many popular Southern angling resorts have for years found him a notable disciple of Isaak Walton.

The actor's first wife was Mar-

is also a reputable dramatic critic. One of his daughters was the wife of B. L. Fargeon, the English novelist.

One of his biographers describes him as "a thoughtful, scholarly man, a careful student of nature an ardent admirer of trees and flowers, a clever landscape painter, and a philosopher withal. His simplicity of manner is marked. He is a religious man, with faith in God and a firm belief in a future existence." The fame and fortune



CROW'S NEST

garet Clements Lackaye, an English actress to whom he was married in 1850. She died in 1861, leaving four children. He married again, in 1867, a Miss Warren of Chicago, a niece of the Boston Museum's bright particular star, the late William Warren. There were five children by the second wife, who survives him. Two of his sons, William Winter and Thomas, have become well-known on the American stage, and the first named

that he won so plentifully did not stifle the springs of human love and kindness in his heart; age brought with it only a becoming dignity and courtliness of manner. Both his profession and his private life have been singularly free from blame; he has left behind a memory with little in it to regret while his additions to the pleasure and profit of his thousands of admirers are no trivial contributions to have made to the world at large.

Maxim Gorky:

Tramp, Story-Teller and Adventurer

By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

THE name of Maxim Gorky has appeared many times of late in telegraphic dispatches from Russia. His vigorous words in favor of revolution have been thought worthy of world-wide publication. Interviews with him have appeared, in which his confidence in an uprising of the people has been emphatically expressed. Then has come the report of his incarceration in the great prison of Peter and Paul in Petersburg, in company with other literary men guilty of political offences, such as desiring liberty and a constitutional government for Russia. That energetic protests should be made against severe punishment for this brilliant writer show that his genius has met with generous recognition on the part of those best able to appreciate its originality and its power.

Maxim Gorky is the most widely read and popular of Russian writers to-day in his own country. Although only about thirty-five years old, he has won recognition as the writer above all others who has best interpreted the life of Russia in its conditions of unrest and revolution. Why the people in that country are not contented, and yet why the revolutionary spirit proves abortive of results, he has made known as no traveller, economist, or historian has been able to do. His stories give the fullest details as to the con-

ditions at work to produce a class of restless, discontented, and revolutionary men, who are as yet powerless to accomplish anything beyond making a protest.

During the last forty years many conditions have existed in Russia that have tended to remove men from the habitual relations of life, and to put them into an attitude of revolt against the established order. The processes connected with emancipation took many of the peasants away from the land and their communal villages, only to make them tramps and vagabonds. The introduction of factories, railroads, and commercial methods has dispossessed another large class of the established safeguards of the old life. The changing conditions of the social order, education, and industrial methods have also served to deprive many men of the higher rank of their former position and occupations, and these have been added to the growing company of those who are without homes and social standing. The class of broken and dispossessed men in Russia is larger than in any other country, and it is the one to which the revolutionary menace is due.

It is this class which Gorky has described, and from intimate personal knowledge. His boyhood was spent among these men, and he only escaped from their ranks after

he had well advanced into manhood. He has set forth the causes why this class exists with great clearness, and with a thorough appreciation of its nature as a factor in the social, political, and intellectual life of Russia. Its characteristics he has minutely described, not only in its restless, wandering habits, but also as to its social position, philosophy of life, and its bold craving for personal liberty. Some of these men are mere tramps, because they are lazy, wanting in purpose, and disconnected from the habitual social supports. Others are actively at war with society, will not accept the governmental theory of duty and ethical obligation, and make their lives a constant protest against the existing order. These men are often students, thinkers, and bold theorizers; and they are tramps and vagabonds because they will not submit to what they conceive to be unjust and cruel laws. This is the really revolutionary class, which Gorky thoroughly understands, and which he has portrayed with the skill of genius and the power of an original thinker.

I

Alexei Maximovitch Peshkoff was born in Nijni Novgorod, a great commercial city on the Volga in eastern Russia, on March 14, 1868, or on March 26, 1869, as another authority asserts. His paternal grandfather was a lieutenant in the Russian army, but was degraded to the ranks for his cruelty to the soldiers of his command. His son ran away from Tobolsk, in Siberia, where the family lived, and became an upholsterer in Nijni Novgorod; and by energetic effort he became a manager in the office of a steamship company in Astrakhan, and there

died in 1873 of an attack of cholera caught from his son Maxim. The maternal grandfather was a merchant in Nijni Novgorod and became wealthy, but was bigoted and a miser. He was strongly opposed to the marriage of his daughter to the upholsterer Peshkoff.

The mother married again, and the boy Maxim was placed with her father. She soon died of consumption, and Maxim was then wholly under the care of his grandfather, who was a religious zealot of a narrow type, and taught the boy to read from the Psalter. Maxim was in school for five months, and then was obliged to leave on account of an attack of the smallpox, never to return. The grandfather lost his property in speculation, and at nine years of age Maxim was apprenticed to a bootmaker. In a few weeks he severely scalded his hand, and was discharged as useless. Next he was apprenticed to a relative, a mechanical draughtsman; but within a year he ran away, and found a place with an icon painter. This place not being to his liking, he embarked on a Volga steamship as the assistant to a cook, named Michael Smurny. This man was fond of reading, insisted that Maxim should acquire the same habit, and loaned him the books he possessed. Among these were the works of Gogol and the elder Dumas, together with many romances and other volumes. Maxim eagerly devoured the books thus opened to him, and became a voluminous reader from that time. The cook was a man of some education, and he was of real assistance to Maxim in teaching him the worth of knowledge and how to acquire it by his own efforts.

Maxim's taste of the sweets of

wisdom sent him off to Kazan with the expectation of entering the university there. Finding that his ignorance and his want of money made it impossible, he became a baker in that city. This was his severest time of disappointment and bitter labor. Escaped from the hard work and small pay of this employment, he found work in a cotton mill, in loading and unloading barges, in sawing wood, and at whatever else came to hand. He came into intimate contact with the students of the university, joined some of their clubs, and read many books. Life was not easy for him, however, and in 1888 he put a bullet into his own body, but without bringing his life to an end, as he purposed. After his recovery he peddled apples on the street, became a railway watchman in Tsaritsuin, and then was summonsed to Nijni Novgorod to serve in the army. Not proving physically fitted for the service, he missed the experiences army life would have given him. Having sold kvas or white beer to a time, it was his good fortune to fall in with a lawyer by the name of Lanin, who took Maxim into his office, set him to copying legal documents, aided him in enlarging his education, and loaned him the best books. He improved his time to good purpose, made many literary acquaintances, and took part in the clubs where the burning questions of the day were being discussed.

After a year or more of this life Maxim left Nijni Novgorod, and for two years was a tramp. He felt that he was not in his proper place in the intellectual class, and in 1890 he joined "the barefoot brigade" he has so masterfully described in his stories. He tramped over every part of Russia, from Petersburg to

Astrakhan, and from Little Russia to Siberia. His own experiences, as well as what he thought and felt, have found a large place in his earlier stories. The only knowledge we have of these years, as well as of many of Maxim's preceding adventures, is to be found in his realistic sketches. In October, 1892, he was living in Tiflis, employed in the railway workshops, engaged in study during his spare hours, and in making friends of the seekers for social reform.

Here he found a new interest, seen in the fact that he presented himself to the editor of the leading newspaper in Tiflis, with the manuscript of the story called "Makar Chudra" in hand. The editor read while the author waited, accepted the story, and asked what name should be signed, none appearing on the manuscript. He was told to write that it was by Maxim Gorky. "Then, that is your name, is it?" "No, but it will serve as a signature, for I do not wish my real name to appear." Thus the young laborer, at the age of twenty-four, first appeared in the world of letters. The name he took for his literary work means Maximus the Bitter. Sometimes the first word is spelled Maxime, and sometimes Maksim, in English translations.

Maxim Gorky's first story was of a romantic nature, and showed many of his later characteristics, though not his fully developed realism. It is told by an old gypsy of giant build, and eloquent and poetical speech, who describes an Apollo and a Venus of his tribe. Loiko Zabor is handsome, a skilful musician, and the most daring of the young men of his people. He loves Radda, a maiden of beauty, grace, and power to bring all youth to her

feet. Radda says to Loiko Zabor that she loves him, and has never loved any other. She declares, however, that she loves liberty above every other thing, more even than the gypsy knight she proposes to marry. She tells him that he must love her with body and soul, and be wholly under her control. She appoints the morrow as the time when he shall bow down to her in the presence of the camp and kiss her hand—then she will be his wife. On the morrow the camp assembled, and as Radda waited her lover's submission, he plunged a dagger into her breast. As she drew it out, she exclaimed, "I knew you would do it." Radda's father came forward, picked up the knife, and struck it deep into the back of the murderer, opposite his heart. The declaration of Radda to her lover, in this tale of romance and crime, "I love liberty above everything else," was to be repeated by Gorky in many of his succeeding stories. His life as a tramp had taught him the greatness of liberty, if nothing else. He has prized it above every other thing he has come to know.

The publication of this story awakened large hopes in Gorky's mind, and he left the capital of Georgia for Kazan, where he published several stories in the leading newspaper. In 1893 he sent "Emelyan Pilyai" to the *Russkia Vedomosti* of Moscow, the leading liberal journal in Russia. In this story a tramp tells his companion, after they have been starving on the steppe and have been relieved by two peasants, how he had once gone out to rob a merchant, and was kept from committing the crime because a slip of a girl attempted to jump into the

near-by river to drown herself on account of having been deserted by her student-lover. He walked home with her, would not take the money she offered, but the greatest thing which ever happened to him in all his forty-seven years was the kiss she gave him on his forehead.

The same year Gorky returned to Nijni Novgorod. Here he made the acquaintance of Vladimir Korolenko, a leading man of letters, who helped him, as the young writer has gratefully acknowledged, "to make his way into the realm of the greater literature." He taught Gorky many things, and especially how to write; and he also aided him in finding his way into the big magazines and reviews. In 1905 appeared in *Russian Wealth*, a monthly review, the story called "Chelkash," one of the most powerful of all Gorky's writings. The same year he entered the monthly magazine *Russian Thought* with "A Mistake," one of his minor sketches. He also became a writer of sketches or feuilletons for the *Gazette* of Samara. His stories now appeared in rapid succession in all the leading Russian publications of the first class, until about forty of them had been given to the public, making three volumes when collected into books. His fame rapidly grew, he was soon regarded as the leading story-writer in Russian, and became the idol of the people.

Gorky had not yet found his real place in literature. He produced in 1895 certain romantic stories, such as "The Old Woman Izergil," "A Fairy Tale," "The Little Fairy and the Young Shepherd," and a poem, "On the Black Sea." In "Emelyan Pilyai" and "It Happened Once in Autumn," he showed his realistic power and his mastery of the life of

vagabondage. In 1896 he produced such romantic stories as "The Song of the Falcon" and "The Khan and His Son," but also those remarkable pieces of human portraiture called "Heart-ache," "Boless," and "Konovaloff." Gradually he gained command over his art, described more closely what he had seen and lived, and with a truer appreciation of its human qualities. Among the stories of the next three years were "The Orloff Couple," "Creatures that Once were Men," "In the Steppe," "Malva," "Red Vaska," and "Twenty-Six Men and a Maid," all of them marked by originality, power, and daring. He followed no models, described life as it presented itself to him, and set forth a spirit of intellectual independence almost revolutionary.

Some of these stories approach the type of novels, and indicate that Gorky was no longer satisfied with sketching a single scene, with two or three characters. Especially is this seen in "Varenka Olyossova," which appeared in 1897. This is a novelette, and might have been easily expanded into a full-grown work of fiction. Here he left the world of trampdom, and entered the realms of society. His characters are a young professor from one of the universities, and members of the families of two landed proprietors, among whom he spends his summer vacation.

It is not surprising, therefore, that in 1899 Gorky published a novel, "Foma Gordyeff," which bears the name of his chief character. This was followed in 1900 by "The Peasant," another novel, which has not yet been translated into English. In 1901 appeared "A Trio," a story of social conditions and ethical pur-

poses. The chief character in this novel is Ilya Loonyeff, who grows up in the midst of poverty and vice, acquires a fondness for reading, has a strong desire for physical cleanliness and purity, and the one ambition of rising from his calling as a pedlar to the ownership of a neat little shop in a quiet street. In a moment of passion he commits murder and gains his desire for outward prosperity. Inwardly, however, his life is one of unrest and anguish. At a party Ilya declares his crime, accuses his hostess of her debaucheries, much as Foma does at a gathering of merchants, rushes from the company of the horror-stricken guests, and throws himself from a height to his death on the pavement below.

At first Gorky had written sketches and short stories, then he produced three or four novels, but during the last two or three years he has devoted himself to the writing of plays. In 1901 appeared his first drama, "Scenes in the House of the Bezsemyonoffs." It was followed in 1903 by "The Lower Depths," a play without plot or sequence. In a house of refuge, like that described in "Creatures that Once were Men," are gathered a company of tramps, thieves, broken actors, and vagabond women. There is in one scene a brief love-story, but there is no definite history developed in the play. The chief interest centres in the altruistic Lookha or Luke, who comforts the dying Anna on her cot, persuades the dissolute Vaska Pepel to truly love the affectionate Natasha and to take her away to a life of decency, inspires the sentimental Nastya to reform her life and to become useful. Lookha has no gospel to give these people, does not even know that he believes in God; but he has that

personal power which touches others with a finer resolve and a braver self-reliance. He declares that if you believe in God, for you God exists; but that if you do not believe, then for you God is without reality. This play, as in the case of so many of Gorky's stories, deals with the outcast and dispossessed classes in Russian society.

A comedy-drama, completed in 1905, is the last of Gorky's works to reach completion. It bears the title of "Drachnike," the Summer Cottagers. It is an attack upon the aristocratic class as idlers, a burden on the workers, mere summer-cottagers in the midst of a busy and striving population. This class is represented as being parasitic, without real aims, living by graft and dishonesty, and wholly unworthy of the position of respect and honor it holds in society. On the other hand, Varvona, the wife of a physician, is strong, self-reliant, truly cultured, and lives for the people. Her brother Vlas is also a brave and sincere man, although a millionaire, and one who uses his life to good purpose.

Gorky's plays, although amorphous in character, have been received with great enthusiasm by the people in Petersburg, and elsewhere in Russia. Whatever their limitations from the artistic point of view, they have a popular appeal that is powerful. This fact shows at once the defects in Gorky's education and the strength of his gift as a man of genius. His limitations as an artist are many and serious, but his capacity for touching the heart and the imagination is greater than that of any other Russian writer.

In 1897 Gorky married, and has since devoted himself almost wholly to literature. For a time he lived in

Nijni Novgorod, but in more recent years at Petersburg. His popularity has steadily grown until he has become the favorite author of all classes in Russia. He has been claimed by all the political parties, because his writings show sympathy with many phases of Russian life. His earlier experiences drew him into the company of the most active protestants against existing conditions, and he had many intellectual affiliations with the anarchists. In more recent years he has actively connected himself with the social democracy, and he has zealously advocated the principles of that party. More than once he has joined in revolutionary movements, and for several years he has been under police surveillance. In 1901 he took the side of the students in their riots of that year, and he was cast into prison for the active aid he gave them. He was permitted, however, by the police authorities, to spend the winter in the Crimea, his health being the reason assigned for this action, for he has been a victim of incipient consumption from the period of his tramp life. When he came out of prison, an enthusiastic meeting was held in his honor by the leading citizens of Nijni Novgorod; but he was not permitted to be present at a like reception in Moscow, on his way to the Crimea. When he was elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in 1902, an honor never before shown to so young a man or one not bred to academic studies, the government intervened with its veto.

II

When Gorky's stories were collected into volumes, they were called "Tales of the Barefoot Brigade." As this title indicates, they

were largely devoted to tramps, vagabonds, broken men, outcasts from society, the driftwood on the river of human life. Among such men Gorky spent several of the most impressionable years of his youth, and he knows the class thoroughly. To him they are the victims of society, men who are more sinned against than sinners. In their ranks he found the forerunners of a new order of society, men who are the thinkers, philosophers, and prophets of a new day.

Some of the men of whom Gorky has written were veritable tramps, too lazy, incompetent, and vicious to keep their place in society. Most of them are revolutionists, in theory at least, who live in a condition of passive if not open revolt against the present social order. That deeply interesting and characteristic story, "In the Steppe," has one tramp who is a student from the University of Moscow, another who has been a soldier of the railroad battalion, while the third, who is the narrator, accounts himself better than other people, though too modest to name his own former calling. When these men came together on the road, they took each other on trust, asked no questions, their one bond of fellowship being a common need of food and shelter. To them it was all one whether a person had been a student, soldier, or thief. That they stood on a level was the one matter of consequence to them, and that they were all starving together was the cause of their acquaintance and fellowship. That the police were watching them, that the peasants of the villages held them under suspicion, and that they hated everyone with the blind rage of an impotent, hunted, and starving beast,

was what kept them faithful to each other.

One of these wanderers over the steppe says that he loves the vagabond life, for it is free as the air. If one is sometimes hungry, yet there is no superior, no master to control one, and he is without constraint upon any of his actions. Under these conditions life is happy, for he is subject to no one on earth. Another of them, Promtoff, in "A Rolling Stone," says that in the vagabond life there is something which lays hold of you, draws you on, and takes complete possession of you. Nothing can be pleasanter than to be free from all obligations, to have gotten rid of the little fetters that irritate when you live with others, and rid of the trifles that keep you from finding life a satisfaction and make it a dreary burden.

The demand that you shall dress fashionably, speak becomingly, and subject yourself to the artificial and conventional requirements of society, is beyond endurance to these men. The foolish ceremonies of society are such as make a weariness of the life of every respectable citizen. They turn it into a base comedy, for nobody tells his neighbor that he is a fool and a villain, though that is his honest opinion, unless it be in some moment of anger that produces sincerity. But the tramp is rid of all this tinsel and folly. In renouncing the conventionalities he was taught in youth, he gains a delightful sense of his own superiority. The teeth of conscience do not gnaw at you, and you are never scratched by the claws of reason. The absurd idea of self-perfection and improvement does not trouble or worry you, and you are above all such self-deception. The people who preach to you these things are mean, dirty,

and evil, and they have not the honesty to say so plainly, even though they know it. They are too cowardly to kill self within themselves, and without that they are worthless in spite of their respectability. Their goodness is a dirty smudge, made up for Sunday, and is worn only on the outside. The naturally good people are very few, and are only to be found among the simple folk outside of towns.

He goes on to say that facts are rot and rubbish, for inclination produces ideas and ideals. In your ideals you have mere crutches, invented because man is a brute, walks on his hind paws, and wishes to make himself something more than he actually is in fact. In my own free life, he says, there are no duties, which is an immense advantage. Another is, that there are no laws but those of nature. There are fleas in the very best inns, and our lives have their discomforts; but you can go where fancy leads, live as you desire, and lie down whenever you wish.

In the tramp's paradise there is only one real drawback, that the stomach is not always full. Emel'yan Pilyai says to his companion, whom we may suppose is no other than Gorky himself, when they have been for two or three days without food, that the stomach in man is the main thing. When the stomach is satisfied, says this philosopher of the free life, the soul is awake. On the other hand, Konovaloff is honest enough, as a single instance among all these characters, to declare that such as he ought to be rooted out of life. Such men, he says, are of no use, they cumber the ground, get in the way of other people, and nobody really owes them anything. In their own eyes they are guilty of

being alive, and they ought to have no desire to live. "An unlucky miasma exudes from me," he says. "When I come near to a man, I contaminate him at once. I bring misery to everyone with whom I come in contact. When you think about it, have I ever in all my life given satisfaction to any one? No, not one person has found any satisfaction in me. I have had to do, however, with many persons. I am a human leper."

This man talks in quite another strain, however, in his more hopeful moments. Then he glorifies the vagabond life, and asserts that the freedom of the tramp is above everything delightful. In the city, life is cramped and rotten, with no light or joy in it; but in the open country you have freshness, freedom, and happiness. You have no thought or care, the breezes blow every particle of dust from your soul, you are without limitations and hindrances, and every kind of beauty is opened to you.

In the same manner talks the pilgrim to Foma Gordyeff. This wanderer says that when you go forth on the free road, you pass through the fields, steppes, and mountains, and gaze on all in freedom. Everywhere the voice of God speaks to you, and even the plume-grass of the steppe burns incense to him. In every blade of grass beats the heart of the Lord; and in earth, meadows, and forests, beauty appears like that of paradise. You look into the sky as you lie under a bush, and it keeps drawing near to you as if it would embrace you. Your soul grows quiet and warm, you have no desire, you envy no one, and you feel that on the earth there is no one but you and God.

It is not surprising, in view of

Gorky's early life, that he is in love with what is free and unconventional, and that he hates all which is artificial and restrictive. Every restraint seems to him cruel, as well as obtrusive and unnecessary. He would get rid of whatever is unnatural, irrational, and proscriptive, however it may be sanctioned by usage and tradition. He admits, in "Konovaloff," that those born in cultured society learn to submit to its restrictions, otherwise it is impossible to acquiesce in its oppressive conventionalities and its legalized customs, which are full of malignant lies. The sincere mind desires to escape from the self-conceit, petty sectarianism of ideas, and vicious insincerity, which freeze the emotions and dwarf the mind. He was born and reared, he says, outside the sphere of conventional society, and has not been able to imbibe its culture without a constant demand arising within him for getting beyond its complex and unhealthy refinements of life. In the country, life is almost as dull and oppressive as among the cultured. The best remedy to these artificialities of town life is to escape to the dives, which, if dirty, are simple and sincere, or to flee into the fields and roads, where one can find plenty of true refreshment, and for which no equipment is required but stout legs and a brave capacity for endurance.

Such is Gorky's attitude towards society and its conventional demands. He is a rebel who will not submit to its laws or in any degree acknowledge its authority. As it were, in the very nature of his being, he is incapable of recognizing its aims and its ideals. He lives in another world, breathes another atmosphere. For him there can be no life save that of nature, freedom,

unrestricted impulse, and loyalty to his own soul.

III

Gorky's attitude toward life and culture has been already indicated, but it is not anything new or peculiar. He presents it in a personal way of his own, and with a national insistence, however; also with a naïveté and sincerity that are refreshing. His tramps are as surfeited with egoism as they are starved from lack of food. They have a lofty and pretentious ambition, being confident they can set the world right, and that all it lacks is their directing power. The starving youth in "One Autumn Night," at the moment when he is most needing a crust of bread, says that he is seriously occupied with the destinies of mankind, that he is planning a new social system, and that he is reading all the books which will prepare him to become an active social force.

In "The Orloff Couple" a shoemaker, who drudges on at his work every day in a dingy underground room, beats his wife and drinks vodka in great quantities, is filled with nameless longings for liberty and power. This man says: "I desire to distinguish myself in a new way. I wish to crush the world to ashes or I would like to enlist a company and kill all the Jews." It is his conviction that he was born with an uneasiness in his heart, but does not know what he wants; he therefore beats his wife for lack of other excitement. He craves for space in which to expand his nature, wishes to grow to great strength, for he feels within him invincible power. He longs to become an epic hero, to do wonderful things; but he finds himself cramped, and living

a mean and narrow life. The couple become nurses in a cholera hospital, but in a few weeks his demands for excitement and fame lead him to insubordination, and he is dismissed. His wife leaves him, and he becomes a wandering vagabond. After years of a drunken and wretched life, he still longs to distinguish himself, to do something that will put him above all men and enable him to spit down on them. "I was born with unrest in my heart, and it is my destiny to be a tramp. The best kind of life in the world is that of the free man, and yet it is slavery. I've walked and ridden in every direction, and yet I find no hope or peace anywhere."

Promptoff, another of these vagabond egoists, declares that life is too limited for him. "Life is narrow, and I am broad," he says in one of his confidential discourses on the road. The distinctive mark of his kind, adds this tramp, is that they cannot find any place on the earth in which they can take root. The itching desire within for something new continually burdens them, and they are always discontented and wretched. They have no capacity for being satisfied with anything, and are never contented with women or money or honors. Gorky describes these men as cast loose from everything, enemies to everything, and ready to set up their negations against everyone. He says of one of these characters what is true of many of them, that his mighty frame was corroded with the rust of a stupid ignorance, poisoned with the venom of false thoughts about life, because he had the misfortune to be born with a sensitive heart. In the Russian world there are many such contemplative persons, who are

more unhappy than any others, because the weariness of their thoughts is increased by the blindness of their minds.

These persons all suffer from heart-ache and the burden of the world's sorrow. It is not their own burdens it is hard for them to carry, but it is the pain and bitterness that enter into the human lot which weigh on them, and which cause them an intolerable suffering. A world-weariness is upon them, and one they cannot put away. What is commonplace and necessary they have no patience with, and they have not the time to deal with what is normal and healthy. They must do great things or, at least, dream of them all day long, even when they have not food or clothing or shelter. A world-sorrow is on them, and in this is their happiness, in so far as they have any. Other joy they would not have, however easily.

To these men their sorrows and misfortunes and poverty are from no fault of their own. It is fate or some star of destiny that brings them all they endure. When they desert sweetheart or wife it is because of a gnawing pain at the heart. When one of them ran away from "a superb woman" his excuse was, "I felt drawn toward something afar." Makar Chudra sums up the tramp's theory of existence when he says that you are to wander, see what you can, then lie down and die. That is all there is to it. Do not stay long in one spot, he adds, for to do so will bring you no good. As day and night follow each other forever, so you must flee all thoughts about life, if you would not cease to love it. This conclusion is quite inconsistent with that of the tramp philosophers who would set the universe to rights, but

it is not less characteristic of these men of the world-sorrow, who have no personal capacity for righting their own defects.

These persons are brave, strenuous, heroic, conquering; but only in words or in dreams. They are forever talking of great deeds, which never come to concrete reality. They sing the glory of the reckless daring of the brave, that the madness of the brave is the wisdom of life; but they never get beyond the singing, except in rare instances. They appeal to us, these tramps and vagabonds, by their audacity, their dreams and ideals, their worthlessness, and their high sentimentalisms; but it is not possible to love or admire them. They are poetical, lovers of nature with genuine appreciation, their thoughts are often noble and even sometimes true; but they are utterly wanting in any practical good for the world.

By these men personal force, the power of might, the strength of an unlimited egoism, are accepted as supreme. It has been remarked by several of Gorky's interpreters, that he has studied Nietzsche as a zealous disciple; but it is very doubtful if this is true. It is not certain that he knows anything of Nietzsche whatever, whose name he does not mention, though he does that of Schopenhauer. He makes many of his characters utter sentiments similar to those of Nietzsche, and he sometimes expresses a like egoism. He voices the same social trend, the same unflinching faith in individualism. Does he wish to make force supreme, or does he find this tendency dominant among the men and women of his country? The latter explanation seems the correct one. If Gorky glorifies brute force, it is because he finds it expressing a

sovereign tendency in the Russia of to-day; and it is especially the chief ethical principle of the broken and outcast men with whom he deals in his early stories.

Many of Gorky's heroes are athletes, of wild, untamed character, men of nature, and lovers of the open world of field, forest, and flood. Orloff defies cities and civilized peoples, would make war on them all, and strangle every one of them. Lakootyin would in no way submit to any man, and the old gypsy says that clever people grasp whatever they want. To whatever depth a man may have fallen, Gorky says, he will not refuse himself the rich joy of feeling that he is stronger, wiser, and more clever than anyone he knows. Emelyan Pilyai thrusts his clenched fist into the face of his companion, and exclaims, "Rights come this way!" Mayakin asserts that the man who would live to the good of himself need have no fear of sin. "Conscience is an unconquerable force only for the weak," says Gorky; "those who are strong conquer it quickly enough and make it an aid to their desires, for they instinctively discover that if they give it the free hand it will soon make it impossible for them to accomplish what they wish." Gorky's men make their way, regardless of others' rights, and fear not conscience or society. They have returned, some of them, to the old law of each for himself, and with a savage energy that bodes no good for the country in which they live.

The chief idea which finds expression in Gorky's stories is freedom, personal liberty, the right to discard all restraints for absolute independence on the part of the individual. His characters can endure no limitation of their freedom, they will not

submit to any laws or accept any personal guidance; and this is why they are on the road, members of the barefoot brigade. They prefer the freedom of the tramp to a fine house and plenty to eat, if they must be purchased with daily toil and the restraints of an orderly life.

Koozya is a workman with good wages, an easy task, and a devoted sweetheart; but the longing for freedom has taken possession of him, and when she tries to keep him by her side, he exclaims to her: "I will not give my freedom for wife or hotse. I am bored when I live in one place, and I must have my chance in the free world. If a person stands in his own way, he is a lost man." Chelhash says to the companion of his crime, the peasant Gavril, that the essential part of a peasant's life is liberty, and he must be his own master. The beautiful gypsy girl, Radda, says to her lover, "I love liberty more than I do you, though I cannot live without your love."

It is not the men only who find freedom above everything else desirable, in Gorky's stories, for the women also have this yearning for unrestraint and self-assertion. They also take to the road, live the free life, and assert their personal power. They are the companions of the men in this return to nature, liberty and hatred of society. Some of these women are admirable, even in their vices and sins; but few of them are really attractive. If they are independent, they are also coarse, passionate, and brutal.

In his earlier writings, Gorky is an anarchist of the philosophical type. He has no love of state or church or of the artificialities of society. He is ready to make war on

them all, for he finds that they oppress the individual. In this he is fully in harmony with Tolstoy, though he has none of Tolstoy's Christian hope that love will redeem the world. He is not in sympathy with Tolstoy's quietism and asceticism, for he is an uncompromising revolutionist. His hatred of oppression and coercion is as great as Tolstoy's, and he is none the less confident that all political and religious authority is based on violence; but he does not accept the great reformer's method of non-resistance as a remedy. Gorky is a revolutionist, and he is ready for an uprising of the people against oppression and tyranny. He believes that the day of freedom is soon coming for all the people, and he is ready to help that its dawn may quickly appear.

IV

It is evident in all Gorky's writings that he has broken with the social traditions and sanctions of the past. Perhaps it would be truer to say, however, that they never became vital to him because of the up-bringing which was his. He identifies organized society with what is artificial and conventional, and it is therefore unworthy and to be discarded. His heroes have found freedom in casting aside these artifices of culture, but they have also found discontent and sorrow. They are restless, discontented, and pessimistic because they are not in harmony with other men and with human institutions.

In "Konovaloff" Gorky represents himself as saying to the strong, robust, manly baker of that name, as they take their rest together after hours of hard labor, that it is not the baker's fault that he is a tramp and aimless in life. It may be proven,

he asserts, that the life of Konovaloff is the result of a long series of influences from the distant past, that he is the victim of conditions he did not make and cannot control, and that he has been reduced to the condition of a social cipher because his rights and opportunities have been withdrawn from him by the injustices of society.

This is evidently Gorky's own belief, and though Konovaloff will not accept it, and holds himself at fault for his own defects, yet it appears so often in these stories there can be little doubt of the author's attitude. To him the time is out of joint, and he is not inclined to blame any "cursed spite" that has moved him to set it right. In fact, he cheerfully accepts the task of reforming the social conditions of his country. Even Konovaloff declares that the life of the Russian towns is vile and wretched, and that they do not give the air or room or moral incentive a man needs.

If the life of the upper classes is vile and bigoted and tyrannical, that of the workers is wretched. In "Twenty-Six Men and a Maid" is given a terrible picture of the condition of these workers, whose life is that of galley-slaves, who are served with the vilest food, and who work incessantly amidst the meanest surroundings. In another story the workers are described as crowded together, fiercely toiling, with an abominable environment, and draining away their strength with no good to themselves, except that in this way they are able to live. The worker sees no result of his labor, and he dies as he has lived, a fool. The peasant is described as the necessary support and mainstay of all other classes, and yet he has

nothing but toil and a few simple pleasures.

The result is a widespread pessimism and despair. At the end of "In the Steppe," one of Gorky's most suggestive and powerful stories, after much of vice and crime has been revealed, the narrator says he is not in fault for what happened to the poor victim of a midnight tragedy, and adds, "No one is to blame for anything, for we are all brutes, every one of us." In "Heart-ache," Mikhail Antonych says that all things happen in accordance with the laws of their own being, and that man in his world is but a worthless nit. We have no right to complain, for everything happens in its own way, according to its own law. What we have to do is to wait patiently until we are crushed, and then accept death as our destiny. We cannot change the laws or resist them; and there is no good in reasoning about them or trying to change their results. We cannot use reason against them, for it, too, is as much subject to law and force as anything else. We are to live on, cease to make wry faces, or we will be ground to powder by our own natures and the forces of life. This is the philosophy of being, Mikhail adds; and it is very simple in what it means and in the results it produces.

In the short novel called "A Trio," Ilya finds everything around him gross and sordid. He desires to live an ideal life, but there is so much of vice, wrong-doing, and moral corruption about him, that all his intentions are frustrated, and he ends his life with wretchedness and suicide. Here is a youth of noble purposes, who craves cleanliness and purity of life; but society gives him no encouragement or aid, and it

continually drags him down. He finds that there is something which constantly works against him, whatever he may do, or however bravely he may strive to live virtuously. It is impossible, he finds, to make our lives such as men ought to live.

Yet it is true of Gorky, as of Tolstoy, that he is at heart an optimist. He is a pessimist only in the sense that he clearly sees how far short the real falls of the ideal. His heart is so set on a world of peace, fellowship, and social unity, that he cannot endure the wretchedness, poverty and war he sees everywhere around him, in whatever direction he looks.

The pessimism, heart-ache, and world-sorrow that form the undertow of doubt and gloom in Gorky's writings is the result of the changing conditions in Russia. The old is giving way to the new, an intellectual revolution is taking place, and men have not yet adjusted themselves to the change. We have seen the manner in which this change has produced a large class of broken and outcast men. These men are often studious, thoughtful, and genuine philosophers; but society cannot make use of them, and they cannot find a place for themselves.

In the same way, this profound change is influencing deeply the lives of the young. They find themselves in a world that is not in harmony with itself. The old traditions, that reign in state and church, have lost their intellectual force for the young, who see what is the drift of opinion, and what the silent change that is coming. They are unnerved, powerless, without hope or ideals, as the result. If they fight for the new life, they are speedily subjected

by sheer force. If they submit, they cease to have moral purpose and spiritual vision.

The effect of these conditions upon the young is presented clearly in "Foma Gordyeff." Foma is himself an example of the disintegrating change that is making the youth of Russia powerless, if they are not revolutionists. The money greed of the merchant class has taken all moral energy from it, and the result is shown in Foma's vicious life and the vagabondage that follows. This novel is lacking in a coherent plot, in stimulating narrative, and in artistic skill; but as a study of the disintegrating forces at work in the leading class, as the result of industrial and economic changes, it is of great importance. Foma is a victim of the new conditions, and his heredity has not fitted him to meet and to overcome them. The merchant is described as a wild beast in his strength, with small brains, who creates scandals, and lives viciously. Such conditions, in the new generation, are the destruction of Foma, who has no inward power of resistance, and finds no moral supports in church or state.

The real effect of the new conditions upon the young is shown in Liuboff, a merchant's daughter, who has imbibed the new culture with the result that she is thoroughly dissatisfied with everything around her, but is powerless to shape her own career. She is not willing to marry a small merchant, who cheats, robs, drinks, and plays cards. She desires to be an individual, and she recognizes her own personality because she understands how badly life is managed. She would run away, but she does not know where to go or what to

do. She reads and studies the most modern works, but only to find herself deeper in the mire, more discontented with herself, and more out of sympathy with the world around her. Everything becomes repulsive to her, and the books she studies do not satisfy her heart. She wishes to find a man to guide her, but that which has made her discontented makes it impossible that any man she knows shall bring her peace and a working purpose in life.

Even this young woman's father, the merchant Mayakin, who is shrewd, unscrupulous, and successful, feels the burden of the new forces. He says that Russia is distracted, with nothing steady in it, everything falling to pieces. Everyone is walking his own way, seeking his own advantage. There is a fog everywhere and all are walking in darkness. Men have the power to reason, but they are not permitted to exercise their minds to bring order out of chaos. Hence it is that there is decay everywhere, and a rottenness that smells to heaven. Such we may assume to be Gorky's estimate of his time and country. He does not despair, but he is confident both are rotten ripe for change.

V

What is it Gorky desires in place of that which now exists? Liuboff gives his answer in "Foma Gordyeff," when she says, in answer to her father's request to know what it is she wants: "That all should be happy and contented, that all should be equal, that everyone should have an equal right to the opportunities of life, and that all men should have a full measure of freedom." This is not a new social program, but it

is a vital one for Gorky, and for the party of progress in Russia.

If in his earlier writings Gorky puts forward the cardinal beliefs of the anarchists, in the novels and plays of more recent years he is a pronounced socialist. Even in the novelette, "Varenka Olyossova," written in 1897, he presents definitely the socialist program, and with full faith in it. Ippalet Sergyevitch, the young professor from a provincial university, talks to Varenka of the injustice of the present distribution of wealth, and of the fatal struggle for bread to which the great majority of men are subjected. He says that most men are deprived of their rights, and that they are crushed to the earth by the greed of the powerful. The poor are helpless, and the rich plunder them without mercy. The mind is the guide of life, but it is beaten down by injustice, prejudice, and hatred, and serves only the advantage of the few who rule. Every sincere man, says the professor, has the great duty upon him of helping to liberate the enslaved; and the privilege of devoting mind and heart to putting an end to the cruel ways which now exist and of hastening the progress that is being made.

For several years Gorky has identified himself with the Social Democratic party, advocated its principles, and devoted himself in many ways to its propaganda efforts. In socialism Gorky sees a redemptive power for Russia, that will give it new ideals and a richer life. While this new social faith has made him more than ever a revolutionist, he is not a preacher of economic change only, for he desires a new spiritual life as well, a finer ethical purpose, and a broader intellectual aim.

Though so thoroughly a realist, Gorky is more than all else an idealist in his wish for a larger social life. It is not more to eat and better houses for which he asks in behalf of the workers, or even a mere increase of happiness; but freedom of spirit, and the inward hope that gives joy and peace. It may be his mind is not fully clarified of the vagabond spirit and the tramp ideals, but he has grown in mental strength and ethical wisdom with his new social convictions. He is a loyal Russian in what he desires for his country, and one who fully appreciates its promise and its opportunity.

For a dozen years Gorky has been under the suspicion of the constituted authorities in Russia. The police have faithfully watched him, and they have ordered his goings and his comings. More than once he has been in prison, his poems and tales have been condemned by the censor, and his life has been nearly forfeit to his revolutionary aims. The other day he was banished to Riga as a man not safe to be at large in the national capital. Not the less steadily because of these experiences does Gorky hold to his faith in a better, more humane, and more rational social order, that will bring to men real freedom and true equality.

Maxim Gorky is an apostle of liberty. His demand is for freedom, and the right of the individual to a life unrestricted by the prejudices and the tyrannies of others. His books show a freshness, an independence, and a naturalness rarely found in literature. He has lived in the open, in untrammelled contact with nature, and he is largely

free from what is artificial. His characters are too often vigorous animals, with unrestrained passions, and they offer no allegiance to the conventionalities they despise.

The limitations of Gorky's training often show in his writings. He does not write for the parlor or the tea-table. He speaks to those who desire truth, and who do not shrink from what is coarse and natural. His plays prove that he has not the dramatic gift in perfection, for his view of life is largely subjective. His characters speak one language, that of Gorky. He has not been able to adopt the objective method and forget himself in the characters he interprets. This is his chief defect, but it enables us to know Gorky's mind, what he thinks, and what his philosophy of life.

Gorky speaks to us not only as a Russian, interpreting for us as no one else has done the revolutionary side of his country's present social existence; but he also appeals to us as a man of the modern world, whose training has been such that he looks with penetrating eyes at what is real, and who shows us the actual life of our own time. The picture he paints may not flatter or please, but there is truth enough in it to make it worthy of our careful consideration. He holds up before us in vivid light the evils we need to avoid. While we rejoice in our industrial progress, it is well not to forget that there is another side to our prosperity and success. If we have the wisdom to read him clearly, no one can show us so justly as Gorky has done whither these may lead for those who are not wise and skilful.

Tufts College

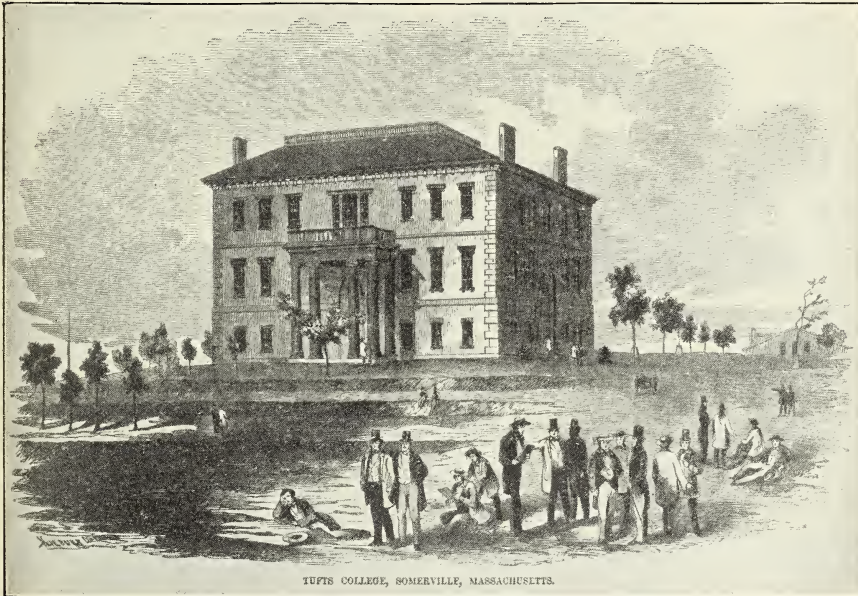
By AMY WOODS

THIS June, in addition to the usual graduation and commencement exercises, Tufts College is to celebrate the semi-centennial of its founding, and the return to the Hill will have an even deeper meaning than usual for the alumni.

During the first twenty-five years

from the same Alma Mater, and in their turn started out to win fame,—when, in short, it has come to its fiftieth birthday, it may well be said to have reached maturity and to be able to establish a place among the older colleges of the country.

Tufts College has established her right to such a place, however, not



BALLOU HALL AT THE OPENING OF COLLEGE

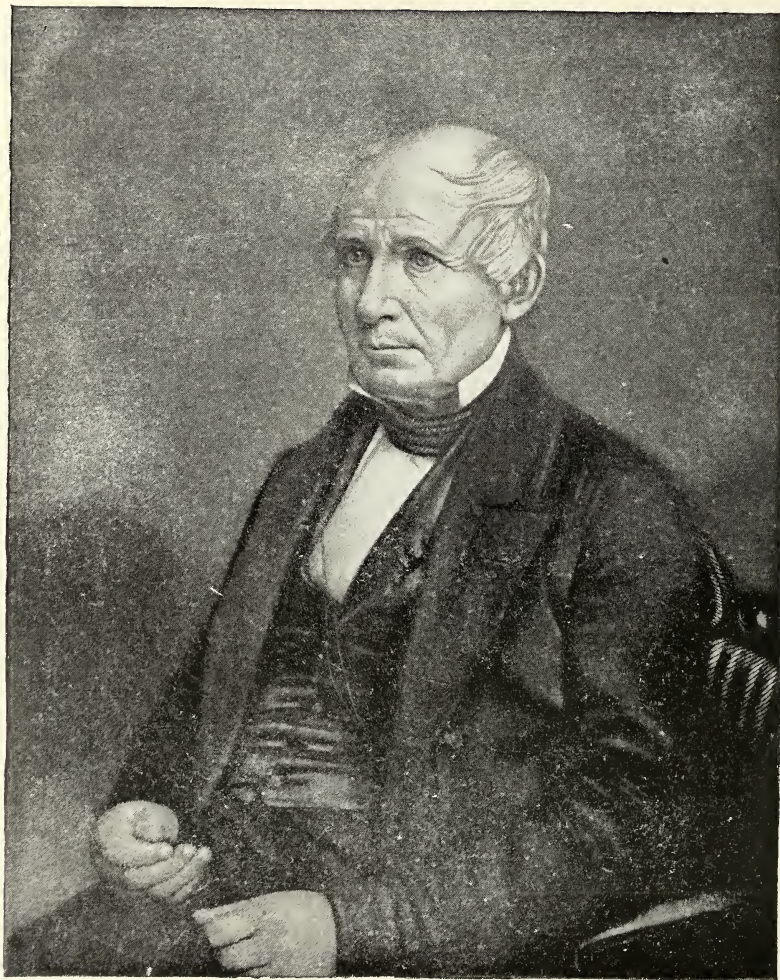
of existence, a college may be said to be in its infancy. The next twenty-five years form a period of adolescence; but when it has weathered these first years of impetuousness and inexperience, when its graduates have gone forth and made names for themselves, and their children have graduated

through her age alone, but because, from the first, she has supplied a definite need of modern education. It seems especially appropriate at this time to glance back to that first day full of so much meaning to the men who, through their personal effort had made the founding of the college possible, and to fol-

low through its fifty years of progress, the institution which on that day had its beginning.

"I will put a light on it," said Mr. Charles Tufts, when asked what

years ago on August 22nd, the torch of learning was kindled amid great rejoicing of the Universalists of the country. The day was fair, and extra trains were run from Boston



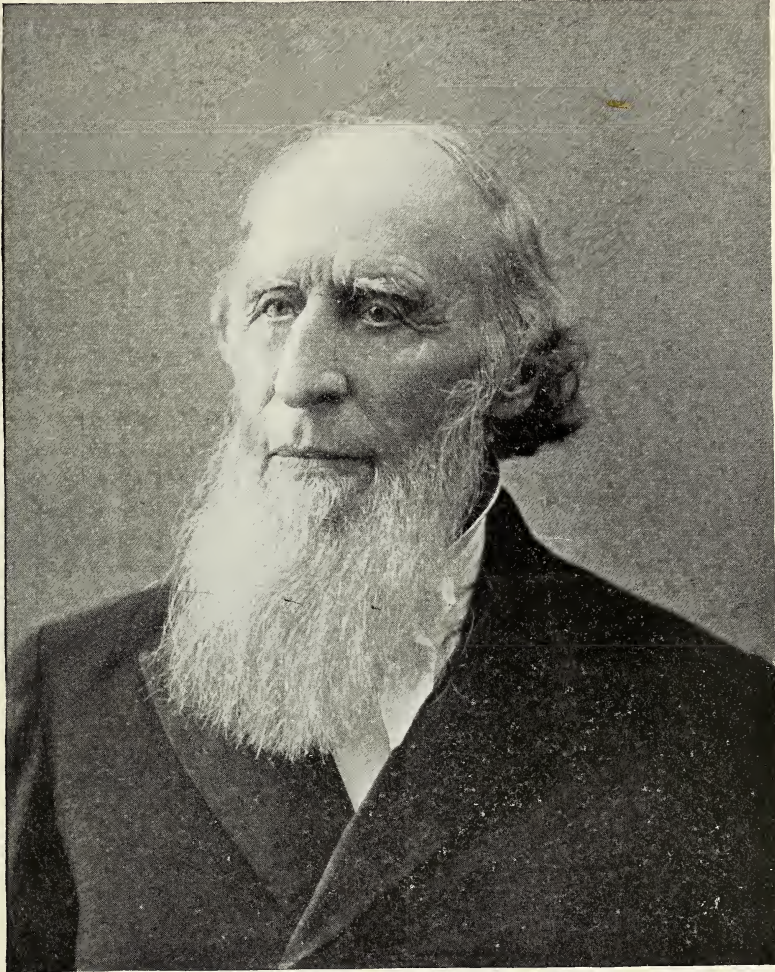
HOSEA BALLOU, 2ND, D.D., FIRST PRESIDENT

he intended to do with the hill in the midst of his farm. The answer has become prophetic, for to-day on that hill stands Tufts College, a beacon of liberal education. Fifty

to accommodate the crowds that gathered for the event. After the services at the chapel, where Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2nd, of Medford was installed as president, a large colla-

tion was set forth for nine hundred people, and several hundred others were turned away unable to get tickets at the last moment. Toasts followed the feasting; the exercises were concluded by the singing of a

tinctly sectarian in their teaching, Harvard excepted, which erred as much in the other direction, and to which many were deterred from going because of the expense. Accordingly a conference to discuss



ALONZO A. MINER, D.D., LL.D., SECOND PRESIDENT

hymn, and the first Universalist college in the world was no longer a dream, but a reality.

The need of a liberal college had been felt for some years, as most of the colleges of the day were dis-

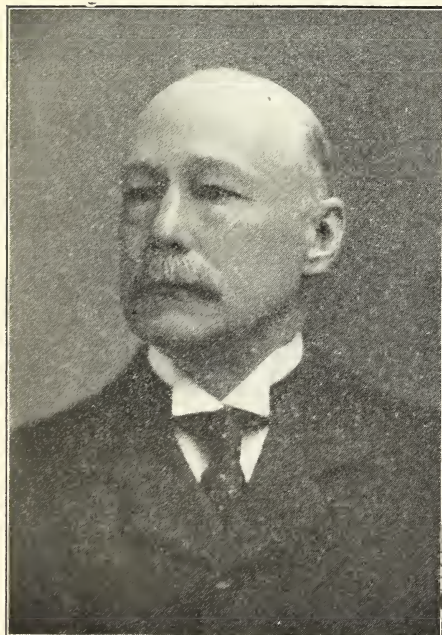
educational matters was called in 1847 at New York among the Universalists. The founding of a college was determined upon, and immediate steps were taken to procure financial aid for the new



WILLIAM R. SHIPMAN, D.D., LL.D.,
DEAN OF THE FACULTY ARTS AND SCIENCES

project. It was considered necessary to have a hundred thousand dollars pledged before any definite plans should be undertaken, and this amount was collected through the efforts of Rev. Otis A. Skinner. Then came a discussion as to the location of the college. It was finally decided in favor of Somerville as against Franklin, because of the gift of twenty acres of land by Mr. Tufts. Afterward this gift was increased to a hundred acres, and twenty more were added by Mr. Timothy Cotting of Medford. In 1852 the charter for the college was signed by the late George S. Boutwell, then Governor of Massachusetts.

It was expected that the college would open in the fall of 1854, but it was finally determined expedient to postpone the formal opening until spring, when a dormi-



HAROLD WILLIAMS, A.B., M.D.,
DEAN OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL



ACTING PRESIDENT
FREDERICK W. HAMILTON, D.D.

tory as well as the first building, Ballou Hall, should be in readiness. Three "young gentlemen," however, "pursued their studies" on the hill during the winter, and may fairly claim to be the first students of Tufts College.

The college opened for regular work on the twenty-third of August, 1855, with five professors and thirty students; to-day in all the depart-

six weeks' vacations beginning in July and January, while students of good standing who were working their way through, were allowed six weeks more in order to teach school, provided that they kept up with their studies at the same time. Athletics had not been introduced then as an important if unofficial part of the college curriculum, and glee clubs and dramatics were not



BALLOU HALL

ments there are over a thousand students and nearly two hundred professors. Only one course was offered, that leading to the degree of A. B., and nearly all of the work was prescribed, throughout President Ballou's administration.

Student life of those days was very different from collegiate life of to-day. There were then two terms of equal length, with two

considered necessary to a liberal education. Twice during the year public examinations were held of at least four days' duration, in which all classes participated, while members of the Junior class were obliged to pass a rigid examination on all the work they had had since matriculating. The rules of the college forbade students leaving the town of Medford without the con-

sent of the faculty, and the greatest form of authorized amusement was to be found in the Mathetican, a literary and debating club.

But where there are boys there is fun, and there is little doubt that the members of the early classes look back upon their college days with as great pleasure as the later graduate who has so much crowded into his hours that each event re-

eral years he personally assumed the payment of the running expenses.

In 1862 Rev. Alonzo A. Miner of Boston was elected second president and during his administration the college was placed on a firm financial basis. The tuition, which was originally thirty-five dollars, was raised to sixty, but greater opportunity in the way of scholarships



WEST HALL

ceives not half its meed of appreciation.

During the six years of Dr. Bal-lou's presidency, the membership of the student body increased, several buildings were added and the faculty was enlarged. The growth of the exchequer, however, could not keep pace, and to Mr. Thomas A. Goddard, Tufts College is incalculably indebted. For sev-

was provided and two offices were created by which a small income might be increased. That of chapel monitor had a salary of twenty dollars attached, while to pay the bell-ringer, each student was charged one dollar extra each term.

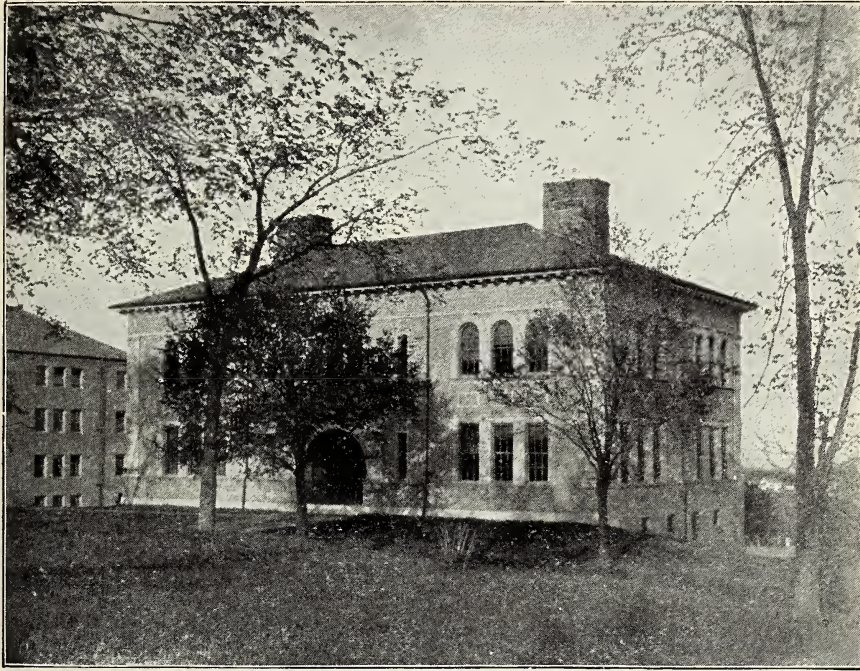
Meanwhile the old hard and fast rules were gradually relaxed and finally abolished. New courses were established in rapid succession

leading to the conferring of new degrees.

A course in civil engineering was instituted in 1869, from which has grown one of the most important and surely the widest known department of the college.

Tufts engineering school, which includes civil, electrical, chemical, and mechanical engineering is sending out graduates whose degrees

Henry B. Pearson, the Bromfield-Pearson School was founded ten years ago and a building erected, fully equipped for technical training, in drawing, pattern making, machine and forge work. It is similar to the Cambridge Manual Training school. Here a boy may prepare himself to enter the Engineering Department at the same time that he is taking courses in the College of Letters.



MINER AND PAIGE HALLS

prove an "open sesame" to the engineering business world. Mr. Coffin, head of the General Electric Company, manufacturers of electrical appliances, will take any Tufts man who is recommended by Professor Hooper; while the college points with pride to F. S. Pearson, the most eminent consulting engineer in America, as a member of the class of '83.

In accordance with the will of

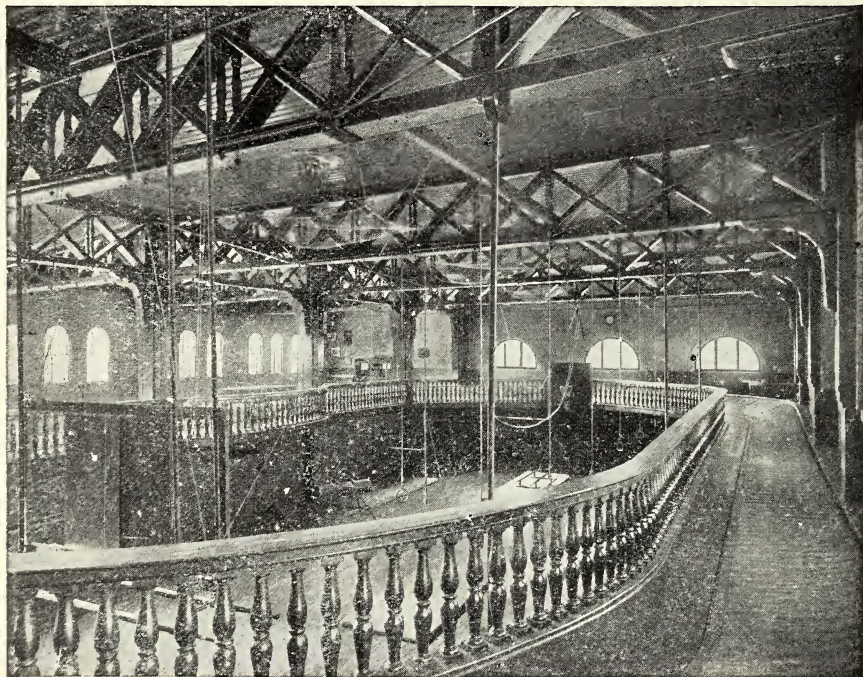
Near by is the new Robinson Hall, given in memory of Charles Robinson by his heirs. So the Engineering Department with its rapid growth has been supplied with adequate buildings and apparatus until to-day it ranks in equipment with any similar school in the country.

With the establishment of the college, there was in the minds of its founders the hope that a school would follow to prepare men for the

Universalist ministry; this hope found fulfillment after fifteen years, in the bequest of Mr. Packard, which provided for a course of Christian Theology. From this grew the Divinity School in much the same way that the School of Engineering had sprung from the single course of civil engineering. Like the Engineering Department, it increased in size and strength

At first the Divinity School was quite distinct from the College of Letters but recently their courses have been co-ordinated with much benefit to both, and a student may earn his degrees of A.B. and B.D. at the same time.

In 1874 Dr. Miner resigned the presidency to devote his whole attention to his ministerial work in Boston, which, during his work on



GODDARD GYMNASIUM FLOOR

until it outgrew the cramped quarters provided for it in the regular college buildings, and demanded new halls for itself. The demand was answered by Dr. Miner's giving forty thousand dollars for a building (Miner Hall), to be used exclusively by the theological department and at the same time twelve thousand dollars was raised by subscription, for a dormitory for the theological students (Paige Hall).

the hill, he had never abandoned.

He was succeeded by Rev. Elmer Hewitt Capen, a graduate of the college in 1860, whose recent death has thrown a shadow of sorrow over the otherwise happy festivities of the month. It is particularly sad that he could not live to participate in the birthday celebration of the institution with which his life has been so intimately associated. Because of the great loss which the

College has sustained, the semi-centennial celebration has been somewhat modified and the presentation of the pre-Shakespearian play, "Old Fortunatus," by Thomas Dekker, in which President Capen took a great interest, has been abandoned.

The third presidency of Tufts has been marked by an expansion along both intellectual and material

for money for some purpose or other, President Capen appealed to him. It was at the time of the great financial depression of 1872; and Mr. Barnum replied that the show business, as well as the stock market was down, yet the animals insisted upon being fed; but he added that if ever business picked up, he would like President Capen to command him. Business did

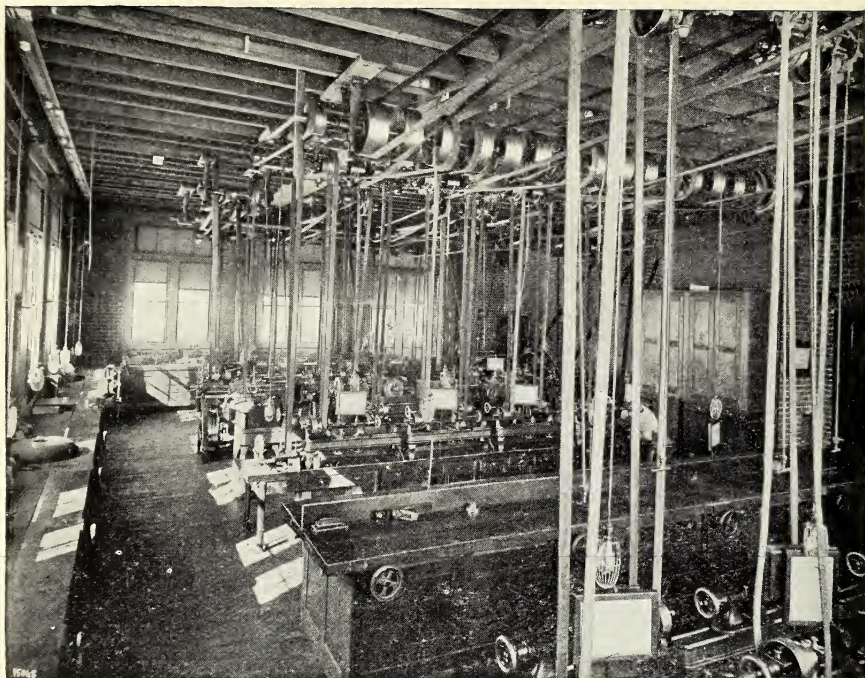


BROMFIELD-PEARSON BUILDING

lines. President Ballou well started the college; President Miner well financed it and President Capen has broadened its capacity and outlook, until now it keeps pace with the forward movement of the best.

It was at President Capen's suggestion that P. T. Barnum gave the college museum. Mr. Barnum was on the original board of trustees, and when there came an urgent call

pick up and the President again wrote to him, suggesting a museum. Barnum did not wait for the mail, but telegraphed from Connecticut, "Come down and talk it over." The result of that talk was a gift of fifty-five thousand dollars for the original museum and forty thousand more, which Mr. Barnum provided for in his will, for the addition of two wings, one of which is already



MACHINE SHOP, BROMFIELD-PEARSON BUILDING



FORCE SHOP, BROMFIELD-PEARSON BUILDING

built. Here much valuable post graduate work in science has been done. Mr. Barnum also gave a large collection of stuffed animals and birds, which are in the upper rooms of the main building.

After ten years of debating, Tufts was opened to women. Five entered in 1892 in opposition to the entire student body and a majority of the alumni. The experiment has

the dormitories for men, a young instructor is installed as proctor.

The social life at Tufts has developed greatly in the last few years, which is perhaps due to the co-educational policy. An "Evening Party Association" holds a dance once a month in the gymnasium, and the Greek letter societies and sororities have a constant interchange of hospitalities.



ROBINSON HALL

not proved disastrous, and the hostility has entirely died out among the undergraduates, at least.

About one-half of the college girls at the Hill live in Metcalf Hall and the Start House, the dormitories provided for them in Professors' Row. The others come as day students. Student government is proving successful with them, although it was abandoned after a trial among the men. In each of

Almost as soon as the college was founded, a chapter of the Zeta Psi fraternity was started at Tufts and was soon followed by the Theta Delta Chi. Besides these there are to-day the Delta Upsilon, the Delta Tau Delta, and the Alpha Tau Omega, while there are three sororities for the women—Alpha Delta Sigma, Alpha Kappa Gamma and Tau Epsilon Sigma. There is a glee and mandolin club, an active

debating society, and of course an active athletic association. Tufts prides herself on her athletic record, which for a small college is exceptionally high. With occasional state receptions and many informal gatherings, College Hill is a lively place during the winter months and it seems to lack in a social line only a dramatic organization. All the other clubs that have been, or are,

standing, elected at the end of their junior year, and it is through the club's efforts that much of the college spirit has been revived and vitalized.

In the world of publications, Tufts is represented by a weekly news journal, a monthly literary paper and an annual from the undergraduates, besides the "Tufts Engineer," which publishes annually



DYNAMO ROOM, ROBINSON HALL

cannot be mentioned—there is not time except to say a bit about the Tower Cross Club which fills a signal place in the college life. It was founded for the promotion of the welfare of the college. Its watchword is "For the Highest," and its badge is a golden cross modelled after the cross on the tower of Goddard Chapel. It is composed of twenty seniors of good

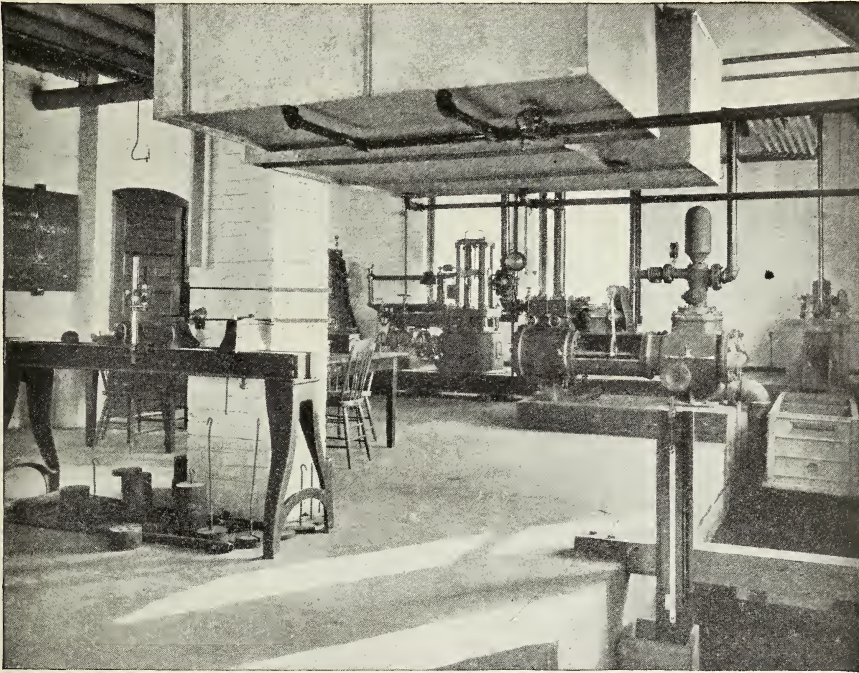
matters of scientific interest, that have occurred during the year. The alumni have recently undertaken the publication of a quarterly magazine and the Medical and Dental Schools issue the "Scalpel and Forceps" independent of the other departments.

In the old sense of the word, Tufts has become a university. It has developed from a single course

to a group of schools, each with the power to confer its own degrees. Besides the College of Letters and the Engineering and Divinity Schools which are settled together on the hill, there are the Dental and the Medical Schools, which together have more than half the entire number of Tufts students enrolled upon their books. In fact the Medical School is the largest of any of its

location gives it the clinical advantages of a large city. Five years ago the Boston Dental School was incorporated under the name of Tufts Dental School for the purpose of giving students the advantages of co-ordinate work with the Medical School.

A new building was inevitable and it has come on Huntington Avenue in sight of the New Har-



MECHANICAL LABORATORY, ROBINSON HALL

kind in the New England States.

It was established in 1893 in Boston and its rapid growth in these twelve years is phenomenal. It may be traced to several causes. It is the only allopathic school in this part of the country which admits women; the entrance requirements do not demand a college degree; it is less expensive than most of the other schools and its

vard Medical School and Simmons College. It is a simple substantial building without furbelows—light, well ventilated, well-equipped and eminently practical. On the lower floor are a medical and a dental dispensary. Here on a Saturday come the school children of the city, and twice and sometimes three times the eighty-seven white dental chairs are filled during the morning.



MEDICAL AND DENTAL SCHOOLS, BOSTON

Last to speak of, is the summer school at Harpswell, Maine, near the entrance to Casco Bay, where, under the direction of Professor Kingsley, six weeks of laboratory work is given.

A large number of Tufts students come from Maine and curiously enough a large number of Massachusetts boys from around Worcester go to Bowdoin. One wonders if it is the college curriculum that decides them or the feeling that college life can mean more farther away from sheltering home wings.

But from wherever they come or whatever course they are pursuing, they will all be there on the hill this year if possible, graduates and undergraduates, professors and friends, to wish the college a "happy birthday" and a "God speed," and it is then that the

accomplishments of the past fifty years may be seen.

The campus is lovely in June. The trees on the southern slope planted by the successive classes are well grown now, and the reservoir on the other side of the hill adds the charm of water. It is hoped by the trustees that some time the use of the reservoir may be granted by the Metropolitan Water Commission for a technical course in hydraulics. This is quite feasible as the reservoir is not used now for immediate water supply.

The older buildings crowning the top of the hill wear a settled air of gravity among the trees. West and East Halls, the men's dormitories, and the present library stand in a row facing the Barnum Museum and Ballou Hall which is the radial centre of the campus. From

it lead the paths, half way down the slope of the hill to the Goddard Gymnasium and the Fraternity houses on the one side and to the Divinity School buildings on the other. As you stand by the pillared porch of Ballou you look to the south down the broad path bordered on either side by trees to the residences of many of the faculty on Professors' Row. Beyond through the branches, the dome of the State House glistens in the afternoon sun. The later buildings are at the foot of the hill, and as yet the newness has not worn off enough to make them seem a part of the campus landscape.

Upon the hill near Ballou Hall is the Chapel given by Mrs. Mary T. Goddard in memory of her husband. The plans were drawn by J. Philip Rinn and it is considered

one of the finest pieces of architecture around Boston. Here the Baccalaureate sermon will be preached on June 11th. From the wall will look down upon the gathering, a picture of President Capen, filling the place with his presence though he is not there.

On the following Sunday a commemoration sermon will be preached. Class Day comes the 16th, and Commencement the 20th, when the regular degrees in course will be given. Again in the Chapel, on June 21st, Commemoration Day will be celebrated and honorary degrees will be conferred.

The Alumni dinner will bring to an end the fiftieth year of work and play, and the "light on the hill" will burn low until the opening of the college in September begins the sixth decade of this institution.



DENTAL INFIRMARY



METCALF HALL AND START HOUSE

Among the list of alumni are to be found the names of such men as Edwin Ginn, the publisher, Robert Metcalf, who for many years was a superintendent of the Boston Public Schools, the late Lorin L. Dame, master of the Medford High School and a well known botanist of New England, and George Milford Harmon, Professor of Biblical Theology at Tufts.

As soon as the college closes, ground will be broken for the new Carnegie library. It is to be built on a line between the Chapel and Miner Hall, facing the latter, of red brick with white marble trimmings. When it is finished, there will be accommodations on the racks for a hundred and ninety-five thousand

volumes, with an abundant space for more, as the library expands. At present there are about sixty-five thousand volumes in the academic department, to which will be added the libraries of the Divinity and Engineering Schools.

The election of a new president will not occur until October and although several names have been proposed, the choice cannot be predicted with any degree of accuracy. But one thing is certain, that a college that has done so much in fifty years is destined to more than double its accomplishments in the next fifty, and its centennial celebration will see it not only abreast of the times, but a leader in progressive education.

The Little More

By ELIZABETH GRISWOLD ROWE

I
THE loud, persistent ticking of the wooden clock on the shelf between the windows, and the rustle of the waving palm-leaf fan broke the summer afternoon quiet within. On the still air, came from without the distant buzzing of the busy saw-mill over by the lake. The sick woman's husband and father worked there. She lay with closed eyes, weak and miserable in the stifling, midsummer heat, while her mother anxiously watched her and beat the sultry air into warm currents around her daughter's pale face. The younger woman was so still she might have been sleeping but for the drawn brows and the rigid clenching of the worn hands on the bright patchwork quilt.

The mother looked up at the noisy clock as it discordantly clanged the hour of two. A pair of white and gilt vases flanked either side in symmetrical precision and the shelf was decently draped with a stiff lambrequin of blue felt. There were very few other ornaments in the room. A red plush photograph album and a lamp were all the slender, cheap stand in the corner could safely hold. Bare, white-washed walls formed the background against which stood a few wooden chairs painted dark. The only cheering note of color was in the turkey-red cotton covering on the home-made lounge in the corner and the variegated quilt which

comprised the invalid's unnecessary covering.

The sound of wheels came to the mother's listening ear and she glanced through the blue mosquito netting, which served as screen at the open window, to see the doctor's familiar gray horse drawn up at the gate. She carefully laid the fan on the foot of the bed and hurried out to meet him.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Ranlett," he called, reaching for his medicine case. "How is our invalid to-day?"

He paused beside the rough board fence. It was their only chance for private consultation.

"I can't see that she's any different," the woman's anxious voice replied. "She just lies there with her eyes closed and she won't eat or take no interest in anything. I got her to swallow the medicine but it was hard work."

The doctor's eyes were troubled. He thought of the bare, hot little room under the sloping roof.

"Did you move her bed downstairs?"

"Yes, it's in the sitting-room and it's some cooler there, but it's bad enough on a day like this."

"Has she brightened up any?" he inquired.

"No, she just lies there with her eyes shut. It 'pears as if she didn't want to live. She won't make no effort."

The mother's voice was plaintive in its anxiety. She saw the worried

look on the doctor's face. He was very young and he seemed to be unfortunate in his work at Dunbar's Mill. This was his second case there since he had settled in Maple City six miles away and if he lost this patient, too, he felt as if his reputation would be ruined in this section.

"Don't get discouraged, Mrs. Ranlett," he said, attempting to appear cheerful. "We must try to rouse her."

As he followed the spare, toil-worn figure up the hard-trodden path to the net-covered door which opened directly into the sitting-room, the insufficiency of everything struck him. The house was bare and unpainted. Ragged, charred stumps dotted the yard on every side—relics of the stately forest that had been sacrificed to appease the unsated greed of the noisy mill. Not one tree had been spared which might serve to temper the summer's heat and the rough, weather-beaten boards which composed the house stood bleak and unsightly in the bright glare. There had been some pitiful attempts to relieve the bareness. A wild cucumber vine transplanted from the cool woods near by, struggled half-heartedly up to the window sill, and a few straggling marigolds wilted sadly by the single step that led to the door.

"After all," he thought, "what is there for her to live for?"

He entered the house with a forced air of briskness and hopefulness.

The invalid opened her eyes and looked at him indifferently. She would not admit she was better. She would not say she was worse. Her mother hovered around, anxiously voicing her mild complaints.

"She don't eat enough to keep a bird alive. I told her you said she couldn't gain strength without nourishing food, and she said she didn't care."

It was hard for Dr. Benton. He was rather relieved when the older woman took the opportunity to leave the house for a few minutes and he was left in charge.

His strong face was full of kindness and sympathy as he watched the tense expression which would not leave the invalid's features. He possessed himself of the palm-leaf fan and said in what he intended to be an impressive voice, "Now, Mrs. Robins, I don't believe you are doing your share toward getting well."

"What's the use?" the weary voice questioned.

"You're too young to talk that way," he gently remonstrated. "You have your future before you."

"It doesn't hold much," she responded with gloomy positiveness. "Same thing year in and year out. What's my mother got that I would enjoy looking forward to?"

The truth of the woman's argument was so apparent that the doctor was forced to admit it to himself.

"You talk that way because you are ill. When you get well things will look bright again."

"I ain't going to get well," she responded, stubbornly.

The doctor's heart sank. What cheerful arguments could he put forth against such despair and discouragement? He thought of her dull, unsympathetic husband. He could imagine the drawing of the mouth and the grim silence which would answer him if he should urge her duty in that direction. He had often said that these lumber men

were inferior to their wives. If her baby had only lived! But he dared not speak of that.

"I understand your point of view perfectly," he said in his sympathetic voice, thinking of nothing better to say.

After a pause, he added gently, "But suppose, Mrs. Robins, you try to see my point of view." He must rouse her in some way. "I need your help. Don't you want to be real unselfish now and do something to help me?"

A sarcastic expression passed over the pale face—almost a smile.

"I'd be a great help to anyone," she replied.

"You really would," he repeated, waiting for her curiosity to overcome her lethargy.

She looked at him with some flicker of interest. "What could I do?"

"You could get well," he announced. "You see I have had rather bad luck here at Dunbar's Mill and, if you refuse to get well, I feel that everyone here will be against me. You understand how it will be, don't you?"

"Yes," she answered, "they'd say you were a failure. They all liked the old doctor so much."

"Exactly," he continued; "now, Mrs. Robins, I'll tell you a secret since you understand me so well. I wouldn't have anyone else know it. But you will see how much depends on you."

A trace of color tinged the sick woman's cheeks, and her eyes lost their dullness as she listened.

The doctor noticed it and was encouraged to go on, although it seemed almost a sacrilege for him to be exposing his heart this way.

"It is like this, Mrs. Robins," he

said with some hesitation. "The girl that I love lives here at Dunbar's Mill, and I wouldn't for anything in the world have her think me a failure."

"Is it Hester Dunbar?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes," he answered; "how did you ever guess it?"

"Oh, she is the only one here who ever got out of her shell. She went away to school and takes music lessons down at Maple City."

"Yes, I often see her there at her aunt's."

"She has a pony, a piano—everything she wants, while I never could have even—" She broke off abruptly, the discouraged look again creeping over her face.

"What is it?" he asked, gently.

She settled back wearily and closed her eyes. Her lashes were wet as she held them down tightly.

The man's heart ached for the pitiful figure before him. He felt that he had only blundered in trying to interest her in others when her own life had been so starved.

"What is it you have wanted and never could have?" he asked, knowing she was holding something back.

"An organ," she admitted with almost a sob.

"Do you want that more than anything else?" he asked.

"Yes, I have always wanted one. I can play a little."

Her broken voice showed how strong was her desire.

"Never mind," he said, encouragingly. "Probably it will come some time."

After he left her, he drove around by the mill. John Robins saw him and came out over the damp sawdust to speak to him.

"Is she worse?" he asked anxiously.

"Not worse," answered the doctor, "only she seems discouraged. If we could just brighten her up a little, she might come out all right."

"What can we do?" the other asked helplessly. He was not a bad man or unkind. He was simply dull and thoughtless about the little things that add so much to a woman's life.

"Your wife likes music," the doctor answered. "Now I know of a fine chance to get an organ at a bargain. The people are going to move away. If you could afford to get it, I think it would please her more than anything. Never mind about my bill—that can wait until the organ is paid for."

"It seems like a poor time to be buying organs," was the hesitating reply. "Still she's been pretty down-hearted over losing the little one and if you think—"

"I think you ought to do anything you can to make her happier, Mr. Robins. It's pretty lonely and rough for the women in these Michigan woods and your wife's about discouraged. Take home a bunch of those water-lilies from the lake to-night. She might be pleased to have you think of it. Bring home a young maple from the woods and plant it by the house some Sunday. It doesn't take much to please a woman, I fancy. You might think of a good many little things like that."

A gleam of light broke slowly over the dull face.

"I'll water her pansy bed to-night," he announced; "she was afraid they wouldn't live through the dry weather. And have them send that organ over by next week Wednesday. It's her birthday."

II

On Wednesday of the following week, Dr. Benton drove through the fresh green woods to Dunbar's Mill. There had been a rain and the day was beautiful. He whistled softly to himself and flipped at the tender green of beech and maple with his long whip. Mrs. Robins was gaining. He had been surprised at her improvement when he had last seen her. He was glad the weather had cooled. Dunbar's Mill was not so bad after a good rain.

As he approached the house, he heard music. It was the organ. Someone was playing it who knew how. He wondered how she took the surprise. He hitched his horse and walked up the path. The vine under the window looked vigorous and the marigolds by the step flaunted their golden heads proudly.

Mrs. Ranlett saw him through the open door and hastened to meet him.

"She's better," she whispered, hopefully. "I got Hester Dunbar to come over and play for her. Hester was real good about it and promised to teach her some of the new pieces as soon as she was well again. She's been here all the afternoon."

Hester stopped her playing when he appeared in the doorway and her cheeks were the color of the wild roses that trailed their long branches across the organ in front of her. The delicate blossoms quite transformed the white and gilt vases which had been changed from their places on the clock shelf to lend their decoration.

"You must be a good nurse," he remarked, as he looked from her to the invalid with a smile.

Mrs. Robins was propped up with her pillows, and her eyes were happy and shining.

"John gave me the organ for my birthday," she said. "You remember what I said last week about always wanting one. I was so surprised I couldn't believe my eyes."

"She cried like a baby about it when it came," added her mother.

"I just couldn't help it," she confessed, childishly. "Poor John! I have been so cross to him and he is so thoughtful."

Hester glanced at the doctor suspiciously, and was rewarded by seeing the guilty expression which he could not keep from his face.

It was late in the afternoon when he rose to leave, remarking as he said good-bye to the invalid, "You are getting so rugged that I don't believe I'll need to drive over to Dunbar's Mill any more."

"Perhaps not to see me," Mrs. Robins answered with suggestive accent.

"You're a healthy crowd over here among these pines," he added, impersonally.

He drove Hester home and the old horse wondered at the comfortable gait he was allowed to assume. His master must have forgotten that it was late in the day and supper would be waiting at the other end of the long trip.

"Do you know I feel almost like apologizing for having had a wrong impression of you," Hester confessed as they drove into the forest. "I never understood you before this afternoon or knew what your work meant."

The doctor was rather uneasy.

He wondered how much Mrs. Robins had told her during the long afternoon.

"It must be such a satisfaction to do as much for a person as you have done for Mrs. Robins," she continued.

Dr. Benton mechanically steered old Dapple around a high root in the narrow road—his mind intent on other things.

"It is always a satisfaction to succeed," he answered.

There was a clearing a short distance ahead. If he did not speak now in the silence of the forest, with the interlacing branches screening them on every side, he certainly could not with the full glare of the afternoon sun in their faces.

"Success will mean a great deal to me if you have an interest in it, Hester," he added, rather hurriedly, "and failures will be less discouraging. Dare I ask you to share such a precarious future? Can you trust me enough, dear?"

The answer was softer than the whisper of the gentle breeze in the branches above them. It did not reach to old Dapple's dull ears, but the reins were slackened so disgracefully that he ambled comfortably and ever more slowly toward the clearing. He was in no haste to reach the sunlight since his master was so unconcerned. Finally the ever-diminishing gait ceased altogether, and old Dapple shamelessly munched a tuft of sweet-scented clover which grew so temptingly near the road-side.



At the End of the War

By F. S. WEST

“AND she says,” went on Harold, “that you’re a hero, and that your country should be proud of you.”

“Miss Burney,” said Barton lazily, from his sofa, “is very kind to take such an interest in my humble affairs.”

Harold’s blue eyes dilated a little, and then he smiled at Barton with some apparent understanding of the other’s amusement. The two were good friends. In the earlier days of Barton’s convalescence, the child had been useful to him in doing small errands of fetching and carrying; and now that there was less need of such services, Barton besought Mrs. Swift to let the child come up as before, on the plea that he served to amuse him and to keep him from being lonely.

“She said you were a hero,” Harold repeated sturdily, gazing up at the young man, who raised himself on one elbow and regarded him quizzically. “A hero,” Harold repeated, adding suddenly—“what’s that?”

Barton laughed a little, and said carelessly, “Oh, I suppose Miss Burney would say that a hero is one who serves his country well.”

Harold looked at him in his serious, inquiring way, and seemed about to ask what his own definition of a hero was, when a knock came at the door, and at Barton’s response a middle-aged woman, with spectacles and black hair combed severely

back from her face, came into the room.

“Miss Burney is downstairs, Harold,” she announced, eyeing the child a little severely, “waiting to give you your lesson; and Colonel Barton,” she went on, “Dr. Burney came with Miss Louise, and would like to know if he can come up. I hope,” she added, with a sharp glance at her son, who still lingered about the room, “that he hasn’t been bothering you. I told him to go away, if you wanted to sleep.”

Harold’s face fell, but assumed a relieved expression as Barton laughed reassuringly. “Harold and I have been greatly enjoying each other’s company, Mrs. Swift,” he said. “Please tell Dr. Burney I shall be glad to see him.”

Dr. Burney never entered the room of this patient of his, who always obeyed orders so sweet-temperedly and with such continual cheerfulness, without vaguely expecting to find him, as the doctor expressed it to himself, “ramping about the room” and behaving with general rebelliousness in regard to the physician’s advice as to quiet. It was always a surprise to the doctor when, as on this particular day, he came in to find Barton lying peacefully upon the sofa to which he was still for the most part relegated, and turning toward him with his usual expression of pleasant amiability. The attitude of mind on the part of the doctor was not

unnatural, considering that the young soldier might well, on the score of his war-record, be supposed to have some claim to an untamable disposition. He had been in an unusually large number of battles of importance during the four years of the War; he had won distinction, together with his brevet Colonelcy, on a recent occasion, by an act of the utmost daring. His wound and present incapacity seemed incidental matters; after years of immunity from injury, he had been struck by a chance shot in a night skirmish.

It was a strange longing which had led Edward Barton, as he lay recovering from his wound, to seek his native Vermont hills rather than his sister's house or his college town, where he had kind friends. The longing was the stranger in that his childhood at B—— had been an unhappy one. Left an orphan at an early age, he had grown up under the guardianship of the minister of the village church. This guardianship had been in many ways an unfortunate one. Edward's was an active and at the same time a highly-strung, sensitive temperament; and it had been too much repressed under the stern discipline to which his guardian had subjected him.

B—— is famous in New England as the scene of a not very large but decisive Revolutionary battle; and in the town the sense of honorable historic past is religiously guarded. Edward had until now never thought much about this aspect of his native place; but as he came back to it from other battles, he saw the village in a new light. He had read and thought much in

the days of his seclusion, which now seemed drawing to a close.

The wound from which he was still weak had at first seemed a not very dangerous matter; but after his removal to a hospital at Washington it had taken a sudden turn for the worse; complications had set in, and to the surprise of the doctors his life had been for some time in peril. But Barton had rallied with a suddenness equal to that of his collapse, and in due time had been able to be moved to the house of his sister at New York. But his stay with her had been a brief one. She was not strong, and had several small children so that Edward could not help feeling that he was something of a burden to her. Besides, the longing for his native hills was strong within him. He had a desire to see again the physical aspect of the country, and a certain sympathy, never felt before, for the traditions and history of the place. The physician who had attended him in Washington had known Dr. Burney, and it was through him that it had been arranged that he should board with Mrs. Swift, a widow who had come to B—— since the time, ten years before, when Barton had left it to go to college.

He had not seen it from that day until the evening, late in February, when he had arrived at Mrs. Swift's, white and worn, and at the point of exhaustion. Both he and the doctors had miscalculated his strength; the journey, though made by easy stages, had been too much for him; and for three days he had been in a state of utter prostration. It was then that Dr. Burney had been struck and even a little shocked by the calmness with which his patient

faced possible death. When he was able to speak at all, Barton's comments on the situation had been mostly humorous; and once only, when they were alone, he had carefully given to Dr. Burney his sister's address, together with a quiet charge to send for her when it should become necessary. But it had not become necessary; the threatened reopening of the wound had not occurred; the prostration passed, and it soon became evident that what lay before Barton was not the simple mystery of death, but the more intricate one of life itself.

Life was very sweet to him as the days passed by. The quiet normal routine of the simple household in which he lived seemed to him idyllic after the four years of camp-life. As he lay upon his sofa near the window, he would start up sometimes from sleep at the call of an imaginary bugle. At such times the high, sharply-defined blue hills, standing massive and impenetrable in mystery just as they had stood on the day of the Revolutionary battle ninety years before, seemed to him to mock at the transitoriness of restless human lives. But in his waking hours the peaceful sense of past achievement was strong within him. It was apparent to him, as it was to everyone toward the end of March, 1865, that the war was practically over. It crossed his mind now and then that he would soon have to make plans for the future; but he put such thoughts from him, and lived peacefully on from day to day. His nervously energetic nature was lulled for the present into the rest that his physical state demanded.

He saw little company, and just

now cared for little. His most congenial visitor was Dr. Burney, who came latterly more as a friend than as a physician. He was quiet and tactful, and, in his turn, had become deeply interested in Barton's character. It seemed to the doctor that this was no ordinary young man, who could talk so calmly and familiarly of such tremendous names as Antietam and Gettysburg, and then easily veer from these electric subjects to such safe and time-tried themes as moral philosophy and the ultimate destiny of the universe.

The doctor stayed long that afternoon, as his time happened to be his own. The two did not talk continuously, as they were so well acquainted that silence between them had no ill effect, but was rather salutary than otherwise. Barton had turned toward the front window, and lay rather absently watching the people who passed the house. Presently his interest quickened as a sleek chestnut horse, with a slight young girl mounted upon it, cantered briskly by.

"That," said Dr. Burney, also following the horse with interest, a humorous gleam in his eyes, "is my daughter Louise, who is taking advantage of this first mild day."

"I thought," said Barton, "that Miss Burney was downstairs with Harold, teaching him—I don't believe I know what she actually does teach him, doctor."

"My daughter," said the doctor, "is evincing an interest in Harold by teaching him American history, but his lesson for to-day is apparently over. Harold is a precocious child, and Louise thinks that patriotic feeling cannot be awakened in him too early. He's only six, but I

think myself it's not such a bad idea."

"Harold certainly shows the results of his teaching," assented Barton dryly, as he thought of what the child had said to him earlier in the day.

Barton from his side window watched the doctor as he walked away, a short, sturdy figure with a brown beard, and then his eyes wandered to the old white church, which stood only a little distance from Mrs. Swift's house, and was placed upon a knoll similar to that upon which the latter stood. In the hollow between was the churchyard, filled, as Edward well remembered it, with row on row of white headstones, marking the resting places of the founders and former inhabitants of the village. Farther back, in the newer part of the cemetery, Barton's father and mother were buried.

The blue hills looked this afternoon very companionable and peaceful. The young soldier's head sank restfully back, and he knew nothing more until Mrs. Swift opened the door in the evening dusk, carrying the supper-tray.

It was the next Sunday that Barton first left the house and turned his steps toward the church. The day was mild, and the natural scents and movements in the outdoor world seemed bewildering and intoxicating to one just emerging from the long confinement of illness. It was late, and Barton stepped into a rear, unoccupied pew and closed the door softly behind him. The congregation had risen to sing a hymn, and as the young man contemplated their backs a painful sensation came over him, as he realized how many of them were clad in sombre black.

There was one bent woman, alone, only a few pews ahead of him, who seemed particularly pathetic. It was with a sense of relief that he turned to where Louise Burney, her slight figure clad in a plum-colored dress made after the manner of the time and with ribbons to match on her hat, stood beside her father, her slender height rising above his.

To the right of the girl, in front of the long expanse of familiar-looking pews, the stained-glass window over the pulpit held Barton's attention. He remembered well the Biblical scene depicted thereon, and the memorial held a peculiar significance for him, for it recorded the virtues of his grandfather, who had come to B—— rather late in life from a New England seaport town. He had been prominent as the owner of a famous privateer in the war of 1812.

The hymn had ceased by now, and the sermon had begun. Barton's attention wandered off again to the congregation. There were many families whom he recognized, all too large a proportion of them in deep mourning. They were the relatives of the young soldiers who had gone from B—— to the war. From them Barton turned to the blue hills, seen in an aspect now new to him but still well-remembered, from the church windows.

In spite of his inattentiveness, Barton felt that it was good to be there in the old church. His religious sense was strongly, if irregularly aroused. The aspect of the hills, the sight of the congregation and the memorial to his grandfather had called up old thoughts that had long been dormant in his mind. He had come out of his retirement with some unwillingness, largely

bred of long disuse of his social faculties; and had intended to slip out of the church before the end of the service, as quietly as he had come; but now that his interest had been thoroughly aroused, he resolved to stay on till the close. He felt less weak than he had dreaded; the contact with outside things was less tiring than he had feared.

Edward had fancied himself unnoticed as he entered, but at the end of the hymn an awkward country usher had come up to offer a better seat, which Barton had declined; and still later, in the prayer that succeeded the sermon, Mr. Wallace, the minister, had startled Barton by an unmistakable allusion to himself. It was rather pointed and in poor taste, it is true, but after his long seclusion and a former unpopularity, real or fancied, in the town, any indication of a change in his position could not fail to be touching to Barton. In his childhood the New England reserve of the people, combined with his own lonely situation and sensitive nature, had made his early life at B—— a rather painful one; he had had few pleasant relationships there.

When the service was ended, Edward was about to turn quietly away, but the old woman whom he had noticed at first was coming toward him, and he waited for her. He had recognized her as she turned; her son, younger than himself, had been killed on a Southern battle-field two years before.

She shook Barton's hand warmly, and glanced admiringly at the uniform he wore. Barton was deeply moved as he saw the tears in her dim old eyes, and he knew that she was thinking of her son, who had

never recovered from his wound, as she said, "I am thankful that you have been spared." Her deep sorrow seemed to transfigure and glorify the plain old woman. He replied cheerfully, and she turned away with a gleam of brightness illuminating her careworn face.

As old Mrs. Robbins passed on, others came up. People of all sorts advanced to shake Barton's hand that day; to renew old acquaintanceships, to wish him well, and to his surprise, to speak with pride of the exploit in which he had won glory and promotion. The kind words and the warm appreciation were wonderfully touching to the young man. The painfulness, the incompleteness and the failures of his childhood seemed condoned in that hour; he felt that he could henceforth look upon life with a fuller self-respect.

At last the minister approached him, and Barton drew back instinctively. Mr. Wallace, who was the successor of his guardian, had visited him several times during his illness, at first wholly with the idea of smoothing the departure of one whom he insisted on regarding as moribund. He was a middle-aged man with a commonplace mind and a rather tiresome manner. Barton had humorously realized the meaning of the minister's attitude toward him; and when the good man had at last understood that there was no immediate likelihood of Barton's dying, his visits had been unsuccessful, and the intercourse between the two had never proceeded quite smoothly.

Now the minister did not perceive Barton's aversion. "My dear young friend," he said, seizing the young man's hand, "how glad I am to see

you out again, looking so strong and so well! I scarcely thought when I first saw you that you would ever be able to come here again!" He presented Barton to his wife; and Barton's resentment at the minister's tactless speech would have been mitigated had he known the private reprimand in store for that offender. Mr. Wallace was beginning to invite the young man to dinner, and Edward in distress was looking about him childishly for some means of escape, when Dr. Burney came up from behind, and, catching the drift of the talk, said laughingly, as he laid his hand on Edward's shoulder, "You don't secure my patient this time, Mr. Wallace! Not at all! I can't let him out of my sight to-day, the first time he has ventured out! How should I know what you might do to him at the parsonage, or what high jinks might be going on there! No, Mr. Wallace, let him alone; to-day he comes with me!"

The good minister's surprise, bewilderment and partial understanding, vainly masked under a set smile, almost upset Edward's gravity. He made his excuses to him almost gaily, and with a sense of relief followed the doctor out of the church, to where a two-seated carriage was waiting. An elderly lady sat on the back seat, and between her and Edward there passed a cordial greeting. She was Mrs. Simmons, the doctor's widowed sister, and had often come to read to Edward in days when he could not do so himself without fatigue. Next Edward was introduced to the doctor's daughter.

Louise Burney gave him her hand with a bright smile; and Ed-

ward felt an odd thrill as he realized that he was for the first time face to face with the young lady whom he had seen so often from his window, and about whom he had heard so much. Then he mounted into the back seat beside Mrs. Simmons; and the doctor climbed up beside his daughter and drove away.

There was a pretty scene in the doctor's sitting-room that afternoon, and one that Edward, who viewed it lying back among the cushions of an easy chair, never in after years forgot. The room was a long, narrow one at the front of the house. All the wall space was lined with low book-shelves, except for the breaks made by the windows and a place in the front of the room, where stood a small mahogany writing-table. Above the table hung, confronting each other, prints of Lincoln and Sumner, and between them was draped a small American flag.

"Won't you read to us, as usual, Louise?" asked the doctor. "I am sure Colonel Barton would enjoy it."

At Barton's cordial assent the girl arose and took down several books from the shelves. When she began to read, the young man was surprised at the charm of her clear voice. The matter that she read was still more surprising to him. She read the war poems of Lowell and Holmes and Whittier and Longfellow; those poems that show so well to-day the kindling of the spirit felt by the men who lived in that stirring time. As Barton listened to the girl's voice, that quivered sometimes with the strength of the emotion in what she read, the war through which he had passed seemed to stand before him

in a new light. Detached from the press and struggle with details in which he had been engrossed for so long, he seemed to view the whole conflict in a different aspect, and to see, though as yet afar off, a new meaning in all that had been going on.

The girl read on spontaneously, feeling no constraint in Barton's presence. It stimulated her in her congenial occupation to have a new listener. She had felt some interest in Barton of late, because of her father's accounts of him, and now that she had actually seen him, his evident weakness, his gallant bearing in spite of it, and the bright youthfulness and almost boyishness of his look, all appealed to her greatly. Some natural sympathy made her gauge more accurately than her father had done the essential strength of his character.

The two met face to face on the following day in a somewhat unexpected manner. The girl had taken a rather circuitous route through the cemetery, on her way back from Harold's lesson at Mrs. Swift's; and as she turned a sharp corner she suddenly came upon Barton, standing bareheaded before two graves that were side by side, and above which was placed a wide low monument. In a flash the girl realized the situation; the monument to Lieutenant Barton, who had fought and fallen so bravely at Chapultepec, and to the young wife, who, broken-hearted, had survived him so short a time—a monument with which the girl had long been familiar—was that of Barton's parents. She divined that he was visiting these graves for the first time after his long absence and illness; but it was too late to with-

draw; Barton had already seen her.

He came toward her at once, suppressing the emotion which she knew he must have felt, and said, "I have been here for some time, Miss Burney, and was just about to go. May I walk with you through the cemetery?"

She gave him a bright assent. It was one of the characteristics of Louise that whatever she did was done clearly, joyously, and with a sort of bright *éclat* that served to show her interest in and enjoyment of the most trivial circumstances of life.

Just now she chatted on to Barton in her liveliest way, for she was anxious to cover up the awkward situation into which she had inadvertently stumbled. Presently Barton noticed that she was being incommoded by the large mink muff that she carried, as she held up her skirts at the same time.

"Pray let me take your muff, Miss Burney," he said.

She gave it to him with a clear "Thank you," and added, "It's so warm to-day anyway that I had no reason for carrying it; but I suppose habit is stronger than any of us."

They had come to a grave newer than most of the others, and Louise paused before it. With a womanly gesture she bent down and pushed away some branches of a large evergreen tree, that were overhanging the plain stone. As she raised her head again, Barton saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"It is poor Jim Robbins' grave," she said in a low voice. "Just nineteen—and his mother's only child."

They were silent for a minute, and then the girl said, "But I envy you men the privilege of risking

everything for the country. What can a poor girl do? My father said I was not strong enough to be a nurse, and so I have had to be content with knitting and sewing and whatever else the village housewives have been doing for the army. When I was in Boston—I spent two winters there at school, and lived with an aunt I have there—I used often to hear the Abolition orators—Charles Sumner and all the rest of them. And I used to feel in those days that if ever the time came, I too should like to do my best for the good cause. But my best has been a very slight thing. I read of you, Colonel Barton, at the time you won your medal; all B—— was proud of you, as her son; and you don't know how I envy you!"

"I agree with you that it has been a great privilege," said Barton gravely, and he seemed so preoccupied for a time that the girl wondered if she had spoken too freely.

"Let us walk toward the church," said Edward presently, and they passed along the road, the young man recalling the more noticeable tombstones in the front row. "There is the lady with the three marble floupces, weeping into an elaborate handkerchief at her husband's urn," he said, and they smiled together; "and there is the Rev. Mr. Dewey's tomb, with the cherub in bands. How well I remember them. And yet," he added musingly, "these old graves that seem so passionless to us now have been wept over in their time as much as anything new."

They stood before the old church. "I'm afraid you must be tired," said Louise in her bright way, "and I know that I am. Let us sit here for a while. Father will be driving

past presently and I can go home with him."

For all his four years' war experience, his Lieutenant-Colonelcy, his honorable wound and his honorable laurels, there was still something of the boy in Edward Barton's appearance as he seated himself on the old church steps beside the radiant girl in the pink victorine and the plum-colored gown, and gave her back her muff with a deferential air. The two were frankly pleased with each other's company. They were contemporaries, and as such were bound to have many subjects in common. They talked fluently, sounding each other's natures with more than the ordinary mutual interest of man and maid. Circumstances had made it natural for the talk to take on an intimate character; and with the proverbial self-centredness of youth, it was of themselves and their earlier lives of which they spoke. Before Louise's eyes there lived again the lonely, sensitive boy, spending, under the minister's guardianship in the white parsonage down the road, a misunderstood, unhappy existence, redeemed from utter gloom only by the love of books and of bookish things; the stripling who had left B—— for college, and had worked his way through with dogged, unfailing energy; the youth of twenty-two who had left his instructorship in the cloistered academic town at the call to arms which had stirred his father and his grandfather before him; and finally the soldier, serving steadily but without distinction, through a long series of battles, through hard marches, and dull, wearisome camp-life; and winning glory at last, at the one stroke, when he had least expected it. And

Barton in his turn saw the other child, a girl motherless it is true, but basking in the sunny light of her father's love, with a fondness for books that equalled his own; delicate in health—a delicacy which had, in fact led to her father's coming to B—— nine years before; the young girl whose pulses had throbbed and whose imagination had been stirred at the thought of her country's faults and her country's need; and the older girl, who rejoiced with such heartfelt gratitude now that the wretched wrong was atoned for and the country saved. They talked of these things not sombrely, although they were the most important subjects in the world to them; but joyously, with all the hope and eagerness of their youth.

When Dr. Burney came driving down the road toward the church on his way home, he saw the two young people approaching him; his daughter in her furs and plum-colored gown walking beside the tall young soldier, who was again carrying her muff. The two were in animated conversation, and it seemed to the doctor that Edward's smile as he talked was peculiarly winning, and had in it much of unspoiled youthfulness.

Barton was, however, in a thoughtful mood when he returned to Mrs. Swift's. He encountered Harold, and, moved by some impulse which he could not have himself explained, he began sounding the child on the subject of the Revolutionary battle at B——, and found his ideas to be rather hazy. Barton's teaching instinct awoke in him; he spoke to Harold a little about the Revolution as the child already knew it, and then began to talk again of the

battle at B——, showing the indomitable strength of the sturdy colonial troops, who had in spite of their lack of skill overcome the British regulars; he told Harold where the graves of the Americans who had fallen were to be seen in the cemetery; and he dwelt on the fact that it was their strength inspired by sense of right and duty which had led them to victory. He ended with an elaborate peroration, having worked himself into a state of enthusiasm; and then stopped abruptly, looking at the child in amusement, as he reflected how little of his oratory Harold was likely to have understood.

There was a short pause. Then Harold in his sturdy way remarked unexpectedly, "This is a free country," and Barton, a little startled, reflected with amused wonder at the mixture of childish simplicity and wisdom beyond his years which Harold had often showed.

"I think," he said seriously, after a minute, "that we conquered the Southerners because we were right and they weren't."

"That's what Miss Burney says," said Harold with a seriousness equal to Edward's own," she says the country's saved now."

Barton was often at Dr. Burney's in the next two weeks. He decided that the walk there from Mrs. Swift's was excellently adapted to his returning strength, and he spent many hours with Louise in the doctor's sitting-room. It was the happiest period of his life. He and Louise were peculiarly congenial. A certain strain of bitterness, of disappointment, which, fostered by early trials, had crept its way into Barton's nature, was soothed and often wholly set at rest by frequent

contact with the girl's fresh, clear way of looking at life, untainted as it was by any carking care or corroding grief.

His strength, meanwhile, was coming back more rapidly than had been expected; it was evident that by the end of the summer he would be fully restored to that robustness which he had acquired while in the Army. And it was not only the return of physical strength which was delightful; Barton was experiencing also that joy and sense of breadth of horizon which comes to one who lives, as it were, in a current of new ideas. His preoccupation on the day he had met Louise in the cemetery had followed the ideas about the country and the war which she had so innocently and spontaneously expressed, taking it for granted that he would understand them. But Barton had never thought seriously about the principles that underlay the war. He had been stirred into action at its commencement by the heroic impulses that were in his blood. Now his keen intelligence, once aroused, was gradually comprehending the girl's ideas; during these days he sat at her feet and slowly came into a full realization of her message like a child conning by degrees a difficult lesson. In particular, her heroes, Lincoln and Sumner, were beginning to be to him the symbols of all that was fine and noble in the great moral movement that had gone on side by side with the military activity of the time.

The evening of the fourteenth of April was a joyous one at B——. All day the flags had been fluttering bravely against the blue sky. The war was over at last—the country saved, as Harold had said.

In the evening Barton sat with Louise in the sitting-room. The doctor had been with them at first, reading a medical magazine as they talked, but he had been called away, and they were now alone. Sometimes they could hear Mrs. Simmons' voice as she talked with the servant in the room across the hall.

They could hear also shouts and noise coming from the village below—the new village that had sprung up to supplant the older one with the coming of the railroad. They paused in their talk to listen, and presently became aware of answering shouts in the upper village. "They're coming this way," said Louise presently, and the sounds drew nearer and nearer. There were many men's voices, and drums, on which sounded the vibrant, throbbing music of the camp-songs that Barton knew so well. The noises stopped before the house, and the two inside heard Barton's name called out with cheers. "You would better go out to them," whispered Louise. "They must have heard from Mrs. Swift that you were here."

As Barton stepped out upon the porch, he was greeted by cheer on cheer. Concealed by the curtain, Louise peered out eagerly, and thrilled as she saw the tall, erect soldier's figure, illuminated by the flaming torchlight. There were cries of "Speech! Speech!" and Barton, to whom the whole scene by some strange mental trick seemed to have happened before in a dream or a pre-existence, stepped forward a little and began to speak in a clear ringing tone, every syllable that he uttered being perfectly audible to the girl inside. He spoke briefly,

but his ideas formulated themselves with the utmost clearness.

"I thank you all," he said, "for this visit. We have to-day a country saved from deadly peril. It is the best country in the world, and the only one that gives the same opportunities to all alike. Now that we have saved her, we must do our best to serve her and keep her in every way. And before you go, I want you to give three cheers for the man who has done more than anyone else to save the country—I mean Abraham Lincoln."

The cheers went up with a right good will. The assemblage moved away, and Barton turned inside to the waiting girl. For a time the two stood confronting each other in silence. The drum-beats were dying away in the distance. Then Edward spoke. "Miss Louise," he said, using the girl's name for the first time, so that she started a little, "I have something to tell you."

Louise looked at him inquiringly, and he went on. "Do you remember that afternoon in the cemetery, when you said that you would like to have accomplished more in the war? Let me tell you what you have done for me. You have taught me to see what the war meant; although I fought in it for four years, I never saw its significance until you told me."

Surprise and joy chased each other over Louise's face as Edward spoke. She sat still, bewildered by her emotions. He pressed her hand silently, and went out. In the next room she heard him saying an agitated good-night to Mrs. Simmons, which agitation the good lady attributed to the excitement of the serenade.

Barton rose late the next morning, and felt, that Good Friday, no sense of overhanging calamity. It was Harold, his serious eyes wide with knowledge of half-understood crime and calamity, who was the bearer to him of the ill-tidings of President Lincoln's danger.

At the first hearing of the news a dreadful recurrence of his former weakness seemed to overpower and paralyze Barton. But he mastered it in an instant, and asked the child hastily—"The President—will he live?"

"He'll die," replied Harold and at sight of Barton's distress and with a partial understanding of it he looked ready to cry.

Later in the day the telegraph confirmed the worst that had been feared, and all the joy and gladness that had been at B—— so short a time before was turned, as in countless other places, to bitter grief.

Barton heard from her father that Louise Burney was prostrated for the time being: and it was not until Sunday that he saw her, in church, her gown changed for a black one, and a spiritual look upon her pale face.

The old church was very beautiful on this Easter Sunday morning. The flag that had hung for four years below the pulpit was draped in black; and above the pulpit, upon the reading-desk, and all over the chancel was a mass of white lilies. The words of the Resurrection had a strange sound to the stricken people. Mr. Wallace, as usual, conducted the prayers and read the lesson; but the sermon was delivered by a younger man, who was, like Edward, a native of B——, and who had himself but lately returned from the war. As he mounted the

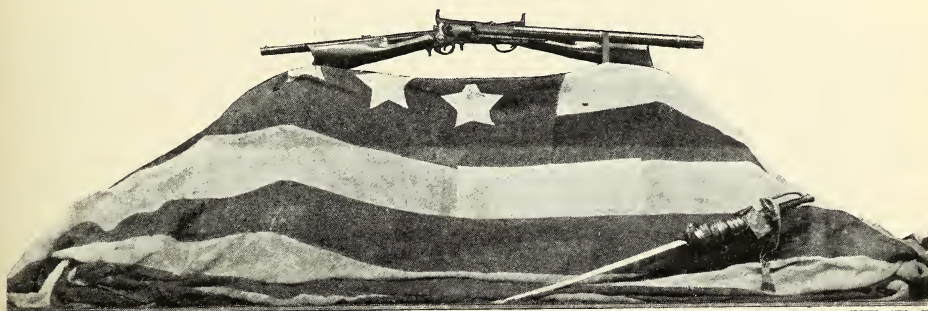
pulpit and began to speak, the people noticed a light as of new purpose and enthusiasm shining clearly forth from amid the marks of the grief that was common to them all.

"We were standing," he said, "in the presence of the great mystery of Death. Why it had been permitted, what was its ultimate significance we could see now as through a glass, darkly, but when the mystery of Life was over, we should be able to see face to face. What we could see now was a noble career closed, so that no taint of a less heroic time could touch it; a sacrifice fully accomplished, and an atonement made by the blood of the innocent for the faults of the guilty. And we should not waste our time in unavailing sorrow, but prayerfully, reverently lend ourselves to keeping inviolate the precious heritage—our beloved country, her flag now one again and soon to be without a seam—which our fathers had fought for so bravely and which our martyrs, unto this last one, had kept so

sacredly. Let us guard it and cherish it, even to the utmost of our ability."

Throughout the sermon the listeners were deeply stirred. Men sat with their heads bowed, and women sobbed audibly, in this congregation of reserved New Englanders. But toward the close they grew calmer and sat more erectly, a light as of new ambition shining in their eyes. The last hymn, "America," had never been sung with more vigor.

At the close of the service Barton found himself, as if by instinct, at Louise Burney's side. The others had gone ahead. The two walked on together, and there was silence between them, for they had looked into each other's eyes, and what they saw there had made them afraid. For a mystery new to them, but as strange and as old as Death or Life, had come into being in the old church on that Resurrection morning.



Modern Treatment of Tuberculosis

By HENRY L. SHUMWAY

UNTIL within less than a score of years, pulmonary tuberculosis, or "consumption" as it is more popularly known, has been the most deadly ailment in New England, and the infrequent recovery of victims after the disease was fully recognized has been quoted as almost miraculous. In fact a pronounced case was usually considered incurable. Besides this the popular idea was that the disease was hereditary, and once manifested, both patients and friends were hopeless of doing more than of delaying its progress toward the anticipated fatal termination, or of mitigating its attendant suffering.

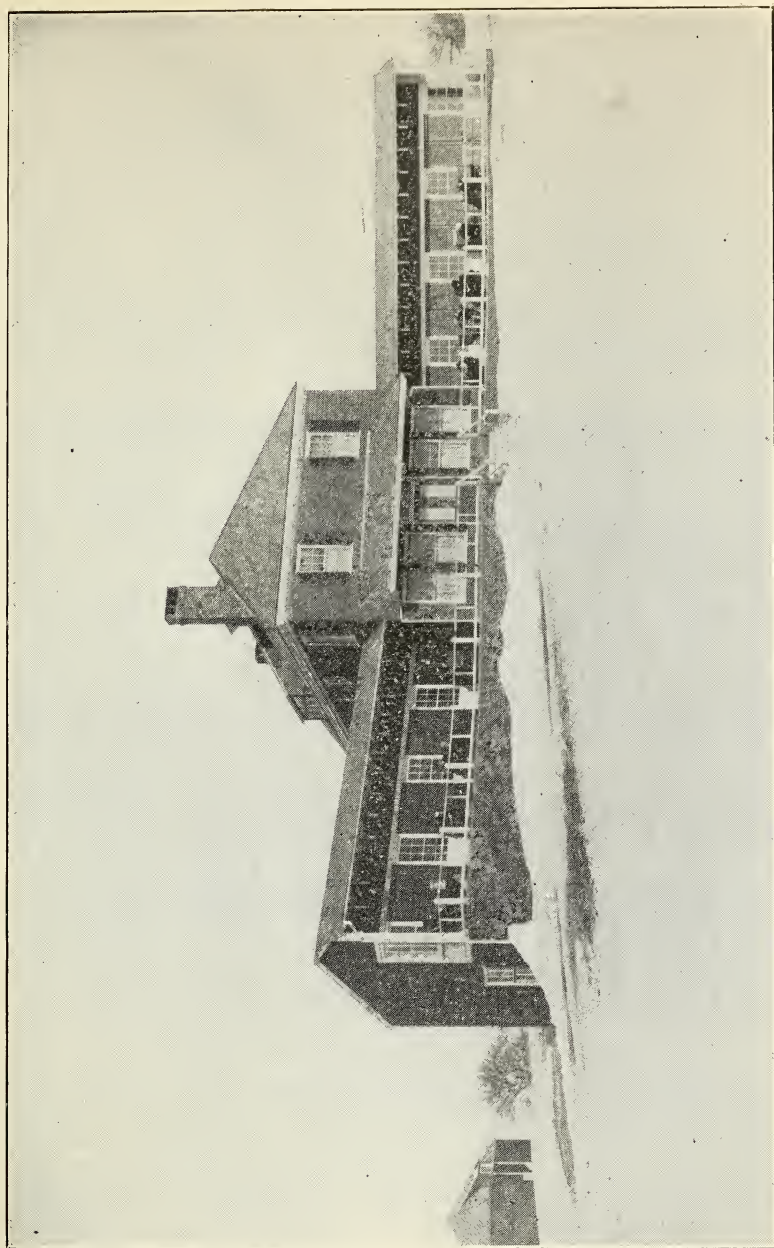
Science has, however, given a conclusive negative to both these popular ideas. Koch's discovery of the infectious agent, a now recognized bacillus, has taught the world

that the disease originated by its presence in the animal system is not hereditary in any sense, but is easily communicable under favorable conditions. The only phase of heredity involved in the disease is the inheritance of a generally enfeebled constitution from diseased parents, through which the offspring are possessed of less natural power to resist the inroads not only of this but of all other infectious agents, and indeed of any form of disease. The dissipation of this idea of heredity with its legitimate and inevitably disastrous result is of itself no mean agency in the campaign for the cure of pulmonary tuberculosis. Mental healing is not yet established in the scientific pharmacopœia, but psychologists are quite ready to admit that a mental conviction that a disease is incurable is a serious bar



ST. JOSEPH'S ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND WARD, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

By courtesy of "The Providence Journal,"



THE MAINE SANATORIUM, HEBRON, MAINE

to the success of even the most skillful treatment of a patient.

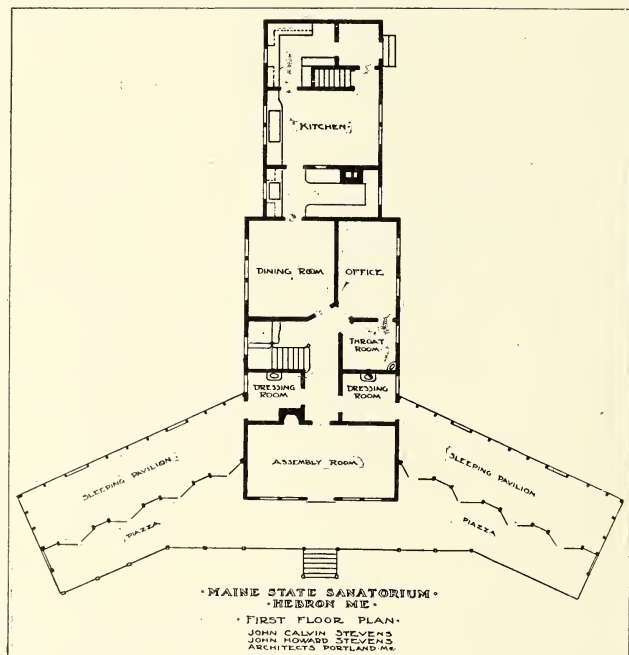
The disease is established in the system of any individual only by the introduction of the germ from an infected source. There are two most frequent sources of infection:

One is through the sputum or salivary excretions of a diseased person, thrown off without care in or about the home or in public places, which, after it is dried, passes as dust into the air and finds its way into the respiratory passages of

others. The other is through the same bacillus from milch cattle, which frequently pervades the milk, and which, if used without cooking, especially by enfeebled women and young children, carries the germs to the glands connected with the digestive apparatus, and infection ensues. There are other ways in which the germs present in any animal excretion, or in any infected animal tissue, may be introduced

pneumonia, cancer, as well as of tuberculosis, and no one knows how many other diseases, would long ago have depopulated the earth.

Medical statisticians credit pulmonary tuberculosis with at least one-seventh of the total number of deaths in civilized communities, and when to this is added the results of the same infection to which other names, like chronic diarrhœa, cholera infantum, scrofula, and the like are



into another body, but the two most potent channels of infection are as above described.

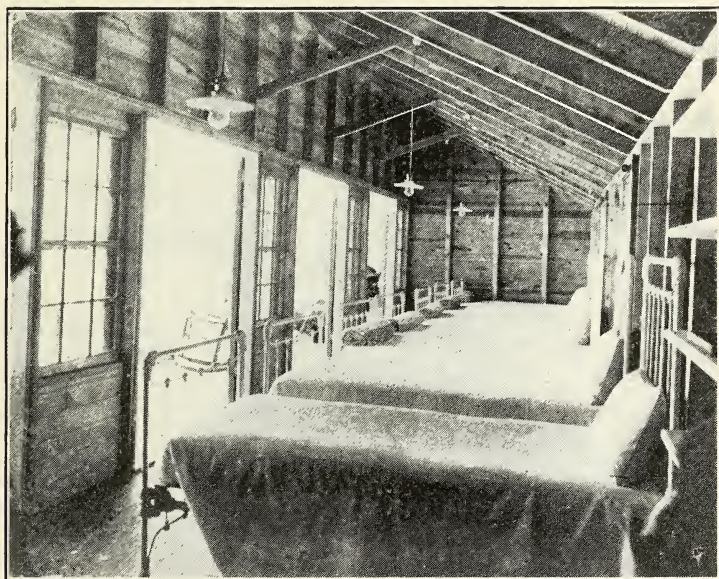
It should not be understood that every active bacillus finding lodgment in a human body will produce the disease. Fortunately for the continued existence of the human race, nature has endowed mankind with wonderful powers of resistance to infectious agencies. Otherwise, the germs of typhoid, diphtheria,

added, the record is truly an appalling one. The almost universal character of the disease is shown by statistics of observations of human autopsies, that in adults 70 per cent. show the presence at some time during life of the bacillus tuberculosis. Very many of these cases show that the disease was in some way arrested during life, and this fact demonstrates the possibility of cure, if the disease is met in its early

stages by intelligent recognition and prompt and wisely chosen remedial agents. The too frequent difficulty is the insidious nature of the disease; the loss of flesh, recurrent periods of slight fever, more or less cough, and even night-sweats are allowed to go on, to a point where the case is almost hopeless, before either the physician or the patient is aware of the peril of the situation.

effort toward reducing the appalling death rate which has heretofore prevailed.

The modern method of meeting the disease is so simple that one might almost expect its general adoption in the homes of the patients, but human nature is phenomenally indifferent to its own interests, and it is found necessary in a large majority of cases to place the patients under the rigorous

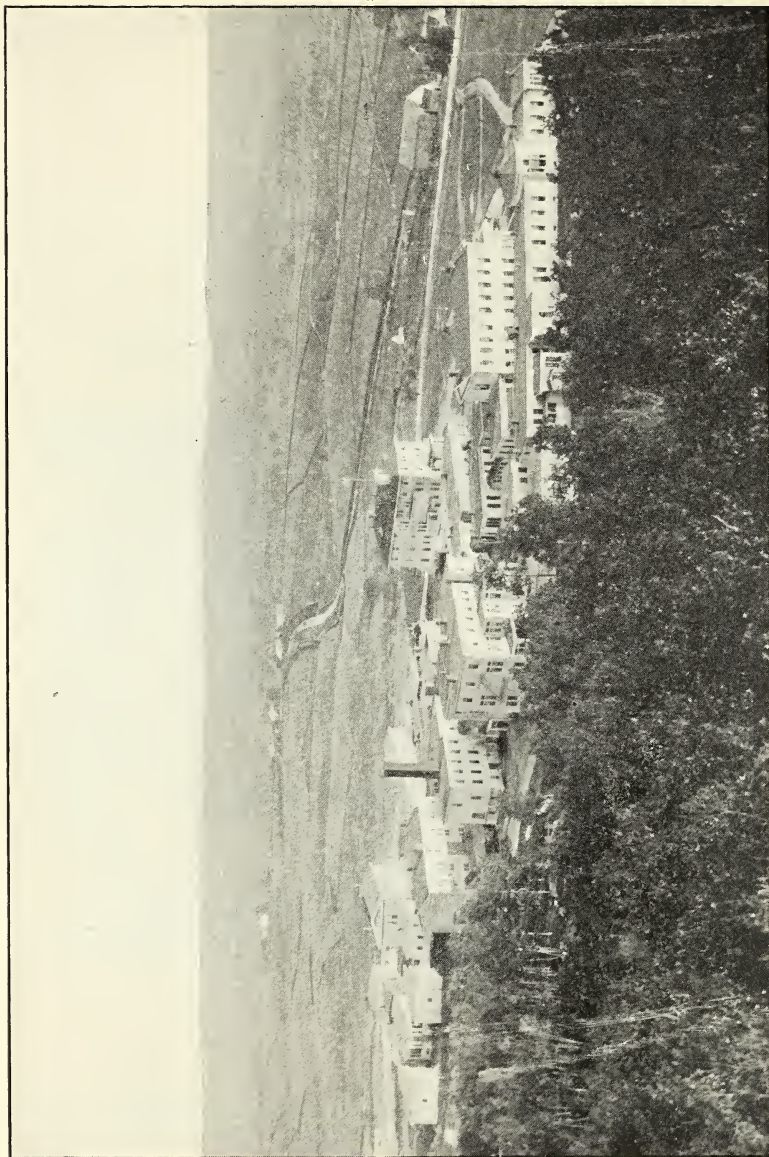


SLEEPING QUARTERS IN MAINE SANATORIUM

The new light upon the origin and character of the disease, which has been developed by science during the last score of years, has laid the foundation for its more intelligent treatment. Although the idea of its hereditary nature has been disproved, its infectious character, no less than the possibility of cure in the earlier stages, add to the serious character of the situation, but it has also laid the foundation for wise, scientific and eminently practical

supervision which is possible only in a specially arranged institution, and under the control of medical men who are thoroughly conversant with all the symptoms and phases of the disease, and aware of the prime importance attaching even to the apparently more trivial details of the approved treatment.

To this end medical science and corporate philanthropy have decided that a sanatorium specially contrived and arranged for the reception of



MASSACHUSETTS STATE SANATORIUM

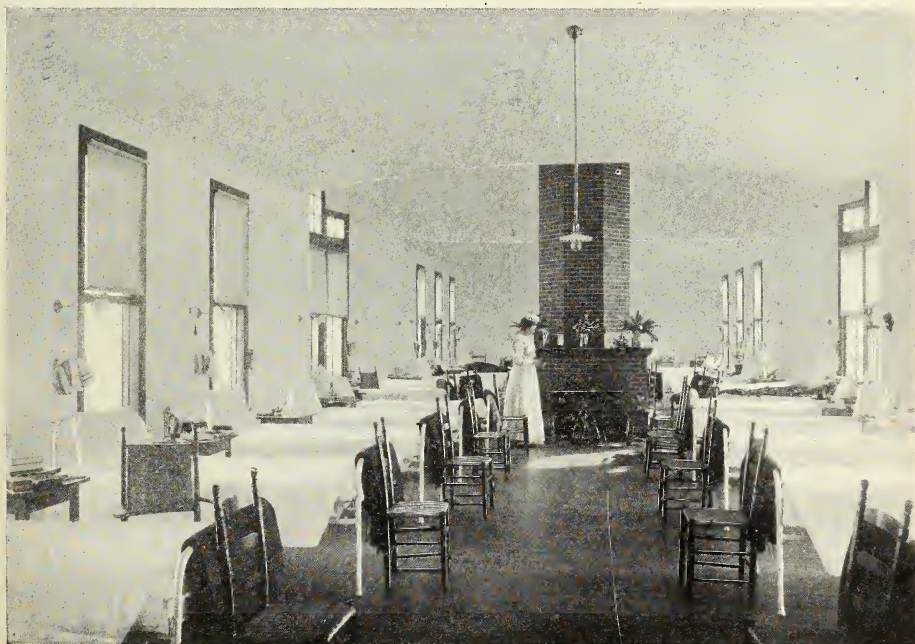
the victims of pulmonary tuberculosis is indispensable for its proper treatment. The essential features of such an institution are healthful location, proper water supply and drainage, open air at all hours, and all seasons, sunlight, and cheerful surroundings. The no less important essentials of the arrangement of such an establish-

ment are a superabundance of properly selected food, ample bathing facilities, opportunity for all proper forms of out-door exercises, and the promotion of personal interest and social intercourse to counteract the morbid conditions so apt to assert themselves under the depressing influence of protracted illness.



A DINING ROOM

Sleeping rooms wide open to the air, out-door camps still more primitive, and even a forced diet are the essentials. Thus five or six meals a day are usually insisted on, and cereals, meats, poultry, and above all, milk and eggs are almost crowded into the patients, who are encouraged to take the out-door exercise which, by promoting food



A WARD

assimilation, makes such a profuse diet practicable. A gallon of milk and ten or a dozen eggs a day are often insisted on besides what might be called the regular "bill of fare." Of course the medical attendant knows what a strain this dietary is upon the digestive possibilities of his patients, but he is prepared for this, and soon has his colony in condition to absorb and assimilate undreamed of quantities of food, the idea being to counteract the destruction of tissue by the

leading to the re-infection of patients on the road to recovery. All this, however, is now avoided by the insistence on the care by the patients of all such media of infection. Sputum cups of rubber with paper linings, which are readily removed and burned after use, or other like appliances are provided the patients, who are carefully instructed on the importance of their constant use. Other sources of possible infection are recognized and provided against in the discipline of such an establish-



MOUNT WACHUSETT AND LAKE MUSCHOPANGE FROM THE SANATORIUM

bacillus, by a rebuilding of tissue faster than it is destroyed.

At first there was a prejudice against the location of these institutions in near proximity to other habitations, but this idea has been largely dissipated as a more intelligent grasp of the situation has been cultivated in the community. Practically the only real opportunity for infection is in the careless expectation of patients. In Colorado, at Asheville, North Carolina, and other famous resorts for consumptives, this has proved a genuine menace to the public health, besides

ment, and there is now really less danger of infection from a sanatorium than from a country farmhouse where two or three generations have died of consumption, and wall-paper, floors, etc., have all the while been left uncleansed to perpetuate the infectious character of the dwelling.

This curative and preventive policy, based upon a recognition of the true idea of the infectious nature of the disease, and of the possibility of cure in cases not too far advanced, is the legitimate work of the sanatorium. There is, however, another

[illegible]

phase of the general subject, to which only brief allusion has been made here. This is the danger of infection from the milk of diseased animals. This food article, largely used in an uncooked state by delicate women and tender children, often carries with it the germs of tuberculosis, to the constant peril of the community. Milch cattle are quite as susceptible as human beings to this form of infection, and when herds or single animals are kept under slovenly or unsanitary conditions, and when the animals are debilitated by in-breeding, early breeding and forcing to an excessive milk secretion, these conditions furnish the best possible soil for the propagation of the germs, once they are introduced into the system of the animal.

For ten years or more this form of tubercular contagion has engaged the attention of the medical faculty, and the higher skilled veterinarians, and much has been accomplished in educating milk producers and the public in regard to the facts, and to the possibility of prevention to a very considerable extent. Koch's discovery of the bacillus tuberculosis and his later discovery of tuberculin, have together given intelligent medical men and veterinarians the means of promptly and accurately determining the presence of the disease in an animal. Tuberculin is the life-product of the bacillus, much as carbonic acid is the life-product of all breathing animals, and the most common symptoms of the disease are produced by the toxic effect of this agent. At first Koch supposed he had discovered a remedy for tuberculosis, and that supposed fact was prematurely made public. Later it was discredited as

a curative agent, although isolated cases of cure were observed. But observations on this line developed the fact that it could be relied on to reveal the presence of the disease. The injection of a very small quantity of the agent into the animal system was found to create a marked and characteristic rise in temperature, followed by a return to the normal as soon as the agent was eliminated from the system through the various secretions.

The use of tuberculin for this purpose is entirely harmless, as its preparation includes the destruction of the vitality of the bacilli. In many cases it has been found that the injection has apparently accelerated the progress of the disease, and its use is not desirable upon human beings. With milch cattle, however, its use is important and valuable, as it reveals the presence of the disease with unerring accuracy, while if no disease is present no harm follows its administration.

The tuberculin test is a very simple one in professional hands. For a full grown animal three drops, in thirty drops of water, is injected hypodermically, usually just through the loose skin back of the shoulder. Six or eight hours after injection, if even the slightest trace of the disease is present, a rise in temperature is observed. Usually a clinical thermometer is inserted in the rectum of the animal, at intervals of two or three hours, beginning eight hours after injection. The presence of the injected matter seems to excite the bacilli, if present, to unusual activity, resulting in the febrile condition revealed by the thermometer. During the test food and water are withheld from the animal or given in small quantities.

A rise of from two to six or more degrees, F., followed by a return to normal temperature after eight or ten hours of observation, reveals the presence of the disease. The excepted cases are only those in which the disease is so far advanced that the whole system is saturated with the naturally secreted tuberculin, so that the addition of the two or three drops injected has no effect. In these cases, however, the general symptoms of the disease are so clearly apparent that the test is unnecessary.

Nearly every state in the union has made more or less attempt to eradicate, or at least to reduce the disease, through the enforcement of the tuberculin test, but more drastic measures than are yet in use will need to be adopted before the desirable degree of immunity is secured. Most of the states attempt to prevent the importation of diseased animals, and exercise a degree of supervision over the cattle of the state, but the work is advancing but slowly. Individual owners, especially of high class breeding herds, and some others who are best informed in regard to the presence and the peril of the disease, have voluntarily adopted the test, at great pecuniary cost, but willingly as assisting in the protection of the public. The writer has in mind a herd of sixty herd-book Ayrshires, in which the owner took great pride, and which he believed to be in a healthy condition, which, when he introduced the tuberculin test, was reduced to two animals. All the others were killed, and even a superficial autopsy revealed the presence of the disease in every case. In another herd of one hundred thoroughbred Jerseys the owner gladly sacri-

ficed over one-half, and now not only tests every animal before purchasing, but tests the entire herd every year, to prevent infection. Scores of similar instances of the prevalence of the disease and of the public spirit of individual owners, might easily be quoted. The great bar to effective state or municipal action against the disease has been professional jealousy among veterinarians, the ignorance and prejudice of the owners of cattle, and the self-interest of the many who, while more than suspecting the presence of the disease in their herds, resent any interference which may result in the condemnation of their animals, or the information to the public that they have diseased herds. Most assuredly, however, the work is to go on, and the preventive measures involved in the purging of the milk supply from infection and the more intelligent treatment of the early cases in the human family, with better general sanitary modes of living, may be relied on, perhaps not until the passage of a generation or two, to practically rid the community of this great peril.

Massachusetts was the pioneer in the work of attempting the cure of pulmonary tuberculosis in its early stages through especial sanitary and dietetic methods. In the spring of 1895 the sum of \$150,000 was appropriated and a board of trustees was appointed, whose first duty was to select and secure a desirable location for a sanatorium. They looked for a site at least 1000 feet above sea level, with proper drainage, good and abundant water, large land area, open exposure and easily accessible. These were found and secured on the crown of a rocky ridge in the town of Rutland, which

boasts the highest location between Boston and the Connecticut River. The town is broadly historic, as it was settled very early; it was the scene of the imprisonment of Burgoyne's army after his surrender; the famous Madame Jumel lived here, afterward becoming the wife of Aaron Burr; and from here emigrated Rufus Putnam, the father of the state of Ohio, to settle in the far western wilds at Marietta. His old homestead is still standing, and is an object of local historic interest.

The institution was opened October 1, 1898, and received its first patient two days later. It has a central administration building with extended wings, well shown in the illustration. The portion occupied by patients is only one story in height, facing the south. Each principal ward has twenty-two beds and there are smaller rooms for the isolation of cases which threaten dangerous development. At the end of each ward is a sun-bath room with glass on three sides, outside of which are large piazzas, so that even in extreme weather the most delicate patient is assured of sunlight and fresh air.

The patients are required to keep daily records of every detail of their hospital life—hours in the open air, exercise, food, temperature, pulse, cough, symptoms, etc., and trained nurses revise and supplement these with their own more skilful observations. The nurses, too, control the heat and ventilation of the wards, etc., no patient being allowed to meddle with these features of the treatment. Every patient is weighed once a week and these records, passing under the eye of the trained superintendent, furnish the data for accurate conclusions re-

garding individual improvement or deterioration, upon which are based the propriety of continued treatment.

With so insidious a disease as pulmonary consumption, statistics covering brief periods of treatment are by no means conclusive, but as an indication of results the following, from the Rutland sanatorium are of interest: The record is of 132 patients who remained under treatment from one to 19 2-3 months. Of 82 incipient cases, 53 were apparently cured or the disease arrested; 28 were improved, and only one failed to show improvement. Of 40 moderately advanced cases, six were apparently cured or the disease arrested; 18 were improved; 15 were not improved, and one died. Of 10 far advanced cases, three were improved and 6 failed of improvement; one died.

Maine also has a state sanatorium for the treatment of apparently curable cases of pulmonary tuberculosis. It is located in Oxford County, among the easterly foothills of the White Mountains, on Greenwood Mountain in the town of Hebron. The location has long been noted for its dry atmosphere and other favorable climatic conditions. Extremes of heat and cold characteristic of New England are minimized here by topographical conditions. The location is only about twelve miles from the Poland Spring hotel, and its water supply is believed to be equally pure and healthful with that at that famous resort. The buildings are of wood, with plainly finished interiors. The pavilion fronts are fitted with glass doors, closed usually only when the patients are dressing or undressing, and the men and women

patients, in separate pavilions, have all necessary privacy. Baths are in abundance and variety, and the kitchen and dining rooms, most important accessories of the new system of treatment, are arranged with especial care. Assembly and recreation rooms are also abundant.

The estate includes three hundred and twenty acres cut through the center by a public highway. There is an abundance of arable land, for the supply of vegetables, fruits and dairy products, poultry, etc., for the tables of the institution, besides generous areas of attractive woodland traversed by paths that are most inviting for out-door exercise. In these woods are rough "camps," open on one side, and inviting the patients to their habitation.

The establishment has been carefully planned to meet the requirements of the new treatment, open air, sunshine, bathing facilities and abundant food supply being the essential features, while all its appliances and regulations have been intelligently planned to meet the most approved requirements for the treatment of the class of patients for which it is designed.

Unlike the other two establishments thus far described, Rhode Island has one, not a state institution but conducted as a part of the charities of the Roman Catholic sisterhood in charge of St. Joseph's hospital in Providence. These sisters have for years had such a department of the hospital in mind. In thirteen years they have had charge of nearly eight hundred tuberculosis cases but with only an occasional cure, as the especially hygienic treatment now in vogue was not developed until recently. Now, with quite a complete equipment for the

out-door and special food system, they hope to see their efforts rewarded with a large proportion of cures, in the incipient cases.

In the Massachusetts and Maine institutions, only cases in the earlier stages of the disease are desired, as their plan and equipment are designed to be remedial; but in this Rhode Island institution cases of all classes are taken, the sisters realizing that as a charity their sanatorium can be highly beneficial in smoothing the downward path of their patients. Provision has, however, been carefully made for the separation of the several classes of cases, so that no harm shall come from the hopeless cases to those which indicate a possibility of recovery.

The buildings are located at Hillsgrove, on a farm of two hundred acres which was presented to St. Joseph's hospital several years ago by Bishop Harkins. All three of the buildings face the south and on a good elevation, with ample provision for water and drainage. The modern methods for the suppression of contagion have been adopted, and dismissal is the penalty if a patient breaks the rules in this regard. The establishment will care for forty-four patients, and although but just open it is already filled, and the demands for admission emphasize the fact that the sanatorium cannot meet the demand for relief. Enlargement, or another institution under direct state supervision, are the only practicable alternatives if the work is to meet the present and prospective demand.

The state legislature has appropriated \$10,000 for the sisters' sanatorium, and fully this amount has already been expended in the build-

ings and furnishings. Its support will devolve upon the efforts of those directly in charge. It is anticipated that the good results achieved here will speedily prompt the public to larger provision for the care of this class of sufferers.

A very valuable contribution to the literature of this subject is a paper prepared for the Eighth International Prison Congress, to be held this year, by Dr. J. B. Ransom, physician to Clinton prison, Dannemora, New York. He has made a very careful study of tuberculosis in penal institutions and his observations are of importance in their relations not only to his special field but to the general public. He points out that the average age at prison commitment, and the generally unfavorable condition and surroundings of prisoners previous to commitment, contribute largely to the proportion of tuberculous cases observed among prisoners. From forty to sixty per cent. of all the deaths of prison inmates are due to this disease while the record for the whole population of the United States is about ten per cent. Dr. Ransom's discussion of the favorable conditions for the infection and development of the disease attendant on prison life, with its unsanitary conditions, reveals the great need of prison reform in this direction, and his failure to secure reliable statistics from a careful canvass of the principal prisons of the country, indicates that much needs to be undertaken, while the results of his own careful work at Dannemora justifies the conclusion that the problem of prevention, and of cure to a certain extent, only awaits for its successful solution an imitation of his methods.

Dr. Ransom has found it difficult to secure reliable statistics from any large number of prisons, but he relies on reports from the few that are collected under peculiarly reliable conditions. These are the prison under his own charge, the United States Marine Sanatorium at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, the United States Military Sanatorium at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, and the Sanatorium at Blackwell's Island, New York. The figures are:

	CASES	DEATH-RATE
Fort Bayard	449	20.
Clinton Prison	461	3.23
Fort Stanton	303	14.
Blackwell's Island	1094	29.68

An important feature of the treatment of tuberculous prisoners by the state of New York is the transfer of all recognized cases from the other large prisons to Clinton, where they receive the modern treatment. The result in the change of the death rate is significant, not only of the purging experienced by the other prisons, but that, although Clinton now gets practically all the cases, its death rate has not advanced. The figures are a decade apart, before and after all cases were sent to Clinton, as follows:

	1892	1902
Sing Sing	27	7
Auburn	44	5
Clinton	10	10
	—	—
	81	22

In closing his report Dr. Ransom wisely suggests the value of the treatment at Clinton to the general public, in that, instead of the former prison life turning out upon the public a throng of diseased released prisoners, they are now healthy and better able not only to be self-supporting, but are no longer a prolific source of infection.

The Cat That Played Cupid

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

MISS JOSEPHINE CARROL was known throughout the village to be the possessor of two well-nourished aversions; they were men and cats. The first caused no particular comment—it was to be expected, perhaps, as the lady was thirty and unmarried; but the second—the second was contrary to all established precedents and was rank treason to the state of spinsterhood.

The Carrol homestead, situated just on the outskirts of Carrolton, was a somber thing of square corners and green blinds, and emphasized in every clear-cut line of hedge and flower-bed the owner's orderly self. West of it, and not far from the boundary line, stood the "Eyesore,"—as Miss Josephine termed it—a vacant cottage with broken windows and sagging doors, overrun with honeysuckles and wild roses, and set in the midst of a tangle of hollyhocks and peonies.

It was late in June that the welcome news came to Miss Josephine that the "Eyesore" had been disposed of to an unknown purchaser.

"Well, I am glad," she said emphatically to the minister's wife, who was calling. "It has been simply an eyesore to me for ten years past, and I shall be thankful to see the pruning shears and a lawn mower get hold of that place—to say nothing of what the house itself needs!"

In Miss Josephine's joyful anticipation was a pleasant vision of carpenters, gardeners, and scrub-

women working many days to bring about the happy change; great was her consternation, therefore, when, in less than a week, she saw a large wagon heaped with boxes, barrels, and furniture, standing before her neighbor's broken gate.

"Why, they—they've actually come!" she exclaimed in dismay. "And into that house, with never a thing being done to it!"

The first thing that stirred Miss Josephine's waking thoughts the next morning was the remembrance of her new neighbors. Springing out of bed she pattered across the room and peeped through the lace curtains.

On the back porch of the no longer vacant house stood a curious figure clad in loose blue trousers and a flowing coat.

"Why, it's a woman in man's—no, it's a man—it's—oh, it's a heathen Chineer!" gasped Miss Josephine, her voice a crescendo of horror and dismay. Then she caught her breath with a sudden something like relief in her eyes. "Well, thank goodness, they aren't all heathens!" she exclaimed, as a tall, clean-shaven man in his shirt-sleeves opened the door and joined the Chinaman on the steps.

There was a severe thunder storm that evening, and it was after a particularly heavy crash that Miss Josephine heard a strange noise at her side door. Half fearfully she picked up a lamp and opened the door a cautious twelve inches. She

almost dropped the lamp when apparently a living, dripping bit of the outer blackness shot through the open door and into the middle of the room.

It was some time before Miss Josephine's dazed eyes comprehended that the shivering bit of darkness in the middle of her sitting-room was a large black cat. Then she threw wide the door, unmindful of the trespassing rain, set down the lamp, and hurried into the kitchen for a broom.

"Here, scat—scat—shoo—get out—scat, I say!" she cried, fiercely brandishing her broom.

The cat dodged from side to side, always avoiding that open door which led to the wet horribleness without—until a sharp gust of wind extinguished the light and slammed the door, bringing Miss Josephine's chase to a sudden end.

Miss Josephine was one of those women who have a peculiar horror of the dark. To her, in the best of times, it was peopled with outstretched hands and clammy fingers, and now—now there really was a tangible thing of claws and furry legs ready to leap at her out of the dark. For a moment she stood quite still, hugging herself into as small a compass as possible; then, bringing all her will-power to bear, she banged the handle of the broom down hard on the floor and forced her unwilling feet to carry her across the room to the accompaniment of a thump from the broom at every step. Thus she gained safety—and the kitchen door. In another minute, and with a second lamp, Miss Josephine returned to the sitting-room.

Taking advantage of the momentary quiet, the cat came from her

hiding-place and advanced to the middle of the floor. There she raised herself upright on her haunches and cried:

"Meow!"

Miss Josephine dropped limply into a chair.

"Shoo—scat!" she said weakly.

The cat dropped to all fours again, advanced another twelve inches and repeated her polite supplication.

"Well, I do declare!" murmured Miss Josephine, giving the broom in her hand a feeble shake.

Quick to perceive the weakening of her adversary, the cat came close to Miss Josephine's side, raised herself upright and held out an insistent black paw—the trick of all her master's teaching that pussy hated most to do.

Whatever was the spell that the cat's extraordinary behavior had cast upon Miss Josephine, it quickly fled at this last display, and Miss Josephine sprang to her feet.

"Ugh!—the uncanny brute!" she shuddered, with a vigorous thrust of her broom, and hurrying to throw open the outer door.

The cat, as if aware that its most seductive appeal for sympathy had been all in vain, humped its black back, spit wrathfully, then dashed out the door into the still falling rain.

With dustpan, brush, and moistened cloth, Miss Josephine carefully removed all traces of her recent unwelcome guest; then she opened the door and peered stealthily out into the dark.

"Dear me, it does rain pretty hard!" she murmured, with a look in her eyes that was almost regretful as she slowly closed the door.

A week passed. Miss Josephine sent many glances toward the

neighboring house, but she seldom saw its occupants. The broken gate was mended, the front door no longer sagged, and the windows rejoined in new panes of glass; but the lawn was yet unmowed, and the honeysuckles, roses, peonies, and hollyhocks still bloomed in riotous profusion with apparently not a leaf nor bud disturbed.

"Well, I—I suppose I really ought to call," thought Miss Josephine, mindful of her neighborly duties; "but—I don't see how I can like her," she added, with a troubled glance at a huge pigweed raising its head on the other side of the boundary line.

That same afternoon found Miss Josephine, arrayed in her lustrous black silk gown, daintily picking her way up the stranger's grass-grown walk. Her feet were brought to a sudden stop as her eyes caught sight of the tall, smooth-shaven man sitting in a low chair before an easel which was placed under the spreading branches of an apple tree. At the man's side, with yellow, gleaming eyes fixed on Miss Josephine, was a large black cat.

A man and a cat!—the lady's carefully-assumed polite smile vanished from her lips. She took a resolute step forward.

The cat sprang to her feet, and at the sudden movement the man looked up. With a hasty dropping of his palette and brush he, too, arose and faced the not unlovely vision in his pathway.

"Good afternoon, sir," began Miss Josephine, stiffly, her cheeks a pretty pink. "I am Miss Carrol, your next-door neighbor. I came to call on your—er—are the ladies of your household in?" she finished with sudden hesitation, her disapproving

gaze bent on the cat, which began to show signs of desiring an acquaintance.

An unmistakable twinkle came into the man's gray eyes as he bowed before her.

"You are most kind, Miss Carrol," he murmured, noting with swift approval the glint of the sunlight on Miss Josephine's satiny hair. "I now regret more than ever that I am so unfortunate as to be obliged to keep Bachelor's Hall. There are no ladies in my household—unless," he added with a whimsical smile, "you would be willing to accept Tabitha as such; she certainly seems to realize the responsibilities of her position!" he finished laughingly, as the cat rose on her hind feet before Miss Josephine and gave forth a gentle "meow."

Long before he had finished speaking the red of confusion had surged across Miss Josephine's face and then receded, leaving it white with anger. She quite forgot her manners, and what was due this courteous stranger before her. She saw only the tangled weeds, the man's laughing eyes, and the antics of the abhorred animal in the path at her side. With flashing eyes and an uptilted chin, she wheeled where she stood and marched down the walk, without so much as a word in reply.

The man's face was instantly grave.

"Miss Carrol, I didn't mean—I beg of you—surely you—" he stammered hurriedly; but the backward wave of a slender gloved hand so plainly said, "Apologies are quite useless, sir!" that he was silenced. He watched with troubled eyes her progress along the road to her house.

"Well, by Jove, she—she didn't look it!" he finished weakly, stooping to pet the black cat, whose arched back and upright tail indicated keen approval.

Twenty-four hours later, immediately after the express from the nearest city had arrived, Miss Josephine answered a gentle knock at her side door, and accepted with reluctant hands a large box which a stolid, unsmiling Chinaman presented.

Inside the house she gingerly took off the cover and exposed to view a wealth of pink and yellow roses with a small white card nestling in their fragrant depths.

"With sincerest apologies for an unwitting offense.

"Carl D. Merritt."

"Um—very pretty!" said Miss Josephine, crisply, snapping on the box cover and starting for the outer door.

Half way across the room she stopped irresolutely, raised the cover and took one long sniff of sweetness. She stopped again for another sniff when she had reached the door. Very slowly she descended the steps and looked toward her neighbor's house; then she turned sharply, hastened through the hall to the kitchen and shook the roses out of the box on to the table. With many prickings of hurried fingers, the long stems were finally placed in Miss Josephine's choicest vase, and Miss Josephine herself was surveying the result with eyes that tried in vain to show displeasure.

It was only the next day that the minister's wife called.

"See much of your new neighbors?" she asked.

"Very little," replied Miss Josephine, a swift red in her cheeks.

"His name's 'Merritt,' I believe."

"So I understand," murmured Miss Josephine, her eyes on the roses in the big vase near by.

"I hear he's an artist, unmarried, and lives with a Chinese servant; funny!—isn't it?"

"Yes, 'tis," assented Miss Josephine, shifting uneasily in her chair.

"And there's a cat—have you seen the cat? They say it's a black one and used to be in a trained-animal show, and it can do lots of tricks. Did you say you'd seen it?"

"Yes, I have," said Miss Josephine with sudden vehemence; and something in her eyes caused the minister's wife to make a hasty change of subject.

Miss Josephine was at work on her west flower-bed one morning soon after that, when a man's smooth-shaven face appeared over the top of the boundary hedge.

"Good morning, Miss Carrol; I was just wanting to see you," began Mr. Merritt with an ease of manner that gave no hint of his inward quakings as to his reception. "I find a quantity of fine currants are going to waste in my garden, and 'twould be a real kindness to me if you would take them off my hands. With your permission I'll send them over this afternoon."

"I—I have all the currants I need," fibbed Miss Josephine with prompt iciness, wondering if it were possible that this man could know that the most of her jelly for the last ten years had been made from those very bushes.

"Ah, plenty—have you?" returned the man, undaunted. "Well, then you'll know just whom to give them to; I—"

"But Mr. Merritt, I do not want—I cannot—" began Miss Josephine, helplessly.

"Ah, you're so kind!" interrupted

the man, "I know you won't refuse to take charge of the tiresome things for me. Just do what you like with them," he concluded, with an airy sweep of his hands indicative of entire irresponsibility. "What beautifully kept flower-beds, Miss Carrol," he went on diplomatically, before she could answer. "Your gardener must be a jewel of the first water."

A sudden light came into the woman's eyes. The currants fled from her thoughts and left only her neighbor's weed-grown garden.

"It's Peter—and he is a good gardener," she returned eagerly. "He—he's only here a part of the time. Now wouldn't—wouldn't you like him some?" she burst out, an ecstatic vision of a metamorphosed "Eyesore" again leading her on to the door of Hope.

Merritt laughed pleasantly.

"You are very good, Miss Carrol, but I fear it would be many a weary day before Peter brought my garden to look like yours; and then, really, to tell the truth, I rather fancy the picturesqueness of the whole thing. This riotous tangle just suits the cottage—it's consistent, you know."

Miss Josephine's lips snapped together and her fingers jerked a long grass from the peony roots.

"Picturesque!" she began scornfully, then stopped with a start of surprise. A black cat had sprung from the sheltering hedge and was making kittenish dashes at the other end of the grass in her hand.

"I sometimes think Tabitha is in her second childhood," mused the man aloud.

"Here—shoo!" said Miss Josephine, thrusting the grass at the cat.

Tabitha promptly accepted the

thrust as the proper response to her first efforts and pounced upon the grass with renewed glee.

Miss Josephine jerked the grass away and the cat followed straight into Miss Josephine's lap.

"Ugh—scat—shoo!" cried the lady, springing to her feet.

"Tabitha, Miss Carrol thinks you are too familiar on first acquaintance," remonstrated Mr. Merritt, gravely, though his lips twitched. "You should beg her pardon," he continued, giving a peculiar whistle and crying sharply, as he pointed to Miss Carrol, "Tabitha—beg!"

With evident unwillingness the cat arose to her hind feet and held out a black paw to Miss Josephine.

The lady gasped and backed away.

"Now waltz, Tabitha, waltz!" ordered the man.

Tabitha dropped on all fours again and began to circle round and round on patient, rhythmic feet. Something very like interest came into Miss Josephine's eyes.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Josephine," called a clear voice across the lawn. "Nancy said I should find you here. I came over to ask for your angel-cake rule." And the minister's wife came toward them, a smile on her lips, and her eyebrows suggestively upraised.

With a hasty nod in Merritt's direction and a strangely guilty flush, Miss Josephine hurried to meet her guest.

Not only currants, but raspberries and blackberries in generous profusion went over the line to Miss Josephine that summer, and all with so easy an assurance that Miss Josephine found herself powerless to prevent it.

"The obligation is all my own!"

Merritt declared earnestly, whenever she remonstrated with him across the boundary hedge.

There came to be a good many meetings over that boundary hedge. Merritt developed a sudden interest in gardening and even cleared a small square of his own which he carefully tended under the direct supervision of Miss Josephine from her side of the hedge. He brought out his pictured roses and peonies, also, for her to criticise, and she was obliged to confess that of the two, his pigment gardening was surely the greater success.

So gradually had it all come about that Miss Josephine did not realize the frequency of these meetings until it suddenly occurred to her one morning early in September that not for five consecutive days had she seen her next-door neighbor. It was then that her western flower-bed received persistent and daily care. But in vain. One—two—three days passed, and not a glimpse did she catch of him. On the fourth the Chinaman appeared on the back steps.

Miss Josephine fidgeted about the bed, ruthlessly pulled the petals from a flaming nasturtium, then gave a nervous little cough.

"Er—ah—is your master sick?" she called.

The man did not stir.

"Er—ah—here!" she called in a higher key. "Is your master sick?—I say."

The Chinaman turned, looked fixedly at her for a moment, then nodded his head.

"But how—what is the matter?"

"Velly bad," said the Chinaman stolidly.

"But what is it?—how long has he been so?" she asked, with an impatient gesture.

The man shook his head.

"He velly bad—velly bad!" he repeated impressively.

"But can't I do something—don't you need something?" she urged again.

The Chinaman shifted from one slippered foot to the other, shook his head once more, then turned and shuffled into the house.

"Stupid—stupid—stupid!" muttered Miss Josephine. "Now what's to be done! He'll die, of course, with no one but that idiot to tend him; but I can't go over—I suppose!" she added, her cheeks beginning to burn. At that moment she caught sight of the doctor coming out of the neighboring yard and hurried down to intercept him.

"Doctor, what's the matter with Mr. Merritt? Is he very sick? Can't I do something? I can't get anything out of that heathen Chinnee!" she panted.

The doctor smiled—the minister's wife had not been slow to report those boundary-line meetings.

"Well, he's been pretty sick, Miss Josephine, but he's not wanted for anything—that 'heathen Chinnee' knows how to nurse a man all right, anyhow. Merritt's better—'twas short and sharp, you know. Maybe he would like some of your famous jelly and the pretty things you women always know how to fix up," finished the doctor with a sly twinkle as he drove away.

Miss Josephine went at once to her kitchen and was closeted there for an hour. Then old Nancy, with a daintily covered tray, hurried through the garden to the next house.

There was a heavy rain that night, and again Miss Josephine heard a queer sound at her side door. For a moment she hesitated, then

resolutely crossing the room, she opened the door and peered out into the dark.

"Pussy, pussy, come pussy!" she called softly, and Tabitha dashed up the steps and into the room.

Miss Josephine watched her as she made a careful toilet on the rug before the fireplace. A strange gleam suddenly came into the woman's eyes.

"Tabitha, beg!" she commanded, with a not entirely successful copy of Merritt's whistle.

The cat stopped work and looked fixedly at her.

"Beg—beg, I say!" persisted Miss Josephine.

Very slowly Tabitha rose and held out a reluctant paw.

"Now waltz—waltz!" chuckled Miss Josephine, gleefully.

And Tabitha did waltz until Miss Josephine sprang to her feet and caught the cat in her arms.

"Oh—oh—you funny thing!" she

cried with a spasmodic hug. "I—I believe I'm going to like you in spite of myself!"

Two minutes after that, the cat lay purring lustily in Miss Josephine's lap, while Miss Josephine's slender, sun-burned fingers gently stroked the black fur, and Miss Josephine's low voice murmured:

"Poor pussy, you don't have any one to pet you now; do you?"

It must have been a year later that the minister's wife was saying to the attentive clerk in a city bookstore:

"I want a book of cats—a fancy book of pictures, please." Then, turning to her companion, she explained laughingly, "It's for Miss Josephine's wedding gift, you know. I thought it would be so appropriate, for all Carrolton says that 'twas Merritt's cat that actually did the proposing."

Origin of Memorial Day

By EARL MARBLE

MEMORIAL DAY! What worlds of sentiment cling to the two words, whether uttered lightly or deeply! Thoughtless people are prone to speak of the occasion as Decoration Day, which means much less, and should be discarded for the more comprehensive and feeling term. I never shall forget the occasion when I ceased using the less dignified term, and began the employment of the other. I was speaking of the day as too many others do, and, in conversation with a distinguished general

and member of the Grand Army of the Republic, used the term "Decoration Day" thoughtlessly, as all people do who employ those words.

"Why not say 'Memorial,' my boy?" he said genially, with all the suavity and dignity of his character beaming from his eyes, and expressed by his courtly manner. "The word 'Decoration' carries only a surface meaning, don't you see? 'Memorial' has a deeper significance. We Grand Army men are trying to have it called 'Memorial Day,' and make it a national Sunday, as it

were, discouraging sports and frivolous pastimes on that day." I shall never forget the incident, and invariably use the better term now.

But I started to tell the origin of Memorial Day. Its author was James Redpath, whose reputation began in the troublesome border days in Kansas before the firing on Sumter. I met him in Doniphan County, Kansas, for the first time, when I was a boy there in the summer of 1857, when he was about to establish a paper—The Crusader of Freedom—in the town of Doniphan, a few miles above Atchison, under the auspices of Colonel "Jim" Lane, soon after he and the subsequent Senator Pomeroy had captured Atchison with their "silver bullets," to quote the slang expression of those days. I saw him a number of times during that summer, and then he disappeared from that part of Kansas. But I met him in Boston a few years later, and enjoyed his friendship till the day of his death, only a few years ago. Frequently I was in his office in Boston as often as once or twice a week, and it was on one of these occasions, soon after the close of the War of the Rebellion, that he told me the story of the first Memorial Day, which I remember distinctly, the more so as the main facts were jotted down after hearing him tell the story.

When I met Mr. Redpath in Kansas, he was an occasional correspondent of the "New York Tribune," but the late A. D. Richardson, father of Leander Richardson, was the regular Kansas correspondent. He had learned to set type in a little town in Michigan, whither he had drifted to Detroit, then to Chicago, and later to New York, where, like Charles Warren Stoddard, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and

others, he divided his time between the case and the desk, though the generality of newspaper men of today can scarcely realize such a condition. The occasional articles which he contributed to the "New York Tribune," when he was engaged for most of the time in the composing room, soon attracted attention, with the result that he was offered and accepted an editorial position, which, however, he soon was forced to relinquish, on account of the confinement affecting his health. He then started on a tour through the South, working at the case as a strolling printer in various cities and towns, mainly for the purpose of studying the "peculiar institution," often travelling over large tracts covered only with densely stocked plantations, talking with the slaves, and reporting his conversations and giving his impressions in a series of letters to the "Anti-Slavery Standard," which he collected and published in a volume entitled "The Roving Editor." I think this book was issued in 1855 or 1856. Among the cities in which he had worked during his pilgrimage through the South, was Charleston, and he had liked the old South Carolina city thoroughly, as he expressed himself to me on relating his story; though, as he said qualifyingly, "I never could love any place without mental reservations which had on it the shadow and curse of slavery." It may be said, as a passing thought, that he did much more than his share toward removing that blight, though frequently his efforts were so radical that they had a reactionary effect for the time being.

After Mr. Redpath left Kansas, and before the breaking-out of the War of the Rebellion, he became interested in a system of emigration

to Hayti of negroes from the United States—either slave or free, though the latter were preferred—and the Haytian Bureau of Emigration, as the company was called, began to colonize a class of the more educated of the negroes, looking toward the establishment of a powerful black republic—a better Liberia at our own doors, and one that by its intelligence should create a feeling of confidence in the capacity of the negro to take care of himself in a civilized manner. He visited Hayti in person several times—in January and July of 1859, and again in July of 1860, and wrote letters for the "New York Tribune" during his trips. I mention these facts in what may seem to be a rambling manner to indicate Mr. Redpath's ruling characteristic in whatever he undertook. His constant aim was to help other people—particularly if they were down-trodden in any way—to help themselves. It was this feeling which caused him to be in Charleston so soon after the war closed, and the Memorial Day inauguration was merely an incident happening while he was there. It should be stated, that, before going to Kansas, he had been on the staff of the "Missouri Democrat," at that time the home organ of Hon. Thomas H. Benton, afterward and now the "St. Louis Globe-Democrat," which already had taken a strong position in favor of freedom in the territories, and against the spread of slavery threatened by the repeal of the Missouri compromise. ✓ But let the Memorial Day story be told in sequence. In 1864, Mr. Redpath became an army correspondent of the "New York Tribune" and in that capacity was with Gene-

ral Sherman at Atlanta, with General Thomas at the battle of Nashville, and with General Steedman and Colonel Rousseau in their movements to flank General Hood. He sent the first report of the capture of Charleston to the North. He was on the ground in the old aristocratic Southern city when it surrendered, and also when General Lee offered his sword to General Grant at Appomattox. His first idea was to raise the ignorant negroes, just out of slavery, to a higher level, and he sought to use the lever of education with which to do it. He offered his services gratuitously as superintendent of the schools of Charleston—which offer was accepted by General Hatch, commanding the district for the whites, and by General Saxton, representative of the Freedmen's Bureau, for the blacks. He resigned his position as army correspondent, though he still continued to write occasional letters, and devoted himself untiringly to the cause of education among the lowly.

During his stay of between three and four months in the city, he reorganized all the day schools, and established evening schools for adults; instituted a public reading-room and library for the freedmen, though at that time but few of them could make use of such institutions, except to spell out words here and there, and keep sturdily on in the path of learning to read; recruited the first military companies composed of negroes; founded a negro orphan asylum; and did other notable things looking to the elevation of the race just emerged from slavery. Possibly some of the things he did were mistakes, in the light of results as afterward seen and understood; but he was young at the time, and

the North was young and untried in its dealing with the negro.

Mr. Redpath, however, really "buildd better than he knew" when he began to talk with the little semi-outcast negro children about decorating the graves of their friends and defenders who fell in the fight for freedom. It was well along in April, he told me, when he first broached the subject to a lot of the black gamins to whom he was trying to teach something in a little Presbyterian church where some of the "overflow" from the regular schools was gathered. He had been talking to them in an informal manner, when one of the little negro girls said:

"Let's all of us go an' git a'mfuls an' a'mfuls of posies, an' jes' hide the graves from sight, till we cain't see 'em agin nevah no more."

Mr. Redpath said that set him to thinking, and in a few days he announced to them that they could tell their neighbors and playmates everywhere that they would decorate all the graves on May Day, and all of them could bring as many flowers as they wished or could get.

The day came, and its general observance astonished no one more than it did Mr. Redpath himself. Over ten thousand persons, with a full battalion of soldiers, partici-

pated in this first celebration of Memorial Day, which occurred May 1, 1865, in Charleston, South Carolina, the occasion of consecrating the ground where the "martyrs of the race-course" were buried, which Mr. Redpath had induced the freedmen to enclose. From that day the custom spread with great rapidity, and, in 1869, General John A. Logan, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, changed the date to May 30th. The first idea in inaugurating Memorial Day was to strew flowers only on the graves of the soldiers; but soon the graves of all were decorated.

In those days, naturally, there was much bitterness of feeling in the minds of both loyal and confederate people, which, on this first celebration on May Day, disturbed the serenity of such an exhibition of honor to the dead, and there were several slight disturbances during the exercises, and much harsh and acrimonious talk about the event locally afterward; but to-day, from the lapse of time and the perfect union of North and South once more—indeed a more perfect union than ever existed previously during the life of the republic—there is scarcely a shade of bitterness left to mar the feeling which should mark Memorial Day.

A Memorial Day Thought

THE last veteran of the War of 1812 died last month, aged 105 years. Think of what he saw and shared of the world's progress in all departments of science, industry, commerce and social life, and of his country's development in area, wealth, education, and power among the nations. What a retrospect was

his! And then look forward to the last veteran of the Civil War. What will be his to witness and to share, before he, too, is "mustered out," three-quarters of a century hence? What a retrospect! what a glory! to have been a part of all that has been and all that is to be within the compass of his life!

Saratoga Springs

By LOUIS MCHENRY HOWE

SARATOGA SPRINGS has been the most famous summer resort of America since five hundred years before the birth of Christ. For twenty-five centuries this green plateau, nestling between the arms of the mighty Adirondacks that stretch out southward on either side to protect it from too biting winds, from east or west, has been the Mecca of tired bodies and fagged minds. This may seem a rather startling statement to make concerning a town whose charter dates back only eighty-six years; yet there is no legend of the once mighty Iroquois Confederation that anticipates the time when the Kaya-derosseras was the nearest earthly ideal of the happy hunting ground, and Indian historians claim five hundred B. C. as the date of the founding of the great Indian Republic of the Five Nations.

It was to Saratoga in those long-forgotten, prehistoric springtimes, when the Hudson tore apart its ice fetters and thrust them down into the sea, that the bravest and the feeblest alike of the haughty Iroquois tribe, abandoning their winter tepees, made their way over trails so firmly trodden down that the visitor to-day may trace them, sometimes, for miles through the forests surrounding Saratoga.

By the time of the planting of the maize, the high bluffs overlooking Saratoga Lake were dotted with summer wigwams. The young braves found here game innum-

able. The old chiefs tramped the four-mile trail by way of morning constitutional to High Rock Spring, then known as "The Healing Waters," whose discovery forms one of the most beautiful legends of the Iroquois.

The chronology of a nation without monuments and without written history, is, of course, a matter of conjecture. Indeed, the date of the founding of the Iroquois Confederation, which is here quoted at 500 B. C., is merely that given by the Indians themselves. Scientific students have sought to place it, taking the legend of an eclipse as their starting point, at about 1451 A. D. But be that as it may, no better evidence of the countless generations of Indian visitors to Saratoga could be found than the fact that on one of these high bluffs surrounding Saratoga Lake, which is now the site of a famous road house, known to all summer visitors as "Arrow-head," the ground, although plowed each spring for a hundred years, will still reward a five minutes' search by the find of a half dozen perfect arrowheads. Thousands have been taken away by curious visitors, thousands apparently yet remain, and still the space in which they have lain is barely three acres in extent.

What, it may well be asked, has been the magnet that has drawn man to this spot since earliest time? The proud Iroquois, treading with light moccasin the forest

trail, would have answered: "Game! for so many stately bucks and sleek-sided does, fierce wolves and fiercer panthers, never elsewhere did Indian see."

"Society," would have been the reply of the famous beauty, Betty Holcomb, travelling to the Spa by easy stage coach, from far Virginia, crowds assembling at each post station to catch a glimpse of her lovely face.

"The finest racing in the world," would answer the gentleman sportsman of to-day, leaning luxuriously back in his private car as it tears across the miles that lie between Wall Street and the Saratoga Race Track. All of these answers would have been right so far as they went, but the root of the matter would not be there, for the last analysis of Saratoga's greatness will show that the foundations of her fame lie in her wonderful mineral springs.

The history of Saratoga Springs reads thus: The wild deer came, licked eagerly the salty springs and came in ever increasing throngs again. Pursuing the deer, followed the Iroquois. Likewise finding the springs pleasant to taste, and healing of body, they also came again. Then the white man, pursuing the Iroquois, learned the secret of the waters and, with his fellows returned again. The first visitors of our own race were seekers after health, then followed fashion, and after fashion, wealth, until to-day two hundred thousand people count a visit to the Springs a necessity of the summer season.

According to the Iroquois, the springs of Saratoga were created in answer to the prayer of a despairing Mohawk chief seeking a cure for his beloved, who lay dying from a

plague that was devastating the tribe. Science has given a number of theories as to the origin of these springs, far less romantic, and so widely differing from one another that any true lover of romance is well justified in declining to believe any of them, and accepting instead the Indian version.

It is claimed by reputable authority, that Saratoga is built on the oldest land of this continent, perhaps the oldest in the world. Out of the great primeval sea the huge giants of the Laurentian range were the first to rear their craggy heads. Right on their shore line lay the future Saratoga. Indeed, the visitor of to-day may remove the wind-blown sand-speck from his eye with the consoling knowledge that he has been made miserable by a bit of what was, perhaps the first seabeach in the world's history.

When the Laurentian range upheaved itself from the ocean bed, something had to give way, and as a matter of fact, the whole underlying strata of the sea bed was lifted and tilted several hundred feet above the surrounding sea.

According to one theory, where Saratoga now stands along the edge of this "fault" in the strata, some of the old Silurian ocean by some freak of nature, was imprisoned, and Saratoga is exporting to-day bottles full of this same prehistoric sea.

According to another theory, the sub-drainage of the Laurentian range, flowing along the underlying strata as through some huge water main, is stopped short in its course, and effectually dammed up by the "fault" at Saratoga. Both of these theories are at fault. If Saratoga's springs are merely veins of water

that have become impregnated with various salts from the decomposing rocks through whose veins they flow they do not account for those great pockets of natural carbonic acid gas at the southern end of the town so large in extent that of late years huge gasometers have been erected, and the gas, under a pressure of two thousand pounds to the

apart, show totally different minerals in their composition?

Be this as it may, it is certain that the springs are there; also that there is no likelihood of their giving out. Indeed new springs are discovered frequently. Only last year, when boring for water to supply the boilers at the Strong Sanitarium on the crest of the hill over-



BROADWAY IN JULY

square inch, is being shipped away in steel cylinders, by the Natural Carbonic Acid Gas Company, for the use of soda water fountains all over the world. (Carbonic gas as well as its water is also shipped by the Lincoln Spring in large quantities.) Again, if Saratoga lies over a reservoir of the old sea, why do two springs, not a hundred feet

looking the narrow valley, where all the previous springs have been found, water was indeed discovered, at a depth of four hundred feet, but not such as any self-respecting boiler would think of swallowing, so heavily was it charged with minerals and carbonic acid gas; and in consequence a new mineral spring was added to the list. Saratoga's



ENTRANCE TO WOODLAWN PARK

temporary and more widely advertised attractions will doubtless change in the future as they have in the past, to meet the fickle fashions of the hour. But, as has been said, the first visitor to Saratoga came to drink the water, and the last will doubtless be there for the same purpose, in the uncounted ages to come.

In 1767, the Mohawks determined in solemn council to reveal to Sir William Johnson, who was suffering from a wound received in the battle of Lake George, the wonderful healing powers of the High Rock. Taking their "beloved brother" (this was more than a figure of speech for Johnson married Mollie Brant, sister of the famous Indian warrior) on a litter, they carried him about twenty miles north of Schenectady. Here he found a curious formation where a spring, heavily charged with minerals, had built up a cone of tufa around itself, from whose

center the water bubbled up, as from the crater of a miniature volcano. Johnson stayed a few days, so far recovered as to be able to walk back to Schenectady, and promptly published the marvellous qualities of the waters abroad.

Saratoga did not wait long for other distinguished visitors. In 1783, George Washington, accompanied by Alexander Hamilton and Governor George Clinton, visited the Spring. Washington was so favorably impressed with its virtues that he made inquiries with a view to acquiring the land and building thereon a summer home, although at that time the spring lay in the heart of the wilderness, and one log hut sheltered all the inhabitants of the place. From this time on the rise of the town was very rapid, and by 1815, it had been visited by upwards of two thousand persons. Just a good day's business of to-day,

but a wonderful record for those times.

From this period the growth of Saratoga advanced by leaps and bounds. In 1819, the town of Saratoga Springs was incorporated. In 1831, the second constructed railroad in the United States was extended to Saratoga Springs, and proved so profitable that the directors paid ten per cent. dividends the second year. Traveling was more leisurely in those days, and as late as 1860, the departure of a train was signaled by the ringing of a bell in the cupola of the little station, half an hour before leaving, which enabled intending travelers to make their farewells and stroll down to the cars in plenty of time, or even if a little late, there was no hurry, the train would wait.

By 1870, almost every person of prominence in society, politics, religion or finance, had visited Saratoga, and the drinking of the water had already become a secondary ob-

ject, as compared to the fashionable whirl of gaiety so keenly summed up by Saxe in his famous poem, "And that's what they do at the Springs."

Joseph Bonaparte was numbered amongst the early visitors and revived Washington's idea of buying the land for a great country place, but found it too expensive to purchase. Gideon Putnam, an early settler and large land owner, erected the first hotel in 1802, and with rare public spirit so laid out the land in streets that the springs were to be reserved perpetually as public property. Unfortunately, at his death, his plans were not carried out, and it is only lately that the wisdom of a single ownership for all the springs has become so apparent that actual steps have been taken towards its consummation. Such, briefly, is the history of Saratoga Springs.

The town of to-day bears little resemblance to the old center of the



CONGRESS SPRING PARK

fashionable summer world, when low wooden buildings loomed large as palatial hostelryes, and when the belles and beaux rode on horseback through primeval forests to the Lake or the more distant battle-ground of Saratoga. To-day, the three great brick hotels upon Broadway, great, even in these days of big things, accommodate five



A SARATOGA STREET

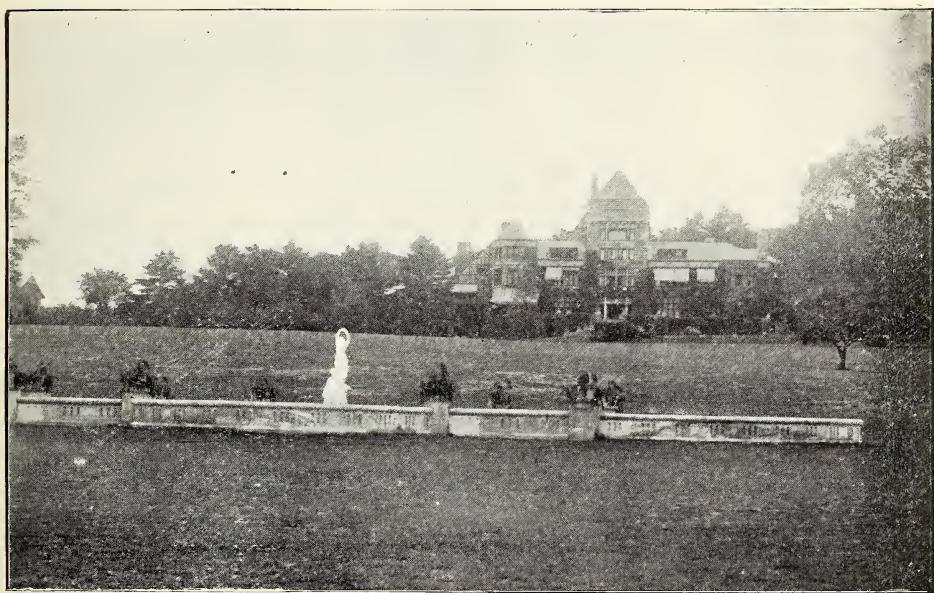
thousand guests. Nearby is found the popular American-Adelphi Hotel of generous capacity. Crowning the hill at the southern end of the same street, a half dozen smaller houses, including the well-known New Columbian, the Heustis House and the Linwood, hold two thousand guests, while altogether the hotels accommodate twenty thousand each August day, and almost

every house opens hospitable doors to receive twice as many more.

All during May, the inhabitants of what is then a quiet, pretty little village, boasting not over fifteen thousand inhabitants, have been making ready. By the first of June, the whole village, spick and span with new paint, with well-swept and graded streets, sits expectantly to greet the coming guests. Silently, quietly, almost unnoticed they slip in — wise old-timers, who have learned that June is the most beautiful month of the year at Saratoga, except possibly September. The small hotels now throw open their doors; on North Broadway the early comers fill the piazzas of the Vermont House and the Brooklyn, and each of the innumerable boarding houses boasts a guest or two. They are a quiet, health-seeking, rest-seeking folk, these early comers, drinking in the wonderful air that sweeps down pure and fresh from the Adirondack balsam forests and sets the nerves tingling with new-born life; driving perhaps to the not-far battle-ground of Saratoga, and the field where distraught Burgoyne gave up his sword and lost an empire for his country; climbing curiously up into the tall granite shaft that marks this spot, and thinking with pitying feelings of a brave man gone wrong as they look at the empty niche which proclaims both the patriotism and the treachery of Benedict Arnold. Or else, if this has all been seen before, they are taking long walks after the rare painted-moccasin plants that, in common with all wild flowers, grow so bountifully in this garden spot. The younger folk begin to throng the golf links and fill the tennis courts.

The summer cottager, a type of recent years, arrives, and putting his Lares and Penates in due order, settles down like the early arrival at the play, to await the never failing spectacle of the American idea of "resting," as exhibited by the August crowds. A convention or two arrives and fills the main streets for a day or so with much-beribboned members who stream like ants into the Convention Hall every day, and swarm out again a few hours later

of dollars have been spent by the owners of these mammoth hotels since the preceding year in order to keep up with the ever-increasing demand for more luxurious surroundings made by the travelling public. On Congress Hall, one of the best-known of the trio to visitors from New England, over \$25,000 has been expended this spring in additional bathrooms and open plumbing as well as electric light in office, parlors and dining room alone, and



YADDO, COUNTRY SEAT OF SPENCER TRASK

like a hive of buzzing bees. The road houses at the Lake entertain parties of fishermen, for there are bass, genuine small-mouthed black bass in Saratoga Lake worth coming miles to feel at the end of a supple rod. As July approaches, the great hotels strip off their winter garments, and before the last of the small army of house cleaners has wrung her mop, the first visitor greets the smiling clerk. Thousands

in the fall the new proprietors expect to spend twice as much more. "Cottage Row" at the United States Hotel, which is not composed of cottages at all, but merely individual suites in a long wing, now entertains an early millionaire or two who has run up to clear the Wall Street cobwebs from his brain. The great men in the turf world—Keene, Belmont, Hitchcock, Whitney—pay hurried visits to



ITALIAN GARDEN, CANFIELD'S PARK

their strings of thoroughbreds, each worth a king's ransom, which are being trained for the stakes, that will later be contested here. At the Grand Union Hotel, Victor Herbert, with no ordinary summer orchestra, but a special band of fifty trained musicians, begins his concerts, and the empty seats on the broad piazzas grow fewer each day. So gradual has been the increase in the crowds that one can hardly realize that the town has tripled its population.

Then, suddenly, the first of August comes. For two days previous, a curious quiet has settled down upon the town. It is as if every one had stopped to draw a good long breath before plunging into the exciting days to follow. The old visitor notes with silent satisfaction the preliminaries of the

great half-comedy, half-tragedy that is to come. There are the long trains of Palace horse-cars—your modern thoroughbred must needs travel in Equine Pullmans now-a-days—unloading their freight each morning; and there is the famous stable of John Sanford, thorough-going sportsman, who races like an old-time English squire, walks his horses over-land from Amsterdam, disdaining cars of any kind, and parades down Broadway, accompanied by a small army of stable boys. Groups of famous trainers are early on the ground; the faces of famous jockeys commanding princely salaries are seen at the palatial Saratoga Bath House where, by numerous visits to the hot chamber of the Turkish Bathroom, they reduce their weight, (this bath house

being, strangely enough, the only place worthy the name where the virtues of Saratoga's springs can be tried externally as well as internally); and there is a general bustling about the race track. These the old visitor sniffs like the battle from afar, but to the stranger, the first of August brings with it a wonderful surprise. If he is lucky enough to have a friend who knows the proper thing to do upon this eventful day, he joins the crowd upon the piazza of the United States or the Worden Hotels where he can command a view of the short, wide street leading from Broadway to the station.

Five minutes before the arrival of the first "racing special" from New York, the street is deserted, save by a belated 'bus or two, careering madly toward the station lest it be late. Then there is heard the whistle of the engine and a minute

later a seemingly endless train of Pullmans draws in. Before it is stopped, the sidewalks are black with people, scurrying ahead to get the best rooms not engaged. There is a sound like an approaching charge of cavalry, and, racing three abreast, the vanguard of hotel 'buses sweeps wildly down the street, each loaded with human freight that clings to the steps or sits upon the top. Back again they rush for still other loads. The sidewalks become impassable, and still section after section pulls into the station to disgorge yet more. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world, this day before the races at Saratoga Springs. They are all well-dressed, this Saratoga racing crowd; there is no place here for the cheap sport or the tin-horn gambler, and the poorest of the lot could doubtless dig down into his trousers pocket and produce a roll, which in



FOUNTAIN, CANFIELD'S PARK



SARATOGA LAKE

the picturesque parlance of the ring "would choke a cow."

By the time the last straggler has rushed down the street, it seems to the uninitiated onlooker, as if Broadway must be blocked by the crowd and every hotel full to overflowing. Yet by the time he descends the piazza steps, the crowd has disappeared, swallowed up by the town, as a dry sponge soaks up water. There is nothing stranger than this apparently unlimited capacity of Saratoga to absorb people. During the Democratic State convention last fall, twenty-five hundred Tammany braves marched down from the station with bands playing, and bearing no mean resemblance to an invading army. In fact they were intended to impress the up-state delegates with the power of Tammany Hall. Straight

down Broadway they marched, with colors flying, into the yawning portals of the Grand Union Hotel and—disappeared—wiped out; save for a Tammany badge here and there amongst the crowd, they were absolutely lost. The idea was splendidly planned, but the Tammany leaders forgot the town's digestive power, and as an impressive effect it was a flat failure.

On the night of this memorable first of August, however, the new arrivals are very much in evidence. The cry of the newsboys selling the late racing editions of the New York papers brings them out into the streets like magic. Around the entries posted in the hotel lobbies, a constantly changing throng discusses the merits of the horses. Famous bookmakers in secluded corners receive the reports of their

track watchers, who for a week or more have been on hand, watching work-outs and gleaning stable information. Hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the making or breaking of many a man to-morrow hang on these whispered conferences.

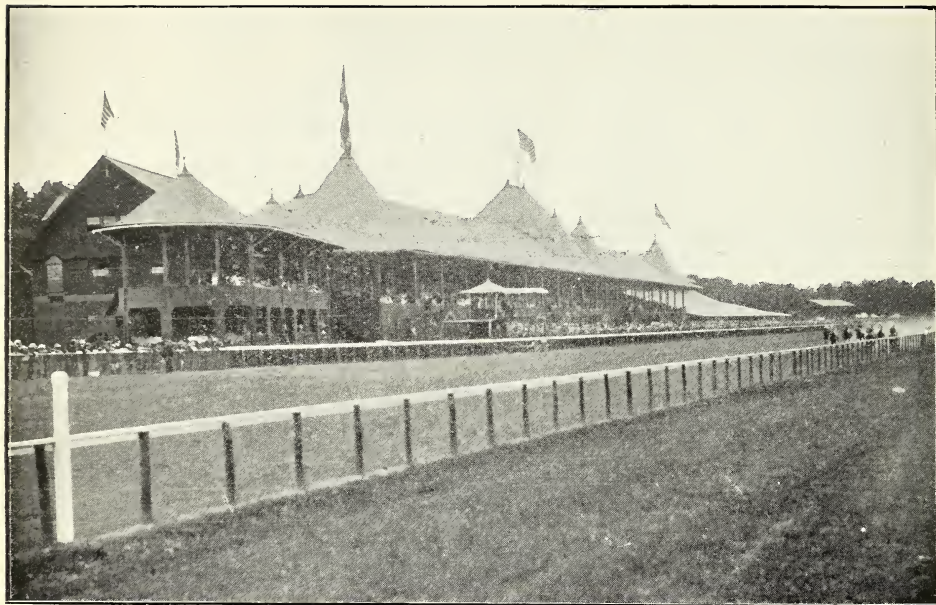
At ten o'clock nine-tenths of the crowd has gone to bed. As a place to sleep, not to toss from side to side, but really to sleep, Saratoga has yet to find her equal. Early the next morning the Springs are crowded with new faces. There is no enthusiast equal to your racing man as a boomer of the virtues of Saratoga waters. An hour before the races long omnibuses, surreys, coaches, and all manner of rigs, draw up by the side of Congress Hall to catch the early comer. It is a full mile to the race track, and for the most part the horses take it on a run. Union Avenue, the broad

thoroughfare leading to the Racing Association grounds, is filled with madly tearing vehicles, intent on making the greatest possible number of trips before the races start.

Outside the grounds, is an army of men and boys who have managed, by hanging on the brake beams, by occupying empty freight cars, by a hundred and one methods known to themselves, to reach Saratoga in time for the opening race day, and are selling that latest form of the gold brick, racing tips. It is hard to believe that so transparent a fraud should meet with success, but to the writer's personal knowledge, one of these tip-sellers, who walked the last twenty miles to Saratoga, because of a hard-hearted freight conductor, averaged fifty dollars a day for the twenty-two racing days, with no other capi-



RESIDENCE OF G. M. CRIPPEN



GRAND STAND SARATOGA RACE TRACK

tal than a lead pencil and a persuasive tongue.

His method was so ingenious as to deserve description. Picking each day the four best horses in the race having the fewest entries, he would roughly divide the crowd into four classes: wearers of straw hats, soft hats, derby hats and of season badges. To all members of the first class, he would sell one horse, to all of the second another, and so on. One of the four would, in all probability, win. The next day he would unload another horse on say the straw hat contingent, or whatever division had received the winner the day before. This was easy, as the tip they had received the previous day had won. The clever part of his plan was this: he would subdivide the straw hats into four classes again, relying on his good memory for faces and divide four more horses

among them. This process was repeated over and over, the number of his clients growing of course less, but on account of his tips proving invariably winners, he obtained each day greatly increased prices. One man who was in the lucky division for ten days paid him over three hundred dollars for "inside information," as in the meanwhile, he was taking a different race and doing the same thing over again with a different set of people. It can be seen that fifty dollars was not a large sum to average. The joke of it all was that on the last day of the races, the tipster received some genuine inside information from a stable hand, resolved to become a second Pittsburgh Phil, plunged to the full extent of his profits, and went back to New York with fifty cents in his pocket.

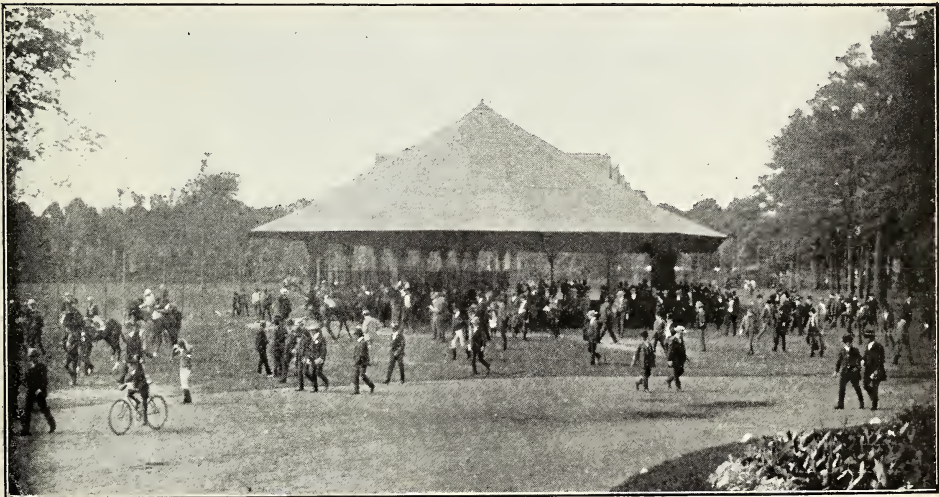
Inside the gates a beautiful pine grove intervenes between the en-

trance and the Grand Stand; to the right, amid the cool shadows of the old forest monarchs lies the covered saddling paddock. They are saddling for the first race and a crowd of fashionable folk stand by, watching the gay-clad jockies as they supervise the finishing touches which are being given to their mounts. Horses of high degree are there: Delhi, Sysonby, Tanya, Artful, and the queens of the turf, Beldame and Molly Biant, the latter the namesake of the Indian wife of old Sir William Johnson, whose visit to High Rock Spring brought modern Saratoga into being. Proud, well-groomed and thoroughbred to the bone, they are surrounded by human beings equally thoroughbred, well-groomed and famous, for all the notables of the turf world are present. The veteran, James R. Keene, a twinkle of delight in his bright, restless eyes, tries vainly to conceal a smile of satisfaction in his grizzled beard, as he surveys his splendid Delhi, and plans a raid upon the bookmakers presently that

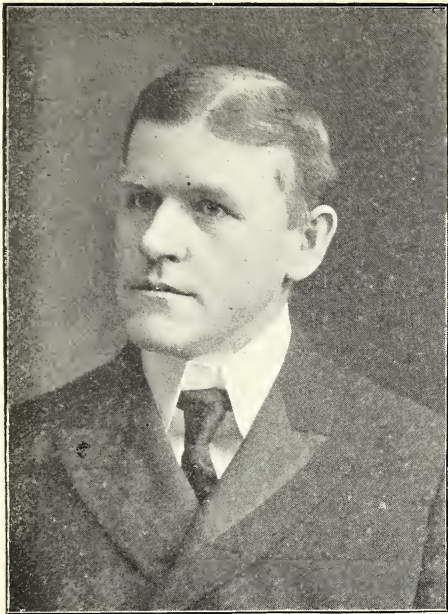
will compensate for many a Wall Street error. August Belmont strokes the queenly Beldame's glossy flanks. Sidney Paget, looking every inch the English gentleman, is talking to young Harry Whitney and Duryea, whose faces are flushed with boyish pleasure as they look over their future futurity winner, Artful. The dames of high degree are likewise there, the beautiful Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Tommy Hitchcock, Mrs. John Sanford and all other lovers of good horses and the sport of kings.

On the grand stand the whole fashionable world seems to be assembled; the printed names upon the boxes read like the columns of a society journal, while not hundreds, but thousands of equally well-dressed and well-mannered men and women, who have assembled from all parts of the world to see the most aristocratic and finest racing in America, fill completely the long rows of benches.

Down in the betting ring, yellow-



THE SADDLING PADDOCK, RACE TRACK



JAMES D. MCNULTY
PRESIDENT OF TOWN OF SARATOGA SPRINGS

back gold certificates are being tossed back and forth like pennies. The rotund colored gentleman with the smile that won't come off, who for years has acted as John A. Drake's betting commissioner, is going quietly from one bookmaker to another, placing wagers of thousands of dollars with each, merely by a nod and a word, without a question as to his authority to risk a fortune for his employer. For at Saratoga it is a "gentleman's game," and the betting, although as high as a million dollars has been wagered on one race, is after all a minor feature. Over there, on the far corner of the grand stand, Pittsburgh Phil, who left when he died recently, three million dollars wrung from the bookmakers, used to sit in saturnine aloofness. No one knew which horse he was playing, not even the bookmakers, for so great

was his reputation as a shrewd judge that could the layers find his choice, they would cut the odds beyond reason. Within a few minutes he may have lost forty thousand dollars or won a hundred thousand on one race; yet he would manifest far less excitement than the group of small horse-owners sitting just in front, who, having staked ten dollars apiece, were prepared to yell themselves hoarse as the racers entered the home stretch.

Seen from the infield, the bright apparel of the women transforms the huge grand stand into a flower garden, amidst whose blossoms the soberly clad men swarm like so many bees. All is brightness, gaiety and laughter, for racing at Saratoga is a pastime not a business, and not one-third of the spectators will bet a cent, and not one-hundredth care much whether they win or lose. There is nothing just like it in America, or elsewhere in the world.

After the last race, there is a grand scramble; the long line of private automobiles waiting at the clubhouse entrance is first off, speeding for the most part to the Lake, where the broad piazzas of the Arrowhead are filled with gay parties eagerly devouring the famous "black bass dinner," while the Lakeside, on the shores of Lake Lonely, is crowded with hungry visitors. Others hurry to the polo grounds, the generous gift of the late William C. Whitney, whom Saratoga will always hold in loving memory as the founder of her present prosperity. Here, in the light of the mellow August sunset, famous players ride madly up and down the field in pursuit of the elusive ball. Though matched against

such veterans as Foxhall Keene, August Belmont and Harry Payne Whitney, the young Gould boys and their rivals, the Belmont youngsters, prove that young America is not to be despised.

In the evening, the town brilliant with lights, presents a sight not soon forgotten. Of late years the splendid orchestra at the Grand Union has made the piazzas and lobby of that hotel by common consent the rallying place of Saratoga's gaiety in the evening. The spectacle is brilliant beyond description; evening gowns and gems of fabulous price are the rule, and in the marble-lined central office, the light from a hundred electric fixtures, tossed back from one flashing jewel to another, to be finally lost in a sheen of iridescent silk or fold of priceless lace, affords a sight unknown save in Saratoga Springs.



M. G. ANNIS
PRESIDENT OF THE SARATOGA BUSINESS MEN'S
ASSOCIATION

It fell to the writer's lot to prepare a money valuation of this regular evening assemblage for a prominent newspaper. A famous dressmaker, an equally noted jeweler and a broker who is well acquainted with the financial standing of the men, spent one evening amongst the crowd and reported these figures as their estimates: value of dresses worn \$1,250,000; value of jewels worn, \$2,400,000; reputed wealth of fifty of the most prominent men, \$550,000,000.

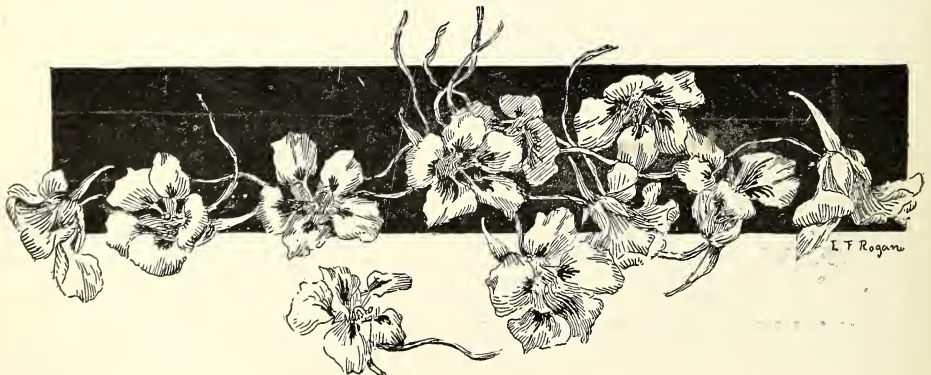
While the long rows of seats on the piazza are mostly filled with the fair sex, the corridors and front piazza have by custom each their regular habitués. In front of the main entrance is Politicians' Row. Here, every night, leaders of both parties hold low-voiced consultations whose results have been seen more than once in a future President. In 1840 Daniel Webster, while addressing 15,000 people at Saratoga, narrowly escaped death by the total collapse of the platform on which he was standing. Since then more political platforms have been utterly wrecked at Saratoga than at any other place in America. Along the north front of the hotel the horsemen hold post mortems over races of the day. Probable odds for the morrow are discussed and private information whispered, that would make the humblest piker a rich man if he could only overhear. At half-past eleven the gaiety is at its height. The hotel restaurant and the outdoor pagoda are filled with gay parties; every café in town, every hotel piazza hums with life. At twelve o'clock the night-watchman goes his rounds and turns out all but a glimmer of light, yet no one complains for there is

no one left. Early to bed is the Saratoga rule and by common consent, the luxury of sleep, such sleep as the cool, quiet August night at Saratoga brings, is too great a joy to be curtailed.

Such is Saratoga in August. On the surface it is all racing, all dining, all excitement, yet this is far from the whole of it. There are fifty thousand persons in the town; there are five thousand present at the race track; where are the forty-five thousand who do not attend? You will find them listening to the morning concerts at the Congress Spring, drinking with deliberate delight the sparkling waters; you will find them at all times of the day in the fairy-like Congress Spring Park, where, by the way, still exists the pavilion in which the Standard Oil Trust was formed; at the Patterson or at any of the forty other springs, or at the so-called spring parlors of the Lincoln, the Vichy, the Geyser, the Arondack, and others, where the water is served, "hot, cold or medium" from bottles, since the springs themselves lie too far away from the center of the town;

you will find them enjoying the lovely drives during the perfect August days, or filling the golf links or tennis courts with healthy laughter; you will find them in the evening at the great hotels, quietly enjoying the dazzling spectacle kindly offered them by the strenuous five thousand. They are the backbone, the foundation of Saratoga's success. When the last race closes, and the racing set vanishes as suddenly as it came, the town is still full. New arrivals appear to spend a week on their way home from the Adirondacks, their faces bronzed from a summer in the open. Tennis tournaments fill in the day's small talk. Not one in twenty could name the ten best horses of the season, and not so much as a five cent piece is wagered from one day's end to another.

Such is Saratoga Springs, changing with chameleon-like rapidity as her visitors desire. Her charm resides in her endless variety; but it is her matchless springs, healing each year their thousands, that is the real source of her fame—a fame that bids fair to be enduring.



Carl Blake's Chance

By J. W. KENNARD

I

CARL BLAKE tossed restlessly in his berth. He could not sleep for "the infernal gabble"—his own words—just outside his stateroom window. He was very tired,—how tired he had not really known until he had resolutely turned his back upon business, packed his grip, and started off for a rest in his old home "down in Maine." It had been a hard grind ever since he got back from South America in the spring. Certain tangles which no one but he could straighten, had met him on his return. The vacation season had depleted the office force, throwing more of the routine work on him than usual. And, worse than all the rest, there was that miserable and incomprehensible matter of Bee, which had tired him, body and soul, more than any and everything beside. Under it all he found himself giving way,—“losing his nerve,” he called it. So one day he said to his partner:

“Dan, I’m off to old Kenduskeag for a month. Awfully sorry to leave you short-handed; but it’s either go, or be carried off a little later by the undertaker; and I’ve something of a preference in the matter. If you and the boys can’t run the office without me, just shut her up.”

But he didn’t realize how utterly jaded and fagged he was until the Bangor boat had cast off her moorings and swung out into the stream.

Then, with the sudden cessation of all need for thought or exertion, an almost deathly lassitude crept over him; and before the good City of Rockland had fairly passed the outer harbor lights and pointed her nose into the east, he was in his berth, prepared for the first long, uninterrupted sleep that he had had for many nights.

But vain are the hopes of man! Just as he was slipping out upon the placid sea of dreams, came those—he checked himself at the adjective—those women, and sat down just outside his stateroom window for a neighborly chat, and sleep was out of the question. There was no help for it. He couldn’t well ask them to move, for they were quite within their rights in sitting where they were. There was nothing to be done but to try to endure it with what equanimity was possible, and to pray for sudden seasickness, or something else, to scatter the group.

There were three of them, Carl determined, as he lazily listened to the lapping of the waves of their talk against the blinds of his window. Old acquaintances, though evidently now living in different towns, judging from the many questions and answers concerning persons and places. One spoke in the deep, throaty tones peculiar to the well-fed, well-kept woman who is accustomed to have her own way, and who knows no reason why she may not speak her mind to all the world on occasion. “Aunt Mattie,”

the others called her. "Fair, fat and fifty," was her unseen hearer's mental diagnosis. Another had a high-pitched voice, and minced her words between compressed lips,—spinster, uncertain of age, but certain of temper, decided the man behind the blinds. The third was colorless, negative, a reflection, an echo, what you will; one of the many people whose words and tones give no clue to personality.

Then Aunt Mattie, she of the deep and strident voice, spoke a name. Carl Blake sat upright, with quickly beating heart and quivering nerves; listened a moment, then softly crept out of bed, stole to the window, and with his ear pressed close to the slats of the blinds, for the first time in his honorable life, deliberately played the part of eavesdropper.

"Yes," Aunt Mattie was saying, "it's 'most like a novel. They allus did say that truth's stranger than fiction, an' I dunno but's so. This is truth straight 'nough, I guess. Part of it I got from the girl herself; her fam'ly's boardin' next place to ourn, an' Bee an' me's right good friends. She's in an' out of our house the same's if she was our daughter. Not that she's opened her head 'bout it, though. Land's sakes! Not her! She ain't that kind. But I've seen some things, an' kinder s'picioned how the land lay. An' then Drusil' Perkins,—you know Drusilla, M'lance, don't you? She's sorter in our fam'ly, bein' my husband's fust wife's second cousin. Well, Drusil' dress-makes, an' has been doin' some work up to the Hendersons'; an' bein', as I say, connected, it's come kinder nat'ral for her to tell me some things that she's seen an' heered up there.

"You see, it's like this. The Hendersons is rich people down Boston way, an' this girl is their only daughter. Name's 'Beatrice; but they call her 'Bee,' for short. Ain't that plum ridic'lous? Jest imagine Rufe's callin' me 'M' to save time! D'ye ever hear anything foolisher 'n that?"

And her hearers agreed, as in duty bound.

"Well, it seems that the girl had a beau; a likely feller in every way, 's near 's I can make out. He was in the law bizness, an' was doin' well, an' the girl seemed to like him, an' the old folks cottoned to him, an' everything was a-goin' 'long all right, when all to onct an' suddently, another actor appeared onto the scene, as the novel writers say. He was an English Colonel, an' was some punkins 'mong his own folks, 'cordin' to the tell. He had been all through the war in Afriky, an' had done all sorts of darin' things, an' he'd had his picter in the papers lots of times. Nothin' much to look at, though, f'r all that. Ain't no great shakes for beauty; I've seen him more'n once."

"You hev?" exclaimed M'lancy in wondering admiration.

"You don't say!" murmured her companion.

"Y-a-a-s," returned Aunt Mattie, in tones that were certainly indifferent, if not actually contemptuous. "Y-a-a-s, I've seen him, an' I say ag'in that he ain't no beauty prize winner. They's lots han'somer men in the State of Maine than he ever thought of bein'. But that's neither here nor there. He wanted the girl, an' the girl's folks was tickled to death 'bout it. 'Twa'n't that they had anything ag'in the other feller, but they was kinder caught with the notion of their

daughter's bein' the wife of such a big-bug from 'cross the water. Kinder distinguished-like, see?"

Yes, the others saw.

"Well, so things begun to get a leetle mixed. There was the lawyer feller, an' the girl holdin' onto him, an' there was the fam'ly an' the Colonel pullin' the other way. An' 'bout this time, as luck would have it, the young feller had to go to South Ameriky on business; an' the story is that he took a woman with him on the v'yage an'—"

"Please, Aunt Mattie," broke in the third member of the group, "I wish you'd leave that out. I—I feel as if—as if I hadn't orter listen to things of that sort."

"Don't be a fool, Lucy Bromley!" retorted the narrator, bitingly. "Leastways, don't be no bigger one than the Lord sized you for! You ain't no spring-chicken, not by no manner of means, an' I guess it ain't a-goin' to hurt your morals any to speak of, what I'm tellin' you. Good land! You're ready enough to read 'bout such things in the papers!"

"Well, as I was sayin', that was the story. Dunno whether it was true or not. But the girl got hold of it, an' bein' a girl of spirit, she give the young feller his walkin' ticket straight off. Wrote him a letter, they say, an' told him he needn't bother to come 'round to see her when he got home. Then her folks packed up an' carted her off here, out of the way. Gave out that they was goin' to the Adaroundicks, wherever them is, an' left word partic'lar that nobody should tell the feller where they was. An' so here they be. The Colonel is at Bar Harbor with his yacht, an' every now an' then he sails up the

river to the Corners to see her. She hain't said yet that she'll marry him, an' I don't b'lieve she's goin' to, neither. 'Cordin' to my figgerin' she's dead in love with that other feller, an' if he could on'y get a chance to see her, an' explain away that story they'd straighten things out betwixt 'em in half a shake of a sheep's tail. Where is he? Lord knows! Cruisin' 'round the Adaroundicks, like's not, huntin' of her.

"Now ain't that kinder romantic? D'ye ever hear anything like it except in—What's the matter, Lucy? Seasick? Shucks! You can't be! This ain't nothin'! Jest like a mill-pond! Jest wait a spell, an' you'll get some rollin' that is rollin'! Goin' to bed? Well, mebbe you'd better, if you feel like that. Guess I'll set up an' knit awhile; this 'lectric light's better'n my old karo-sene lamp to home. Good night. See you in the mornin'."

And left to herself, Aunt Mattie began to croon a little song, keeping time thereto with her clicking knitting needles.

II

Inside his stateroom, Carl Blake was dressing with feverish haste, keeping an anxious eye on the shadow on the blinds, lest the substantial personage casting it should change her mind and "seek the seclusion that the cabin grants" before he could reach her. But at last, with hat in hand, he stood before her.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he began.

She swept him with disdainful glance, but made no reply.

"I should like—"

"There, young man, that'll do!" she interrupted. "Stop jest where you be,—jest where you be! I've

heered of you fellers, goin' 'round an' tryin' to flirt with ev'ry woman that happens to be alone an' unpertected, an' you can't fool me!"

"But, madam—"

"G'long 'bout your bizness, I tell you! If you say another word to me, I'll jab this knittin' needle into you,—I will so!" And she looked as though she might carry out her awful threat.

But, quite undismayed by the terrible possibility, Blake smiled and went on.

"I want to speak to you about Bee Henderson."

Aunt Mattie's determined jaw dropped, and she fairly gasped in astonishment.

"Good land o' Goshen!" she exclaimed, when she had recovered her breath. "What do you know about Bee Henderson? Who be you, anyhow?"

Blake pointed to the stateroom window just behind her.

"That's my room," he said, "and I was in there when you were talking about her, and I couldn't help hearing what you said."

"Well, s'pose you did; what bizness is it of yourn?" she snapped.

"Possibly you'll agree that it is my business when I tell you that I'm the man they're trying to keep Bee away from."

"Lawsamassey!" she ejaculated, feebly. Then, with sudden suspicion, "I don't b'lieve it! You're jest makin' that up outen hull cloth, young man! You heard the story an' you're tryin' to fit yourself into it for some reason or ruther!"

And she glared at him over her spectacles as though expecting him to be overwhelmed and put to flight by her perspicacity.

Instead, he took some papers

from his pocket, selected one, and handed it to her.

"Perhaps that will convince you," he said, simply.

Aunt Mattie read:

"MR. CARL BLAKE,

"Dear Sir:—Under all the circumstances, it will probably be best for us not to meet again. You will therefore oblige me by not calling on me after your return from South America, or in any way presuming upon the continuance of our acquaintance. Explanations are of course unnecessary.

"Yours truly,

"BEATRICE HENDERSON."

"W-e-l-l, if that don't beat Tom Kinney's cats!" she murmured. "That's Bee Henderson's handwriting, sure 'nough, for I've seen it before. An' I guess you must be the chap. Hope you'll excuse me for mistrustin' of you, but—"

"That's all right!" he protested. "Of course you couldn't take any chances. But I'm the chap, all right, as you see, and I want to thank you for letting the light in on this muddle. Until I heard your story to-night, I hadn't the least idea what the trouble was, or what that letter meant."

"Sho, now!" There was a trace of skepticism in the tone. "Didn't you s'picion a leetle mite?"

"Not a bit. I found that note in my office when I got back. Of course I went right around to the Hendersons' to see what was up, but the place was closed, and their were no signs of life about. Then I hunted up Bob Henderson, Bee's brother. He was evidently embarrassed at seeing me. Said he believed the folks were up in the Adirondacks somewhere; wasn't quite sure where; couldn't give me Bee's address,—in fact, she had asked him not to tell anybody where she was. Then he pleaded an engagement, and went off in a hurry. I

tried other people,—Mr. Henderson's partner, and some of Bee's girl friends; but there seemed to be a kind of conspiracy against me, and I couldn't find out anything. Then I got desperate, and cornered Bob again. I showed him that letter, and demanded that he tell me what it meant. He turned all sorts of colors; said he was deuced sorry, and that it was a bad mess, and of course there wasn't anything in it; but that I'd have to wait until Bee got home and straighten it out with her, for she'd made him promise not to mix up in it, or even to put me on her track. So I gave it up for the time,—there seemed nothing else to do,—and made up my mind to wait as patiently as possible until they all came back in the fall. But I give you my word that the first hint of the meaning of it all I got to-night from you."

"How much truth is there in that woman story?"

"Not one word! I can understand, though, how it might have got about. There was a Mrs. Blake on the steamer going out, and naturally her name came next to mine on the passenger list, so that it would appear to anyone who didn't know any better that I was traveling with my wife. Now some one must have seen a copy of that list in one of the papers, and sent it to Bee for sport or out of malice, and she jumped at the conclusion; or else it was dinned into her that it was so."

The woman opposite him laid her hand upon his shoulder and turned him about until the full glare of the electric light lay upon his face.

"Son," she said, "I'm old enough to be your mother. I want you to think for a minute that I am her,

an' tell me whether what you've jest said is the absolute truth, so help you God!"

And looking her squarely in the eyes he repeated solemnly her own words.

"It is the absolute truth, so help me God!"

For a moment she held him in her scrutinizing gaze. Then she said, "Yes, I guess it is. If it ain't, you must be the infernalist liar 'bove ground, with that innercent face of yourn. Well, well! It's too bad! Let's see that letter ag'in." She read it thoughtfully, then chuckled softly.

"Now I s'pose you've been breakin' your heart over that letter," she said, "an' countin' that it was the crack of doom for you forever 'n ever. That's jest like a man. Can't see through a ladder when the rungs is all broke out! Now as I figger it, that's a mighty encouragin' letter. The girl that wrote it was mad,—you c'n see the mad stickin' right out of it. But a girl don't get mad with a feller that's nothin' to her one way 'r 'nother. No, young man, if Bee Henderson didn't care nothin' for you she wouldn't never 've wrote you a letter like that."

"Do you think so?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Think so? I know so! I ain't been a woman goin' on fifty-seven year for nothin'; an' I can tell Mr. Englishman that he'd better be on the look-out for another girl, 'cos this one ain't a-goin' to be of any use to him. If you could jest manage somehow to see Bee, an' tell her your story straight, you'd have her arms 'round your neck, an' her cryin' for all she's wuth in less'n five minutes by the meetin' house clock. Pity you couldn't get the chance!"

"But I must get it! And you must help me!"

"Oho! 'Must,' says he! Well, well! I dunno 'bout that. I ain't no matchmaker,—leastways, not more'n most wimmen, an' mebbe I'd better keep my hands off."

"Aunt Mattie," said Carl, impressively, "Aunt Mattie,—pardon me for being so familiar, but that's the only name I know,—I want to tell you something. You're going to give me that chance; you're going to help Bee and me out of this horrible misunderstanding, and you know you are! And you're just casting about in your generous mind for the best way to do it. It isn't much that I want. I wouldn't ask you to do anything that might involve you in unpleasantness with the Hendersons. And I understand that I must make my own peace with Bee. But somehow you must get me a chance to see her alone; and you're going to do it,—I feel it in my bones."

The kindly gray eyes twinkled.

"'Taint allus safe to reckon by what you feel in your bones; may be nothin' but r'oomatiz. But mebbe 'tain't in this case; mebbe I'm goin' to try to help you out; 'twould be jest like the old fool I be! But as you say, it's kinder tick'lish bizness to interfere between a girl an' her folks, an' I don't want to get into no trouble 'bout it; so I've got to think it over a spell. You go to bed, an go to sleep. They'll be plenty of time to make plans in the mornin' before we get to the Corners. An' another thing; 'tain't no use to let M'lancy Wright an' Lucy Bromley into this; they'd spread it over the hull county inside of twenty-four hours. They get off at Winterport. Don't let on that you

know me ontill the boat's left there. Then; after that, we'll hatch up suthin' to beat out the Colonel. Guess I'll go in, now. It's gettin' purty middlin' upsotty for me, an' I'll feel better in my bed. Good night. See you after we leave Winterport in the mornin'."

III

With a farewell "toot" the City of Rockland turned her back upon the Winterport landing, and swung out into the stream again.

"There!" said Aunt Mattie, with a sigh of relief as Carl Blake brought his campstool and sat down by her side with a cheery "Good morning!" "Now we can talk; an' it's 'bout time, too, for I've been so worked up over this thing that I must talk or break suthin' inside of me. Didn't sleep much all night, 'long of thinkin' of it over. One good thing; it kept me from bein' seasick. My mind was so took up with it that I hadn't time to think whether I felt all right or not; an that's the best remedy for seasickness I ever see,—jest don't think 'bout your feelin's at all."

"I hope, then," suggested Blake, "that you've got a plan all worked out."

Aunt Mattie shook her head.

"'Tain't very clear, yet. They's jest one thing that's certain,—you must stop off at Hampden. You can do that, can't you?"

"Just as well as not. I'm on my vacation, and am absolute master of my own movements."

"That's fixed, then. An' I'll do suthin that I 'lowed I'd never do for nobody,—I'll summer-board you for a spell. Ev'rybody up our way's got bit with the idee of summer-boardin' folks. Goin' to get rich right off, an' all that! Rufe—that's my husband, Cap'n Rufus Crowell,

—he's been attin' me to take some, but I've allus said, 'No sirree!' But I'm goin' to break my rule an' take you. But what gets me is how I'm goin' to keep Bee from findin' out you're there, an' flyin' off like a hawk before you get a chance to tell her your story. Well, we'll have to do the best we can, an' trust to luck for the rest. It'll come out all right somehow, I guess."

But as the steamer drew in toward the shore at Hampden Lower Corner, Aunt Mattie uttered an exclamation, and clutched Blake's arm.

"Look!" she said, excitedly, "your eyes is younger than mine. Ain't that a white horse an' phaeton on the hill yander, 'bove the landin'?"

"Yes," he replied, "why?"

"Glory!" she exclaimed. "The trick's done, slick's a whistle! 'The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' Not that Bee Henderson's a wind, an' you don't look much like a lamb, shorn or unshorn; but what I mean is,—I'm so excited that I can't talk straight,—that this thing's goin' to come out straight's a string before noon; if it don't, you may have my best bunnit for a puddin' bag. Young man, that's Bee Henderson up there, an' she's come to take me home in her kerridge. Said she was goin' to do it, but I didn't s'pose she'd think of it ag'in. Now turn 'round an look ashore,—you'll have time 'nough to look at Bee, later. See that flag flyin' up on the hill, yander? That's the Dorothea Dix place, an' some time when the Gov'ment gets over bein' so mortal stingy we're goin' to have a memorial of her there. But never mind that, now. When you get ashore, I want you to strike up through the

fields an' woods to that flag. Bee's horse is young an' foolish, an' she won't drive down to the landin' till the boat's gone, so she won't see you. When you get to the top of the hill you'll find a kerridge road. Follow that till you come to the main road; turn to the left, an' in 'bout three minutes you'll come to a yeller house with a gable roof, settin' back from the road a bit. That's ourn. Tell Rufe—wait; got a piece of paper? I'll write it."

Blake tore a leaf from his pocket book, and laboriously Aunt Mattie inscribed this note:

"Dear Rufe:—I've took a sumer border. This is him. I want him to go in the frunt room an stay thare until I come home. bee Henderson is a fetchin me up in her fayton.

"Your lovin wife,

"MARTHA G. CROWELL.

"P. S. his name is blake."

"There," she went on, when she had read this epistle to Carl, "you give that to Rufe,—you'll find him settin' out under a tree in the front yard, most likely. He'll prob'ly want you to set down an' swop fishin' lies with him, but don't you do it. You've got other fish to fry, an' you want to be out of sight when we get there. Girls is skittisher'n colts, an' if Bee Henderson sees you before she drives into the yard, you couldn't drag her in. Jest put your bag with my things, an' I'll have 'em all took up together."

When Carl Blake reached the pleasant little house on the main road, some twenty minutes later, he found, as Aunt Mattie had predicted, its master sitting under the shade of a big elm in the front yard. A crutch by his side told pathetically the reason for his idling while others worked.

"That's my name," was his cheery response to Blake's inquiry,

for Cap'n Crowell. "Who be you, an' what c'n I do for you?"

"This will tell you, perhaps," answered the visitor, handing him Aunt Mattie's letter.

The veteran took it, felt in his pocket for his glasses, drew them out, put them on, and read the note, —all with the utmost deliberation, to the great impatience of the younger man, who in fancy already heard the rattle of wheels in the distance.

"Hum! Come to her senses at last, has she?" muttered the Cap'n. "Good 'nough! Might 've hed the house filled all summer jest's well's not, an' took in a lot of money. But she's sot, Mattie is,—turr'ble sot! Well, set down here an' wait till she comes. Hope you've brought your fishin' tackle—"

"But, Cap'n," interrupted Blake, nervously, "Mrs. Crowell wants me to wait in the front room, for some reason. I think I'd better do as she says."

"To be shore! young feller, to be shore!" chuckled the Cap'n. "I forgot that part. You've sized her up purty quick, but you've hit it to a T. Yes, it's allus a leetle safer to do as Mattie says. So in you go,—

right through that door, an' turn to the left. You'll excuse me for not showin' you in, won't you?"

Scarcely had Carl found his way into the half-darkened "keeping room" before he heard the sound of wheels at the side door. Then Aunt Mattie's voice reached him.

"Come in for jest a minute, Miss Bee. No, you can see Uncle Rufe some other time! I've brought you suthin' from Boston, an' I want to know how you like it. Go right into the front room; I'll be there in a jiffy."

The girl came to the door and looked in, saw somebouy there, and drew back.

"I'll wait here—" she began. But a pair of strong arms seized her and fairly lifted her across the threshold.

"Go right in, child!" said Aunt Mattie. "Nothin' is goin' to hurt you!" Then she shut the door with a slam, sank into the depths of a cavernous rocking-chair, and heaved a prodigious sigh.

"There!" she said. "I've done all I can; I've give him his chance. Now it's her, an' him—an' the Lord!" as a pious afterthought.



The Cobbler's Son

By MARY STOVELL STIMPSON

IN far-off Scandinavia, in the mediæval city of Odense, chief town on the Danish island of Funen, there was born a century ago a wondrous story-teller—Hans Christian Andersen. His mother was a kind-hearted but shallow creature, whose old age was made unlovely by habits of intemperance. His father, as a lad, had loved study and earnestly coveted training at the Latin school, but the insanity of his father and his mother's poverty had forced him to learn the cobbler's trade which he forever detested. The wife could not understand her husband's discontent, and little Hans early noticed that his father's grave face only softened with smiles, when, his day's work completed, his leathern apron thrown aside, he read aloud from his well-chosen books.

There were no other children and father and son became great comrades. The cobbler made toys, drew pictures, and strolled through the woods with the child, preferring to spend his leisure hours thus, rather than in mingling with his neighbors, who looked upon him as a curious dreamer. The home of the Andersens was not spacious. The three lived in one room which served as parlor, kitchen, bed-room and cobbler's shop. But over the work bench was a shelf of books, pictures were on the walls, while pots of mint and bunches of sweet herbs suspended from the rafters

made the air sweet.* A ladder led from the kitchen end of the room into a loft, and up there, between the Andersens' cottage and their neighbors, stood a box of earth full of chives and parsley—that was their whole garden, and it blooms still in the story of "The Snow Queen."

Little Hans did not have much companionship with those of his own age. With his Grandmother Andersen he used to go to the asylum to visit his poor, half-witted grandfather, where he was often terribly frightened at what he saw. He sometimes wandered into the near-by poorhouse, where the garrulous old women delighted in telling him strange, weird stories. He was full of fancies and his imagination ran riot. Timid, sensitive, and clumsy in movement, when he attempted to go to school the children ridiculed him and shouted that the homely, awkward creature was foolish like his grandfather. Leaving one school after another because he shrank from derision; reading omnivorously all that came his way; wholly undisciplined by his parents; he was an odd and pitiful character at the age of eleven when his father died. His mother soon married again, and it was a matter of moment that at this time a lady, Madame Bunkeflod, the widow of a clergyman-poet, living in Odense, invited the lonely boy to her cultured home where he saw for the

* Bain's Life of Andersen.

first time the refinements of life. And it was in her library that he first read Shakespeare. He fairly steeped himself in that author, and as he had from infancy, first from hearing his father read, and later by his own study, been very familiar with the dramas of the Danish Holberg, there soon developed a mania for play-writing. At fourteen, having mapped out many tragedies and plays, although he could scarcely spell a single sentence correctly, fired with enthusiasm for the stage by having witnessed some operas and tragedies at the Odense theatre, young Andersen guilelessly made up his mind to go to Copenhagen and "become famous." Practical-minded people advised his mother to have the boy learn a trade, but he let her have no peace, until finally she consulted a "wise woman" who read his future with coffee-grounds and cards. Then the mother made immediate arrangements to humor the boy's wishes, for the prophecy of the soothsayer had been a brilliant one.

"Your son will become a great man," she said, "and in his honor Odense will one day be illuminated."

Hans's mother wept for joy, and packing the future celebrity's clothes in a small bundle, made a bargain for his journey with the driver of a post carriage. In his autobiography Andersen refers to his ambitious quest thus:

"The afternoon on which we were to set out came, and my mother accompanied me to the city gate. Here stood my old grandmother; in the last few years her beautiful hair had become gray; she fell upon my neck and wept, without being able to speak a single word. I myself was deeply affected. And thus we parted. I saw her no more; she died in the following year. . . . The postillion blew his

horn; it was a glorious, sunny afternoon, and the sunshine soon entered into my gay, child-like heart. I delighted in every novel object which met my eye, and I was journeying toward the goal of my soul's desires. When, however, I arrived at Nyborg on the great Belt and was borne in the ship away from my native island, I then truly felt how alone and forlorn I was, and that I had no one else except God in heaven to depend upon. As soon as I set foot on Zealand, I stepped behind a shed which stood on the shore, and falling on my knees, besought of God to help and guide me aright."

These few lines express Andersen's whole character. His optimistic enthusiasm over new ventures; the affectionate clinging to his friends; the swift-coming sadness which could, however, always be dispelled by a postillion's horn, a kind word, or a glint of sunshine; his keen appreciation of travel; his impulse under any stress of emotion to talk with God; are all here!

In spite of the wise woman's prediction and the buoyancy of youth, Andersen found more than mere arrival in Copenhagen was necessary in order to become famous. Attempting to go upon the stage he was curtly informed that he was not sufficiently educated, that he was too cadaverous. Anxious to be assigned even to some dancing part, he gave a sample of his skill in garb so strange, and gambols so awkward that he was thought to be an escaped lunatic. On account of his sweet singing-voice he was finally allowed to join the chorus class at the Royal Theatre, but one severe cold after another, brought on by cold and exposure, so weakened the vocal chords that musical training had to be abandoned.

Always haunting the theatre which held a life-long fascination for him, the undaunted genius undertook the writing of plays. One of these, *Alfsol*, a director of the Royal

Theatre read carefully, and while he found it too crude and ill-arranged for use, he yet recommended the author as meriting the King's aid in developing his unmistakable talent.

Another director, Jonas Collin, a well known privy-councillor, who had watched Andersen's efforts with interest, went personally to Frederick VI, and obtained royal assurance that the youthful aspirant should receive three years' training at a celebrated Latin school, at public expense. Collin, meanwhile, offered to act as guardian and to furnish the lad a home beneath his own roof. Having at last a sensible plan for real improvement arranged for him, the grateful student went to bid Collin farewell before setting out for Slagelse. He found him cordial and encouraging. "Be sure," he said, at parting, "you always write me without reserve—whenever you want anything, and let me know exactly how you are getting on." Andersen said: "From that moment I grew fast to his heart. No father could have been more to me than he was. No one has sympathized more with me in all my sorrows; he felt for me just as if I were one of his own children. His charity was given without a word, without a look that could make it hard for me to bear." This rare philanthropy was appreciated by the recipient and the intimacy thus begun with the councillor's family continued through three generations. It is pleasant to know that the good deed was passed on. Till the day of his death, Andersen never turned a deaf ear to needy students and many a successful actor and musician owed his start to the Danish author.

Andersen made the most of his

tardy educational advantages, passing his final examinations in 1829 most brilliantly. In the same year his first book appeared, which was soon followed by a fairly successful play. Then some sketches of travel showed how charmingly he could describe localities. To this day when one hints of visiting Italy, he is told: "You must read Andersen's 'Improvisatore.'" Oscar Fay Adams, in his "Dear Old Story-Tellers," says:

"Madame de Stael ambitiously adds to her 'Corinne' the sub-title 'or Italy,' but with far more truth it might be added to the 'Improvisatore.' The book is Italy. Northman as he was by birth, Andersen was Italian by temperament, and the fervor, the excitability, the enthusiasm, the longing to impart to others the details of one's own life so characteristic of Italians, and to a less extent of other nations of the south of Europe, were part of his very nature."

But it was neither by fiction (for "Improvisatore" is a most sensational novel whose chief charm, nevertheless, is in the vivid descriptions of scenery), nor drama that Andersen was to achieve his most lasting fame.

"After a long fumbling about," said Brandes, "after many years of aimless wandering . . . Andersen found himself standing, one evening, outside a little unpretentious but mysterious door, the door of Fairy Tale; he touched it, it flew open and he saw sparkling inside there in the darkness, the little tinder-box which was to be his Aladdin's lamp. He struck fire with it and the spirits of the lamp—the dogs with eyes like tea-cups, like mill-wheels, and like the Round Tower—stood by him, and brought him the three huge chests full of all the copper money, silver money, and gold money. The first fairy tale was there, and it drew all the others after it. Happy the man who finds the right tinder-box."

Andersen visited nearly every part of the world; was entertained by all the noted people of his time; was beloved by peasant and prince; he knew the sting of poverty and

ridicule for many years; but fulfilled his childhood's plan to "become famous," and a few months previous to his death, on his seventieth birthday, the wise woman's prophecy was also fulfilled, for Odense *was* illuminated in his honor.

*"Deputations came from all parts of Denmark to greet him on that day. He was presented with a copy of one of his tales in thirty-two languages, money was raised to erect a statue in Copenhagen and to build a home for poor children which should bear his name, and on the little house where he was born in Odense, was placed a tablet with his name and the date of his birth."

It was only a few months later that he passed quietly out of life. Copenhagen was draped in mourning, royalty stood bare-headed by his bier, flowers and palms were heaped about the honored dead, but if anything could have made the heart thrill once more with pride and joy, surely it would have responded to the greeting fastened to a wreath of laurel from Berlin:

"Thou art not dead, tho' thine eyes are closed,
In children's hearts thou shalt live forever."

There was no wild flower of the fields in any clime that Andersen did not know and love. From the time he could toddle about the woods with his father, till he left his simple home, there was not a day when he failed to deck the

house with blossoms. When he was taking his last walks in the garden of "Rolighed" where he had transplanted wild flowers for years, he would bend over them and say: "Flowers know very well that I love them. Even if I were to stick a peg in the ground, I believe it would grow."

This supersensitive Dane knew instinctively just what would appeal to the mind of a child, and, when in playful mood, he delighted in gathering a crowd of children about him and telling rapidly one fairy story after another, indulging meantime, in the most comic contortions of the face and swaying of the body. He never dreamed of printing any of these until strongly urged to do so by his friends, who perceived the uniqueness of his talent. He was genuinely surprised at the popularity his first small book of "Fairy Tales as Told to Children" instantly won. And though from time to time he added to the first edition which came out in 1835, he usually gave them scant praise, calling them "a mere sleight-of-hand with Fancy's golden apples." While in many ways Andersen was the vainest of men and delighted in the adulation and flattery which, in his old age, he received without stint, yet he felt aggrieved all his life. His sole ambition was to have been a dramatist and the god of gifts had made him, instead, the prince of story-tellers.

* From Adams' "Dear Old Story-Tellers."

AUTHOR'S NOTE:—In the article on Tufts College in this issue of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, the author credits the College with having graduated Mr. Robert C. Metcalf. This is a mistake, as Mr. Metcalf never attended any college, and has acquired the place which he now holds in educational circles entirely through his own efforts. Tufts, recognizing this, however, is to bestow an honorary degree upon Mr. Metcalf this year.

THE EDITORS' TABLE

The management of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE congratulates its readers on a new and important feature in its publication which is to go into immediate effect, and which cannot fail to add greatly to its interest and value. Mr. A. G. KINGSBURY, who has had several years' experience in mining and mechanical engineering, spending the last four seasons in the Alaska gold fields, will start for Nome and other points north of the Arctic circle in June, and expects to spend the next winter in that region, exploring, prospecting and observing its wonderful mineral resources, which as yet have hardly been touched. Every week is bringing new and interesting reports of new discoveries in this remarkable region, and reliable information can not fail to be of great value. Mr. Kingsbury will, during his journey, act as the special representative of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, and each month something of value and importance from his pen may be expected in its pages.

Mr. Kingsbury's life history has been almost unique, and although he is yet in the vigor of middle life he has seen and experienced enough to equip a story-writer with material for a long series of articles. He was born in Francetown, N. H., and after study in the local academy he learned the trade of a machinist, with especial attention to hydraulic and electric work. Later he went to Florida, locating at DeLand, where for ten years he was engaged in installing apparatus for manufacturing ice and electric light and power, and for irrigation purposes, successfully combining the three plants in one when conditions made it desirable. Under his management numerous irrigating plants were installed in all parts of the state, he being the pioneer there in this important agricultural development.

He then entered the service of a syndicate of Chicago and St. Louis capitalists to introduce similar installations in Mexico and incidentally buying the products of the country, making an especial feature of gathering and forwarding vanilla, the Mexican product being particularly desirable. During his three years' occupation there he visited every state in the country, and sold and installed numerous large mechanical plants for ice, electricity and irrigation.

In March, 1898, he started for the Arctic circle, reaching Kotzebue sound, Alaska, in August. Leaving Seattle on the ship Jane Gray he was wrecked one hundred miles west of Cape Flattery, the vessel foundering in a storm in the night,

only twenty-seven of the sixty-three persons on board being saved. Mr. Kingsbury lost his two years' outfit, and escaped with only scanty clothing and a single nickel in his pocket, all his money being under his pillow. He had his left shoulder broken while floating among the wreckage and was picked up by a boat half an hour after the vessel went down. His partner, B. D. Ranney, was drowned in the wreck. The rescued party were in the boat thirty-six hours, when they landed at Kouquit, an Eskimo Indian village. There they found an English sealing schooner, the Favorite, and were taken to Victoria, Vancouver, and then, through the good offices of the American consul, they were forwarded to Seattle, where Mr. Kingsbury received his first surgical treatment, and secured new remittances from the East.

After a stay of fifteen days at Seattle he started again for Kotzebue sound on a lumber craft, the steam schooner Grace Dollar, and reached there August 17th. His errand was to prospect for minerals, and he started for a three hundred mile journey up the Kobuk river, which point was his original destination, on a stern-wheel steamer, the Arctic Bird. It had a barge in tow, and Mr. Kingsbury also had a small boat. He was asked to put his outfit on the barge but declined, and stowed part of it on the steamer and the rest in his own boat which was also in tow. This was fortunate, for in crossing the Hathan Inlet the barge went to the bottom with its cargo. This mishap sent the whole party back to Kotzebue sound.

Three days later a fresh start was made and it took two weeks to get up the Kobuk river three hundred miles. Here the Arctic Bird went back, and Mr. Kingsbury and partner, with thirteen others, followed up the river in their own boat, the Kobuk being navigable for over one thousand miles. Their purpose was to go up as far as was practicable and establish a winter base for the next season's prospecting. While going up, when lining their boat among the rapids it was overturned in shallow water and only with great difficulty they saved it and a part of the outfit. This caused eleven days' delay, making repairs and drying out their outfit. Then they went on to a point about five hundred miles up the river. Mr. Kingsbury's partner got "cold feet" at the upset of the boat and took his half of the outfit and made winter camp on the shore while the rest of the party did the same about fifty miles further up the river.

Here he was alone, but in camp with the

others. They found abundant timber and he built himself a small cabin of spruce logs, and did some prospecting through the frozen ground but without any satisfactory result. On November 8th his cabin was burned with his entire outfit and equipment, he escaping only with his bed clothing, a thermometer and a hand sled. Next day he started alone for the Yukon river, up one river, across a divide, and down another, a trip of sixteen hundred miles. He had made a tin stove while prospecting, from five gallon oil cans, and this was a great attraction for the natives. He gathered more cans, made more stoves, and by exchange with the natives he secured dogs with which to go on. With his team he helped other parties along and thus picked up a five hundred pound outfit on the way to Yukon.

His objective point was Bergman, on the Koyukuk river, six hundred miles above its junction with the Yukon. Reaching there he worked for a while on a river steamer, and, still working down stream, he reached Andreska, two hundred miles above the mouth of the Yukon, where he engaged with the Alaska Commercial Company as engineer on a large river steamer, making the round trip between St. Michael's and Dawson in about twenty-eight days.

On July 10th Mr. Kingsbury went down the river to Nome, a twenty-four hour trip. The now famous gold strike at Nome had just occurred and he found this "city" born in 1899, a city of tents, and of the typical population of such a place, all eager for gold and excited by every fresh report of luck. He spent the summer at Nome, reaching Boston in November for a temporary stay. While at Nome he had quite satisfactory experiences in prospecting and mining, so that the net financial result of the whole trip was not so discouraging as were some of its misadventures. He has been into the region for two trips since, spending one entire winter there.

In 1903 Mr. Kingsbury varied his Arctic experiences by a visit to South America, Central America and the West Indies, exploring and prospecting for minerals. He is an indefatigable worker, a close observer, and with his varied experiences has a rare equipment for securing and describing all that may be of value to the readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE in his next trip to the gold fields of the frozen North. He keeps a camera near at hand and his snapshots will be a no inconsiderable feature in his contributions.

* * *

Honorary degrees, especially that of LL.D., have come to be somewhat common, instead of being as they once were badges

of genuine distinction in the world of letters. Harvard University is to be credited with some portion of the cheapening of these honors by its custom of perfunctorily conferring them upon every governor of Massachusetts, a custom broken, however, in the case of Governor Butler. It seems as if Tufts College were aiming to secure some glory through making Governor Douglas a LL.D. at its approaching commencement. Governor Douglas is a most estimable citizen and an enterprising and very successful manufacturer of shoes, and every good citizen of the commonwealth expects from him an admirable administration of his office as chief magistrate, but all this hardly justifies the proposed decoration. Such honors were once valued because they were certificates of special acquirements in certain circumscribed but well recognized fields. They will be the less valued if political success is the gauge by which their distribution is governed.

* * *

Some interesting figures relative to the cotton industry come to us through the recently issued bulletin of the Lowell Textile school. It says at Fall River a pound of raw cotton will make seven yards of standard prints; these are quoted in New York at $2\frac{7}{8}$ cents a yard, giving $20\frac{1}{8}$ cents a pound for the manufactured goods. In contrast with these figures it says a pound of cotton makes sixteen yards of imported Swiss muslin which retails from 50 cents to one dollar a yard, or from \$8 to \$16 per pound for the manufactured goods. These contrasting figures are supported by the data supplied by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, showing the average value of exported cotton goods for the last fiscal year to be a little over five and a half cents a yard, while imported cotton goods averaged nearly sixteen cents a yard. Do not these figures suggest a change in the American processes of manufacture? The difference in the price of domestic and imported cottons is largely one of unskilled and skilled labor, and of care in manufacture. Print goods at less than three cents a yard cannot be expected to return to the operative as good a wage as a fabric selling at sixteen cents. The problem is one awaiting the consideration both of manufacturers and operatives, and it may be that its solution may aid in the better comprehension of the real basis of labor troubles in the cotton manufacturing industry.

* * *

The churches of the Congregational denomination that contribute to the treasury of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions seem to be under

some excitement over the fact that Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given a large donation to the treasury of the board. They have joined in a formal protest against the acceptance of the gift, on the ground of the donor's connection with the Standard Oil Company whose methods they consider "morally iniquitous and socially destructive." They also say:

"The church is the moral educator and leader of the people, and in order to fulfill this calling with freedom and effect it must stand entirely clear of any implication in the evil it is set to condemn. The acceptance of such a gift involves the constituents of the board in a relation implying honor toward the donor, and subjects the board to the charge of ignoring the moral issues involved."

This sounds heroic, but why should this gift create this moral spasm? Mr. Rockefeller is a conspicuous adherent and supporter of a Christian church, and he has great wealth in his possession. If any of it has come to him wrongfully he could not restore it to those he has wronged if he would. Is it not more reasonable and more Christian to allow him to do good with it? Besides: if these good pastors should exercise the same scrutiny over the conduct of members of their own flocks and refuse the contributions of all except the "rigidly righteous," would not their own salaries shrink, and the contributions of their own churches suffer great reduction? That the gift under debate is a large one is not the issue; the moral question applies to any contribution suspected of selfishness in accumulation. Once a country parson received a gift on Monday morning of a fine string of fish, and expressed his gratitude therefor. "But, parson," said the giver, "perhaps I caught those fish yesterday!" "Well," replied the parson, "the fish are not to blame!" The best of Christians are weak in spots; some in failure to be all they should be and others in allowing their consciences to "work over time." Who shall discriminate? Since this tempest arose the announcement that Mr. Rockefeller has given twice as large a sum to the benevolent organizations of the church which counts him a member, has been received without any special protest from his fellow-members. St. Paul's advice about eating meat that had been offered to idols is pertinent—"Eat what is set before you, asking no questions for conscience's sake!"

* * *

The world is not so wide as it was. Puck's girdle around the earth was a fairy's fancy, but it is outdone by actual twentieth century fact. In the first week in May a message was sent from Wash-

ington, D. C., to Nome, Alaska, a distance of about six thousand miles, and replies received at the national capital from Nome in less than five minutes. From St. Michael, Fort Gibbon, Fort Egbert and North Fork replies were received in fifteen minutes, although the message had to be repeated or relayed six times before it returned to Washington. It took one-half a second to get a message from Washington to Seattle, one and seven-tenths seconds to get it from there to Sitka, and two seconds to forward it to Nome. The original message would have reached Nome from Washington, had it not been three times relayed, in four and two-tenths seconds. "And the wires were working noorly all along the line."

* *

Much doubt has been expressed from time to time, as to the obedience of the adherents of the Mormon church to the behest of Congress against polygamy, and there have been many indications that obedience was at most only superficial. A note from Idaho, however, gives much encouragement to the friends of family purity. Its senate recently unanimously adopted a bill imposing a fine of from \$200 to \$2000 and from six months' to five years' imprisonment, on conviction for polygamy, and penalties about half as large on conviction for adultery. The house of representatives is expected to concur. The most striking features in the matter are that the bill was introduced by a Mormon senator, and that one-third of the Idaho voters are Mormons.

* *

Women have made their way into most of the "learned" professions, and no surprise is expressed by intelligent people at the mention of a woman as minister, lawyer or physician. But London is just now having a spasm over a proposition to put women in the jury box! Popular fancy classes her as intuitive rather than reasoning, and the fear is expressed that her "impressions" might outweigh the evidence in a given case. It was one of the late Senator Hoar's pet ideas that the grand and final aim of English and American civil development was to get twelve "good men and true" into a jury box! but no one who is familiar with the practical results of the modern jury system is looking for the immediate advent of the civic millennium. Would matters be better or worse if women had a share in jury work? That is the question. They are learning, it is true, that the business world into which they are so rapidly entering, demands a recognition and consideration of facts and evidence, rather than a surrender to "impressions" and "intuitions." Is it

not possible that bridging the chasm between male and female characteristics, which is going on through woman's entrance into the world of business, may develop in her a happy combination of the especial traits of both sexes which will make her an admirable juror? We can imagine her service in quite an ample line of cases, where her "intuition," modified by business experience, might fit her to see quickly and clearly through a tangle of contradictory evidence and "sense" the truth where a male juror would be hopelessly confused. The average jury of the present day is far from the ideal of Senator Hoar. The average could not easily be lowered—it might be improved—by the swearing in of a proportion of women on the panel. In time there might be an improvement in the present hair-splitting and dilatory proceedings of the courts, for women would be impatient of and resent such tactics, and the offending counsel might thereby lose his case. Why do not the states that have given women full suffrage take the next step and put her in the jury box?

* * *

The re-institution of the whipping-post has all at once become a live issue. President Roosevelt has suggested some form of corporal punishment for wife-beaters, and a bill enacting it was before the last session of Congress. A broader bill has been before the Massachusetts legislature, providing the same penalty for assault upon any female person. Certainly if the wife-beater is to be whipped, the man who whips his mother or his daughter should not go free. The usual penalty for assault and battery is far too lenient for such cases. Partial statistics show that in Massachusetts, last year 1146 men were charged with assaults upon women and 819 were convicted. In Pennsylvania 527 cases were reported, with 211 convictions. We believe that even the knowledge that the whip awaits the convicted woman-beater will of itself deter him from the offence, in a large majority of cases. There is, however, another offence, becoming altogether too common, which might well be included in the whipping-post statute. This is the indecent attacks made or attempted upon young girls, by mature men. When these cases come into court the usual plea is that the offender is mentally weak, and not wholly responsible for his revolting conduct, and in most cases the complaint goes "on file." A score of lashes well laid on would wonderfully strengthen the parietic intellect of these men, and others who are similarly inclined will receive similar intellectual stimulus. There are men who do not particularly dread the jail, but the most depraved has a whole-

some fear of the lash. All this is shocking to the tender-hearted philanthropist who believes that leniency and education are the only proper remedial agencies against crime, but we are still in the evolutionary age, and have to deal with some very ugly and disgusting phases of human nature. Is it not well to use remedies that will meet present conditions,—in other words "make the punishment fit the crime?"

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Russell Sturgis is generally recognized as one of the foremost American writers on art, and anything that he offers is always sure of an audience. During the season of 1904 he delivered at the Art Institute of Chicago a series of six lectures which are to be published this spring by A. C. McClurg & Company. They will be brought out under the general title of "The Interdependence of the Arts," and the volume will be most profusely illustrated, the result being a most comprehensive and useful handbook.

"Dr. Charles E. Jefferson's books get read," says *The Congregationalist*. "Not only individuals find them out and buy them, but his 'Things Fundamental' is now one of the required books of the reading course of Methodist preachers in this country for the coming year; and his book, 'Quiet Hints to Growing Preachers,' has been sent forth to every Presbyterian preacher in the land, by the evangelistic committee of that denomination." Both books are published by Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

Curiosity regarding the identity of Sidney McCall, the name that appears on the title page of "Truth Dexter," has been revived, now that a new book by this author, entitled "The Breath of the Gods," was announced for publication last month. On this subject the publishers of both books, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., are silent. It is announced, however, that "The Breath of the Gods" has a strong Japanese coloring and that the heroine, Yuki, is as subtle a character delineation as was Truth Dexter.

Professor John Adams of the University of London is to deliver a course of lectures in the School of Education of the University of Chicago during the summer quarter. Professor Adams has long been regarded as one of the most brilliant, as well as one of the soundest men engaged in educational work in England. In this country, he is chiefly known as the author of an exceptionally stimulating book upon "Herbartian Psychology Applied to Education," published four or five years ago by D. C. Heath & Company. Boston.





"THE FISHING ROCKS," KINGSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

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Kingston, Massachusetts

By ETHEL HOBART

“THE next morning, being Tuesday, the 19th of December, 1620, wee went again to discover further. Some went in the shallop . . . and wee found a creek, and up three English myles a very pleasant river, at full sea a Barke of thirty tunne may goe up, but at low water scarce our shallop could passe.”—*Mourt's Relation*.

“What is the sweet, clean, little town I passed through driving from Duxbury to Plymouth?” asked the Tourist.

“That is Kingston. Originally, you see, the Pilgrims settled all along the shore, and the three present townships of Duxbury, Kingston and Plymouth were all included in the Plymouth colony.”

“Yet,” said the Tourist, “somehow one does not hear of Kingston as historically important, like Duxbury and Plymouth.”

“Historically important it certainly is,” replied the Guide. “If Myles Standish's grave and the monument on Captain's Hill distinguish Duxbury, and the town of Plymouth boasts a hundred memorials of the Pilgrims, little Kingston

has no fewer and no less vivid memories.

* * * * *

The town was in its earlier days



THE FAUNCE HOUSE

called the North Precinct; here a church was situated, as the distance to the Plymouth church was too great. As early as 1630, Governor Bradford built and settled here, although of course all his offi-

cial business was transacted four miles away in Plymouth. Here also was the Isaac Allerton grant, and the house built on the land (generally known as the old Cobb house) dated back to 1705, and was standing until only a few years ago when it burned.

The town was formally separated from Plymouth in 1726, and as the Act of Corporation happened to be

There was also Peleg Wadsworth, who started as a schoolmaster in Kingston and who afterward became a Major-General, and who was granted the whole township of Hiram, Maine, in recognition of his services. Among Kingston's ablest, one thinks too of the Honorable William Sever, Esq., who was representative to the General Court of the Colony of the Province of Mas-



PEABODY-BRADFORD HOUSE

passed on the King's birthday, someone suggested that the town be called Kingston.

A few years later, however, the town proved itself by no means to belong to the King. It was a hot-bed of revolutionary heroes. There was Major-General John Thomas, who was in charge of Dorchester Heights and whom Bancroft calls the most able general officer of the Revolution. Then there was Major Seth Drew, and Colonel John Gray, both Revolutionary soldiers of note.

sachusetts Bay at the age of twenty-three.

There still stands the house that was built by Captain Willett, though perhaps it was not quite as it stands now. It is called to-day the old Faunce house, and it dates back to 1660. This Willett seems to have been a remarkably able man. He had lived in Leyden some years, he came to Plymouth about 1630, and succeeded Captain Standish as the head of the military affairs of the colony. He held various responsi-

ble positions, received a grant of one hundred acres in what is now Triphammer, Kingston, and then became the first Mayor of New York under the English. It was the Dutch themselves who requested this, as Willett had lived in Leyden and knew their manners and customs. He was re-elected; so, as it says on his gravestone, "twice did he sustain the place." There also

setts trail that led from Plymouth directly through Kingston to Boston town. It is said that the inmates of this house were awakened in the night by the talking and grumbling of the men who were returning from Boston with the head of King Philip after the Indian war. They had tried in Boston to get a higher price for the dead Indian than Plymouth would give, and



SITE OF THE OLD SHIPYARD

stands to-day in Kingston the gray old house of Major John Bradford, grandson to the Governor, a house so rich in associations and memories that it quite deserves an article by itself.

The town is still small enough for the old Indian stories and traditions to be handed down faithfully from father to son. I remember a story of the old Cobb house, that was situated on the Massachu-

setts trail that led from Plymouth directly through Kingston to Boston town. It is said that the inmates of this house were awakened in the night by the talking and grumbling of the men who were returning from Boston with the head of King Philip after the Indian war. They had tried in Boston to get a higher price for the dead Indian than Plymouth would give, and

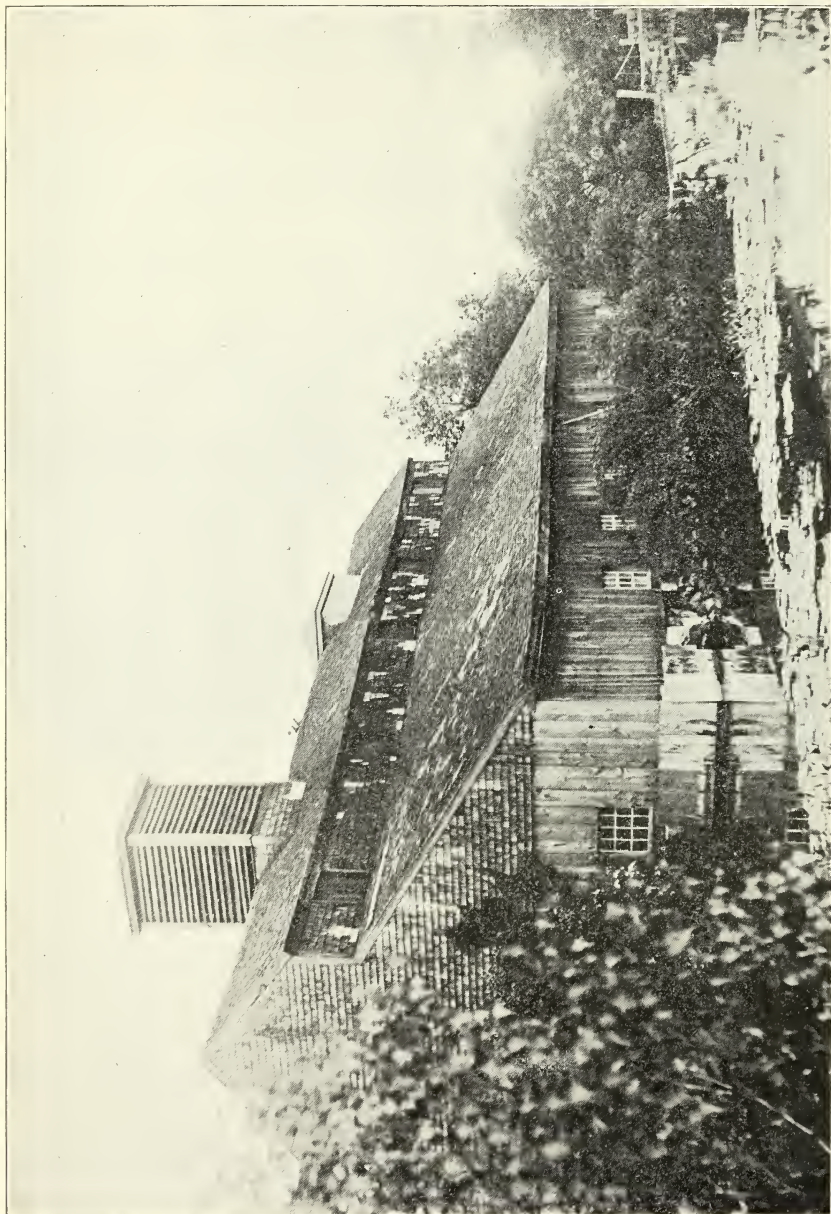
they were returning in high dudgeon because no one would pay a penny over the usual price for an Indian's head, King Philip or no. So they grumbled and haggled and came back to Plymouth town over the old path that one may see to-day. Surely Kingston is not poor in historical association.

A fair, clean, typical New England town is Kingston to-day, giving one the feeling that it has

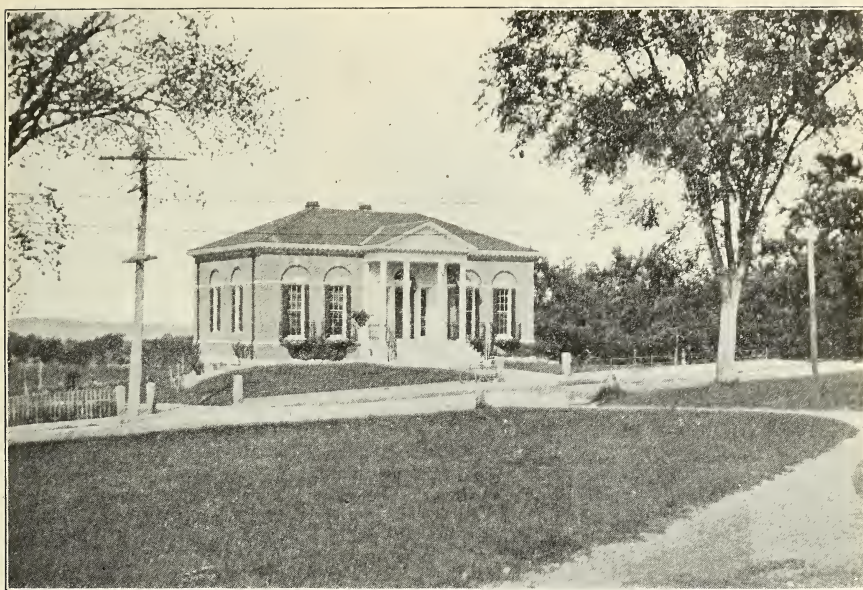
just had its face washed. A quiet main street, shaded by sweeping venerable elms, houses old and comfortable in the sunshine, and a little green enclosure with the Soldiers' Monument (the land was given to the town by Major Brad-

ford himself as early as 1721),—these are the characteristic features of Kingston.

There is a pretty public library presented to the town by Mr. Fred-eric Adams, and some distance beyond, at the branching of two ways



OLD ANCHOR FORGE



PUBLIC LIBRARY

is the site of the Old Point well, near which now stands a modern drinking fountain given by Mr. Glover. Near this old landmark there stood until a short time ago another,—Cushman's old country store, once a time-honored old tavern, the stopping place between Sandwich and Boston in the days of the stage-coaches.

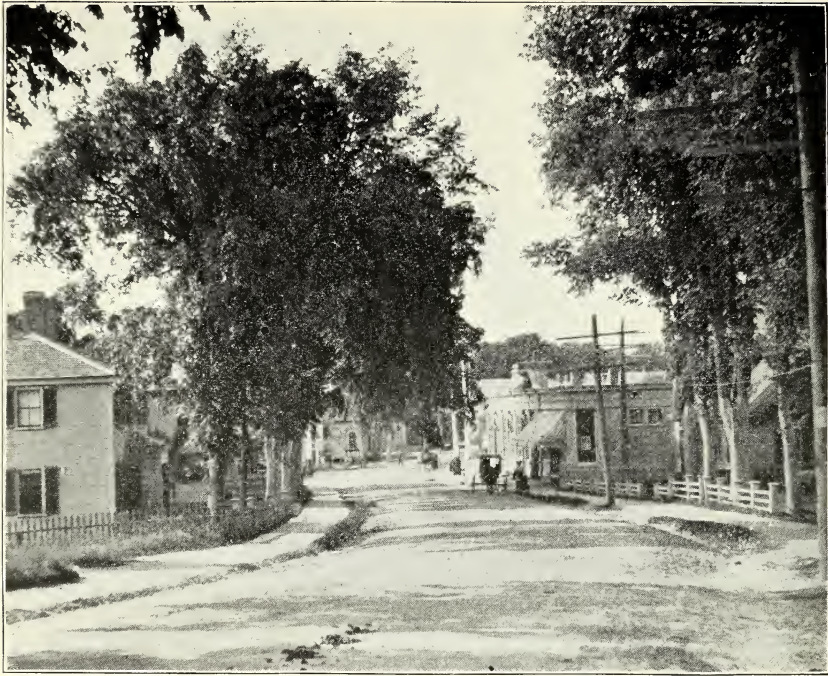
There are the plain, sedate wooden churches that one usually sees in New England towns; there is a substantial high-school building behind which the kindly Jones river makes a delightful spot for recess time, called Bartlett's Green.

More rich, however, than most towns is Kingston in outlying districts of river and wood and even ocean beauty. There is Rocky Nook and Indian Pond and Smelt Pond and the Teal Hole and Blackwater, where the men go duck shooting in the fall. Beyond the Unitarian church and the Town Hall and the cemetery, that seems to symbolize

the trim quiet of the town, is the part of Kingston called Triphammer.

Here stands the picturesque old anchor forge which gave its name to the district, and here the Jones river makes serene little ponds of itself, its inland sedges and water-lilies giving no hint of its acquaintance with the sea. Beyond Triphammer is the section called Wapping, where one may follow the loveliest of wooded roads—the Ring Road; and here in spring one may poke under dead oak leaves and find the mayflower, hardy, shy and sweet.

This is Kingston, but this is not all of it. We in Plymouth, perhaps, in our sea pride, may think of our neighbor a few miles away as an inland town. But if the greater part of Kingston is not on the ocean front, its tidal river (the Jones, named for the second mate of the Mayflower), redeems it from any such charge. Indeed, quiet



SUMMER STREET LOOKING TOWARD THE RAILROAD

and demure as is the village, one finds, as one grows to know it a little better, the lingering flavor of its seafaring days, some faint aroma of all the spices of the Indies. Old seafaring terms crop out in the course of every-day conversation. "That bureau drawer is too shoal," says a friend of mine when she means it is too shallow. One hears "stove in" for "broken," and many another sea term.

Just below what is to-day the railroad bridge was a shipyard once upon a time, though to-day one sees nothing larger than a knockabout or two drawn up on the bank for the winter. But time was when a three-masted schooner made here her maiden splash with the tide at full flood, borne proudly by the river through the sunny, windswept, salt marshes to the waiting sea beyond. Here were launched brigs and brig-

antines. Every other family has a sea-captain for a grandfather; in many a house there are teak-wood tables or strange island shells from Ceylon, fans and lacquer-work from Japan, and china in the best cupboards, brought from far over seas. In many a house one finds fascinating little models of ships made by old retired sailors and given sometimes to very good children to play with.

The influence of the sea is like some poetic memory; those of us, hard-headed, unromantic Yankees as we are, whose lives have once come under the spirit of adventure and the touch with foreign ports and the sense of sorrow, yearning, and of pure majesty that this influence brings, can never be the same again.

Nor is Kingston without its little strip of genuine seacoast. Two

miles to the south of the village proper, and perhaps half a mile east of the main road that leads to Plymouth, lies Rocky Nook.

You can wander by a certain grassy lane, through marshes and pastures warm with the sunshine and sweet with ineffable fragrance of mingled bayberry and wild rose. To your left the river winds in and out, doubling and re-doubling on itself through the marshes. Near its mouth is a rocky pasture hill where a few cedar trees are growing, and through the pastures grow high blueberry bushes that turn in October to a wonderful plum purple. You see a beautiful stretch of quiet rustic country, but one might be fifty miles from the sea. Then suddenly the lane ascends a little, you find yourself standing on a little rise, and lo! there is the harbor stretching before you, like some dream come wonderfully true.

To your right lies Plymouth, settled cosily along the shore with the noble headland of Manomet jutting out beyond; to your left is the curve of the shore hiding the

river's mouth, and just across the bay rises the smooth contour of Captain's Hill, with the straight shaft of the Standish monument giving it a certain dignity and finish. Here from Rocky Nook, or the Fishing Rocks, as the Kingstonian is as apt to call it, used of old to sail ships to the Grand Banks and to the West Indies. Near the shore were spread upon their flakes great quantities of salted fish, drying in the sunshine. It must have been in our grandfathers' time a place busy enough; to-day it is a lovely, quiet, summer shore.

"It is a lovely old town," said the Tourist, at the end of the summer; "I think I do not know another New England place that so combines history and beauty. One may catch a glimpse of an old house across a sweep of marsh and blue river, or one may forget one's history, and wander in the springtime through April woods, to gather the flowers that our ancestors named after the sweet, fair hedges of the dear old country."



MAIN STREET

Gilbert Stuart, an Old-Time Bostonian

By MARY STOVELL STIMPSON

JUST a hundred years ago a great artist settled in Boston.

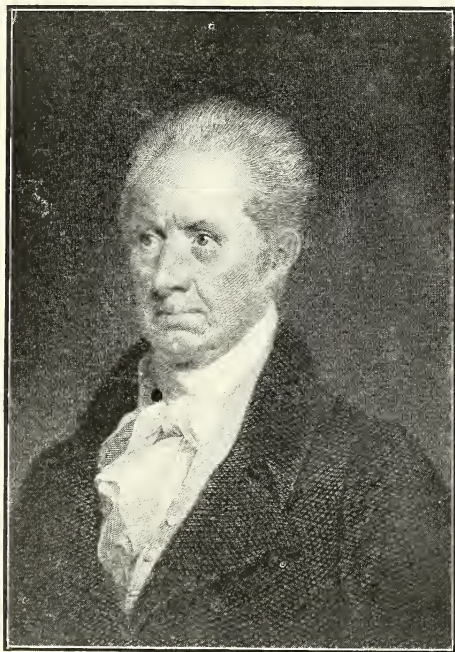
At the age of fifty, Gilbert Charles Stuart, possessing an international fame and having resided in Dublin, London, Philadelphia, New York and Washington, chose to spend the remainder of his days on New England soil, not so far, as the crow flies, from the place of his birth. This versatile genius was born in North Kingstown, Rhode Island, December 3, 1755, in a quaint, gable-roofed old house, with a mill attached, which is still standing.

The presence of the mill recalls important family history. For many generations the Stuarts had filled pulpits. The artist's father (also named Gilbert) was born in Scotland, was educated by his father for the "kirk of Scotland" but differing from his elder in political views, fought for the Pretender

at the battle of Culloden and after the sorry defeat fled his country and located in America, at Rhode Island. While yet undecided as to what he should do for a livelihood, another refugee, one Dr. Moffat, suggested going into the manufacture of snuff,

as there was a great demand for that luxury, and most of it had to be imported from Glasgow. Moffat was delighted to find that Stuart had the mechanical ability to construct the mill for grinding snuff, while he, himself, could give his attention to the tobacco crops. Stuart later invented a mechanical appliance for loading vessels from which another man made a fortune, as did

Moffat in the snuff business, but the same disability to collect and guard the dollars which his ingenuity enabled him to earn followed him through life, as it did his artist son. People who blamed the portrait



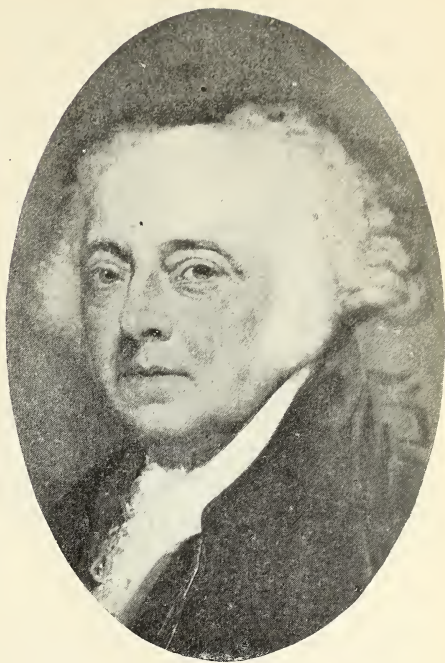
GILBERT CHARLES STUART
(Stuart's favorite picture of himself.)

painter for his unbusiness-like methods and absent-mindedness might have plainly seen that these characteristics were a direct inheritance from his father.

The elder Stuart and his partner selected for the sight of their mill, a stream in that part of the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations which bore and still bears the Indian name of Narragansett, once occupied by the war-like tribe of the Pequot Indians, made familiar to us by the romance of Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans." Soon after, Stuart built the house adjoining the mill and married Elizabeth Anthony, a Newport belle, whose brilliant wit and lively spirit greatly enhanced her rare beauty of person. This couple lived in a simple, primitive manner but most happily. It was their custom to ride to church on a pillion and one day while the husband was lost in one of his deep reveries he dropped his wife in the road. Upon discovering his loss he turned his horse and galloping back, called, "Gods-my-life, Dear, are you hurt?" He found her unharmed but laughing over his surprise at her plight.

Three children were born to the snuff-grinder and his wife. Only two lived to maturity—a girl named Ann (afterwards Mrs. Newton, mother of Stuart Newton, the artist) and the boy christened Gilbert Charles. The middle name (recalling his father's Jacobite principles) was dropped by the son early in life and the name which became famous was simply Gilbert Stuart.

As a schoolboy Gilbert was proficient in Latin and music. His love for music never left him and he not only played in a finished manner on the flute, piano, and church organ



JOHN ADAMS
(From the painting by Stuart.)

but was a composer as well. He was a favorite with his school fellows and his elders. He had an accurate and observant eye. He was only five years old, when, overhearing his mother and a friend speaking of an acquaintance, he seized a pencil and rapidly drew an excellent sketch of the absent man. At the age of fourteen he began painting animals and heads. A wealthy Scotchman, Cosmo Alexander, travelling in this country, was struck with the boy's talent and after instructing him somewhat, took the lad to Edinburgh. Alexander soon died but had previously interested a nobleman in his protégé so that through this lord's influence Stuart studied two years at the University of Glasgow, where his classical tastes rapidly developed. Returning to America he re-



HENRY LEE
WASHINGTON'S OFFICER AND FRIEND WHO
PRONOUNCED THE PRESIDENT'S EULOGY

(From the painting by Stuart.)

ceived orders for portraits from wealthy Jews so that he earned a sufficient sum to enable him to go to England to study with Benjamin West. Various things hindered him in the consummation of this plan but finally, at the age of twenty-two he became an inmate of West's house and his pupil. Always needing money, his musical ability served him well, and it was his salary as a church organist in London which helped him live while studying art. These were busy days. He studied anatomy with the great Dr. Cruikshank; attended the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds; spent his evenings drawing in the life classes, and painted with West in the daytime.

"Stuart was at this time a pale-looking man, of a sad expression and with dark brown hair, which curled slightly about his neck. It

was often said that he looked like Charles I. When West was painting for George III a picture of Charles arrayed in the robes of the Order of the Garter, to be placed in Windsor Castle, he sent for Stuart to put on the robes as a model. He was so struck with the resemblance that he called his pupils to witness the extraordinary likeness." Trumbull was also a pupil of West's at this time.

Stuart forged rapidly ahead; met all the celebrities of the day and after the applause which the full-length portrait of Mr. Grant (the skating picture) brought him, set up an independent studio, where he had his full share of patronage in London and commanded prices next to those of Gainsborough and Reynolds. He made portraits of George III, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West. Then—greatly admiring the character of George Washington, it became his ardent desire to paint his portrait, and he embarked for America from Dublin (where he had been so successful and beloved that the Hibernians tried to claim him as their countryman) with that express purpose in mind, in 1793. Soon after his arrival in New York, the Duke of Kent (Victoria's father) requested him to paint his portrait, offering to send a ship-of-war for him. But Stuart, carried away with the idea of securing permission to paint the President of the United States, declined. This refusal on his part was afterwards acknowledged by Stuart to have been a mistake.

In November 1794 Stuart went to Philadelphia (then the seat of Congress) and lived on the corner of Fifth and Chestnut Sts. The building is still standing but has been much altered. It was in this house

that he painted his first portrait of Washington. He painted two original portraits of the Father of his Country; the "Athenæum," and the "Lansdowne," the "Athenæum" being the one generally recognized as the typical Washington.

These mornings in the Philadelphia studio were remarkable ones. To ease the tediousness of the prolonged sittings, General Henry Knox and Henry Lee, grandfather of the late lamented General Fitzhugh Lee, usually accompanied the President. The conversation was elegant and refined. Stuart, himself, had fine colloquial powers. All sitters fell under his spell, and this art, no doubt was a strong factor in his successful and accurate delineations. He invariably managed to bring the soul, as it were, of the subject to the surface. In evidence of this it is recalled that upon the picture of a sitter having been shipped to his relatives across the water, the reply came to Stuart: "It is a wonderful likeness, but still alarming—for you have in some way, given our brother a look of insanity." Six months later the man was found by examining physicians to be indeed mad. Stuart often commented upon the degree of affection which existed between "His Excellency and these two generals who chatted with him as he occupied the sitter's chair." Later the ties of friendship grew to tenderest love with Washington and Knox. Later this same General Lee (who was active in all revolutionary matters and was afterwards member of Congress from Virginia) in delivering his eulogy on Washington first used the famous expression—"First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." Stuart made fine portraits of both Knox and Lee.

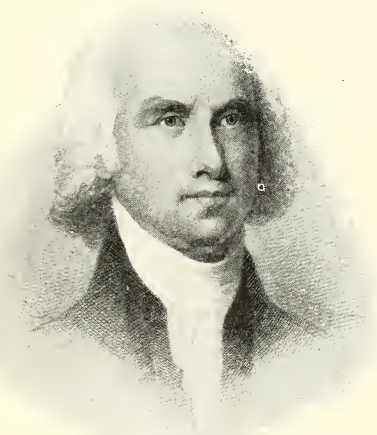
That of the former hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

When about to paint the full length "Lansdowne" of Washington, Stuart wished to introduce a dress-sword, and the Count de Noailles presented the artist with a magnificent silver-mounted rapier. The French gentleman brought the sword to the house personally and asked Stuart to retain it for such use always. Mrs. Stuart shuddered every time she caught sight of the murderous looking weapon, and once, spoons and likewise money being scarce in the household, she had the silver converted into spoons which, unluckily, were afterwards stolen by a negro servant. Stuart's lack of business methods worked sad havoc with his family. He almost never signed his pictures and never could remember whether one had been paid for or not. "The money earned in painting the full-length Washingtons and twenty-five other pictures was invested in



JAMES MONROE
(From the painting by Stuart.)

a farm in Pennsylvania, which he stocked with Durham cows. He paid the money over as fast as he earned it without taking any receipts, or looking to see whether the property had been made over to him; and before there was a final settlement the party died of whom he had bought the property. Then it came to light that there was no evidence that Stuart had ever paid a dollar in the way of purchase money. There was nothing upon the



JAMES MADISON
(From the painting by Stuart.)

books or papers to show that any such transaction had ever taken place—so Stuart lost the whole investment.”*

Mrs. Stuart, who did not share her husband's sense of humor or possess his happy-go-lucky disposition, was often distressed at the gay dinner parties he gave, and the lively stories he recounted of his days in the debtors' prison in Dublin, for the entertainment of his guests. She was a handsome English woman whose superb contralto singing first won Stuart's heart. He realized

upon what different plans they were moulded, but evenings when he played for her to sing, he would say: “Ah, Tom, Tom,” (his pet name for her) “now we understand each other.” Jane Stuart, his daughter, inherited much of his artistic talent, and he and “Boy” as he called her, were rare chums.

Stuart had a studio in Washington, D. C., in 1803, in which city he had more orders than he could fill. His fame was established beyond question. An English ambassador was leaving for America and called upon West to ask him to recommend a portrait painter.

“Where are you going?” queried West.

“To the United States.”

“Well there,” said West, “you will find the greatest portrait painter in the world, and his name is Gilbert Stuart.”

In 1805 Stuart came to Boston where he remained till death. He painted many of the city's prominent people. His pictures of Paul and Mrs. Revere are in possession of the Revere family of Boston. The last head he ever painted was that of John Quincy Adams. He had previously painted Adams in 1818, and in J. Q. Adams' diary under date of September 19, of that year we find this entry:

“I sat to Stuart before and after breakfast and found his conversation, as it had been at every sitting, very entertaining. His own figure is highly picturesque, with his dress always disordered, and taking snuff from a large, round tin box, holding perhaps a half a pound, which he must use in a day.” Apropos of his fondness for snuff the following story is told: Longacre and Neagle visiting Stuart in Boston during the

* Mason's Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart

last years of his life, asked, in the progress of the call for a pinch of snuff. "I'll give it to you," said Stuart, "but I warn you not to take it. It's a vile, pernicious, dirty habit. And like all bad habits should be avoided."

"Your practice contradicts your precept, Mr. Stuart."

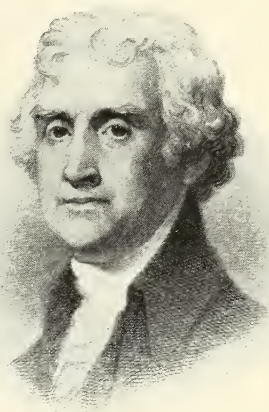
"To explain that let me tell you a story," said the artist, good naturedly. "Some years ago I was travelling in a stage-coach in England. We were badly crowded and one little man with many packages, had to curl up in narrow quarters usually reserved for stowing bundles. It was a dark, muddy night and our driver overturned us in a ditch. As we scrambled up and obtained a light no one seemed hurt but the small man. His neck was badly twisted and he was apparently lifeless. One of the passengers cried excitedly—'I have heard that if people acted quickly, in a case of this kind, the broken neck could be pulled back in place and life recalled.' He energetically seized the man but at the first vigorous twist came the shriek—'For God's sake, gentlemen, leave me alone! I was born that way.' So it is with me—I was born in a snuff mill." How early Stuart became addicted to the habit is not known, but one of his biographers has said, "Stuart's snuff-box was as necessary to him as the palette and pencils and always had a place on his easel."

A most wonderful memory was Stuart's. A proof of this hangs in the Massachusetts General Hospital. At the death of Mr. McLean, who had left a large legacy to that institution, the trustees were anxious to have Stuart paint his portrait. Reluctantly he went to view the body but immediately said as he

gazed at it—"I can paint that man's portrait for you; I remember seeing him put his head out of a carriage window, on State street, one day. He was in earnest conversation with a man and I was struck with the expression of his face." From that memory he executed a fine likeness.

Stuart painted two complete sets of the first five Presidents of the United States. One set was in the library at Washington.

A disastrous fire occurring in that



THOMAS JEFFERSON
(From the painting by Stuart.)

building, three of the set were totally destroyed, while two (badly scorched and damaged) are supposed to be somewhere in Virginia. It is discouragingly difficult to verify many statements which have become traditions concerning Stuart's work, since no man ever lived who was so careless as he in regard to notes and memoranda. But it does seem strange that, while at least three historians have recorded the meagre facts quoted, the most diligent inquiry has failed to locate "the Library" in Washing-

ton; the date of the fire; what other works of art may have also perished on that occasion; or the rescue of the "two damaged Presidents" and their subsequent change of owners in Virginia. Should any reader of this article be able to answer these questions it is to be hoped that the benefit of his knowledge will be made public.

The only complete set in existence (painted originally for Col. George Gibbs) is owned by Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge of Boston, a great grandson of President Jefferson, who has in his valuable art collection a profile portrait of his great-grandfather also, which was the work of Stuart.

It was in the spring of the year that Jefferson was elected President, (1800) that he sat to Stuart for his portrait, for which his diary shows that he paid one hundred dollars.* A portrait of the same class to-day would cost ten times as much. And it was but a little later that Mr. Hare paid her father, according to Miss Jane Stuart, six hundred dollars for a full length picture of himself.

An amusing story of the times is told concerning President Munroe. Visiting Boston, a stranger, he wished to drive to Stuart's to arrange for a sitting. Starting early one morning in his carriage, he was uncertain in which direction to proceed and accordingly stopped a countryman, in his cart, to ask di-

rections. The latter gazed long and earnestly at his interrogator and finally bawled: "Why it's the President I vow." Instantly taking off his hat, he gave three lusty cheers and drove off, leaving the President unanswered.

Stuart devoted himself to heads and faces, getting at the individual character of the sitter. In draperies he acknowledged he was careless, saying, "I paint the works of God, and leave clothes to tailors and mantua-makers."

He was very generous in commending the work of others in his profession and invariably showed a willingness to help beginners.

Miss Sara Goodrich, a Boston miniaturist, who died in Reading, Mass., in 1851, painted Stuart on ivory, and to his mind she secured the most satisfactory likeness of himself ever attempted.

Stuart was a constant attendant of the Episcopal church in Boston. "He lived and had his painting-room in Washington Place, Fort Hill, and later on Essex Street, near Edinboro Street;" so Drake asserts in his "Old Landmarks of Boston," but was living, according to Mr. W. H. Downes, during the war of 1812 in Roxbury. His bones repose in a vault on Boston Common and perhaps at no distant day the city which is rich in his canvases will erect a monument to the artist who spent the industrious autumn of his life within her limits.

* From "The True Thomas Jefferson," by Wm. E. Curtis.

The Flower of a Hundred Years

By LEONORA BECK ELLIS

An Old Manuscript

IN THE bloomery, the living red drew in and out through a mass of iron ore, holding Matt's gaze as he stood motionless. Only to see his eyes kindle like that was to know Matt an artist in soul: yet he was brawny, black, and a slave, this craftsman of the eighteenth century.

A light footstep close at hand aroused him from his dream of the potentialities in that dull mass with the red heart-surges.

"Dat you, Zara?" He asked it with a manifest welcome in his tones.

His visitor, a slender, dark girl, nodded carelessly.

"I have brought Madame Fairfield's slipper-buckles," she said. "Both of them need a little work, she thinks. And she bids you be mighty careful of them, for they are no common gold, but the same she wore when she trod the minuet with the great Earl in Charleston." Then as her eyes fell upon the pulsating crimson in the furnace, now slipping, sliding outward to swell the fiery stream, she exclaimed, "O, Matt, I never knew that was so beautiful!"

"If you'd seen it years and years lack me, Zara, most 'specially if you'd handled it, an' turned it into pots an' kittles, an' nails fur our houses, an' shoes fur Gin'l Marion's horses, an' now was 'spectin' to 'sist in turnin' it into sump'n da

'ud tarnally blow de las' Britisher into de ocean, you'd love it sho' nuff, 'cause you'd be beginnin' to understand what it means when it gits rosy an' laughs off lack little spring-branches."

But Zara's enthusiasm had not lasted through Matt's artist rhapsody. Before he was done, she was holding out the buckles to him.

"When am I to come back for these?" she asked, as he paused.

"Not tell a'ter dinner," the smith answered, when he had scratched his head over an estimate of the repairs.

The girl turned with lithe grace, and was moving off when Matt called her.

"Zara! he ain't gwine die, is he?"

"Who?" she asked haughtily, her dark eyes flaring in anger on him, as she faced about.

"Now, Zara," Matt remonstrated, "you makes me b'lieve it's gospel true, what Hitty an' Drue's been tellin' me 'bout dat good-fur-nothin' layin' up dar. If Marster William an' Marster Hilary wuz jest heah,—"

But the damsel was gone, speeding towards the manor-house on feet so light that the gazelle of the desert might have owned a kinship with her.

"I dunno what's to 'come uv her," muttered the smith, his creative fervor all gone, and nothing but the

perplexity of dull affection left to fill its place.

* * * * *

Fairfield Hall was built of English brick, and the wonderful fragrance of the roses, honeysuckle and clematis, swaying from its balconies, was in truth an old-world sweetness, for the roots of all these plants had been brought from an English garden to flourish and propagate their beautiful kind in Carolinian soil.

Valentine Leighton had not believed that any spot in the Colonies could seem so much like England as the south guest-chamber of the Hall, the blooming gardens and orchards, with that background of limitless woodland, where the oaks were mightier in girth than even his ancestral ones. The wound that had stretched him as one dead upon the battleground of the Cowpens was slow to heal, so slow that he often reflected how sorely his enforced stay must have taxed a hospitality less generous than that of Fairfield. Yet it was from the master of Fairfield and his compatriots that Valentine Leighton was fighting to withhold freedom, when he received his almost mortal wound.

The young dragoon, now a wasted and very unwarlike figure, stirred uneasily on his couch by the open window, from which he had been gazing at the near roses, the far woodland, and the river that showed only as a silver arrow fallen at the foot of a distant purple ridge.

"Lovely enough, in good sooth," he muttered, "and, save that the skies are bluer and further away, much like the coming of our Springs in Surrey. A beautiful outside world; and, within, all are of kindly intent and conduct. Yet my portion is not here, therefore it irks me only

to loll and watch the bourgeoning. I should be riding, riding, after my General. Ah, where is Tarleton's great Legion now?"

The door opened softly.

"Did you call, Lieutenant Leighton?"

"Then I disturbed you, Madame Fairfield, with my self-communings about your fair gardens and majestic river? Accept my humble apology."

He made as if to rise, but she stayed him, with a long, slim hand lifted reprovingly, while she came forward in a rustle of satin petticoat and a click of high-heeled slippers, to take the seat near his couch.

"You like our upland scenery, Lieutenant Leighton? Ah, but you should see the palms and oranges, the camellias and jasmine, of my beloved Charleston!"

He did not remind the stately dame that he had been quartered in her native city the previous winter. He merely answered:

"Beautiful, no doubt; yet less like the land of my birth, more like the Riviera, which I do not know."

She was plainly thinking of other things, for she now asked, with some abruptness:

"Are you sure that you have everything to make you comfortable? Ah! perhaps Zara is not so good a nurse as an older woman would make? Dilsey much desires to try her hand; and I am certain that we should all feel better satisfied with you under her experienced charge until my son is well enough to spare Veronica and myself to the pleasant duties of hospitality."

Vexed at her distrust, vexed at his own traitor blushes, vexed, above all, that he was to lose the daily sight and companionship of the fair and gentle creature he had grown

attached to, Leighton could only lie still and look at his hostess with darkening eyes but calm lips.

"So Maum Dilsey will take charge of you to-day, Lieutenant; and beware of disobeying her, for then she becomes a tyrant! Within a week, I hope once more to assume command myself; and then, forsooth, we shall shortly have you again in the rôle of dashing dragon."

Before he might trust himself to words, a light foot was on the threshold, and he could not check his eager look, which speeded beyond Madame Fairfield's high-piled white hair, to rest on a picture set momentarily in the door-frame of dull oak. A girl whose dark, rich beauty shone jewel-like in the full light from the opposite window, was poised there, timidly unsure whether to advance or retreat. Yet, in another moment, gliding in, she made a low obeisance to Madame Fairfield, and stood awaiting orders from her mistress. Grace was in every movement, and in her humblest attitude something that might have been called ancestral pride in another than the slave-girl. Her figure, tall, and of a peculiar rounded slenderness, was in no wise deformed by the short homespun gown finished only by the white kerchief over her bosom. The brown of her skin was relieved by the underglow of roses in her cheeks; while the clean carving of nose and chin, and the wide, straight brow, were all accentuated by the scarlet line of her lips, the luminousness of long, dusky eyes underneath level eyebrows of purple-black, and the shining, clustering dark hair which could not be wholly

hidden by the head-dress of the slave.

"You may go to Mistress Veronica, Zara, and you need not return," said Madame Fairfield. "Maum Dilsey will henceforth nurse Lieutenant Leighton. You have done well, but an older woman may do better."

When he was alone again, the British subaltern lay thinking of far other things than comrades of camp and charge, or Sir Banastre Tarleton, whom he adored with a young soldier's adoration for his chief,—of other things, even, than his home over the waters and those of his race whom it sheltered. One fleeting glance from suffused eyes Zara had given him when she turned to obey Madame Fairfield, and beneath that glance his soul had sprung up armed.

After an hour's wrestling, he lifted himself to a sitting posture, at the hazard of re-opening the slow-healing wound in his side.

"She loves me, and—God help me!—I love her. I love her with a love that may not stain her angel purity. But, O, to love a slave, a quadroon, I, a Leighton! Could they believe it back in England, at the Towers? And, if believing, would they not spurn me from among them as recreant to our ancient and honorable blood? I will tear it out of my heart, this phantasm born of the fever in my veins. Welcome, black Maum Dilsey!"

Good right to welcome had Maum Dilsey: for it was an almost impossible task she came to take up, the task of bringing the sick man through the pain-filled weeks that followed. When at last it seemed that the end was reached, and Tarleton's young officer would sleep in a grave among his friendly enemies, a mysterious

change came within an hour, life unaccountably claiming him back from death. Maum Dilsey knew only that at nightfall she had left him lying unconscious, clammy, rigid, and with breaths too slight and far apart to count as life's doing: she had left him and gone to bring Madame Fairfield to do the guest of the Hall the honor of closing his eyes forever to earth-lights. When, after a little unavoidable delay, the nurse had returned with her mistress, life had effaced the other frightful stamp on young Leighton's brow. His eyes were open and clear, while some rare look, not a smile but something brought from deeper sources, was in their depths.

Only he and one other could have told what warmth it was that had banished the deathly coldness from his brow and cheeks, what breath had lain on his lips, invoking his own to return. A dream of the kisses of Paradise had slowly dissolved before something else as sweet, when a murmur made its way to his dulled brain, "O, my love, I cannot let you die!" He opened his eyes on the vision of a beautiful face warmly, dearly close to his own; but it vanished as his consciousness came back, and then there were only left the approaching footsteps of the Madame and Maum Dilsey.

Summer was withdrawing before autumn when Lieutenant Leighton found himself able to take his first small journey about the pleasant rooms and corridors of Fairfield Hall. His host, Dr. William Fairfield, had himself been in feeble health for a long period, but was now stronger, and beginning again to direct the management of his vast estate. The ladies of the household, Madame Fairfield, mother of the master, and Mistress Veronica,

the doctor's only daughter, now found themselves more at leisure to help the young man through the tedium of convalescence.

"O, to be in the saddle again!" he kept sighing.

"Come, Lieutenant," returned Mistress Veronica one morning in early autumn, "prove yourself able to walk before you clamor to ride. Grandmother has ordained that you may accompany me to the bloomery. You can rest there before we start back: no doubt it will interest you, too, to see how we work our iron into every shape of exigent use, flipping our fingers at your English manufactures that you think we cannot live without."

As they went down the sunny path together, the lieutenant could not keep his eyes from the girl, a goodly vision, in truth, with her hair of deep gold combed high above the whitest brow imaginable, while one cluster of shining curls hung down behind, reaching far below the lace border of the kerchief that left her snowy throat bare. Laughing and teasing, she walked beside him, timing the tripping of her little slippers, showing so daintily beneath the short-cut green dimity gown, to the slow pace of the convalescent.

"Ah, Mistress Veronica," he put in at last, "you flout us and scout us very cruelly; yet your hospitality, like that of your father, knows no discrimination between friend and foe."

The pretty, riant face became suddenly earnest, yet lost no charm.

"You do not know?" she asked gravely.

"Know what?" he returned. "I know that your father is an ardent reb—I mean, that your father longs for the independence of his country, that his son and heir is with Gen-

eral Washington, and that your—your—”

“That my betrothed, Major Despard, is one of Marion’s men,” she finished gently.

“Madame your grandmother implied as much,” and he bowed in grave deference.

“Yet if she told you only these things, she left something of deep import untold,” returned the damsel. “She left you ignorant, then, that my other brother, Hugh, and his uncle, my grandmother’s youngest son, are with the army of Lord Cornwallis.”

Amazed, the young man could at first frame no reply. The girl resumed:

“Ardent rebels as you rightly judge us, still, could we let a young British officer die at our gates when two of our dearest wear the same uniform as his? Such divisions in families leave hearts riven, but perhaps we are the tenderer for the pain.”

They were silent, she in sorrowful thoughts, he musing somewhat on issues larger than the personal.

“Consider her grace, her dignity,” he reflected. “No woman back in our England has more of either. Think what fathers, brothers, lovers, such women as she must have. My eyes are indeed opened: we are mad to hope to subdue these men, even though here and there one of their best withdraws himself from the patriot ranks, to ally with us. No, such women, and the men that belong to such women, are blood of our blood, and they will live only as free men.”

Veronica had turned from the main path to the bloomery, and was following a shaded byway that led to a side entrance.

“I shall take you to Matt, our

smith,” she said, presently. “Matt is a veritable artist, and will interest you profoundly, I am sure. True, he hates ‘the Britishers’ as he hates Beelzebub; but then Matt would be polite to Beelzebub even in a red coat if he were introduced by me.”

He smiled in response, and silence again fell between them. They were approaching the side door, which was shaded by a natural bower formed of a muscadine vine playing back and forth between twin sycamores. A quick turn in the path revealed two figures in this bowery retreat. One of them was Veronica’s slave-girl, who wrung her hands and sobbed in a great passion, while the smith, with bare, black, sinewy arms folded on his mighty chest, stood in motionless apathy.

“Matt, Matt,” cried Zara, in tones of anguish, “once more, will you refuse to marry me? See, I am praying to you, Matt! Save me, save me!”

Veronica had clutched Leighton’s arm, and drawn him aside.

“You will not, Matt?” went on the breaking voice. “Then you not only crush my heart, but kill my body, also. You know what my father has sworn.” Zara was suddenly calm, the passion gone out of her, as despair came. “I shall gladly turn to the fulfillment of his oath, since you will not save me from degradation.”

“What does it mean?” asked Leighton fiercely, as Veronica drew him still further away.

She pushed him to a rustic seat, and stood looking down into his face with eyes that would read his soul. But his own eyes were burning, his countenance blanched and hard, his teeth set and hands clenched. By every sign she read his right to know.

"Lieutenant Leighton, you have thought Zara a negress?"

"A quadroon," he groaned, "perhaps an octoroon. But even if the former, what can there be between her and that black brute? My God!"

"You do not, can not understand. Listen to me: Zara has no drop of negro blood in her veins. Yet she is my father's slave; and, as she is over eighteen, he thinks it expedient to marry her to his smith, the best and most intelligent out of his hundreds of male slaves. Matt has loved Zara from her childhood, while she—do you comprehend now that she is praying him to spare her, to tell my father that he does not wish to marry her?"

"No negro blood in her veins?" Leighton measured off his words slowly, his voice strained and difficult.

"Have you not seen her father? But I forgot that he never comes near the Hall except when he must. He is an Arab of unmixed blood, as was her mother. When you are stronger, I shall tell you the whole story."

"Now, now, let me hear it now!" he exclaimed feverishly.

"I must return you to my grandmother's charge now, and I think she will at once send you to bed. Besides, I must hurry to my father, and intercede once more to put off Zara's marriage, as I did last spring."

Another day had passed before young Mistress Fairfield and the guest of the Hall were alone again.

"Did he yield? will he give the time?" asked Leighton, torn with anxious passion.

"He promised to spare Zara at least until Christmas."

"Mistress Veronica, pardon my question, but has some suspicion

come to your father regarding my—my—infatuation for Zara?"

"Infatuation, Lieutenant Leighton?" The girl's pure eyes were full on him, and the light in them was that of scorn. "If I had read in your face yesterday only infatuation, I should never have enlightened you even so far as I have."

"Forgive me, Mistress Veronica. It was a false word. But if a false feeling prompted it, that has dropped away before your crystalline truth. My attachment to Zara is as honest as you believed it yesterday."

"Then I answer you: Yes, my father has heard of this through my grandmother, and also through Matt, whom the housemaids have kept in a ferment. This rumor, I acknowledge, has precipitated the present crisis. My father being suspicious of most young soldiers, and of all the British, believes that Zara will be safer with Matt. He places no credence in what the girl has told me of Omar's resolve to kill her before she shall marry a negro. But I know that he will do it, and with her glad consent: and, let me add, with my approbation."

Leighton shuddered; and yet the thrill that went through him had in it as much exultation as of anxiety and dread.

"You feel so, Mistress Fairfield, and yet—your father—"

The girl made a gesture, half of impatience, half of apology. "Do not judge him by this; he is not himself. The war, the preceding strife under his very roof-tree, the invasion of your soldiery,—all these seem to have torn him, shaken him from old foundations." She broke off in sad silence.

"Tell me of him you call Omar," the Englishman said.

"Yes, in full, Omar Hassan. I must hasten the story, for my father I see, has turned into the avenue. Omar is a Bedouin, and was a sheik of influence and power in the tribe of Beni-Amur. You must know that no Semitic blood is purer or nobler. He and his wife were captured by strategy, sold to a slave trader whose vessel was ready to sail for our coast, and so hurried towards Charleston. The wife died on the voyage, having given birth to a child whom she lived long enough to call Elzara. The father made many attempts to kill the little one, in order to save her from slavery, a degradation no Bedouin ever passively submits to. He intended to escape by the same path. Being foiled in his endeavor to slay the child, he was not coward enough to destroy himself and leave her. Thus the two came to the Charleston mart eighteen years ago, and my father bought them."

"And Dr. Fairfield believes the man's story of his origin?" asked Leighton, eager hope in his voice.

"He does," answered Veronica, "because it is perfectly substantiated. My father had a visit ten years ago from a friend of his, a distinguished Orientalist, deeply versed in Syriac tongues and history. He, Dr. Gowan, conversed often with Omar Hassan, and drew from him his life-story. Dr. Gowan assured my father that the marks of unmis- takable truth were upon it, and that Omar possessed, besides, certain positive proofs of his blood and position. Father talked often then of setting Omar and his daughter free, and helping them to return to their native land. But I fear that he will never do it now, since the long struggle with England has so greatly reduced our revenues and

embittered my father's spirit. Omar has never been rebellious, chiefly, I think, because Zara has been brought up rather as my playmate and friend than slave. My grandmother taught her with me when we were children, and later I taught her all that I learned from governesses and masters. I love her dearly, no less for her goodness and beauty than for her unselfish devotion to me. No sister could have loved me with greater self-sacrifice in affection. There are few things I would not do for Zara's happiness."

She had told the story rapidly, even disjointedly, as her father came down the avenue to the Hall. But Leighton's quick fancy filled in all details. Dr. Fairfield was at the foot of the stone steps when the young man, leaning forward, asked, with parched throat,

"Would your father sell Zara?"

"Not to an English officer," the girl replied sadly.

The young dragoon turned on his heel. Why need he have asked,—he, invalid, disarmed, lost to his legion, bound hand and foot, as it were, in a hostile land? That his father was lord of far-away Leighton Towers could in no wise help his own penniless, unarmed misery.

Ah, but the heart of youth will throb and exult, give it ever so slight a chance! As Valentine tramped through the thick woods by moonlight, one song was in his soul: his love was of no base or ignoble blood, she was high-born, albeit of another race than his own. She should yet, somehow, some day, be his. It was an idle threat this plantation-lord was terrorizing with; no man of Saxon instincts and traditions, such as Fairfield's, would ever really unite a maiden like Omar Hassan's daughter to a negro.

Perish the thought! and he would have said perish the man who could conceive such a thought, had it not been for the gentle image of Dr. Fairfield's daughter that came to him then.

"She is our friend, mine and my beloved's. She is our guardian angel, indeed, and she will yet contrive some happy finish to the dream. Blessings on sweet Mistress Veronica! May her lover come back safe, even though he be the most unshorn, unshriven, of Marion's guerillas."

A month later, and Lord Cornwallis had surrendered his army at Yorktown, Sir Banastre Tarleton sharing with him the deep humiliation. The war was practically over, the Revolution achieved.

Hugh Fairfield, whom Veronica had named to Leighton as being with the British forces, had been sent by Cornwallis to Charleston some weeks before Yorktown fell, and since his mission had detained him there, the young man escaped participation in the disaster of his chief. It was in this pleasant seaside city that he was thrown, a little later, into the company of one of Tarleton's former subalterns, a certain Valentine Leighton. Between the two sprang up a warm friendship, made closer by many ties. Leighton had been helped through the hostile lines between Fairfield Hall and Charleston by the handsomest, most daring trooper he had ever seen, Major Hilary Despard, one of that handful of brave partisans who made the Santee region memorable in the life and death struggle of patriotism.

It was in Charleston, in December, that Hugh Fairfield received a letter which sent him in hot haste to seek Leighton.

"Read this,—Veronica's letter, which Despard managed to get through to me."

Hugh's face had already proclaimed the evil tidings. Valentine grew white to the lips.

"Tell me," he gasped.

"Zara's father is dead."

"What else?"

"Our father insists on setting Christmas day for Zara's marriage to Matt. He is nervous, irritable, not himself in any sense. Everything has conspired to shake him,—my joining his enemies, your slipping back to the army, a hundred things. If only my brother William or myself might be there for a few hours, we could prevent this shameful thing. If my father becomes himself again, he will regret it and be ashamed for it all his days."

"Christmas day, and this is the 12th!" cried Leighton sharply. "Let me go: I can at least fight my way there, kill the negro, and face your father. My life would be cheap for the honor of the woman I love."

But a better way was found, thanks to Despard and Veronica. The former sent his speediest messenger carrying to the Hall a letter from Hugh and Valentine.

"Save her, Veronica," Hugh had written, "no less for the sake of our father's high honor than because you love her and Leighton loves her."

What Leighton had written read like the ravings of a madman, yet the girl knew how true was the heart prompting such wildness.

"So the burden falls on me?" Veronica mused. "What else could I have hoped for, when they are so far away, so cut off from us? Well, and am I afraid to take risks when dear Zara's very life is at stake? My father's anger will be fearful, but I

must endure until it spends itself. If I were found wanting now, I should be unworthy of my own brave lover."

An inspiration carried her straight to the bloomery, where she was not to be disappointed. When Matt understood, as she alone could make him understand, she had gained the ally who could help her most at this point.

"I takes your word, Mis' Veronica: Zara's gwine ter be his sho' nough wife?" The faithful soul shone clear and true through the eyes of the black man.

"On my honor, Matt, his dear and honored wife," Veronica answered with reverence in every tone.

"Den I knows de way to Marster Hilary, an' we'll git her safe to Marster Hugh an' his aunt. Lemme be by myself tell to-night. I'se got to do some fixin' in my mind."

It were impossible to follow through all the trials and dangers of the subsequent journey. Let it suffice to say that on New Year's Eve Hugh Fairfield and Lieutenant Leighton conducted the beautiful Zara, all worn and pale, but happy, safely aboard a British ship in Charleston harbor. Once out at sea, the marriage of the damsel to her lover was speedily solemnized. Leighton had resigned his commission, with his new chief's approval, since all realized that no more fighting awaited them.

The happily wedded couple spent a few months in southern France, and then a common impulse carried them to the East, whence they were recalled within a year by the news that the death of Valentine's older brother, following close upon that of his father, had left the one-time dragoon Lord of the Towers. He hastened back to England, with his

Princess of Araby, who was duly presented at court and never ceased to be admired as the lovely Lady Leighton. So long as she lived, she went at frequent intervals, accompanied by husband and children, to visit friends across the ocean; and more than once a dark, gallant-looking American and his fair-haired wife were guests at Leighton Towers.

* * * * *

EPILOGUE.

The manuscript was ended; and, with the finish, Lady Veronica lifted her eyes to her lover's. Very beautiful eyes they were, dark, and mystical as the far Orient; but the crown of shining hair above her fair brow spoke of another descent.

The lovers kissed each other solemnly, almost sacramentally.

This was another New Year's eve. The oaks of Leighton Park, on which the two looked out with the gaze of content, had added something more than a century of rings to their great girth since that young soldier had said farewell to the Towers and blithely gone following the fortunes of war, which led him in Tarleton's train to the Colonies of America, now the mighty republic, England's dearest ally.

"So this is your Indian uncle's New Year's gift to you, my Veronica, this quaint manuscript with its bit of family history?" asked Hilary, clasping his sweetheart's two slim hands.

"Yes: and if he had bestowed on me all his Eastern jewels, it could not have meant so much," returned the girl. "Do you not see, dear, that, armed with this authentic document, I can go to my father, Lord Leighton, and speedily vanquish his opposition to our union?"

Should not the great-grandson of the slave-girl feel only too much honored in bestowing his daughter's hand upon a Despard of Charleston?"

He smiled at her fancy, then silenced her lips in love's own way.

"Descendant of a slave or of an empress," he murmured, "you are

the same to me, my sweetheart, my queen! But we may well treasure the pretty story, since it is to win for us your father's sanction to our marriage."

And thus it was that Love, the one magician, brought to consummate blossom this flower of a hundred years!

A Summer Pastoral

By SARAH A. BURLEIGH

MATINS

A glorious sunrise ushers in the day;
 The dew, like diamonds, sparkles on the grass;
 Glad birds make merry trill, and roundelay—
 For all the world like holding early-mass.
 Anon, a fleecy cloud floats on its way,
 Some other cloud on heaven's blue to pass,—
 And as they meet, and blend, then onward flee,
 On wings of morning, speeds my love to Thee.

NOONTIDE

Now, scorching rays pour down from zenith's height;
 All Nature slumbers, in such torrid power!
 The blithesome songsters of the morn's first light
 Have sought the shadow of some leafy bower.
 Knee-deep in placid pool, 'neath oak-tree's might,
 The patient cattle stand, this sultry hour.
 I muse—while chimes the locust, drones the bee,—
 And all my dreamings sweet, are but of Thee.

EVENSONG

On western hill-tops rests a crimson glow;
 A hush comes on,—the bird's sweet songs have ceased;
 The cows stray idly from their pasture now,
 Followed by boy, with birch for lagging beast.
 Thin wreaths of smoke from chimney-tops ascend—
 Hark! rings the Angelus! My head I bend,—
 And soothed by God's own "Benedicite,"—
 My heart, enraptured, softly calls for Thee.

Amenta, Belenta and Cementa

By B. F. HITCHCOCK JAMES

THE triplets sat on the back-door steps in a rigid row. They were all dressed exactly alike, from the green bows on their tight, white braids to their small, stubby shoes. Their faces all wore the same set expression of sanctified misery, from Amenta, who was the largest and strongest, to Cementa who was weak and small.

The hum of distant voices was just audible to them, one heavy and approving, the other politely acquiescent. The triplets had listened to this sound for a long time in fascinated silence, for in the parlor, the minister was making his semi-annual call on Aunt Maria. The triplets knew that at that very moment, they were seated on the best blackhaircloth chairs, sipping elderberry wine and eating fruit cake in the cool dimness.

The three had been led in to greet the minister, in all the glory of their best clothes, and after the merest salutation, had been led forth again by Aunt Maria to await the time of his departure, when it would be theirs to bid him a devout farewell.

So they sat hopelessly, until Amenta broke the spell. "He needn't of called us orphans," she said.

"We are, ain't we?" asked Cementa.

"Yes—but—" Amenta began.

"Orphans an' burdens," whispered Belenta. "Aunt Maria says so."

The triplets faced the west and a friendly tree cast a partial shade over them, but through its leaves a July sun scorched them in patches. The heat was almost unbearable, and the sense of the minister's proximity weighed more and more heavily upon their spirits.

"I've done two sins to-day," ventured Cementa.

"That makes four sins in three days," said Amenta sharply.

"What were they?" questioned Belenta, revived somewhat by unseemly curiosity.

Cementa wiggled unceasingly. "I for—for, no I didn't forget to, I—just didn't—air the bed this morning, an' I for—for—I mean I was too scared to put the cover back on the butter jar this noon." She paused in suspense.

"It's awful dark down cellar," was Belenta's comment.

But Amenta rose superior, conscious virtue in every scandalized line. "They's only one thing you can do, Cementa Willard," she began sternly.

"What's that?" queried Cementa, anxiously.

"Put it back now," she decreed.

Hot as it was out there, Cementa fairly shivered. "I'm scareder now than I was then," she quavered.

"But it'll be a fifth sin if you don't go," urged Amenta.

"We won't ever tell, honest and true, black and blue, lay us down an' cut us in two if we will, if you

go now. Will we, Amenta?" added Belenta by way of incentive.

"Black and blue we won't," promised Amenta. "An' what if you should die to-night, Cementa Wil-lard?"

To the left of the triplets as they sat, was a wide hatchway. This hatchway was closed by means of two sloping doors, down which, at times, it was good to slide. When these doors were opened, an uneven flight of stone stairs was disclosed, and these stairs led into the darkest of dungeons, the cellar of a New England farm-house.

Cementa looked at the hatchway and trembled. "What if you should die to-night?" repeated Amenta.

She might die to-night; she felt very strange; she wished she could when she thought of the stony heart of Aunt Maria, and its ensuing remorse; but as she passed on to her own unregenerate state, a chill struck her, and she began to whimper forlornly; before her eyes there rose a vision of Aunt Maria upon discovering the absence of the cover from its usual place upon the butter jar.

"We'll hold the hatchway door open for you," Amenta volunteered in a friendly way; she stood up as she spoke and pulled Cementa's arm. Cementa snatched it away with such force that her little pig-tail shook, but she too rose and went slowly over to the hatchway.

Casting a hurried glance at the kitchen windows, Amenta and Belenta, toilingly but softly, raised a door. "Hurry up!" they whispered breathlessly, "Oh, hurry up!"

Cementa cast one last hopeless look around. Was there no reprieve? How dark it was; how cold it smelled. "Hold it wide

open!" she gasped, as she rushed determinedly down the cellar steps, —it would only be for a minute after all.

"Amenta!" called a loud, firm voice.

With one accord, Belenta and Amenta straightened up. "Yes, ma'am," answered Amenta, her face puckered into little wrinkles of excitement.

Footsteps approached, Aunt Maria, stood at the door. "Come in, children, and say good-bye to the minister." She glanced sharply at the two little drooping figures before her—there was a sudden change in her tone.

"What've you been up to, you two, an' where's Cementa?" she demanded.

Belenta dug the toe of her shoe vigorously into the ground. She was about to confess all, but Amenta forestalled her by faltering out, "She—she went—went off."

"Went off! That's a likely story!" Little weak Cementa! Aunt Maria surveyed her scornfully over the tops of her far-seeing glasses. "You've been up to some mischief, I'll be bound." But she suddenly bethought her that the minister was alone and waiting, a shameful circumstance. "Come along," she ordered, and taking them each by the hand she dragged them unresisting, into the presence of the minister.

"Here are Amenta and Belenta, Mr. Thorne. Children say good-bye to the minister."

The children were not new to the ceremony, but never had it been conducted under such trying circumstances. The minister laid a hand on each of their heads. 'Good-bye, Amenta and Belenta.

Be good children and you'll be happy. The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, Miss Maria, you have truly housed the orphan and the homeless."

A few more words and he was gone. The front door creaked to and shut with a thud, the key groaned in the lock, and Aunt Maria turned and fixed awful eyes upon the two "truly housed" orphans. Standing there she waited until she heard the gate click behind the minister, then her wrath, long pent up, burst forth. It was not lessened because of a queer little anxiety at her heart, Cementa was so small and weak.

"Now," she said, "you two, wicked, bad children, you just tell me where Cementa is, and I don't want any foolin' around either."

There was a pause fraught with horror. "Are you a-goin' to tell me or not?" demanded Aunt Maria, and she grasped them firmly by the shoulders and shook them till their teeth chattered. "If you don't tell me this instant, I shall horse-whip you," she threatened.

"We—we—c—can't tell," wailed Amenta; "it would be a sin."

"Yes, it would," echoed Belenta, "it would be a sin."

"'A sin!'" scoffed Aunt Maria, "I'll teach you what sin is." And without more ado, she sat firmly down in her sittin' room rocker, and dealt out justice to the two; dealt justice on the part best fitted by nature to receive justice.

"Now, will you?" she said. "Now, will you? What have you to say now, you wicked girls?" She was breathless but eloquent.

"We—we said—b—black, an'—an'—be-lue, we wouldn't tell," wept Amenta.

"C-c-cut — us — in — t-t-two, we wouldn't," shrieked Belenta.

Aunt Maria looked at them in bewilderment. "I'll cut you in two," she cried. "I don't know what you mean by your heathenish nonsense, but I'll let you know one thing, an' that is if I don't find Cementa 'fore you can say Jack Robinson, I'll trounce you within an inch of your lives. Come out with me, you both, an' show me what you did an' what she did."

They stood on the top step miserably.

"We c—can't—tell."

In the light of the setting sun, stern firm lines drew about Amenta's mouth, strangely like the deep wrinkles around Aunt Maria's. For a moment Aunt Maria was speechless with amazement, at last she spoke and her voice cut the air.

"Go to bed and wait for me, go!"

The unhappy pair joined hands and went. It was so hot and uncomfortable up-stairs, and the feather bed rolled around them so. They shed tears of bitter anguish as they lay rigid and listening, side by side.

"Cementa will die down there, wailed Belenta.

"Let's pray," whispered Amenta.

Aunt Maria was nonplused and she was frightened, though she wouldn't own it. "I'll go out to the barn an' look there, she decided. .

Down in the cellar, Cementa, wild-eyed and half crazy with terror, was crouching. She did not dare to move. The darkness walled her in, and she felt as if a great hand were stretched out ready to clutch her. A delicate, nervous child, she had always been afraid of the dark, but she was more afraid of her Aunt Maria. She had heard all

that the children had said, heard the dread punishment, heard them sent to bed. All hope died in her; she imagined herself starved to death. She wondered what Aunt Maria would say when she found her there, dead. This again gave her a faint comfort—Aunt Maria and remorse. Cry out she dared not, and besides what would Aunt Maria say about the butter jar? She would be spanked too, and she was afraid,—afraid.

Aunt Maria returned empty-handed after a fruitless search and her face was pale. "I'll have it out of those children, come what may," she told herself.

As she started swiftly for upstairs and the two little offenders, her eyes happened to fall on the remains of the fruit cake. Now this same fruit cake, sacred to the minister, was stored in rich abundance in a certain brown jar down cellar, all the better for the keepin'. It suggested a possibility to Aunt Maria. "They knew we were eatin' in the parlor—do you s'pose—they were by the hatchway—that's it."

It seemed to Cementa as if she had been in the cellar for two or three days before she heard a thump, and far ahead of her, the blessed daylight glimmered. She sprang up, but crouched again, for down the stairs came Aunt Maria. On she walked straight for her. Cementa half rose—she was still grasping the cover in one hand, just as she had it when the darkness came. Aunt Maria stumbled over her with a shriek. "Cementa!" she

gasped as she regained her balance and reached out. "You bad, sinful child, what are you doing here?"

She drew Cementa to her with a little squeeze and her voice was really mild.

To her, poor, trembling little Cementa sobbed out her tale of the black and deadly sins. Four sins had Cementa, and she confessed them all.

Relief was uppermost in Aunt Maria's mind. It made her cross to think how she had been worried. "Come with me," she said; "you've got to go along to bed with the rest."

She made, however, a mental reservation. "I won't spank her this time, she's kind of little an' frail, an' I won't send her in the dark again, if she's so awful scared; it ain't healthy for her.

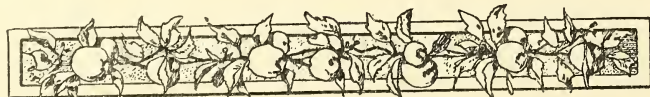
A short time later, Cementa lay beside her sisters. Their prostrate white heads were dishevelled, their faces were red and swollen with much weeping. The feather bed bunched around them, it was hot and breathless in the small room, but the agitated sobs were giving way slowly to a sleepy silence.

"Amenta," piped Cementa anxiously, "was it a fifth sin after all?"

"No, it wa'n't, Cementa Willard," replied Amenta with conviction, "You done what you could."

"Yes, you done," echoed Belenta; let's go to sleep."

"Yes, let's," sighed Cementa and Amenta.



A Visit to Grandmother's

By LOUISE E. DEW

WAS there ever another such delightful place in the whole wide world as Grandmother's? Surely not, for no matter how far we wander in other lands, to gaze upon the wonders of the Universe, and the architecture of foreign peoples, our thoughts travel back to the home nest and to Grandmother.

Not many of us would care to have time turn backward to live over the sorrows or even the joys of the years that are past, for we are ever looking forward to the Mystic Future, with its elusive promises of happiness; but, after all, if we could be given the privilege of living over one day in our lives, how many of us would choose to spend the time at Grandmother's house!

What memories even the suggestion conjures! There was an old-fashioned gate that matched the white picket fence, which challenged us to swing upon it frequently, in spite of many kindly admonitions. Sometimes these chidings were supplemented with more severe measures, when, with the perversity of children, we forgot to "mind," but these chastenings were usually inflicted by Father or Mother and abbreviated and alleviated by the angel we called Grandmother.

Then, there was the gravel walk bordered by rows of sweet-scented pinks, phlox and poppies, which led to the fragrant honeysuckle vine-shaded porch, where Grandfather

sat in his easy chair, sometimes alone, and sometimes with Grandmother beside him, when her day's work was over. She was rarely to be found there in the daytime, however, for Grandmother was a thrifty dame, and nearly always busy at her loom or spinning wheel.

Such wonderful rag carpets as she wove on that loom! They looked old-fashioned and uninteresting to us then, and the occupation seemed plebeian, but weaving was Grandmother's chief accomplishment, and her fame had long since spread around the country. It was fortunate, too, that she could turn her knowledge to account, for after Grandfather went she was the breadwinner by insistent choice, and beautiful indeed were the breadths of carpet that grew on the loom as her shuttle flew in and out.

Sometimes, Grandmother dyed the rags, if her carpet was to be "hit and miss," and she took as much pleasure in producing charming shades as an artistic needleworker does in embroidering a doily. Patiently she stood for hours before the great iron kettle which hung in the brick fireplace, dyeing gorgeous purples, brilliant reds, vivid yellows and cerulean blues that rivaled the colors of an Italian sunset. In her way Grandmother was an artist, and doubtless her methods of applying color schemes affected her artistic temperament quite as pleasantly as the tubes of paint, the brushes and the canvas do the painter. And

who can say that her work was not fine and beautiful, when she put her heart and soul into it, and also infused into it the good cheer of her optimistic disposition?

No matter what went wrong Grandmother was always serene, and apparently cheerful. It often occurred when she was especially troubled that her firm mouth looked still more firm, as she compressed her lips silently, but her eyes never lost their merry twinkle, nor did she ever forget her keen sense of humor. She was of the stuff of which Spartan mothers and stoics are made, but with this trait was mingled an element which always kept her young and bubbling over with wit and good cheer.

A day at Grandmother's was a treat long to be remembered. It began with breakfast, when we were permitted to set the table with the pretty blue and white ware which was part of her austere, and of which she was so proud. Each piece had a story to tell, and sometimes it took a long time to carry even one dish from the china closet to the table, for the pictures were all so interesting and the lettering was so quaint. There was one particular plate and cup and saucer which Little Boy Blue always insisted on having, and over which we had occasional differences, but Grandmother finally settled matters by giving us each a cup and saucer and plate, with which we were perfectly satisfied. These pieces of Davenport have long since been sacred to her memory in the china closet, along with the other treasured heirlooms, and they recall many delightful hours in the dear old house.

It is interesting to remember the first time we ever helped Grand-

mother wash the dishes. We had been permitted to set the table, but she always insisted that a little boy and girl who said "losh" instead of "wash" were not old enough to wipe dishes. What an incentive that was to enunciate the despised word distinctly! And how we struggled to pronounce the "w" instead of the "l"!

It was a moment of triumph when the difficult word escaped from its imprisonment, and it was ejaculated as plainly as Grandmother could herself! The dishes were wiped that day by a little girl in a Dolly Varden gown, whose chin just reached to the edge of the table, and who was obliged to stand on a chair to accomplish the coveted task.

Grandmother's cellar was an unusual one, with its stone-bottomed floor and its swing shelves full of good things to eat. The long rows of canned fruit, the pickles, preserves and mincemeat were all the products of her garden, and were prepared by her hands,—those dear kind hands that knew how to do so many things. We did not mind going to the cellar when Grandmother was along, or when we were very hungry, but the stairs were dark and we sometimes magnified sights and sounds in a way that gave us an uncomfortable feeling.

If it was churning day, we were always glad when the stone churn appeared, for that was an indication of another pleasant occupation. To be sure, our little arms were not strong enough to work alone, but Grandmother let us delude ourselves into the belief that we were helping, even though it was her strong hands above ours which did the work.

When a final peep into the churn

revealed great golden globules of butter, we knew what next to do, and while Grandmother removed the dasher we trotted away to the pantry for the butter bowl and ladle. When the mass of butter was finally molded into shape and decorated on top with various artistic indentations, by a skillful manip-

back, as we think of the day the Brownie was lost, and after hours of anxiety and premonitions on the part of the family she found herself in the cupboard, much refreshed after a long nap. When she emerged from her resting place it was with a face besmeared with jam,—the sweet that had attracted



THE OLD HOUSE, SHOWING WELL SWEEP

ulation of the ladle we felt as proud as if we had made the butter entirely by ourselves. At any rate, a piece of bread and butter at Grandmother's tasted better than anything we have eaten since, even at Delmonico's, and the appetizing memory of it abides with us still.

What a long time it is to look

her to crawl into the inviting retreat, where she could gormandize to her heart's content. She has never liked jam as well since that memorable day.

Another of Grandmother's accomplishments which we also considered plebeian, although we were unable to classify it as such then,



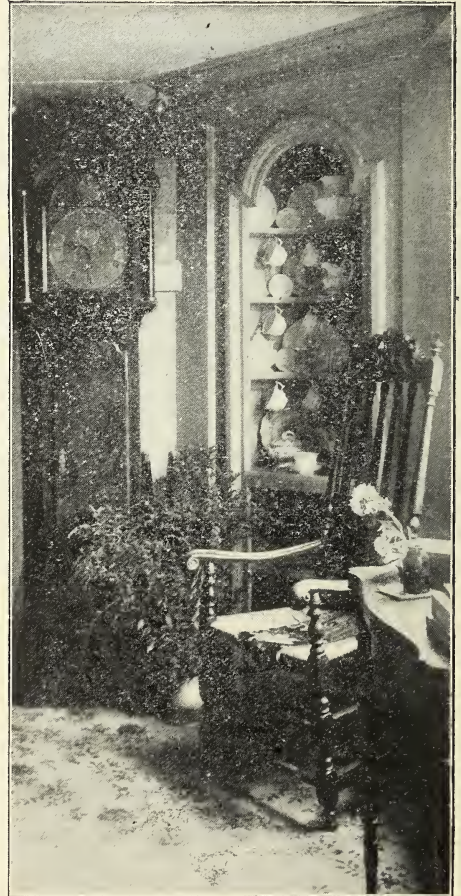
THE QUAIN CHINA CLOSET HAS
FALLEN INTO DISUSE

was her talent for making soaps,—not only the soft soap used for laundering and scrubbing, but the toilet soaps used by the family. The former always looked good enough to eat, as Grandmother stirred the hot mess in the huge kettle, and the Brownie invariably had a mad desire to taste it when it was cool. She refrained, however, for she remembered that it was not always well to yield to such impulses, as she did on one occasion when she ate white paint from a can and came very near dying in consequence.

She also remembered a similar experiment which she inflicted on her pet cat, and which left her with

numerous marks from Billy's claws and nearly broke the bond of friendship between them. The poor thing submitted to the kerosene bath, even though the oil penetrated and burned his skin, but he objected to interior applications in a manner the Brownie has never forgotten.

Grandmother was an expert at making candles, and it was a delight to watch her as she boiled the tallow down and added the wax in just the right proportion. While this was being accomplished, she threaded a long wick in, out, under and over the series of tubes in the

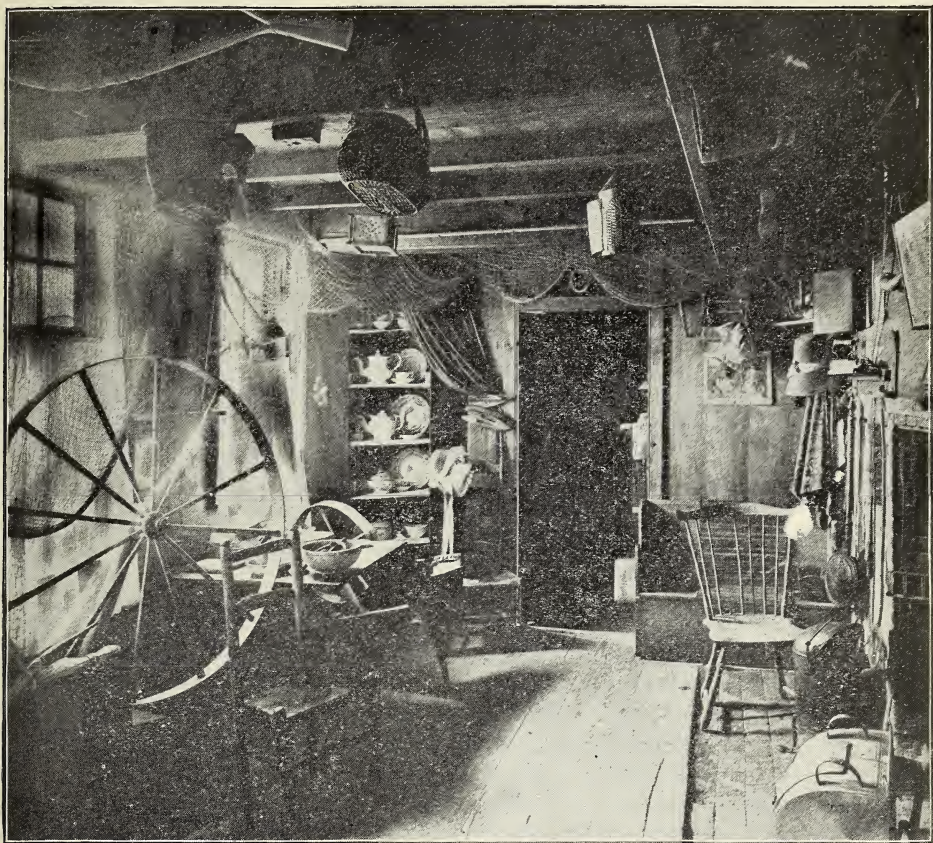


GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK AND CHINA CLOSET

tin mould, which looked much like a miniature radiator, after which she poured the grease into the moulds and left the embryo candles to cool. If we had been extra good, we were permitted to clip the wicks after the candles were set so we might feel we had taken some part in their manufacture.

to remove the covers to see how the vegetables were cooking, she used a long curved iron poker to insert in the ring on top of the cover.

Grandmother's Dutch roasting oven or baker was also an heirloom, and her meats were always prepared in the old-fashioned way which was so satisfactory. A long



A CORNER IN THE LIVING ROOM

There were no ranges or ovens in Great Grandmother's day, and as Grandmother had inherited the ancestral home she clung to the old way of doing things. For instance, she cooked in tin covered pots which were covered with live coals, and which were also placed in the fireplace embers. When she wished

single tined fork arrangement was thrust through the meat, and this rested in the roaster. When one side became browned a crank was turned and another side was given a chance to roast. Meantime, the pan underneath caught the drippings and these were used to baste the meat, a feat which was accom-



THE FIREPLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM

plished with a long handled spoon through an aperture in the top of the oven.

One could always locate Grandmother's whereabouts, for it was a rare occurrence when she did not have a song on her lips. When her household tasks were out of the way, and she was free to go to her beloved spinning wheel or loom, her voice could be heard clear and strong, singing a good old orthodox hymn. In after years, when she could not sleep because of pain and weakness, "songs in the night" were her solace.

As one compares the household

furnishings of Grandmother's time with those of to-day, one is inclined to feel that our tendency toward display is vulgar. There were no useless gilded chairs or other foolish ornaments in her house, —everything was for utility and was built on substantial lines. The high backed chairs, the settees, tables and china closets were all capacious, but they combined the grace of beauty as well.

Grandmother's attic was a storehouse of treasures, in which many delightful hours were spent. There were band-boxes covered with old-fashioned wall papers and filled with remnants of her girlhood and early married days. The only time we ever saw tears in her eyes was

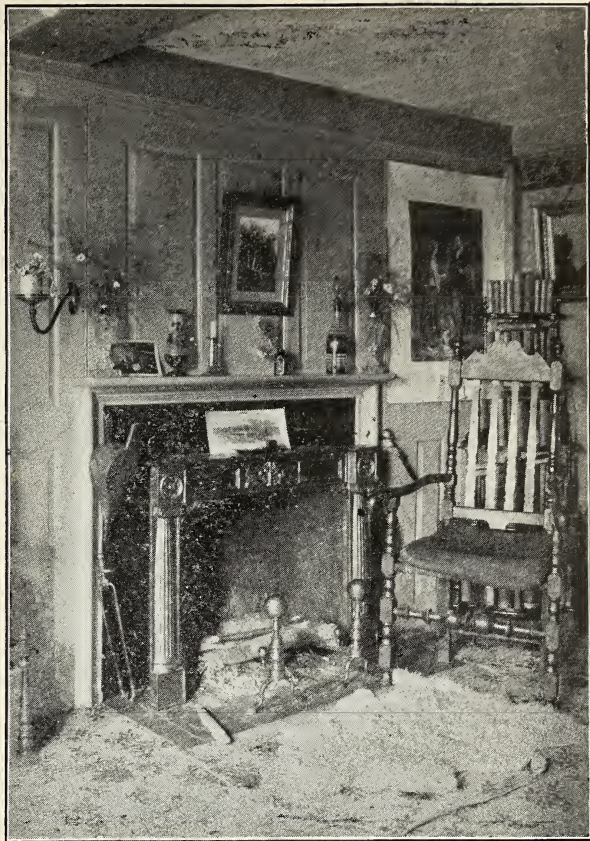
one rainy day when we went up to the attic to play and we saw her with the contents of a band-box before her;—such cunning little baby bonnets and gowns, half worn baby shoes, broken toys and packages of letters. She smiled when she saw us, and we forgot to wonder, but long afterwards, when we were older grown, and had been touched by sorrows, we too understood.

How we loved the pungent odor of the pennyroyal, the sarsaparilla, the lavender, the sage and other drying herbs which hung from the rafters of that quaint old attic.

The dormer windows, too, attracted us with varied possibilities, and more than once did they serve to our imaginative minds as lookouts for Indians and bears and other terrible things. Once Little Boy Blue became so excited that he waved a burning brand out of the window to frighten the wolves away, just as the man did in the story Grandmother told us; but poor Little Boy Blue evidently did not have the right kind of a brand, for he burned his fingers badly and nearly set the house afire besides.

We loved the evenings best of all at Grandmother's, especially in winter time, when we sat around the great fireplace and listened to her stories as the wind whistled down the chimney and around the corners of the house. It was hard to tell which we liked most, the Bible stories or the fairy tales she spun from her vivid imagination, for both kinds were equally interesting as Grandmother related them, and the Bible has always seemed like a beautiful sacred story book, in view of the memories we hold.

Another privilege of which we took advantage was staying up until nine o'clock, an unusual thing for us, and the evenings were never long enough to do all the things we planned in the daytime. There were nuts to crack, popcorn to



THE OLD ANDIRONS AND CHAIR

shell, picture books to look at and marvelous stories to tell, for Grandmother's budget of stories was inexhaustible, and each one more interesting than the last.

When the tall clock struck nine Grandmother always rose and led the way to the trundle bed which she pulled out from under her four poster one that was covered by a patchwork quilt made by Great Grandmother. Sometimes it was necessary to carry Little Boy Blue, for his eyes grew heavier sooner than the Brownie's, but in a short time we were both tucked away to dream sweet dreams until the morning light.

The picket fence has long since disappeared, but the old house is still picturesque in spite of its decay and deserted appearance. The well sweep stands like a sentinel in front of the kitchen, as it did of yore, and the pump is also there just as it was in the days we children used to carry water for Grandmother. We sometimes wonder what she would say if she could see the postman as he stops to take a refreshing draught at the old pump, for in her day such a thing as a rural free delivery was an undreamed of luxury.

The quaint china cupboard has fallen into disuse, and the beautiful china has long since been transferred to a closet modeled somewhat after the old one, and there beside it stands Grandmother's clock ticking away the moments, as it has done



GRANDMOTHER'S FOUR POSTER, SHOWING
TRUNDLE BED UNDERNEATH

for the past two hundred years. One of the old chairs has an honorary position by the fireplace in the same room, and Grandmother's andirons are also conspicuous.

The dear old lady herself has long since left us, and Little Boy Blue and Brownie often wish for the old days when we went to Grandmother's.

Pan's Pipes

By GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD

There is a cadence strange, of delicate tone,

Of secret sylvan music that no bird
Could fling across the silence when alone;

I listen furtively: the god o'erheard?
Pan with a reed beyond the willow screen,
Fluting the ancient peril through the green?

And faint and far it falls, the silver strain,
More brief than any breeze that ever stirred
Young leaves in May: and full of sweetest pain,
Burdened with yearning love without a word.
O exquisite old woe I dare not hear,
Blown soft, blown low for some immortal ear!

A Boston Institution

By MARION WARNER

LOVE of animal pets is an indication of a tender soul, and finds expression in all classes of the community. The poor quite as much as the rich manifest it and enjoy it. The S. P. C. A., the Animal Rescue League and the Boston Work-Horse Parade Society illustrate the extent to which public feeling in this direction has been developed.

The devotion by so many people to fine breeding of animals is a similar indication. Just now Boston is interested in its own particular pet—the Boston terrier. He is an alert, sociable and interesting little fellow, built up into a distinct and permanent type through the efforts of the Boston Terrier Club. Starting with half a dozen or more types, all based on crosses of the small English bull-dog and the bull-terrier in accordance with the fancies of individual breeders, it has worked for a dozen years to harmonize all these into an accepted standard, until now the breed ranks among the most popular and most numerous, nearly four thousand animals being registered. From Boston he has won his way into nearly every state in the Union, and into the Canadian Dominion.

The annual exhibitions of the club bring out four hundred or more entries, making the event the largest special class exhibit in the world. This evolution of a new type is doubtless a mystery to the ordinary reader, but it is in entire harmony with the established principles of scientific breeding. All

varieties come from crosses, often hap-hazard, and, except in rare cases, are of no value. But when the known principles are intelligently applied to a definite end something worth while may be expected to result. In this case the selections from the parent breeds were wisely made and mated with a purpose to establish certain desirable features. The prepotency of the selected originals proved sufficient to develop the desired traits, and



* A TYPICAL BOSTON TERRIER

afterwards continued wise selection has resulted in fixing the type—so that the breed is scientifically established.

The dog is a Boston institution, beloved alike by rich and poor, particularly adapted for a house-dog and a playmate for children, and as a factor in modern civilization he deserves a place among the outgrowths of the culture and taste of the Modern Athens.

Hunting Wild Bees

By HORACE KEPHART

ONE day when I was hunting in the overflow lands of eastern Arkansas, I found signs of bears in the cane-brake near our camp. We had neither dogs nor horses, both of which are needed for bear hunting in the big blue cane. The question was, how to entice a bear into the open slue, where a man afoot could get a shot at it. In my chuck-box was a comb of honey that I had brought along to help out the camp biscuits. Saying

nothing to my mates, for I was sceptical as to the outcome of the experiment I had in mind, I took the honey to a place where a bear had been "using," and fixed the comb to a grape-vine, out of reach of 'coons but convenient for a bear. It was my scheme to lie in ambush and wait for the bear's sweet tooth to get him into trouble. This might have been unsportsmanlike in an open region; but all's fair between man and beast in the jungle.

But we did not get bear meat that day. There came a sudden change in the weather. It turned bright and warm. Bruin did not accept my invitation; but he had some busy-body neighbors who promptly took it for their own. The wild bees turned out, and in a jiffy they were hard at work despoiling the Philistine.

From bear hunting to bee hunting seemed a natural step. This was my first experience in trailing the honey bee. Soon I became so absorbed in the new sport that I forgot all about the bigger game that I had set out to hunt. It did not take long to learn that trying to follow wild bees to their home in the tall forest



A SETTLER'S BEE-GUM

is a hopeless chase until one has learned the game. Yet in after years, I found that the craft of the bee hunter, although based upon some curious woods lore, is not hard to acquire under proper tutelage. The theory is simple enough. First capture a few wild bees and let them fill up on honey or other bait that has been brought along for the purpose; then liberate them, follow in the direction of their flight as far as you are sure of it, capture and send out more guides, and so on until the tree is reached. In practice, successful bee hunters resort to some shrewd arts that are unknown in any other branch of wild-craft.

A backwoodsman's way of "lining" bees, when he merely chances upon them, not prepared for regular bee hunting, is to capture one of the insects and fasten to it, or stick into it, a small, downy feather, a bit of straw or thistle-down, or some other light thing by which he can distinguish the insect in its flight; then he liberates it, and follows it as far as he can by sight. The bee, bothered by its strange incumbrance, and finding that it cannot rid itself of the thing by its own exertions, goes home for help. Then the hunter, having secured a few more bees, follows the line of flight as far as he can, sets free another marked bee, and thus proceeds until he either finds the hive or at least gets a clear notion of its whereabouts. Then he, too, goes home, and prepares for bee robbing in earnest.

That sort of thing is accidental. But a regular bee hunter does not depend upon luck at any stage of the game. He goes out looking for bees, and for bees only. He knows

where to look, where not to look, and what to do when he finds the bees, all according to the season of the year and the lay of the land. The easiest time to find a bee-tree is early in the spring, or late in the fall, because then there is no nectar for the bees and they will take kindly to bait; also, because there are no leaves on the trees to interfere with the hunter's vision. Of course, it is poor policy to rob a beehive in spring, for what honey is left will be old, dark colored, and not so well flavored as new honey. But this is a good time to mark the bee-tree for future attack. The methods for spring and summer hunting are different. I will describe them in sequence.

In the first warm days of spring, while there is still snow on the ground, a hive may sometimes be located by listening for the humming of the bees in their cleansing flight, and by looking for dead bees on the snow, which are brought out by the workers in cleaning the hive. But, as a rule, it will be necessary to find where the bees are collecting early sweets, or, in default of this, to lure them to bait specially prepared for the purpose.

As soon as the sap of the sugar maple begins to rise, which may be as early as the middle of February if the season is forward, but is usually later, the bee hunter goes among the maples and birches. Wherever a gash or bruise in the bark lets the sap ooze out, or "bleed," as he calls it, he may find bees at work. The sap flows best on a warm day following a freezing night. A regular bee hunter will purposely wound a number of trees in different localities, in anticipation of this. Early in March he looks for skunk-cabbage, which, by

the way, is not the only malodorous thing that bees frequent at this season. Towards the middle or end of March the willow catkins attract a buzzing throng. In April the beech and some of the maples are in bloom and fragrant with sweets. Then come the columbine and dicentra, from which the honey bee gathers pollen only, for its tongue is too short to reach their nectar as the bumblebee's does.

If such scouting trips fail, the hunter will resort to lures. A backwoodsman who has neither honey, nor syrup, nor sugar, with which to prepare bee bait, will steep corn-cobs for a couple of days in what, by way of euphemism, he calls "sour-bait." This villainous mess he places on stumps in his fields, where the bees are almost sure to take it for treasure-trove. A nicer way to attract them is by roasting honey-comb or beeswax. For this purpose a piece of tin or a flat stone is heated in the fire, and the comb or wax is melted on it. Or the hunter will set out a bait of honey to which a drop of oil of anise has been added. Bees will smell either of these enticing odors for a mile or more. In any case, the object is first to capture some wild bees as guides. The way to manage them after they are caught is described below.

In the late spring, in summer, and early in autumn, the bees will hardly deign to notice bait that is set out for them, for they have plenty of fresh nectar to supply their wants. In May they forage on the clematis, dandelion, sumac, honey locust, and tulip or "yellow poplar." The locust bears nectar only at intervals of several years; but the big blossoms of the tulip tree are commonly rich in it—so rich that sometimes

the nectar can be dipped out with a spoon. That unhappily imported weed among our trees, the ailanthus or "tree of heaven," is another favorite of the bees, despite its ill-smelling blossoms. Through the summer months there is almost a surfeit of sweets for the honey-maker: white clover, raspberry, bugloss, milkweed, motherwort, mustard, sage, rape, Spanish needle, spider-flower, sunflower, willow-herb, teasel, goldenrod, and, favored of all, the cream-colored blossoms of the linden or basswood. The West has a famous nectar-bearer called the Rocky Mountain bee-plant. In the South, the bees of the lowlands use the cotton plants; those of the mountains, where there is a bewildering variety of "honey-blossoms," seek by preference the linden and the delightfully aromatic bloom of the sour-wood. As summer wanes, the bees turn to the fleabane and the aster, and wherever there is a buckwheat field they will be found in their glory. Later, they work in the turnip patches. Some of the many species of goldenrod yield nectar until well on in October.

The equipment for bee hunting is very simple. You will need a small box or two, some thinned honey (or, if that is not to be had, then a mixture of molasses and water, or thin syrup made from sugar), a few pinches of flour in a little box or bag, or, preferably, a small tube of white paint and a camel's-hair brush. A compass and an opera glass should also be taken along; and do not omit a lunch, for you are likely to be out all day.

As for boxes, a couple of half-pound candy boxes will do; but it is better to make a special box for the

purpose. This is merely a light wooden box about four inches cube, without top or bottom, but with a glass slide at the top, working in saw-cuts in the sides. About an inch below these saw-cuts, and parallel with them, are narrow strips to support a little feeding tray, which is about an inch and a half wide, just long enough to fit inside the box, and of such height that its top will come within a half inch of the glass slide. Do not use an old cigar box in making the box, for bees, like other insects, detest the odor of tobacco. Some boxes are made with sliding wooden bottoms, and others are double, hinged together, with a wooden slide between; but the simpler one here described will do very well.

The bait should be honey thinned with an equal bulk of warm water. A four-ounce vial of it is plenty. The reason why ordinary thick honey will not do so well as the diluted mixture is this.—You will wish to judge, from the time of the bees' flight, how far away the bee-tree is. Their time of absence, when they are carrying nectar, is pretty accurately known, for different distances. But honey is much thicker, heavier, and more sticky than the nectar that bees gather from flowers, the latter being little more than sweetened water. Consequently it takes the bees much longer to fill up on honey, they stagger with it in their flight, and it takes longer to discharge their cargo.

Now, early in the morning of a warm, still day, go where there are nectar-bearing flowers. The place must be at least a mile, and preferably two miles, away from any farm-house where tame bees are

kept, or you will be puzzled and annoyed by the latter. Choose an open glade or hillside, or an old field, or a fire-burnt waste where weeds and vines have sprung up, but free from leafy trees and shrubs, so that you can see for a considerable distance in all directions. If bees are working here, put a little of your honey bait in the feeding tray of your box, cautiously set the box over the first bee that you find on a flower, and close the bottom with your hand. The bee will buzz up against the glass, and will then soon seek the honey. Next set the box on a stump or other elevation in the midst of a clear space. As stumps are not always to be found where they are most wanted, some bee hunters carry with them a staff pointed at one end and with a bit of shingle tacked to the other end to serve as a platform for the box. As soon as the bee is hard at work on the honey, approach quietly and withdraw the glass slide. Dust him slightly with flour, or put a bit of paint on his back. Then withdraw to one side, get into a comfortable reclining position, and have your opera-glass ready for action.

As soon as the bee has gorged himself he will rise from the bait and circle around it in eccentric oscillations, which become larger and larger. He is getting his bearings. The circle in which he flies is not described about the honey as a center, but the latter is almost on one edge of it, the farther edge being generally towards his hive. Now he mounts higher and higher in an increasing spiral. Then, so suddenly that it takes good eyes or a glass to follow him, he darts off for home. Watch him as far as you can, and

note the direction of his flight. He will not go through the woods, but over them, until he comes to the tree that contains his hive. If he flies toward a farm-house, pay no further attention to him, for he is a tame bee. In that case, go somewhere else and begin anew. But if he goes to the big woods, look at your watch and time his absence. You will know him when he returns by the mark that you put on him. On an average, a bee flies a mile in five minutes, and he spends about two minutes in the hive, disgorging. Bees vary in their flight, but a good general rule is to subtract two from the number of minutes absent, and divide by ten; the quotient is the number of miles, or the fraction of a mile, from your stand to the beetrue. The time of the bee's second flight will be a more accurate datum than that of the first, because by that time he will have established his bearings and will go straight to and fro.

The pioneer bee will probably come back alone from his first trip. Let him fill up and depart as before; but now watch the course of his flight very closely, for it will be a "bee-line" for home. His course will be slightly sinuous, but its general direction will be straight for the hive, unless there is a lake or large pond in the way, in which case he will probably sway around it, since bees, for some reason known only to themselves, dislike to pass over a body of water. Pick out some tall or peculiarly topped tree, or other prominent object in line with his course, take its bearings by compass, and study it carefully, so that you may recognize this landmark thereafter.

Meantime capture several more bees, say half a dozen, and mark

them and let them go as before. If they all go in the same direction they belong to the same hive. But you may get two or more lines working from the same bait.

After two or three trips, your first bee will probably bring some companions with him from the home hive. When you once get a line of bees working back and forth it is time to bestir yourself. Now you can choose between two schools of bee hunters: those who cross-line from the start, and those who claim that this is a waste of time, and that no cross-lining should be attempted until the hunter has passed beyond the treasure tree and finds the bees back-tracking. I incline to the latter school; but I will describe the working methods of both.

To cross-line at the start, leave some bait at your first stand, take your box, capture a number of bees, cover the top and bottom of the box, to exclude light and thus keep them quiet, and go away at a right angle to the bee-line, about two hundred or three hundred yards. Here set down your box, uncover, but do not open the top; leave the box alone for a minute or two until the bees recover from their surprise and begin feeding; then liberate them, and note their course as before. This gives you the base of a triangle, the apex of which, where the two lines of flight converge, is near the hollow tree that contains the wild bees' hoard. If you do not see where the lines meet, the hive is beyond your range of vision.

Whether you do this or not, as soon as you are sure that you can follow the line for a considerable distance, clean the feeding tray, capture a number of bees in the box, and take it with you as far as you are sure of the course. Then put a

little more honey-water in the feeder, and start your bees again. Thus work progressively toward the goal.

It is not likely that you will find the particular tree that you seek by merely following the bee-line and examining all the trees in the way. The door to the hive will probably be high up on the trunk, or in a big hollow limb. Look for an old squirrel hole where the bees fly in and out. Sometimes the hives are made in fallen trees, or in old stumps, but this is exceptional, for then they are an easy prey. Bees have trouble enough, as it is, from squirrels, 'coons, bears, and other climbing marauders, to say nothing of men. In searching, it is well to remember that bee-trees are seldom far from water.

If the bees that you liberate finally turn back on the course, or if they do not return to the bait, it shows that you have passed the hive and must "back-track." Then make two stands close together, only fifty to one hundred yards apart, lining them carefully. You may now have two squads of bees flying from opposite directions into the tree. If this fails, take a stand fifty yards off to one side (the distance depends upon how thick the woods are). Examine every tree in the neighborhood with keen scrutiny. Pour out a liberal amount of feed, so as to get a large number of bees at work. If you still do not find the bee-tree, try again in this place a day or two later, or whenever the weather is favorable.

When the hive is found, make a blaze on the bark of the tree with your knife or hatchet, and cut or pencil your initials on it. By the law of the woods, which is older

than legislative enactments, this locates your claim. Anyone else meddling with the treasure, unless it be the owner of the land himself, is a trespasser. Unless you are well acquainted with this part of the woods, be sure to mark your trail away from the bee-tree; otherwise you may easily miss it on your return. Bend forward a bush here and there, breaking through the stem or branch, but not breaking it off. By doing this *from* you, as you go along, the light-colored under side of the leaves will face you on your return, catching your eye at once by their contrast with the surrounding growths.

You are now ready to declare war. Men who have had much experience with bees disdain to wear armor; but I would not advise a novice to emulate their boldness. Get a broad-brimmed hat, such as a farmer's straw hat, and fasten to it a head-net of mosquito bar long enough to come well down over the shoulders. A pair of long gloves or gauntlets is needed. Cut two sticks five or six feet long, and bind to one end of each a ball of cotton about as large as a hen's egg. Soak these cotton balls in melted sulphur. Get a sharp axe, and some pails to receive the honey; also a lantern, for your burglarizing is to be done at night. If you are not a good axeman, take with you a man who is.

When you reach the tree, decide which way it should be thrown, and attack it on that side. The bees will not disturb a man while he is felling the tree, for they do not realize what is going on. When the tree is almost ready to fall, put on your mask and gloves. Button the former under your coat, or

draw it under your suspenders. Tie your trousers around the ankles, and the gauntlets around your wrists. A companion should light one of the sulphur balls and have it ready; if the tree is hollow at the butt, he should light both balls. When the tree falls he must quickly apply one of the burning sticks to the bees' doorway, and the other to the hole in the butt, if there is one. The fumes will stupefy the now angry insects, or at least enough of them to make the work easier. Chop into the tree until you have located the honey. It is now that the fun begins, for the bees understand by this time that they are being robbed, and the able-bodied ones will pounce upon the offenders, perhaps rushing upon the axeman in a mass so thick that he cannot see through his veil and must brush the fierce little warriors away. On a cold night they will be less active than if the weather is warm.

Having found the honey, cut through the trunk both above and below it, split out the slab, and thus expose the hoard, being careful not to "bleed" the comb. The bees will now stop fighting and will bend every energy to the work of carrying away all of the honey that they can, storing it in some hastily chosen retreat. You may now help yourself without fear of renewed attack.

Backwoodsmen, when they have no sulphur, use a smudge of punky wood or of moist leaves, the acrid smoke of which suffocates the bees or renders them helpless for the time. Having no mosquito netting to protect their faces, they sometimes smear themselves with tobacco juice, or with water in which tobacco stems have been steeped,

this being "death and destruction" to insects. In any case they take chances boldly. Bees respect courage, but are quick to detect a wincing timidity and give it its deserts. If, in spite of precautions, you are stung, apply some honey to the spot. Wet clay, oil of sassafras, ammonia, or onion juice, will also relieve the pain and swelling; but honey is at hand, and it is about as good a remedy as any.

If, for any reason, you do not wish to fell the bee-tree, climb up to the hive, slab off one side of the hollow, cut out the comb, and let it down in a bucket. It takes an expert axeman to do this. A tree of ordinary size can be ascended by putting on climbers with longer spikes than those used by telegraph linemen, and then taking a green withe of hickory, which is passed around the trunk, one end being held in each hand. This kind of work must be done in the day-time.

If you wish to capture the bees themselves, fix the brood-combs (those containing pollen or "bee-bread") about the right distance apart in a bucket or basket, and set this to one side. The bees will collect about them, after their panic is over, and when darkness begins to fall they may be carried home.

The amount of honey in a tree may vary from almost nothing to a hundred pounds or more. There is record of 264 pounds being taken from one tree. Bees work with great rapidity when there is a good supply of nectar, and will fill a hive in a short time. Basswood bloom may be placed at the head of all honey-producing plants. The apiarist Root says that during a period of twenty-two years he never knew basswood to fail to yield nectar, the

shortest season yielding for three days, and the longest twenty-nine. In one of his hives the bees stored sixty-six pounds of basswood honey in three days. Ten pounds a day was the best recorded from clover.

John Burroughs has stated that there is no difference in flavor between wild honey and tame. I think this is misleading. Of course there is no difference in regions where wild and tame bees gather nectar from the same sources; but in the wilderness, where bees can forage only on the blossoms of wild plants and trees, with no access to fields and orchards, the honey has a distinct flavor of its own, a "wild tang," as different from that of tame honey as the flavor of old-fashioned maple sugar is from that of the modern adulterated or "refined" article. To my taste the honey of the wilderness is as much to be preferred as is the honest, kettle-boiled sugar of the bush. The bouquet of honey varies, of course, according to the kind of nectar sipped by its makers. The minty flavor of the linden is quite distinct from that of sour-wood honey. Surely anyone can distinguish buckwheat honey from that which comes from the clover field. As a rule, wild honey has a peculiarly pungent taste, not so cloyingly sweet as tame honey, and it is generally dark colored.

Honey gathered from the bloom of the mountain laurel, or from catalpa or catawba trees, is more or less poisonous to human beings, though not to the bees. Root says that it causes symptoms similar to those exhibited by men who are dead drunk; or, in less violent cases, a tingling all over, indistinct vision (caused by dilation of the pupils), an empty, dizzy feeling of the head,

and an intense nausea that is not relieved by vomiting. The effects may not entirely wear off for two or three days. We may recall that the Ten Thousand of Xenophon were made ill by laurel honey. Here where I am, in the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, there are great wastes of laurel and rhododendron, forming impenetrable thickets locally known as "hells." I doubt if there is anywhere else in the world such a profusion of laurel, or such a wonderful bloom of it in summer. Yet I have not heard of a case of poisoned honey in this region. Doubtless this is due to the profusion of other nectar-bearing trees and plants in the southern Appalachians. Bees will not work on laurel when there is plenty of basswood and tulip and sour-wood.

Beeswax is prepared by breaking up the honey-comb and pressing out the honey. Then boil the comb for some time in a small quantity of water, and squeeze it through coarsely woven cloth. The wax, having run through the cloth, is then collected and cooled in moulds.

There is an element of luck in bee hunting, and a spice of small adventure, that entitle it to rank among field sports. One must match his wits against the superior agility of the game; he must keep his eyes skinned, follow a long chase, perhaps, and risk the stings of conflict if he would enjoy the sweets of victory. The most unlucky thing that can happen is to spend half a day pursuing bees and then line them up to some farmer's hives. As Robinson's Uncle Jerry said: "I've lined bees nigh onto three mild, an' when a feller's done that, an' fetches up agin a tame swarm in someb'dy's do' yard, it makes him feel kinder wamble-cropped."

Mother

By ETHEL M. KELLEY

There's one thing 'at she says, I mind
The worst of all. I always care—
But there 'aint nothin' I can't bear
'Cept when she says so pale an' kind,
"Some day you'll 'member this again,
P'raps you won't have mother then."

But I don't care how hard you try,
'Less you're a little wooden boy,
You're gotter go out an' enjoy
Yourself, 'ergettin' bye and bye,
An' whoop 'er up, an' do your stunt,
An' get all dirty down the front.

Some times I wake up sudden, when
It's awful dark, an' I'm in bed,
An' wonder maybe if she's dead,
Because I'm "'memberin' it again,"
An' I go in and stroke her sleeve,
An' listen till I hear her breathe.

This afternoon when Tom an' me
Purtended we had got to beg,
I tore my trowsers, so my leg
Would double way up to my knee—
I yelled, as she come down the yard,
"Don't say it, mother, spank me hard."

But after I was spanked, an' et
My bread an' water, an' had prayed,
Mother she just come in an' stayed,
An' I kept thinkin', as she set,
"Some day you'll 'member this again,
P'raps you won't have mother then."

Concerning Playbills

By EDWARD R. BYRAM

THE collection of playbills, souvenirs of theatrical events and programs of dramatic and lyric performances has of late years assumed extensive and important dimensions, and ranks with the collection of rare books, autographs and postage stamps. There are hundreds, possibly thousands of collectors in this field in all parts of the country, especially in the larger cities, and the results of their quests, whether extensive or limited, are treasured as almost beyond value to their owners. To them a rare program is a prize, and a special souvenir a nugget. It may surprise a person not familiar with the subject to be told that there are many individual collections in New York, Boston and Chicago which represent a commercial value of thousands of dollars, and to duplicate which would be next to impossible. Some of these owners have been scouring and hunting and adding to their collections for long years. With means at command, and ways and opportunities of pursuing their favorite fad, not afforded the common layman, they have brought together collections of great value and exceeding interest.

In the more advanced and extensive class of collectors can be placed the late Augustin Daly, the late Thos. J. McKee, Evert Jansen Wendell, A. M. Palmer, Sol Smith

Russell, Judge Arnold, Brander Matthews, Allston Brown, Laurence Hutton and Alfred Becks of New York, the late Frederick W. French, the late James H. Brown, of Malden, the late Lucius Poole and G. P. Fisher, of Boston. Though these gentlemen are among the principals, there are hundreds of others who have made limited collections, many of them young amateurs, ignorant of the difficulties they are endeavoring to master. There are also hundreds of collectors in England and Germany.

Collectors of theatre programs differ widely in motives, tastes and desires. Some, desiring complete collections, endeavor to procure a bill of each change of performance as it occurs; others only care for the reminders of the entertainments at which they were present; others still for benefits or special performances or occasions noting some peculiar or important event, such as an anniversary or jubilee performance; others still for different casts of some favorite or popular star in repertory; some there are who seek only openings of new theatres, new seasons, new plays, first appearances and debuts. Different casts of Shakspearian or other standard plays appeal to some as a specialty.

The value of a playbill is, like most everything else, dependent upon its rarity, the occasion that it

NOTE. The programmes reproduced are: The bill at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln; Edwin Booth's *debut* at the Boston Museum; Charles Fletcher's farewell bill at the Howard, Boston; Edwin Forrest's last night at the Globe, Boston; "The Drunkard," the Boston Museum's first success and a Covent Garden relic of 1814, with the appearance of Miss O'Neill.

FORD'S THEATRE

TENTH STREET, ABOVE E.

SEASON II..... WEEK XXXI..... NIGHT 196
WHOLE NUMBER OF NIGHTS, 498.JOHN T. FORD..... PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
(Also of Holiday St. Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy of Music, Phila.)
Stage Manager..... J. B. WRIGHT
Treasurer..... H. CLAY FORD

Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865

BENEFIT!

—AND—
LAST NIGHT

OF MISS

LAURA KEENE

THE DISTINGUISHED MANAGERESS, AUTHORESS AND ACTRESS,
Supported by

MR. JOHN DYOTT

AND

MR. HARRY HAWK.

TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECCENTRIC COMEDY.

As originally produced in America by Miss Keene, and performed by her upwards of

ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS,
ENTITLED

OUR AMERICAN

COUSIN

FLORENCE TRENCHARD..... MISS LAURA KEENE
(Her original character.)

Abel Murcott, Clerk to Attorney.....	John Dyott
Asa Trenchard.....	Harry Hawk
Sir Edward Trenchard.....	T. C. GOURLAY
Lord Dundreary.....	E. A. EMERSON
Mr. Coyle, Attorney.....	J. MATTHEWS
Lieutenant Vernon, R. N.....	W. J. FERGUSON
Captain De Boots.....	C. BYRNES
Blinney.....	G. G. SPEAR
Buddicombe, a valet.....	J. H. EVANS
John Whicker, a gardener.....	J. L. DeBONAY
Esasper, a groom.....	
Bailiffs.....	G. A. PARKHURST and L. JOHNSON
Mary Trenchard.....	Miss J. GOURLAY
Mrs. Mountchessington.....	Mrs. H. MUZZY
Augusta.....	Miss H. TRUEMAN
Georgiana.....	Miss M. HART
Sharpe.....	Mrs. J. H. EVANS
Skillet.....	Miss M. GOURLAY

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15.

BENEFIT of Miss JENNIE GOURLAY

notes, and its physical condition. An ordinary program of to-night's performance at any theatre could be had for the asking, with little trouble and no cost, but let a person attempt to procure a bill of ten or five years, or even five months ago, and a different condition of things presents itself. With diligent search and the expenditure of much time and money success might reward one's efforts, but the chances are decidedly against it.

To the majority of theatre goers a bill of the play becomes of no value immediately upon its having fulfilled its mission as a guide to the performance at hand, at the conclusion of which, and often before, it is dropped to the floor, and its next home is the waste barrel. As a test of this statement the writer on one occasion after a performance in a theatre with which he was then connected counted the thrown away programs, when it was found that over eleven hundred of the fifteen hundred given out were cast aside during or at the conclusion of the entertainment.

An ordinary program may suddenly assume an interest or value without any warning or previous idea that it would be so. Actors are human, and are subjected to the same liabilities and misfortunes as other people. A death or a permanent injury on the stage (and there are records of many) would preclude the possibility of an actor appearing again in public. The last announcement of his name as an actor if he or she was at all prominent makes the bill suddenly one of importance and interest. And if the actor is a Booth, Forrest, Irving or Cushman, it becomes doubly so. There are many instances of this kind.

So with the theatre. There is an old superstition that all playhouses are destined sooner or later to be destroyed by fire (which happily is not verified by the facts). But in case a theatre meets with such a disaster the program of its last performance is a document to be desired and preserved by collectors as a memento of the occasion. The same rule applies to theatres abandoned to other purposes. Goodly sums have frequently been paid for such programs, and they are always in request by collectors.

The giving away of souvenirs on special occasions has for years been in vogue by theatre managers, especially in the large cities. Some of these mementoes have been truly works of art, and of intrinsic value, aside from noting the event which they are intended to observe. On one occasion, several years since, Augustin Daly gave away many hundreds of solid silver bricks, all valued at over a dollar each, to the attendants at a special performance of the "Big Bonanza." This might have influenced Comedian Florence to have especially minted a lot of silver dollars, with the effigies of himself and wife on the obverse side, while on the reverse was the achievements of the "Mighty Dollar." These were free gifts to patrons. The Frohman Brothers were persistent and prolific givers of souvenirs of an elaborate character on many special performances at the Madison Square Theatre, and a complete set of those programs and souvenirs would make quite a museum, the value of which would be hundreds of dollars to a collector.

Boston has done its full share in this line. Managers Rich, Stetson, McCarty and Schoeffel have contributed largely to the stores of the

collectors, and with some beautiful specimens, all of which commemorated some important event in their theatre's history, or the success

SEVENTH
SEASON

BOSTON MUSEUM

No.
29.

Tremont St., between Court & School Sts.
Museum opens from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. Exhibition Room open at 6 1/2 o'clock. Performance commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission to Museum and Entertainment, 25 cents; Children under 12 years of age, 12 1/2 cents. A limited number of seats may be secured during the day, at 50 cents each.

Stage Manager.....W. H. Smith | Musical Director.....T. Comer

FANCY GLASS WORKING,

By Professor CARLING, who may be seen at all hours during the day and evening manufacturing Birds, Animals, Ships, etc., of vari-gated Glass. Give specimens for sale.

LAST NIGHT BUT THREE OF

MR. BOOTH'S ENGAGEMENT.

Shakspeare's Tragedy,

RICHARD THIRD

Duke of Gloster **Mr. BOOTH**

POSITIVELY LAST TIME THIS SEASON
TRESSLE, (his first appearance on any stage,) ... **EDWIN T. BOOTH**

The Popular Farce,

SLASHER AND CRASHER.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

A limited number of Family Slip Seats may be taken previous to the opening of the Exhibition Room, which will be retained one hour after the commencement of the performance, at Fifty cents each seat. The Slips not so taken will remain in common with the rest of the seats.

Monday Evening, Sept. 10, 1849.

The performance will commence with the Overture, *ZAIRA*, arranged by T. Comer

After which will be acted (last time this season) the Tragedy.

RICHARD III

Or, The Battle of Bosworth Field.

(BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.)

DUKE OF GLOSTER, afterwards King.....	Mr BOOTH
Tressle , (his 1st appearance on any stage).....	Edwin T. Booth
King Henry 6th.....	Mr Whitman
Duke of Buckingham.....	J. A. Smith
Duke of Norfolk.....	Daewett
Prince of Wales.....	Miss A. Phillips
Duke of York.....	Miss Arvila
Earl of Richmond.....	Mr W. H. Smith
Lord Stanley.....	Curtis
Earl of Oxford.....	Toohy
Sir William Catesby.....	Muzzy
Sir Richard Ratcliffe.....	Aiken
Lieutenant of Tower.....	Williams
Lord Mayor.....	Warren
Sir Walter Blunt.....	Howe
Tyrell.....	Deering
Lord Officers, Soldiers, &c., by	Auxiliaries.
Queen Elizabeth.....	Miss L. Gann
Lady Anne.....	Mrs Thoms
Duchess of York.....	Mrs Judith
Ladies.....	Miss Rees, Mrs H. Mestayer,
Misses Simpson, Thompson, Vincent,	Mason, Whiting, Christie, etc., etc.

Hibernian Pas de Deux..... **Miss Arvila and Master Adrian**

To conclude with [1st time this season] the excellent Farce,

Slasher and Crasher

Mr Sampson Slasher.....	Mr Warren	John.....	Howe
Mr Christopher Crasher.....	Thoman	Miss Dinah Blowhard.....	Mrs Judith
Mr Benjamin Blowhard.....	Curtis	Rosa.....	Miss Phillips
Lieut. Brown.....	J. A. Smith		

☞ TUESDAY—Shakspeare's Tragedy,

OTHELLO

IAGO, (for that night only,)..... **Mr BOOTH**

☞ Wednesday Afternoon—THREE POPULAR PIECES.

Omnibusses, Hobbs & Prescott's Washington street line of Omnibusses leave the Museum every evening at the close of the performance. Pay 12 1/2 cents. Also Coaches for Roxbury
Horton's Free Hackney Building, corner Tremont and Howard streets.

Athenæum, and Bostonian Society contain collections of much value for purposes of reference, and are daily consulted.

Though but about one hundred and fifty years have passed since programs have come into use, there are very many of the earlier issues that are exceedingly rare, and were specimens offered for sale, they would command a large price. Of Schiller's noted tragedy of the "Robbers," first produced at the Mannheim Theatre, Germany, in 1788, there are but two programs in existence, one in the theatre library and the other in the collection of a nobleman in Berlin. These two bills are original copies, but differ in that one contains the explanation of the play, while the other is without it. Neither could be bought at any price.

There are many valuable American bills, one held in the highest esteem by collectors being that of Ford's Theatre, Washington on the night of President Lincoln's assassination in April, 1865. Several of these mementos have been sold by dealers at fifty dollars each which is about the market price for either of the two kinds used on that occasion. It was recently reported that a prominent actress (who was a collector as well) paid sixty dollars for a bill of Edwin Booth's debut at the Boston Museum fifty-six years ago. Single old programs of debuts of noted stars, important events, big benefits and farewells sell for a dollar and upwards.

Special and odd programs are always sought for by collectors. By this is meant those performances outside and independent of the regular entertainment in progress at the time of its occurrence, such as the Actor's Fund and Elks enter-

THE GLOBE

MR. ARTHUR CHENEY.....PROPRIETOR
MR. W. E. FLOYD.....MANAGER

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION!

Second Week of the Engagement

OF THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN,

MR. EDWIN

FORREST

Who will appear in his incomparable impersonation of the

CARDINAL DUKE DE RICHELIEU

Tuesday Evening, April 2d, 1872,

Will be presented Bulwer's celebrated Standard Play, in 5 acts, entitled

RICHELIEU

OR THE

CONSPIRACY!

with Appropriate Scenery, Costumes, and Appointments, and the following

EXCELLENT DISTRIBUTION OF CHARACTERS:

CARDINAL RICHELIEU, Mr. EDWIN FORREST

Chevalier de Mauprat.....Mr. W. E. Sheridan

Baradas.....Mr. M. F. Daly

Louis XIII.....Mr. C. A. McHann

Gaston, Duc d'Orleans.....Mr. W. C. Pope

Sieur de Berlinghen.....Mr. Colin Stuart

Joseph.....Mr. F. F. Mackay

Huguet.....Mr. J. W. Jennings

Francols.....Willie Seymour

Governor of Bastille.....Mr. E. B. Holmes

Clermont.....Mr. J. H. Howland

Capt. of Guard.....Mr. E. Stuart

Goaler.....Mr. G. Sherman

1st Secretary.....Mr. H. Meredith

3d ".....Mr. D. S. Harkins

3d ".....Mr. W. F. Owen

Courtiers, Pages, Argueusiers, Conspirators, and Attendants, by numerous Auxiliaries.

Julle de Mortemar.....Mrs. Thos. Barry

Marion de Lorme.....Mrs. T. M. Hunter

WEDNESDAY EVENING, First time here of Sheridan Knowles' Roman Tragedy of

VIRGINIUS

MR. FORREST in his Grand Impersonation of.....VIRGINIUS

In preparation, Dr. Bird's famous Roman Tragedy of the

GLADIATOR,

Also, Mr. Forrest's celebrated Indian Tragic Play,

METAMORA

*Due notice will be given of the Revival of the Most Successful Production of the Season.

EILEEN OGE!

*The Piano used in this Theatre are from the celebrated manufactory of Chickering & Sons. The Cabinet Organs are furnished by Mason & Hamlin.

TWELFTH TIME THIS SEASON.

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden

This present MONDAY, December 12, 1814,

[Will be acted OTWAY's Tragedy of

Venice Preserved.

The Duke of Venice by Mr. CRESWELL,
Priuli by Mr. EGERTON, Bedamar by Mr. BARRYMORE
Jaffier by Mr. CONWAY,
Pierre by Mr. YOUNG,
Renault by Mr. CHAPMAN, Spinosa by Mr. CLAREMONT
Elliot by Mr. HAMERTON, Theodore by Mr. KING,
Mezzana by Mr. NORRIS, Durand by Mr. GRANT
Captain of the Guard by Mr. Jefferies, Officer by Mr. Treby
Belvidera by Miss O'NEILL,

After which (for the Last Time but One)

Timour the Tartar

Timour by Mr. FARLEY,
Agib, Master CHAPMAN, Oglou, Mr. FAWCETT,
Abdalac Mr. King, Berneddin Mr. Treby, Oglar Mr. Jefferies, Grahmin Mr. Howell
Kerim, Mr. RICHES, Sauballat, Mr. BLYTHE, Captain of the Escort, Mr. DAVIES
Selma by Miss MATTHEWS, Lidka by Mrs. LISTON,
Zorilda by Mrs. H. JOHNSTON,

Tartars,

Mess. Banks, Brown, Edgecombe, Goodwin, Grant, Griffiths, Heath, Jeffkins, Louis
Macdonald, Powers, Sarjant, Sibley, Thurston, Yarnold, &c.—Messd. Bradwell,
Bologna, Heath, Louis, Ryall, Sexton, Standen, Watts.

Georgians,

Mess. Andrews, Bath, Cooper, Cordell, W. Davies, H. Davies, Fagan, Hall, Harris,
Hodson, Holford, Kelly, Lane, Paul, Smith, Tate, Turpin, Williams, Wright, &c.

The Publick are respectfully informed that
The following arrangements have been made to meet, in some degree, the unprecedented applications for the performances of

Miss O'NEILL,

this Evening she will act the character of BELVIDERA—on Wednesday. She will appear for the FIRST TIME in the character of Mrs. Beverley in the Tragedy of The GAMESTER—on Friday, ISABELLA—and JULIET on Monday next.

The Three Last Nights of Mr. KEMBLE's performances.

Tomorrow, BRUTUS, in JULIUS CÆSAR—On Thursday, CORIOLANUS—
and on Tuesday the 20th, (by particular desire) MACBETH.

(Which will positively be the last night of his acting during this engagement.)

*** No Orders can be admitted.

The New Farce called THE KING and the DUKE; or, WHICH is WHICH,
having been received throughout with peals of laughter and applause,
will be repeated every evening till further notice, Thursday and Monday excepted.

Tomorrow, Shakspeare's Tragedy of JULIUS CÆSAR,

Cassius, Mr. YOUNG, Marc Antony, Mr. CONWAY,

Brutus by Mr. KEMBLE, (being the last night but two of his engagement.)

On Wednesday, the Tragedy of The GAMESTER.

Beverly by Mr. YOUNG, Stukely (first time) by Mr. TERRY,

Mrs. Beverley (for the first time) by Miss O'NEILL.

On Thursday, Shakspeare's Tragedy of CORIOLANUS. Coriolanus by Mr. KEMBLE

(Being the last night he can act that character during this engagement.)

With the last New Melo-Drama called The FOREST of BONDY; or, the Dog of MONTARGIS.

On Friday, (7th time) Southern's Tragedy of ISABELLA. Biron, Mr. YOUNG.

Isabella by Miss O'NEILL, (Being her 7th appearance in that character.)

On Saturday will be repeated (8th time) the Opera of JOHN of PARIS,
with the new Farce of The KING and the DUKE—and
ALADDIN; or, The WONDERFUL LAMP.

Boston Museum,

AND GALLERY OF FINE ARTS,
Corner of Tremont and Brondfield Streets.

Stage Manager, **W. H. Smith.**

(The new Moral and Domestic Drama, of great local interest, (written expressly for this Establishment,) named
THE DRUNKARD! Or the Fallen Saved!

Original Music, composed and arranged by T. COMER. Machinery, by J. WHITTENOR.
New and beautiful Scenery, Views in Boston and its Vicinity, by the well known Artists, T. C. BARTHOLOMEW and Geo. Curtis. The Ballet, by Mrs C. W. HUNT.

The PIECE ARRANGED and DIRECTED by W. H. SMITH.

In consequence of the length of the Drama, no other piece will be performed

On **MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 26th, 1844,**

And Every Evening till Further Notice!

Will be produced, after many weeks of preparation, a new Moral and Domestic Drama, in 5 parts, entitled the

DRUNKARD, OR, THE FALLEN SAVED!

Previous to the Drama, **ORIGINAL OVERTURE**, composed and arranged by T. COMER.

EDWARD MIDDLETON,	Mr W. H. SMITH.	Lawyer CRIBBS,	Mr G. H. WYATT
BILL DOWTON,	Mr C. W. HUNT.	ARDEN RENCELAW, (a Boston Merchant,	Mr G. C. GERMON.
OLD BAILEY, (a Schoolmaster),	Mr NERRITT.	Farmer GATES,	Mr THOMPSON
Old HATHAWAY,	Mr LOCKE.	Farmer STEVENS,	Mr G. HOWARD
BANK MESSENGER,	Mr S. ADAMS	LANDLORD,	Mr G. LOCKE.
STANLEY,	Mr COAD.	BARKER,	Mr OGDEN
POLICE OFFICER,	Mr J. ADAMS.	CHARLES NEWLAND,	Master PHILLIPS
HENRY EVANS,	Master FOX.	MARY WILSON,	Mrs G. C. GERMON.
Farmers, Watchmen, Loafers, &c. by Auxiliaries.		Mrs SPINDLE,	Mrs J. REID.
Widow WILSON,	Mrs WOODWARD	JULIA MIDDLETON,	Miss A. PHILLIPS.
AGNES DOWTON, (a Maid),	Miss E. COAD.	JENNY JONES,	Miss REES
PATIENCE-DRAYTON,	Miss C. FOX.	RHODA,	Miss W. FOX.
SALLY LAWTON,	Miss F. PHILLIPS.		
AMY,		Female Villagers, Milliners, &c	

PART I.

Scene 1. Interior of the Widow's Cottage. Bartholomew.

Scene 2. Landscape and Wood. Curtis. Scene 3. Handsome Chamber.

Scene 4. Landscape. Scene 5. Village Landscape. Curtis.

The Bridal Chorus—"Hail & hail! happy pair!"

VILLAGE DANCE and TABLEAU.

An interval of several years supposed to occur between the First and Second Parts.

PART II.

Scene 1. Miss Spindle's House. The Consultation. Scene 2. Landscape. The Doubt

Scene 3. VILLAGE BAR ROOM. Bartholomew. The Temptation.

Scene 4. Landscape. Scene 5. Widow's Cottage. The Death and the Departure.

PART III.

BOSTON IN 1840.

Scene 1. View, PHILLIPS PLACE and COURT STREET. Bartholomew

The FORGERY and THE REFUSAL.

Scene 2. SCHOOL STREET. Curtis.

Scene 3. A well known Bar Room. Curtis. Scene 4. School Street.

Scene 5. Wretched Attic in Ann Street.

The Wife and Child. The Serpent. The Friend. The Rescue.

Scene 6. FANEUIL HALL and DOCK SQUARE. Curtis.

The Drunkard and the Watchmen. The Wrong Man. The Struggle. The CAPTURE.

PART IV.

Scene 1. Arch and Building, Hawley Street. Bartholomew.

The Outcast and The Landlord. Despair and Suicide. A Friend. HOPE!

Scene 2. THE MALL and WINTER STREET. Bartholomew

The Old Maid and The Lawyer. The Sober. The Mistake.

Scene 3. School Street. Scene 4. Rencelaw's House.

The Husband, Wife and Child, THE REDEEMED ONE!

PART V.

Scene 1. Landscape. The Discovery. Return to Reason. The Disclosure and the Stratagem

Scene 2. Landscape. The Plot! The Detection!

"The Bird has flown, the Will is gone. The rightful heir has got his own.

The Confession! The Punishment!

Scene Last. THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT!

"Home! Sweet Home!" HAPPINESS! the result of

TEMPERANCE, PURITY and LOVE!

Museum open for Visitors from 8 A. M. to 10, P. M.

Picture Gallery opens at 6 1/2 o'clock. Overture commences at 7.
Curtain will rise at 7 1/4, precisely.

ADMISSION TO MUSEUM and ENTERTAINMENT, 25 CENTS; Children under 12 years of age, when accompanied by their parents, half price.

As an experienced Taxidermist is engaged at the Museum, and persons having pet Birds or Quadrupeds they wish preserved, can have them mounted in the best manner.

William Marden, Printer, 38 Congress Street, Boston.

tainments and events of a similar character. The more important the event the more valuable and interesting the program which gives its details. In this category can be classed the playbill which was used on the occasion of the Edwin Adams benefit at the Boston Theatre on the morning of October 31, 1877, when the elder Sothorn brought his company from New York, played the "Crushed Tragedian," and speeded back to New York where he again acted the same night. The program used was a special one, and not the regular housebill. The same rarity prevails with the program of the Murdoch benefit, which was a small four-page booklet with a portrait. And there are scores, if not hundreds of bills of this class of entertainments, which would be difficult if not impossible to procure.

All programs of the openings of theatres have, naturally, an unusual and special value, and a single specimen of this class would trouble the collector to find on sale. Young amateur collectors and sometimes old ones, make the mistake of supposing they can fill gaps in their files by

pickups and driblets. But they find after a while that the important items of their quest are still in the want column, and not for them.

Foreign programs and those used in the Confederate states during the Rebellion, as well as in the camps of the two armies are subjects for the collector. Likewise are college and open-air entertainments on lawns or hotel piazzas, or barns. The programs of the royal "command" performances in England are considered nuggets by the more exclusive collectors. But few of these are printed, generally on satin or fancy cardboard. One bill of a royal performance at King Edward's palace recently sold in Boston for twenty-five dollars.

One specialist, a New York admirer of Richard Mansfield, is said to have a complete set of bills of that actor's performances since he became a star. Such a set, as might be supposed, though only of recent dates, would be of exceptional value, and would sell for almost any sum the owner chose to demand.

The great collection of James Brown of Malden, which Libbie sold a while ago, contained over 180,000 playbills, many of them exceedingly rare and choice. As a collector, Brown was indefatigable, and had money to gratify his taste and desires, giving up business that

he might devote his time and attention to the fad. The sale brought buyers from all over the country, most of the New York collectors coming over in person, and buying freely. Many of the complete sets, as well as rare single specimens were disposed of at good prices. There was a small fortune in the aggregate sale.

An illustration of program collecting is shown in the fact that a set of bills in which the late William Warren was the chief feature was gathered by Lucius Poole of Boston, and was sold by that gentleman for five hundred dollars, the purchaser coming from New York for the purpose. It was in the form of a splendidly bound book, and contained a bill of about every play in which Mr. Warren appeared from his debut to his retirement. There were also scores of photographs of Warren in and out of character, and much letter press matter relating to the great comedian. A large portion of the work was skilfully inlaid. It is doubtful if this book could be duplicated for twice five hundred dollars. Mr. Poole also made another book of programs in which the late Mrs. M. A. Vincent appeared, with the story of her life, portraits, etc., similar to the Warren book. This was recently disposed of for a large sum at the sale of Mr. Poole's collection.



An Isle of the Sea

By GRACE LE BARON

"It's a snug little Island
A right little, tight little Island."—*Dibdin.*

SEMI-ANNUALLY, at least, the Island of Nantucket, *our* "beautiful Isle of the sea," is foremost in the public eye. It first attracts us when the ice embargo shuts it away from the outside world, when its harbor is filled with enormous cakes of floating ice which imperil navigation, when Winter literally holds it in its icy grasp; and again, when in summer dress, it woos the "stranger" to visit its shores and to listen to its surf, beating on the sandy beach.



FRONT VIEW OF HOUSE OF HENRY M. UPHAM
OF BOSTON, SHOWING ITS ANTIQUITY

Despite all the talk about its "freeze ups" of later days, the one of 1779 must go down into history as unequalled, commencing, so tradition says, in December, and closing the harbor without intermission all winter. To-day, there is the telegraph and the Marconi wireless to mitigate, and the stories of deprivations of Nantucket folk, as now so often told, only subject the fairy-story tellers to jest; for the people of Nantucket prepare for winter, just as a traveller prepares for his journey, and news from the absent is the only thing actually missed by them. Indeed the inhabitants go so far as to say, that it is these winter days, when they are thus shut in together, which are the pleasantest, for then they have time "to get acquainted" as they call it.

But to the "stranger" (the only word which should be eliminated from a Nantucket dictionary, as being, to say the least, uncomplimentary to those who visit its shores year in and year out) the glorious summer time presents it at its best. Its atmosphere is then unequalled, unless it be by the winter air of those farther away Islands of the Bermudas. There is a balminess in its breezes,—a healing balminess,—which brings convalescence to the invalid. Nature seems to have taken from its winds the harshness of many seashore resorts and given to them a healing power.

* * * * *

The island has its history, as have



FRONT VIEW OF MRS. DAVID NEVINS' RESIDENCE

we all; and history says that the ever-enterprising Bartholomew Gosnold, in 1602, did sight the highest point of the Island where Sankaty Lighthouse now sheds its warning light for the mariner; and that later one Thomas Mayhew and others were given its ownership, and still later, that this same Thomas Mayhew did transfer his right to those whose descendants still inhabit the Island,—one Thomas Macy being the first settler—for, as tradition tells it, “thirty pounds current” and two beaver hats,—one for himself and one for his good wife;” but alas! rumor does not say the style chosen for Mrs. Mayhew, whether trimmed with birds of plumage as the sea gull or the plover, or the floating seaweeds for which the Island is noted.

A bargain it certainly was which has thus secured for “generations yet unborn” such a home, and were Mr. Fields living to-day, he would never venture to say “Nantucket’s sunk,” and “old Ma’am Hacket’s garden” would share the honors

with a very live Island town and suburbs, which, year by year, beckons to its children from the North, South, East and West.

And geography tells us that it is an Island thirty miles out at sea; and it is this latter fact, the fact that it *is* out at sea, which has been one of its greatest attractions, and which has, despite its spasmodic isolations, called from all points of the compass, those who visit its shores, and troll, summer after summer, for the blue-fish and who walk its moors and gather its flora. But the Island is a public benefactor, as well as a playground, when the warning of the bell buoy off the bar is heeded:—

“Ship ahoy! it cries in danger,
And so be thou art a stranger
To this coast, be still a ranger.
Fill thy white sails—
Death claims these shoals!”

Still another messenger meets the mariner at Great Point Light, while Sankaty still again adds its final word of warning and of blessing:—

"‘Aye, Aye!’ the sailor cries, as from afar
Thy warning comes; ‘Unwind the cable
chain!

Stand by the anchor, lads. See! shoal and
bar.’

And by thy light, the morning breaks
again,
O light o’ Sankaty.

"‘Cross Sconset’s plains to Monomoy’s
calm height,

The balmy breezes do thy praises tell;
And fair Wauwinet, shrouded for the night,
Calls to Coattue in thy care—‘All is well,
O light o’ Sankaty.

"One careless glance—a thousand souls are
lost;

One careless thought and Death thy
Kingdom claims.

This thou dost ken—and ships when tem-
pest tossed

Cry unto thee, above all other names,—
O light o’ Sankaty.

.

"Praise God for thee whose light is always
trimmed
O light o’ Sankaty."

Thus can it be said that its coast,
though surrounded by danger, is
prepared for danger as well,
although disasters happen neverthe-
less.

Time was when Nantucket was

foremost in the whaling industry,
and there are still those left who
compare its past with its present,
calling to mind that in 1841 alone,
twenty-nine ships were fitted out;
but prosperity comes not always in
the same general line, and the town
has little need of living on its past,
for the present makes it the cyno-
sure of all eyes. Nor can it live
upon its present alone; but it can
and does look forward to a future
equally ennobling, and, if statistics
tell aright of the past—that future
will be as lucrative.

To-day, venerable, white-haired
sea captains sit around in what is
called the "Captain's room," and
revel in telling,—shall we say—"fish
stories?" True there may be ro-
mance in some, but facts prevail;
and facts tell of the loaded vessels
entering outside the harbor where
now the sail-boat and the steam-
yacht signal their coming into port.
Indeed, some there are to-day on
the Island who treasure the silver
dollar which was, in their boyhood



REAR PIAZZA OF MRS. DAVID NEVINS' RESIDENCE

days, their reward for announcing the incoming of some whale-ship, loaded with its barrels of sperm oil, and which was given them by the waiting wife on the housewalk, who had watched for days, ay, for weeks, for the absent husband, *her* Captain, whose "absence had made the heart grow fonder."

Nantucket wives of old well deserve to be called heroines, for oftentimes, voyages counted not only two long years, but twice two years, and, as an inheritance, these

lowering flag shows that another kind of life is led in Nantucket than of yore, and that "the tackling of a sperm whale" has had to give way to the pleasure-seekers after blue-fish and sharks.

There is one word which Nantucketers, "as to the manner born," resent, and that is the word "quaint"; and yet the little Island would lose much of its interest without this very word, for what would it be without its "Stone Alley," its "Plumb lane," and its quaintest of



HOUSE OF WILLIAM BARNES, JR., OVERLOOKING THE SEA

women have handed down to their children nobleness of character, even though the sentimental has had to give way to the practical, and good housewives have had to prevail amongst its women.

Gradually, the whale industry decreased, and now all is changed, for such leviathans no more enter its port, but pretty sail-boats, filled with their merry crews, or some pretentious steam-yacht drops anchor, and the sunset gun with its

all villages, the suburbs of the town itself, Siasconset, or more familiarly spoken of, as "Sconset." Even there fashion has intruded, but there are still left some of the little, low houses where one has to crawl up to bed, much as one has to climb a ship's ladder. And quaint customs prevail; such as the curfew ringing, the town crier's call of the "meat auction," or the sale of household goods. But its quaint people are fast dying out (more's the pity!)

and Nantucket people of to-day, who follow the newer ways, are in the majority.

To see Nantucket at her best, visitors must follow the sound of the bell buoy off the bar, round Brant Point on a summer day, and it is an easy matter to believe that a city and not a town welcomes their waiting eyes. The surf beats upon the white, sandy beach and tosses itself playfully across the jetty. Merry bathers dip themselves in the

comers choose the Cliff overlooking the ocean, where they can "see their ships come in," but the town has everywhere some representative of wealth and fashion. Yes, and like Boston, it has its "water side," for Orange Street overlooking the harbor, counts much wealth and solid aristocracy. From here across the harbor, one looks over at Wauwinet's peaceful beach, and Sankaty flashes its revolving light. Monomoy, another settled district of the



HOUSE OF SIDNEY CHASE, OF CHASE AND BARSTOW, BANKERS, BOSTON

waters, which are ten degrees warmer than on the North or South shore. The moors, or more properly called "commons," show every color of the rainbow in their varied flora, and the air seems to breathe new life to all.

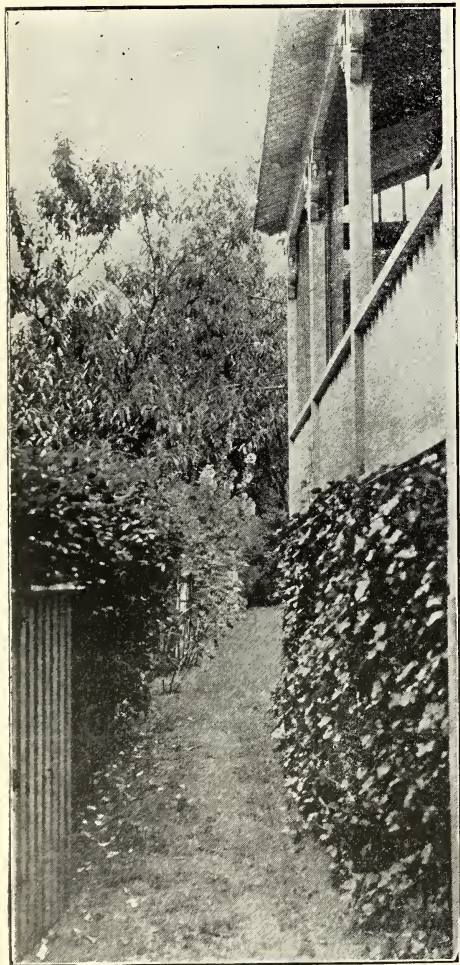
It would be difficult to say where was the real aristocratic part of the town; and even the annual summer visitor is disposed to disclaim making it a fashionable resort, although desirous of welcoming only the better element. Some of the newer

town, shows its sun-lit roofs in the distance, and Coatue's long stretch of sand calls to the idle visitor.

Pass up the main street with its avenue of trees, and one passes pretentious houses even of the olden times. Side by side are the three brick dwelling houses once tenanted by the three Starbuck brothers, still talked of, wealthy ship owners of those days, when the men used the harpoon and the women used the distaff.

The Old Mill on a side street be-

yond is shown to the visitor as a relic of olden times—built in 1746—and was recently bought and presented by a Bostonian to the Historical Society. The Soldiers' monument in the open square records



KENSINGTON COTTAGE, SHOWING ITS WREATH OF ENGLISH IVY. OWNED BY MR. EDWARD ISAM OF CLEVELAND

the names of those who died for their country with that same bravery, inherited from those same mothers of old who cared for their families and paced the housewalk

in patient waiting for the absent captain, who, as the song goes, was "striking a sperm whale." It is said that twenty-nine Nantucket boys served under Paul Jones on the Bon Homme Richard.

As before said, there is no true aristocratic part of the town. Wealth is represented everywhere, when the moors, or commons put on their summer dress of flora. Boston boasts its complement of residents, for within a stone's throw, one might almost say, are three Boston "boys," so to speak. One, Mr. Sydney Chase of the banking house of Chase & Barstow, has chosen his home on Main Street and preserved the antiquity of the old houses which he has thrown into one, and, in dull red garb, it stands as an example of old-time days. Mr. Richard Elkins of the brokers' firm of George C. Brooks & Co., occupies his family homestead, and Mr. Henry M. Upham, for almost forty years identified with the Old Corner Book Store, occupies his house on Orange Street, which, like all the houses on this street, has the harbor view before spoken of. In keeping with the houses about, he has preserved the old-time fashion at the front and modernized the back of it only. There are still to be seen the old-fashioned steps, with the wooden railings; the steps themselves running far across the sidewalk; and the beams within the rooms tell that the house has long passed the century mark.

On this same street is the house of Judge Sloane of Sandusky, Ohio; for the West is largely represented amongst the summer colony. Then follows the house of the millionaire Willards of Washington, simple and unobtrusive; and just below, is one

of the most pretentious estates of Nantucket, that of Mr. William Barnes, Jr., grandson of the late Hon. Thurlow Weed of Albany.

It is said that the terraces overlooking the sea cost far into the thousands, and it is easily believed when one considers that each terrace is a marvel of masonry, and the green velvety grass which covers them is equally marvellous and beautiful. This, then, is one of the three most pretentious and elegant

It would be difficult to make comparisons, with so many estates to attract the eye, but if one wishes to mount the Cliff and sight land and water from its height, one can readily do so from the broad piazza of Mrs. David Nevins, who once lived in Boston.

A bijou of a house is that of Dr. William Boone of New York, appropriately named Overvine, for the house itself is hidden by a wealth of ivy and vines. To see it



MOOR'S END, HOUSE OF H. BIGELOW WILLIAMS OF BOSTON

estates of the town; and Boston again shares the honors of the other two; for one would hardly believe it, but there is to be found in Mr. H. Bigelow Williams's estate, Moor's End, a reproduction of an Italian villa. Its high wall may shut out its beauties from the chance passer-by, but once within the gate, the peristyle and the flowered garden and statuary suggest a villa of beautiful Florence.

at its best is to see it in festal array, with the trees which have long ago over-reached the century mark, and its lawn awaiting a garden party.

The English ivy upon the Island is a surprise to all, who come expecting to see little else but eel grass; but all this is a mistake, though eels and eel grass exist on the Island, but flowers are to be found there, too, and the accom-

panying illustration of a nook in the garden of Kensington Villa so-called, owned by Mr. Edward Isom, a wealthy summer visitor from Cleveland, Ohio, verifies the words.

Yes, Nantucket has its "freeze ups," but it also has its summer gardens, and its summer folk look with respect upon a people of ster-

of the American Revolution.

To know Nantucket is to love it. To know its people is to respect them. Isolated they may be, but from the time Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin of English fame founded the Coffin school in 1827, the doors of Vassar and of Smith have swung wide open to its students, showing



THE OLD MILL

ling qualities and of sturdy character. It has sent out to the world celebrities such as Lucretia Mott, and Maria Mitchell, the astronomer; and the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin's mother is marked in a befitting manner by the Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter Daughters

that educational advantages have helped to add their glory and made of its people a people of culture and learning, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific are to be found teachers who first learned their A B C's in the modest schoolhouse of this island town.



Nantucket

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

The purple moors—for here the heather grows—
In undulating waves roll toward the sea,
Bespangled by bright blossoms of the lea,—
Marsh marigolds, sweet-brier and daisy blows;
And here the sheep, with fleece like drifted snows,
Unshepherded, browse in security,
While care-free butterfly and drowsy bee,
On happy wings, saunter from rose to rose.

O isle beloved with love that knows no wane,
We love thy breezes from the great salt main,
Thy golden shores where madcap billows dance,
Thy treeless moors, thy star-sprink't sky's expanse;
For e'en the thought of thee brings peace and rest,
Thou lovely jewel on the ocean's breast.

The Outlook in the Philippines

By HENRY L. SHUMWAY

THE acquisition by the United States, of Cuba and the Philippine Islands brings with it grave responsibilities, which rest primarily and directly of course upon the Federal Government; but, as this is a government by and for the people, the responsibility is really theirs. It is therefore essential, if any citizen is to exert his personal influence wisely, that he should understand, in such measure as is possible, the conditions which underlie his responsibility, and the possibilities which exist for effective influence. Cuba is so near our own borders, and other conditions have been so favorable that there is

a general knowledge among well-informed people concerning its people, resources, necessities and possibilities. With the islands of the Far East, however, the conditions are different. The same necessity for information exists, but until now the public has been supplied only with partial and often partisan material, so that no comprehensive and reliable data for sound judgment have been available to the general public.

This condition is, however, remedied by the recent publication through the United States Census Department, of the first systematic and impartial census of the Philip-

pine Islands. The work has been in charge of General J. P. Sanger, director, and Henry Gannett and Victor H. Olmstead, assistant directors; and has been in hand for the last two years. The result is published in four large volumes, with maps and illustrations. The financial condition of the department, however, compelled restriction of the edition to four thousand copies, and the public libraries are almost the only channels through which this mass of valuable and instructive material is accessible.

The three official directors, and Governor Taft have co-operated in the work, and they popularized the effort and secured assurance of its success by enlisting natives of the islands in the details of the work. Of the 7,627 persons employed in the field work, only about 125 were other than islanders. Previous census work in the islands, under Spanish and Church auspices, has been an object of suspicion and jealousy to the people, who had good reasons to fear that the movement was preliminary to new and increased burdens of taxation. By the employment of properly instructed native agents, suspicion and jealousy were largely overcome, and general popular co-operation was secured. The result is therefore the first reliable and comprehensive presentation of the condition, resources, and prospects of the island.

The facts presented seem encouraging in every aspect, but they emphasize with great intensity the sense of obligation resting upon the government, and the people of the United States, to carry forward the work of education, civilization and development, to which these people are entitled, in the spirit of philanthropy rather than

one of selfishness. It is quite apparent that American capital and enterprise can secure generous returns from the islands almost at once, but this probability should be ignored, at least by official administration, in favor of broader effort for the educational and political development of these people, which in the end must prove of far greater and more lasting financial recompense. At present the islands are a missionary field, not for the propagation of adherence to any particular creed, but for the presentation and illustration of broad Christian principles, which in all successful efforts for the civilization of heathen peoples have been most effective. The Christianity that these people need is that which carries with it popular education, personal and collective industry and enterprise, and personal, social, and political purity and integrity. This is the work to which the United States has invited itself in assuming control of these island people, and it is the work to which this country is solemnly pledged by its own history, traditions and development. Never was the scripture text more apposite, "Freely ye have received; freely give."

One topographical feature of these islands which must be appreciated in any study of their possibility of development is the fact that while their total land area is only about 115,000 square miles, or practically equal to that of the New England States, and the State of New York, the aggregate coast line is more than double that of the entire United States, excluding the recently acquired Alaskan peninsula. There are in all 3,141 islands, including all that at high-tide appear separate, of which only 1,668 are yet

named. This total, the result of the recent census work, doubles the number of islands heretofore recognized. Only two of the islands exceed 10,000 square miles in area, Luzon, with 40,969, and Mindanao with 36,292. New York State has about 47,000 square miles. Nine others have areas of between 1,000 and 10,000 square miles; twenty range from 100 to 1,000 square miles, seventy-three between 10 and 100 square miles, and two hundred and sixty-two between one and 10 square miles. The remainder, seven-eighths of the whole, have areas of less than a square mile each. The geological structure is generally volcanic, supplemented by coralline reefs.

Naturally, harbors are numerous; at present most of them are insecure on account of the absence of charts, lights, buoys, etc., and vacillating currents and tropical winds add to the present perils of the navigator. The natives, however, are generally water-bred, and are expert sailors. With the material development of the islands, it is apparent that local traffic will be largely by water and the local marine will be an important feature.

Each of the three larger islands has a river of more than 200 miles in length, while Luzon has three others nearly as large. Minor streams, capable of utilization for traffic and for water power, are abundant.

Railroads in the larger islands, and the construction of wharves and docks, as adjuncts of water-carriage, are needed here as everywhere else where commerce is an essential factor in industrial development, and they will be supplied by private or corporate agencies as rapidly as permanent demand is manifest. The conditions in this regard are

only those incident to any new country in its development from semi-barbarism into commercial civilization. Already about four million dollars have been expended at Manila for docks and wharves, and it will very soon rank as one of the great ports of the Orient. The prospective development of the abundant coal deposits in the islands promises to make Manila a prominent coaling port; the coal is of superior quality for steam purposes and the location is most favorable. Coal has been located in nearly all the provinces, and the prospect is excellent, when the out-croppings are properly explored. The United States government has already in operation a mine on the island of Batan, for a naval supply, and its quality is said to be equal to the best Japanese product, which has heretofore been most highly esteemed in the East. It is indicated that the islands can not only supply their own fuel, but become large exporters.

Since the American occupation of the islands, much exploration work has been accomplished. Maps of the islands and charts of the interweaving water channels have been extensively produced, and the commercial world is already in possession of much information that is indispensable to the material development of the islands. The work is still in progress through army and naval agencies as well as through the local governmental organization.

There is a marked scarcity of mammalia on the islands, only six species of the deer tribe and but three carnivora being reported. Birds are abundant, over 300 species of land birds being enumerated, including a large proportion of game birds. There are large areas of

grazing and tillage land awaiting development, lying between the equator and twenty degrees north. Sugar, hemp, tobacco and coffee are among the products which have given the islands such commercial attractions as they have heretofore enjoyed. Hemp grows wild and is gathered in considerable quantities. With a settled and beneficent government, and the introduction of incentives to industry and modern methods, the agriculture of the islands promises to be most important. The climate is not necessarily a serious obstacle to material development. Sanitary education and governmental authority for a while will remove in large measure the unfavorable features which now exist. At present cholera, bubonic plague, small-pox, leprosy, tuberculosis, dysentery and malarial fevers prevail. But all these have been controlled in equally unfavorable localities, and they can be here as soon as the people are taught the principles and practice of modern sanitation. Already a marked improvement in this respect is reported.

A popular impression prevails that the natives of the islands are indolent, and not to be depended upon as laborers. The census report explains this feature of native character, declaring that it is partly a misconception, and partly a result of Spanish mismanagement. The native Filipino does not like a task master, and will do as little as possible for him, but wherever he has learned to work for himself and been assured of possession of the fruit of his labor, he has proved to be industrious and trustworthy. Under former conditions he has had but little incentive for personal effort, but a better civilization and environ-

ment will be sure to develop an industrious and ambitious people.

The forest resources of the islands are reported as abundant and varied. Besides numerous woods desirable for cabinet work, veneering and artistic purposes, there is an abundant supply of ship and house building material, and there is also a wide variety of dye woods, gutta-percha and rubber trees and other growths ready for commercial exploitation, which when accomplished, will add very largely to the industrial and commercial importance of the islands. Some seventy per cent. of the area of the islands is in forest, and such surveys as have been made indicate a timber supply double that existing in the States of Oregon and Washington together.

Hemp has been the principal article of export from the islands, two-thirds the entire value of exports in 1902 being of this product. It is indigenous, and although an object of cultivation to some extent, the bulk of the output has come from the wild crop. This industry is capable of almost unlimited development. The exports of copra and cocoanuts amounted to over two and a half million dollars in 1902. Cacao, from which chocolate is derived, is exported to some extent, and its quality is said to be superior. Its cultivation is subject to very important development. Rice is also grown, but the prospect is that local agriculture can find more profitable channels, as its price is very low from imported sources.

The population of the islands, by this census, is a little more than seven and a half millions, of which only a little more than eight per cent. are enumerated as "wild people"; all the others enjoy a considerable degree of civilization.

There are only little more than fourteen thousand whites in the islands, and there are some forty-two thousand "yellow men," mostly Chinese. There are eight distinct tribes in the islands classed as civilized, but the Visayans number nearly one-half this class of the population. The Tagalogs rank next, counting about one-fifth, and the Ilocanos rank third with about one-eighth. Nearly all the civilized people are adherents of the Catholic Church, while most of the "wild men" are Mohammedans. Nearly all the Filipinos are of Malay stock.

During the last half century, the annual rate of increase in population in the Philippines has exceeded that of all other countries except the United States, Russia and Japan. It has been nearly three times that of British India and Spain, nearly six times that of France, but was less than half as great as the increase in the United States.

In the terminology of the census, "literacy" of the people means ability to read and write any language, English, Spanish or a Malay tongue, but probably ninety per cent. use the latter. The report credits this feature to the influence of the Friars, who preferred that the people should confine themselves to their own dialects, that they might act to their own advantage, as intermediaries between the people and the civil authorities. Not a third of the males of voting age are able to read and write. About forty-seven per cent. of the males over ten years of age can read, and nearly thirty per cent. can write. Of the females over ten years of age, about forty-two per cent. can read and a less proportion can write. Female education has been relatively neglected. Males with a

"superior education" are reported as about two and one-half per cent., while of females only about seven-tenths of one per cent. are so reported.

According to ex-Governor Taft, the "ninety per cent. of the Christian Filipinos who do not speak Spanish are really Christians. They are capable of education, and they have no caste or arbitrary customs which prevent their development along the lines of Christian civilization. They are merely in a state of Christian pupilage; they are imitative; they are glad to be educated, glad to study some language other than their own, and glad to follow European and American ideals."

When the census was taken there were nearly three thousand schools on the islands, of which fifty-five per cent. were public, thirty-three per cent. were private, and twelve per cent. were under Catholic church control. Five per cent. of the civilized population was enrolled in the schools; this is little more than a quarter of the proportion in the United States, but as it represents only two years' growth, it may well be accepted as satisfactory progress. The ratio of school attendance to enrollment is seven and a half per cent. less than in the United States. Six thousand teachers are employed, four-fifths of whom are natives. There is a great demand for an increased number of American teachers. Eleven per cent. of the school pupils understand the English language, and the opposition thereto is decreasing. Manila has twenty-one night schools for adults, with about four thousand pupils; all these are learning English.

In the report of David P. Barrows, Superintendent of Education in the islands, he says there are be-

tween forty and fifty distinct dialects in use, but there is no indication that these can ever be merged into a common, popular tongue. There is great need of a common language, and it will be far easier to secure the introduction of English than to utilize any one of the dialects, while events have excluded Spanish as in any way desirable. Opponents of education in English find little favor with the intelligent portion of the natives. They recognize the practical advantage of a knowledge of English speech, and are eager to learn; it is appreciated as the opening of the gate into the busy life of commerce, of science, of diplomacy and of politics, in which they are ambitious to share.

This education is considered as important for the common people as for the higher classes. The disadvantage of a separate language for each has been strikingly demonstrated in the past history of the islands. A broad view of the situation does not warrant the argument that an English education will stimulate undue ambition among the laboring class to rise above their present station. No good citizen of the United States should ever offer it, for however "benevolent" the assimilation of this people is to be, they must have education up to the limit of their capacity and opportunity, with the same freedom that exists in this country, and the same disregard of confining any class within certain social, political or educational limits.

Mr. Barrows is of opinion that there is a present need of ten thousand more native teachers, and four times as much school room as is now available. This, he says, would make possible the primary instruction of six hundred thousand chil-

dren, between the ages of six and fourteen. Normal school work, to train native teachers, is well advanced, and an effective beginning has been made in the establishing of manual training and trade schools. The island topography has suggested the need of a Nautical Training School, and one is already at work with over a hundred pupils, who naturally are especially well fitted for this line of instruction. The work of the United States government on educational lines appears to be conceived on broad, practical, comprehensive and beneficent lines, and should show generous results in the near future.

The census report gives some interesting comparisons of the density of population in the islands to that in other countries. The average is sixty-seven to the square mile, while the most densely populated province has nearly four hundred. The latter is more dense than Massachusetts. The average density is about that of Indiana, which is seventy to the square mile. As compared with the island of Java, which has more than five hundred and fifty to the square mile, the islands are sparsely settled. Whether the difference may be accounted for by the different influences of Dutch and Spanish rule is an interesting question for investigation. About two-thirds of the island population is on the seaboard.

Of the total native population, nearly seven millions, the two sexes are nearly equal, the difference in favor of the females being only one-third of one per cent. The average age is about two and a half years less than in the United States, but is about two-thirds of one per cent. higher than of the negroes

here. The average Filipino family is about the same in number as in the United States. The children under five years of age were by three per cent. larger proportion to the whole people than in the United States, while the proportion of children under ten years of age was five per cent. greater. Race suicide has evidently not yet become prevalent there. Between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine the proportion is smaller than in the United States, Cuba or Porto Rico. From the age of thirty to sixty-nine the proportion is smaller than in the United States. At ages over eighty the islanders have a larger proportion, and the census reports more than thirty-five hundred people over one hundred years old, but there is a serious doubt of the reports, as it was not possible to verify them by official records. The proportion of the legally married in the islands is about one-third of the population, a proportion about three per cent. less than in the United States, but about double that in Cuba.

The occupations of the people are largely limited to agriculture and fishing, the women spinning, weaving, and making hats and clothing, these being done at home. There is little co-operative or machine work, and little specialization of handicraft. The average Filipino farm is a small affair, nearly half the farms reported being less than two and a half acres in area, while a fifth of the whole contain only about one thousand square feet, not more than a common Yankee kitchen-garden. Isolated farms are not common, the people preferring to be near each other, and their wants not requiring any considerable land area for their satisfaction. The average size of all farms is only about eight

and a half acres, or one-seventeenth that of the farms in the United States. There is a vast amount of unused land awaiting development. Although the holdings are small, the proportion of those who own their farms is larger than in this country. Pauperism is almost unknown, for wants are few and easily supplied and the dependent ones are usually cared for by relatives and friends. The criminal population is small, only about one-half the proportion in the States. Aside from agriculture, in its present primitive condition the islanders engage largely in fishing. A very large proportion of the people live on the coast; fish are abundant and form an unusually large proportion of the native diet. With settled conditions and commercial development to encourage industry, much may be hoped from this source. Pearl fishing is carried on to some extent, but by primitive methods and in a desultory manner. There has been more or less commercial intercourse with the Philippines since 1834, but the Spanish occupation has not stimulated trade nor production. Since the American occupation the number of ports open to commerce has increased three-fold. The exports in 1902 were \$28,671,904, and the imports were \$33,342,166. Commerce has thus far been mostly carried on under the British and German flags.

Already important changes have been made in the administration of justice in the islands. Chief Justice Arellano states in the census report on this topic that the cumbersome, expensive and inefficient system which prevailed under Spanish rule has been superseded by "a more simple code of civil and criminal

procedure, following American methods, and an avoidance of the great delays which previously existed." The change in the judicial system has been inaugurated with a wise recognition of popular prejudice. Until next January the Spanish language will be that of the courts, when English will be formally substituted; but meanwhile both languages are in use for records, and thus the change is to be brought about without unnecessary friction.

The development of this island people, barbarian at first, and still barbarous with a thin veneer of a gross form of civilization, through the dominance of rulers who had no care for their advancement, is not the work of a day, a year, nor a decade. It will require the passing of more than one generation before full competence for self-government is attained, but this census shows not only the magnitude of the work and its attendant problems, but also that it has been well begun.

Like the Rush of Mighty Wings

A Memory of 1843

By DORA ANNIS CHASE

"**I** DUNNO," mused Sam Skinner, as he stretched out his long arm to poke the fire, "it may come like a thief in the night or 'Like the Rush o' mighty wings,' but whichever way it comes, it'll find me a waitin'."

"I'm sure o' that, Sam Skinner," snapped Mrs. Jones, as she whisked away the ashes he had dropped on the hearth. "All you've done for the last twenty years is to wait. Your wife an' farm both show it. I guess the Lord would be better pleased, when He came, to find you shoein' hosses than waitin' 'round. Anybody can wait!"

"I don't believe you'd be any great hand at it, Betsy," said Mr. Jones, with a twinkle in his eye.

Mrs. Jones sniffed. "Well, the Lord ain't a comin' jest now, but if He was, He'd find me doin' my work. I'd feel better in Heaven to know it was ship-shape under my sink.

If the world was to come to an end, which, mind you, it won't yet awhile, I should want my dishes an' floor clean as well as my heart."

"Ah, Betsy," droned a melancholy-looking man who sat on the wood-box, "it was Mary chose the better part."

"Yes, but Marthy got the Lord's dinner an' made him comfortable," retorted Betsy. "I always thought well of Marthy."

"It must take lots o' brains an' edication to figger out jest when the world is a-goin' to end," remarked Neighbor Peasley, from his station behind the stove.

"An' still more to find fools to believe what he says," observed Mrs. Jones.

Shortly before the opening of our story, a Millerite preacher had come to Linden, Maine, to announce the speedy second coming of Christ.

Possessed of dramatic fervor, fanatical zeal and Bible lore, he won the confidence of scores of the simple country people. With many an exposition founded on Scripture texts, he assumed to foretell the precise date of the end of the world. This event, according to his calculations, was to come to pass on the following Tuesday afternoon at exactly four o'clock. Then all the believers in Linden were to ascend a certain hill and await the coming of their Lord. All business had practically ceased in Linden. The smithy's forge and the miller's wheel were alike silent.

Cattle went hungry, crops were neglected and weeds flourished in the gardens.

The indolent made this an occasion for idleness, the devout for prayer and Bible study.

At church, in the public square, at the street corners, men paused to discuss the ascension of the saints, the annihilation of the wicked and other kindred subjects.

Even the children ceased their play to listen to the all-absorbing topic. Not that all the dwellers in Linden believed the new doctrine. Many vacillated, leaning now to one side, then to the other, according to the opinions of those with whom they mingled. A few were indifferent and some scorned the whole theory as absurd. Betsy Jones passionately opposed all the evangelist's teachings, for her strong common-sense rebelled against such visionary ideas.

To her husband, they appealed strongly for, unsuspected by him or his friends, there slumbered in the old man's nature a dramatic element which the fiery preacher stirred and, like a wind-swept harp, Elnathan's whole being responded.

Betsy was respected and feared. Her many deeds of charity were accepted tremblingly, while her husband was loved by every man, woman, child, cat and dog in the town. His was the first and sometimes the only hand held out to the unfortunate or the fallen. His the smile that drew the child with a hurt finger or the dog with a lame paw instantly to his side. Neither failed to find shelter in his arms, close to his big, warm heart.

"He allers has some worthless critter in tow," grumbled Betsy, half proudly, half indignantly.

Sometimes his kindness bore fruit a hundredfold, although it was often abused. He was always more amused than grieved when his money was used for senseless things by those to whom he gave.

"I don't see how you can laugh!" his wife would exclaim. "I should think you'd learn a lesson when you see your hard earnin's squandered."

"Oh, I dunno," the gentle soul would reply. "If he got jest what he wanted with it, he didn't squander it. The heart's desire is more than victuals an' drink."

Such fallacious reasoning usually rendered Betsy speechless. She could only snort and rattle the stove covers.

But now this sweet, fine nature had become so absorbed in concern for his soul that worldly matters were forgotten.

His wife was in despair. In vain she tried to convince her husband of his folly. Neither logic nor ridicule moved him. Day after day the house was filled with "believing" neighbors, who took Mr. Jones's time and seriously hindered Mrs. Jones in her work. She retaliated by lashing them with her sharp tongue and ready wit. She worked busily hoe-

ing potatoes and pulling weeds. In every way she tried to keep things running, "till Elnathan comes to his senses again," she expressed it. But he, who had always been so thoughtful before, dreamed on, taking no heed.

Sometimes he would expostulate mildly.

"What is the use, Betsy? We shall not be here long, now. I wish you'd be preparin' for that awful day an' think more about your soul."

"Stuff an' nonsense!" fumed Betsy. "It's our stomachs I'm thinkin' about, an' so will you when you git over this folly."

And while the wife watched the crops and kept the house, and the husband prayed, time sped on. The excitement grew. Even the unbelievers began to feel a vague uneasiness and to wonder if there might not be some truth in the matter after all.

One day, as Mrs. Jones stood by the kitchen window washing dishes, she saw in a distant field two figures moving about among the potato vines. She watched them for a moment, then quickly drying her hands, she started forth, broom in hand, on a tour of prosecution.

When she had reached the spot, two ragged boys were there busily employed in digging potatoes and depositing them in a basket.

"What are you doin'?" demanded Betsy.

"Diggin' pertaters," was the laconic rejoinder.

"Who told you to dig 'em?"

"Why," replied the elder lad, with a cunning grin, "the end o' the world is comin' so soon that you won't need all them pertaters, so we might's well have some."

Betsy raised her broom.

"You git out o' this pertater

patch," she said, grimly, "or you'll think the end o' the world's got along, or the end o' this broomstick, one or t'other! The end o' the world is as near you as it is me, an' considerable nearer if you don't git."

But the boys had not waited for the peroration of Mrs. Jones's speech and were already out of sight.

At last the day dawned, to be greeted with varying emotions by those who had dreaded or longed for its coming. The morning was bright and beautiful, but in the afternoon dark clouds began to gather and an ominous sound of thunder was heard in the west.

At three o'clock the believers began to ascend the hill, on whose crest their leader already stood, with arms outstretched and face upturned.

Here and there groups of neighbors walked together, or a father and mother led their little ones between them. Sometimes two old people tottered up the hill, hand in hand, while many a solitary soul went on alone.

Even in the solemnity of that hour, there were those who paused to help a feeble neighbor along or to speak a word of cheer to a timid one, while others went straight on, intent only on saving their own souls.

Blacker grew the clouds and deeper the shadows in the valley below.

Around the waiting people, sharply outlined against the sky, the forked lightning began to play, while the wind fanned their hot cheeks.

Suddenly the preacher began singing in a clear, exultant tone:

"Arise, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears."

Voice after voice joined in the

hymn, and the deep tones of the thunder made a solemn accompaniment.

After the believers, came the rabble, intent on seeing what would happen.

"There goes old Tom Hill," called out a scoffer. "I'll bet he made his robe out of a sheet, an' borrowed that to save payin' for it."

"Jim Jones'll want to beg a ride on somebody's shoulders; he's too lazy to fly," said another.

"There comes Nance Brown a-puffin' up the hill. I knowed she'd be late; she always was."

And thus it was, as it has been since the world began; one mocked while another prayed.

Some of the neighbors called for Elnathan on their way. Betsy burst out laughing at the sight of lank Sam Skinner, whose bony, red arms stuck out of his short, white sleeves, while his scanty skirts seriously impeded progress.

"Well," commented Mrs. Jones frankly, "you're the worst lookin' crew I ever saw. There ain't a robe among you that fits you any better than common sense fits your theories. Pretty lookin' angels you'll make."

"Ain't you a-goin', Elnathan?" asked Sam, ignoring Betsy's remarks.

"I guess not," rejoined Elnathan. "I'd meant to, but Betsy don't feel to go. We've jogged along together a good while, an' I'd like us to be side by side whatever comes."

"Don't the Bible say we must leave wife an' house an' lands?" queried Sam, gazing aggressively at Betsy.

"Yes," replied Mr. Jones, "but I don't think the Scriptures meant a-goin' up Sunset Hill—in robes like yours," he added, a smile lurking at the corners of his mouth.

Thus they left him, and like Christian of old went on their way Zionward without their neighbor.

Elnathan sat down by the window, while his wife bustled about the kitchen. Strange thoughts flitted through his mind as he sat there waiting for he knew not what. Life was sweet to the good old man. He hated to leave it and go out into a shadowy unknown.

And down deep in his heart, unacknowledged, lay the fear that after all he might be deceived.

"Betsy," he said wistfully, "I wish you'd come an' set down with me."

"Well, I won't," she replied shortly, "till I git this stove blacked."

For she had been deeply touched by her husband's refusal to leave her, and like a true New England woman, she was unusually sharp to hide her feelings.

She shrewdly surmised, however, that her husband felt rather relieved at not having to don one of those unpicturesque robes and go with the others, and, worse still, come back again if the world continued to stand.

Elnathan had a keen sense of humor and those garments were not becoming.

"It seems very trivial to me, thinkin' of earthly things jest now," he said.

"I don't think so," Betsy replied stoutly. "If the Lord does come, I want all my work faithfully done, an' if He don't come," she continued, "I'll have it to do anyway."

And not till everything was thoroughly finished did she sit down on a low stool by her husband's side.

A great wave of pity surged over her heart as she looked at him. She was sorry for the humiliation he must suffer, even while she was im-

patient with his credulousness.

She turned her gaze toward the window just as a lurid flash of lightning brought the mass of frowning hemlocks and spruces near by into sharp prominence.

Another and another followed, accompanied by a heavy gust of wind.

Then before her frightened gaze the little grove seemed starting from its foundation. With a roar rapidly increasing in volume, all the trees fell slowly and majestically.

Betsy slid from the stool to her knees and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, Elnathan!" she moaned, "it's a-comin', 'like the Rush o' Mighty Wings!' I wish I hadn't scoffed! I deceived you, too, for the first time in my life! I set the clock back, but it is jest the right time, now."

She felt her husband's frame shaking as she knelt with hidden face. Finally, the roaring ceased and she ventured to look up.

To her amazement and wrath, Elnathan was convulsed with silent laughter. Outside, the trees lay prone, giving an unnatural aspect to the familiar scene, but everything else was in its place. The rain was falling steadily.

Betsy arose with a crimson face. "Elnathan," she said with dignity, "stop that idiotic cacklin' an' tell me what ails them trees."

Her husband ceased his laughter and explained a custom, which she had never seen, of cutting trees nearly through and leaving them for the wind to finish.

The old man's hearty laugh had cleared the mental atmosphere, and he added kindly:

"Never mind, wife; we've both been deceived, so we're quits."

It was a wet and disgusted company that came down the hill with bedraggled white robes.

The preacher had attempted to expostulate, to explain, but nobody listened, for Maine people can be deceived but once.

To the surprise of all, Betsy Jones made no sarcastic remarks.

Only once did Elnathan mention the affair of the trees to his wife; that was when she was scathing some wrongdoer. On that occasion he remarked quietly:

"Don't despair of him, Betsy. I've seen some sudden conversions, almost 'like the Rush of Mighty Wings.'"

And Betsy shut her mouth.

A Calling's Cost

By ELIZABETH BARNET TOLDRIDGE

O'er dizzy psychic heights aflame and far, his magic beat

The tireless singer still pursues, and ev'ry song that swells
To reach the toilers in the vale, full joyous is, and sweet!

How comes it, then, that in his heart a mortal sadness dwells?

The Will of Peter the Great

By EARL MARBLE

THE Russian-Japanese war, and the questions which gave rise to it, have an intense interest to the two nations involved, but concern no others immediately, though it is quite possible that the results leading therefrom will be vital in time to Europe, if not indeed to America as well. The triumph of Japan really brings us nearer to "the yellow peril," although Japan is not a yellow race strictly speaking, being a compound of the red races and the brown. While Chinese legends say that the first settlers of Japan were Chinese proper, who seceded from the mother country, and settled therein, it is certain that the new settlers found what might be called aborigines already there, or else they came later from the adjacent islands and the north on the mainland, with whom they intermarried until the present race resulted. Whatever their origin, however, they are allied with the yellow race as against the white race, which is why the triumph of Japan means bringing the whites face to face with the expected onslaught of the Chinese or at least the Tartar part of the Chinese race. With Japan and China united against the European and American world, we should be as much at their mercy as the Roman Empire was when the Hun or Tartar invasion hurried along the downfall of that then most civilized part of the world. Why so large a portion of the American people sympathize with Japan

is difficult to understand, except on the theory that they do not read history, or, if they do, do not read it intelligently and understandingly. They admire Japan as a plucky little nation, and scoff at the Russian, despite the fact that the pluck of the Japanese may, even during their lifetime, be pitted against their own country, and despite the other fact, showing in a way that "republics are ungrateful," that Russia was our only friend in Europe during the dark days of our Rebellion, and probably saved our sovereignty then as France preserved for us our liberties during the Revolutionary war.

As far as the cause of the present war is concerned, Russian occupation and permanent control of Manchuria, the threatened probability of which brought it about, did not really concern the United States, because the probabilities were that advantageous trade relations would have been granted this country by Russia, whatever might be the result now, since the sympathetic flare-up here in behalf of Japan. But such occupation and control meant more than that, or at least more than that would be involved. This would be a seizure of parts of the country by France, Great Britain and Germany, as frequently was suggested by intelligent comments on the threatened situation and condition just before and after the beginning of actual war. As one authority declared at the time, "The

situation presents the elements of a great international grab game, with the European powers waiting for Russia to set a precedent for them to follow. It is the same game that was proposed in 1898 and again in 1900." It will be remembered that, just previous to the first-mentioned year, it was stated that Russia financed Turkey with large sums during the Greek war. No explanation of the monstrous course pursued by Russia throughout that war against a small nation, which was allied by ties of blood through the throne, and by a natural unison of interests because mutually subscribing to the tenets of the Greek Catholic church, seems possible except along the lines of the will of Peter the Great, which monarch, it should be remembered, was born in 1672, and died in 1725. A reading of this remarkable will may clear up and explain to many minds the course of Russia in many of her local attitudes as well as international positions.

The following is the singular will:

In the name of the most holy and indivisible Trinity, we, Peter the First, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, etc., to all our descendants and successors to the throne and government of the Russian nation:

God, from whom we derive our existence, and to whom we owe our crown, having constantly enlightened us by his Spirit, and sustained us by his divine help, allows me to look on the Russian people as called upon hereafter to hold sway over Europe. My reason for thus thinking is, that the European nations have mostly reached a state of old age, bordering on imbecility, or they

are rapidly approaching it. Naturally, then, they will be easily and indubitably conquered by a people strong in youth and vigor, especially when this latter shall have attained its full strength and power. I look on the future invasion of the Eastern and Western countries by the North as a periodical movement, ordained by Providence, who in like manner regenerated the Roman nation by barbarian invasions. These emigrations of men from the North are as the reflux of the Nile, which, at certain periods, comes to fertilize the impoverished lands of Egypt by its deposit. I found Russia as a rivulet; I leave it a river. My successors will make of it a large sea, destined to fertilize the impoverished lands of Europe; and its waters will overflow, in spite of opposing dams, erected by weak hands, if our descendants only know how to direct its course. This is the reason I leave them the following instructions. I give these countries to their watchfulness and care, as Moses gave the tables of the law to the Jewish people.

I. Keep the Russian nation in a state of continual war, so as to have the soldier always under arms and ready for action, excepting when the finances of the state will not allow of it. Keep up the forces; choose the moment for attack. By these means you will be ready for war even in the time of peace. This is for the interest of the future aggrandizement of Russia.

II. Endeavor, by every possible means, to bring in, from the neighboring civilized countries of Europe, officers in times of war, and learned men in times of peace, thus giving the Russian people the advantages enjoyed by other countries, without

allowing them to lose any of their own self-respect.

III. On every occasion take a part in the affairs and quarrels of Europe; above all, in those of Germany, which country, being the nearest, more immediately concerns us.

IV. Divide Poland by exciting civil discord there; win over the nobility by bribery; corrupt the Diets, so as to have influence in the election of kings; get partisans into office; protect them; bring to sojourn there the Muscovite troops, until such time as they can be permanently established there. If the neighboring powers start difficulties, appease them, for a time, by parceling out the country, until you can retake in detail all that has been ceded.

V. Take as much as you can from Sweden; and cause yourselves to be attacked by her, so as to have a pretext for subduing her. To accomplish this, sever Denmark from Sweden, and Sweden from Denmark, carefully keeping up their rivalries.

VI. Always choose, as wives for the Russian princes, German princesses, so as to increase family alliances, to draw mutual interests closer, and, by propagating our principles in Germany, to enlist her in our cause.

VII. England requiring us for our navy, and she being the only power that can aid in the development of ours, seek a commercial alliance with her in preference to any other. Exchange our wood and the productions of our land for her gold, and establish between her merchants, her sailors, and ours, a continual intercourse. This will aid in perfecting the Russian fleet for navigation and commerce.

VIII. Extend your possessions toward the north, along the Baltic;

and toward the south, by the Black Sea.

IX. Approach as near as possible to Constantinople and its outskirts. He who shall reign there will be the true sovereign of the world; consequently, be continually at war—sometimes with the Turks, sometimes with Persia. Establish dockyards on the Black Sea; get entire possession of it by degrees, also of the Baltic Sea; this being necessary to the accomplishment of the plan. Hasten the decline of Persia; penetrate to the Persian Gulf; re-establish, if possible, the ancient commerce of the Levant through Syria, and make your way to the Indies—they are the emporium of the world. Once there, you can do without the gold of England.

X. Seek and carefully keep up an alliance with Austria; acquiesce, apparently, in her ideas of dominating over Germany; at the same time, clandestinely exciting against her the jealousy of the neighboring provinces. Endeavor that the aid of Russia should be called for by one and the other, so that, by exercising a kind of guardianship over the country, you prepare a way for governing hereafter.

XI. Give the house of Austria an interest for joining in banishing the Turks from Europe; defraud her of her share of the booty, at the conquest of Constantinople, either by raising a war for her with the ancient states of Europe, or by giving her a portion which you will take back at a future period.

XII. Attach to yourselves, and assemble around you, all the united Greeks, as also the disunited or schismatics, which are scattered either in Hungary, Turkey or the south of Poland. Make yourselves their centres, their chief support, and

lay the foundation for universal supremacy by establishing a kind of royalty or sacerdotal government; the Slavonic Greeks will be so many friends that you will have scattered amongst your enemies.

XIII. Sweden severed, Persia and Turkey conquered, Poland subjugated, our armies re-united, the Black and the Baltic Seas guarded by our vessels, you must make propositions separately and discreetly—first to the court of Versailles, then to that of Vienna, to share with them the empire of the universe. If one of them accept—and it cannot be otherwise, as you flatter their pride and ambition—make use of it to crush the other; then crush, in its turn, the surviving one, by engaging with it in a death struggle, the issue of which cannot be doubtful,—Russia possessing already all the East and a great part of Europe.

XIV. If—which is not likely—both refuse the propositions of Russia, you must manage to raise quarrels for them, and make them exhaust one another; then, profiting by a decisive moment, Russia will bring down her assembled troops on Germany; at the same time, two considerable fleets will set out—the one from the Sea of Azov, the other from the port of Archangel—loaded with Asiatic hordes, under the convoy of the armed fleets from the Black Sea and the Baltic. Advancing by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, they will invade France on one side, whilst Germany will already have been invaded on the other. These countries conquered, the rest of Europe will easily pass under the yoke, without striking a single blow.

XV. Thus Europe can and ought to be subdued.

PETER I.,

Autocrat of all the Russias.

This document has been the supreme foundation and law of Russian politics since it was promulgated, and actions based on its suggestions have been taken under almost every sovereign since, which could be pointed out were not the limits of this article necessarily circumscribed. "To steal and to lie are the two auxiliary verbs of our language," wrote Bulharyn, a well-known Russian author.

Of course, naturally, many of the surmises and desires of Peter did not come out just as he anticipated and hoped, but some of them did. While reading the fourth section of the will, the student of history will not fail to remember Stanislaus Poniatowski, the lover of Catherine II., and the last king of Poland, who was elected by the influence of the Prince Augustus and Michael Czartoryski, his parents being declared partisans of Russia.

One cannot avoid reading over again the ninth section when he remembers the brief Greek war of the closing years of the last century. That the Czar desires to capture Constantinople is a foregone conclusion; but some of the moves upon the chess-board of international politics did not result exactly as expected, else the Sultan would not have become the king of the occasion. No other explanation of the action of the Czar toward his relative, his brother in the church, and the saver of his life, can be given and accepted. Possibly the time for seizing Constantinople, and "banishing the Turks from Europe," as suggested in the eleventh section, may come yet.

Certainly in the war on Hungary half a century ago, when Austria had the assistance of Russia, the tenth section was remembered.

The lapse of nearly two centuries since the will was written discounts somewhat the references to England, which, while undoubtedly a power at that time, was not the commanding one she is now.

The will was and still is a most remarkable document, and whether studied in the light of the early part of the eighteenth century or the opening of the twentieth, retains the wonderful vitality of the great monarch who gave it to his country as its political Bible.

The present Czar of Russia, Nicholas II., is a very different man and monarch from his ancestor and predecessor, Peter the Great. Personally, and politically as well, the present head of the realm and of the church also—for he is a deeply religious man, though a liberal one—is so loyal to all instincts of humanity that he is scarcely in touch with his own empire. Traditionally from the past, and logically in the present, the instincts of Russia are of blind, unreasoning force; and with these ideas Nicholas is not in sympathy. He has a dream of a noble empire, allied to humanity; but the clay of his people is of the crudest, and he can have but small success in working it out to his satisfaction or to a commendable result. His ideas are very far in advance of those of his people, whether of the great undeveloped mass, the turbulent Nihilistic portion, or even of his most enlightened ministers of state. They are like the dreams of the socialist. They are nothing but dreams. In some coming civilization, when the commercial instinct has given way largely to one of

humanity, it is quite possible that socialism would exist by right and general consent. But to-day the one who attempts to realize it is ground between the millstones of commercialism on the one hand and anarchy on the other. The trouble with nearly all good men—and frequently great ones as well—is that their instincts run away with their judgment. The heart overpowers the head. Nicholas is of this class, and doubtless his English wife accents this lovable phase of his character. Nicholas II. is a reaction from Peter the Great. He has had training and special advantages which his people have not had, except that which has fallen to the lot of the crazy Nihilist students, who illustrate the green-fruit phase of thought, as the great ruler himself does of that which is more matured and perfect. As a matter of fact, the ruling house of Russia is divided against itself. The nominal ruler is not the real ruler. Nicholas, in his ideas of government and his sympathies with humanity, is in reality in touch with the most advanced ideas of the present day; but the methods and manners of his ministers—the real rulers of the empire, after all—are patterned largely on those of Peter the Great, as expressed in his will, and lived up to by Russia ever since. This is political chaos. No wonder the doughty little empire of Japan has had so many successes at arms and at sea with the mighty empire of Russia.

But the American people should look beyond an exhibition of Japanese valor and Russian misfortune. In our encouragement given too freely to the Japanese, may we not really be digging our own graves? The "yellow peril" is no idle fancy.

We have a taste of it in every large American city, and a full meal in San Francisco. It can be regulated and handled at present; but a few years hence, with the yellow races united against us, and aided by the Mohammedan hordes of Turkey and elsewhere, and the slumbering races of India, might we not find it worse

than the carrying out of the Russian idea by the occupation of Manchuria, and the partition of other portions to Great Britain, France and Germany, which at least would keep the yellow race busy at home, instead of allowing it to marshal its forces for an assault on Christian civilization?

An Heroic Tale of To-day

By WILMATTE PORTER COCKRELL

A RECEPTION was to be given at the "Sailors' Rest" in the evening, and the men of "The City of Orleans" were in groups, discussing the event and begging loans of various pieces of finery such as were thought necessary in appearing before young ladies.

"There's just enough religion to make a man feel respectable," volunteered the cook, who had been in the port before.

"Do they ask you to say the catechism?" a young sailor inquired anxiously.

"Sure and they will," the first mate replied, "and they'll ask if you say your prayers every night."

"Do you happen to have two collars?" a sailor asked anxiously.

"That I have," the cook replied, "but I'm goin' to lend one to a person who'll lend me a gold ring."

"Of all the blamed dudes, you're the worst, but here's the ring, so hand over the collar. Wish you had to wear it in your nose."

The long sitting room looked very pleasant that evening, with its bright lights and its corners of potted palms and ferns; comfortable willow

chairs stood about, and on the tables were bouquets of roses and violets, such as the men had never seen before. Just outside one of the windows, a great pepper tree grew, and one of its branches had been drawn inside and fastened against the wall, and now in the soft light the fern-like leaves and crimson berries gave a quaint harmony to the room, while the beautiful silhouettes that it cast on the Japanese rug were like the shifting shadows of a tropical forest. There were good pictures on the walls, too,—copies of pictures that have stirred the hearts of thousands.

The sailors felt the beauty of it all when they entered, and it needed but the greeting from the motherly women in the room to make them wish their ship might never leave the harbor of San Diego.

"Sure we might be the king and his crew," the mate whispered.

The young Swede who managed the Rest was splitting wood that was to heat the coffee by and by, when a tall young woman stood before him.

"You will pardon my coming in the back way," she said, "but I was told to have my hat and gloves off

at first, so as not to appear a stranger."

"That is quite right," Mr. Hyreleid answered, "and I am very thankful for your help to-night; it is not often that we have so many strangers."

"Then the men are all here?" she asked. "I must have a minute account, for my aunt cares very much for this work. The parties in her own house are of little importance when compared with these receptions."

"But yourself," Mr. Hyreleid asked, rather timidly, "we see you so seldom of late."

Miss Stadtmüller interrupted him. "I was never intended for a Lady Bountiful, and I cannot meet these men as an equal. A political club might be different."

"Religion should solve the problem," suggested the man, but Miss Stadtmüller shook her head, and her eyes were sad as she answered: "It would, if it could mean what it should to us all, if it could mean to me what it does to you," she said.

They passed into the sitting room and Miss Stadtmüller's attention was at once drawn to a picture hanging just by the pepper bough. "How well it looks," she exclaimed. "I always have an interest in your walls," she continued, "that certainly should please you."

There had been a little hush as Miss Stadtmüller entered the room; it was the tribute that her beauty always received, and if she was conscious of it, she felt it only as a blessed gift of homage to all beauty of which she was happy in being one expression.

One of the women who had been near the door came forward to inquire about her aunt, and then led the girl away.

"I want you to meet the sailor at the corner of the last table; he has been shipwrecked once or twice; ran away into the Australian bush; and was thrown overboard once by the captain for disobedience; you will find him interesting, I think," and then Miss Stadtmüller was presented to Donald Feelan, a 'prentice boy, with a fine English voice and an Essex accent.

"Will you tell me about some of the men here?" she asked. "Is the dark man near the piano from your ship?"

"You mean the man at the end of the first table?" asked Feelan. "That's Jansen Henderson, one of our sailors. He comes from some little place in Denmark, and a mighty good fellow he is, too. You know at sea, a man's either a softy or wicked, but Jansen's of neither tribe; he's different from other folks I've ever known. He's an artist chap; makes pictures of sea storms and things, so some of the crew thought he was a softy, but you should have seen him turn the cook into a hogs-head for abusing one of the 'prentice boys. My! He did it slick!"

Miss Stadtmüller smiled at the picture of the fat cook doing penance, head down in a barrel.

"Jansen's stood by me in some pretty tough places," the boy continued. "It's such a dog life we live, we 'prentice fellows, all sailors for that matter, and when we get ashore we lose our heads sometimes," and a wave of color passed over the young sailor's face. "Our last port was in Australia, and I was so angry with the miserable captain that I decided to cut. I got another fellow to join me, and we made off into the bush. A miner gave us a little food, and on the second day brought us word that the captain had offered

ten pounds of wool apiece for us. Hard on a fellow, wasn't it, to find he was only worth ten pounds of wool?" Miss Stadtmüller smiled sympathetically.

"And why did you go back to your ship?" she asked.

"Jansen found us," Feelan answered, "and after three days of hiding in the bush and doing without food, our heads had cooled a good deal, so that he had little trouble in convincing me that I was a blamed idiot to give up, when my 'prenticeship was so nearly at an end. He made it right with the captain, who is a small enough man himself, but Jansen's uncle is one of the owners. We were mighty glad to get back, I can tell you. Jansen's a friend to every man on board, but he promised my mother that I should come to no harm if he could help it, and so he is always trying to keep me respectable."

"You mustn't make it too hard for him," suggested Elizabeth, with a smile that made the boy vow that he would never do a mean trick so long as he lived.

Later in the evening, she found the sailor Henderson standing before the new picture.

"Mr. Hyreleid tells me it is you who chose these pictures," he said, turning toward her; "and I have anxiety to know something of this one; it is wonderful; it is full of soul. I have not for years seen a picture that pleased me so exactly."

"I like it very much," Miss Stadtmüller answered; "the old priest with his violin is fine, and the nuns show an appreciation of the situation that is delightful, even the bottle of wine looks better than ordinary wine." The sailor's eyes shone.

"That's right, that's right," he said; "you understand."

She told him about the pictures on the walls, the difficulties of getting copies of really good paintings, and the real satisfaction that she felt in knowing that some of the sailors loved the room for its beauty; and when, after many songs and a great deal of coffee and cake, it was time to go, Jansen Henderson put her into her carriage.

"Then I may come to-morrow afternoon?" he asked, as he left her. "I shall be very happy to see the original of that picture, but I warn you that your servants may be obliged to put me from the house. In Copenhagen there was a picture that I liked, not so much as this, and I went to see it for so many days that I was reported to the police as a fugitive trying to hide in the gallery."

"You need not be afraid," Elizabeth assured him. "We all understand; even the cook has learned not to announce dinner if a new picture is to be inspected."

The next afternoon he came, and he and Elizabeth talked of pictures and music and the sea till the girl wondered that all the men she knew were so dwarfed beside this splendid dark-eyed Dane.

Miss Stadtmüller's aunt, too, was mightily pleased with this young sailor who spoke to her in her native North German dialect, and with insistent California hospitality she would have him stay for the evening. Then at dinner there were more stories of the sea, and of the Danish coast, and of Greenland, too; for when Jansen first went to sea, it was on a whaler, which had been wrecked on the icy coast of East Greenland. He told of the lonely winter that followed among the simple Esquimaux, who needed neither laws nor police; of the glori-

ous colors of the sea and sky in that continuous darkness; and of the hunts for polar bears and seals, and when at last it was time to go back to the ship, even Colonel Stadtmüller had forgotten that Mr. Henderson was a common sailor from a leaky merchant ship.

After this, Jansen and Elizabeth saw a great deal of each other; sometimes at her aunt's house, sometimes at the "Rest."

One evening, as they walked home in the moonlight, they fell to talking, as young people are apt to do, of things more personal than pictures and sea storms.

"I have always," he said, "two great feelings in my heart; one is, to make pictures, to show the world at the moments when it is splendid or beautiful, and faces when they are touched with glory; the other is to see the world. My grandmother says it is only when a great love fills my heart that I will come back to her, and with my wife, live in the cottage that was my father's and his father's before him, and work the bit of land, and fish and try to make a great picture."

"I should like to show you my country, Miss Stadtmüller," he continued. "It is rougher than your warm, southern land, but I think you would like to feel the cold spray and the keen wind, so strong that you would have to crawl not to be blown off the rocks, if you went near the sea."

One day, Elizabeth awoke to the danger of this friendship. She was out in the bay in her sailboat and was tempted by the breeze, the out-flowing tide, and the islands edged all about with golden mist, to a sail in the open sea. She had been out often with Jimmy, the sailor who took care of the wharf, but never

alone; but the day was so glorious, there could be no danger she thought, and she rounded the point and found the wide expanse of the Pacific before her. She took off her cap and threw aside her gloves. Nothing should hamper one in the face of such a prospect!

All went well until her return, and then, as she was rounding the point, when five minutes would have seen her safe in the quiet bay, a "woolly" struck her boat, and turned it to one side. With all her strength she could not right it, and it filled rapidly with water. Two men were fishing in a canoe near the shore; they rowed quickly to help her; it was Donald Feelan and Jansen Henderson. Jansen's face was white as he helped Elizabeth from her fast sinking boat, and his hands tightened about her arm, making an intense pain even after he had loosened his hold.

"Promise me," he said, and his face was full of fire, "promise me that you will never go alone into the sea again." Elizabeth drew back. "I do not understand," she began, but her quick heart-beats made the words a lie, and she answered, "I promise."

Elizabeth's boat was righted and Donald took charge of it. Jansen wrapped Elizabeth in his coat; there was nothing but tenderness in his face now and pain.

"Are you cold?" he had asked, and she had answered, "No." No other words were spoken until he left her at her aunt's door.

"Forgive me," he said, "if I was rough; I cared so much," and she had answered:

"A woman never finds it hard to forgive, when such an excuse is offered."

That night, when alone in her

room, she looked the thing honestly in the face. There was no denying it; she loved this sailor. But was she willing to give up her home, her friends, her own country even, for a rough life in a foreign land? It was almost morning when the battle was finished and her love put aside: "It could not be," she thought. "It would be madness; there is much that is more to be desired than any man's love," and just as the last trace of stars was disappearing from the brightening sky she fell asleep, her head resting on her right arm, and curiously enough after such a decision, her lips were pressed tightly against the blue ring Jansen's fingers had made.

She would not see Jansen again, she decided, and as the "City of Orleans" sailed two days later, and her accident gave her an excuse for staying indoors, she found it easy enough to avoid him.

The morning that the ship sailed, Elizabeth went down early to the wharf where her sailboat was kept, hoping that an hour or two upon the water would put new life into her, take away the pain from her throat, and enable her to think without foolish tears. The fog was thick about her, so that great drops of water collected in her hair and eyebrows. She heard someone coming behind her as she walked along, but paid no heed, until Jimmy's surprised—

"Y'er early, Mess, and such a soakin' mornin', too." Then he stopped, leaning upon the oars he carried, and Elizabeth turned a listless face toward him, for if Jimmy wanted a talk, there was no escape.

"Have y' heard about the murder?" he asked. "Y'll be interested, too, for it's that sailor chap what bro't you home the other day!"

"Jansen murdered?" Elizabeth's

face was as colorless as the fog about her.

"Oh, no," said Jimmy. "He killed the Mexican cub, Ysidro."

"How did it happen?" she asked, wondering that her lips had the power for the question.

"Well, no one knows, exactly," Jimmy answered. "Y' see, 'Idro was down from San Luis Rey to get whiskey for the Indians, and he was likely pretty boozy, too, and he's always rowin' it with the sailors; they say, because of the Spanish woman Guadaloupe, and y' see it was the sailors' last night ashore, and they were like enough celebratin', too. At any rate, Henderson and Feelan had went from the dance house with the Spanish woman. Just what happened no one knows, for y' see it's like this; the boat sailed at five this morning and Feelan's aboard her, and the woman won't talk."

Elizabeth felt the blood rushing into her face, and with a smothered cry she sat down upon the wharf steps.

"The police are hot on Jansen's track; he's off for Mexico, but I hope they'll not ketch him; he's too good to swing for a Greaser kid," and Jimmy hobbled off.

Elizabeth sat on the wharf steps in perfect anguish of shame and misery. And she had loved that man! A man who had committed murder, who had gone from a dance house with a common street woman! Oh, the shame of it all! She wondered that her heart still beat. Could it be that a time would come when this horrible pain would be forgotten? The water was deep below her; they would think she had slipped. With a mighty effort she drew out the boat from under the wharf, for she must escape from herself—from this madness. As the

boat came near, she saw the sail in the bottom stir, as though someone was underneath.

"Miss Stadtmüller." It was Jansen's voice. "Don't be frightened. I had to see you; row out into the bay; I must talk to you."

All the girl's fright was gone now; all the numb feeling that a few minutes before had made action seem impossible. She rowed steadily, instinctively steering for the open sea. After a few minutes, she bent over the boat.

"Tell me about it," she said; "there is no one near now."

The man leaned his head on his hand, and a lock of hair fell over his forehead. He was only partly covered by the sail now, but the fog hid them from the rest of the world, and as Elizabeth looked at him, his face so strong, so true, and his hands as steady as a girl's, she could not doubt him, and with a woman's quick intuition she said:

"It was Donald; I understand; you did it for Donald."

"I had to see you," he said. "I was willing to get the lad off free, for he was hardly to blame. It was his hot blood and a little whiskey he had taken, and I was trying to get him aboard—I could not have you think I'd be in a row like that. You must know that what you think means more to me than anything else—it is everything that you should believe me good and honest. There wasn't anything else, for I couldn't expect you to love me," and the passion in his voice choked him. Then he went on in a lower tone, so low that the girl bent her head to hear.

"I'm not a baby to whimper at losing you. There'll never be a woman like you in my life again, but I'm glad to have had so much of you

for these two months, and because I cared so much and you cared a little, I had to know you did not think ill of me."

"You are a hero," said Elizabeth, and her eyes showed all the love in her heart.

Jansen started. This was more than he had asked, and he felt that in some way he was to blame.

"Oh, no," he said, and threw the hair back from his brow. "You must not think that. I loved the lad, and what would have been fatal to him, will only be a bit of adventure to me."

"You can put up the sail now," said Elizabeth after a time, when they were well out from the harbor, and a fresh breeze hurried them on, the fog shutting them from the land.

"If you would put me ashore on the first island?" said Jansen, but Elizabeth shook her head.

"I shall not put you ashore at all," she answered. "Will you not understand? I am going with you to your grandmother's. A vessel will pick us up. Oh, Jansen, you are more than all this world to me!"

The sailor sat like one suddenly glorified; the world was blotted out by a silver gray mist; only this beautiful woman, with eyes like the sea, was left, and she was giving herself to him.

"Elizabeth, my darling, my wife," he said, and lifted reverently to his lips the corner of the cape she wore, and into his mind came the picture of a future such as he had never dared dream of before, life in his beloved Denmark, himself a successful artist, and this woman's love his daily portion!

A tall, dark-eyed man sat on the porch, putting some careful marks into a sketch book; a lad of ten years

lay near him, with his head on the neck of a great Newfoundland dog.

"I want a story, my father," said the boy. "You know you promised, when the picture was finished. A saga, father—tell me a saga, that you have learned from your old parchment rolls. The ones about the brave kings and queens are such splendid stories."

"That's right, that's right," answered the father; "but, my son, the best sagas are not written in parchment rolls, but in the hearts of the men and women who are living to-day," and then Jansen told his son the story I have just told you, and the end, which I have not told, you may hear from him.

"There was a day and a night that the man and woman rode in the little boat; and they hardly knew that they were cold and hungry, for their hearts were full of happiness. In the morning of the second day, a boat bound for Hamburg picked them up. There was a strange wedding on board the old merchant ship that day; a man in sailor's clothes and a woman in a white serge dress with blue anchors on the collar, and the woman had great rolls of sunny hair, and eyes like the sea, and so tender, so beautiful,"—and the man forgot the boy at his side, as he thought of that day when he had drunk his deepest draught of the wine of life; that day when Elizabeth's kisses had sent the blood leaping through his

heart and brain. He remembered with a tender smile, the young sailor, almost mazed with his own happiness and—

"Go on, father; go on," begged the boy. "The grandmother was glad to have her son's son back again, and she loved the beautiful American who left everything for her Danish lover."

"That's right, that's right. That home-coming was another day of great happiness. The man went to sea no more, but painted pictures, and one day he painted a corner of the "King's Park," covered with hoar frost, and the King saw the picture and bought it, and after that there was honor for the man and some wealth, and the grandmother and wife could have it easier, and the man's heart was full of content."

"Oh, father, it is a beautiful story," and then suddenly, as he looked into the eyes bent upon him, "it is the saga on your own heart, and it was my mother who rowed away from her country. That was fine!"

"Yes, that is right, that's right," said Jansen, "and please God, the day will come when there will be no miscalling in any man's heart, but the saga of his life will be as complete and satisfying as mine." Elizabeth would have added:

"And it will be so, when God's finger touches no heart less brave and true than that of my husband."



The Attempted Suicide of a Massachusetts Town

By GEORGE H. HAYNES

THAT the very town which gave rise to an insurrection which threatened the very existence of the Commonwealth should later have made a series of deliberate attempts to commit suicide might at first seem to indicate remorse for early misdeeds. Such an outcome would satisfy the demands of poetic justice; unfortunately, however, it does not square well with the facts. Shays' Rebellion and these attempts at suicide are doubtless the most unique features in the history of Pelham, yet both owe their chief interest to the fact that they were symptomatic of influences which extended far beyond her borders; for, just as Shays' Rebellion, according to the present view, was a protest, turbulent and revolutionary, to be sure, yet a real protest against genuine grievances, which were widespread, but which for various reasons became most unbearable in Hampshire County, so the explanation of Pelham's attempts at suicide is to be found in causes of municipal melancholia, familiar in scores of Massachusetts towns, but which became exceptionally acute in Pelham.

The impulse toward self-destruction manifested itself first almost precisely fifty years ago. On the

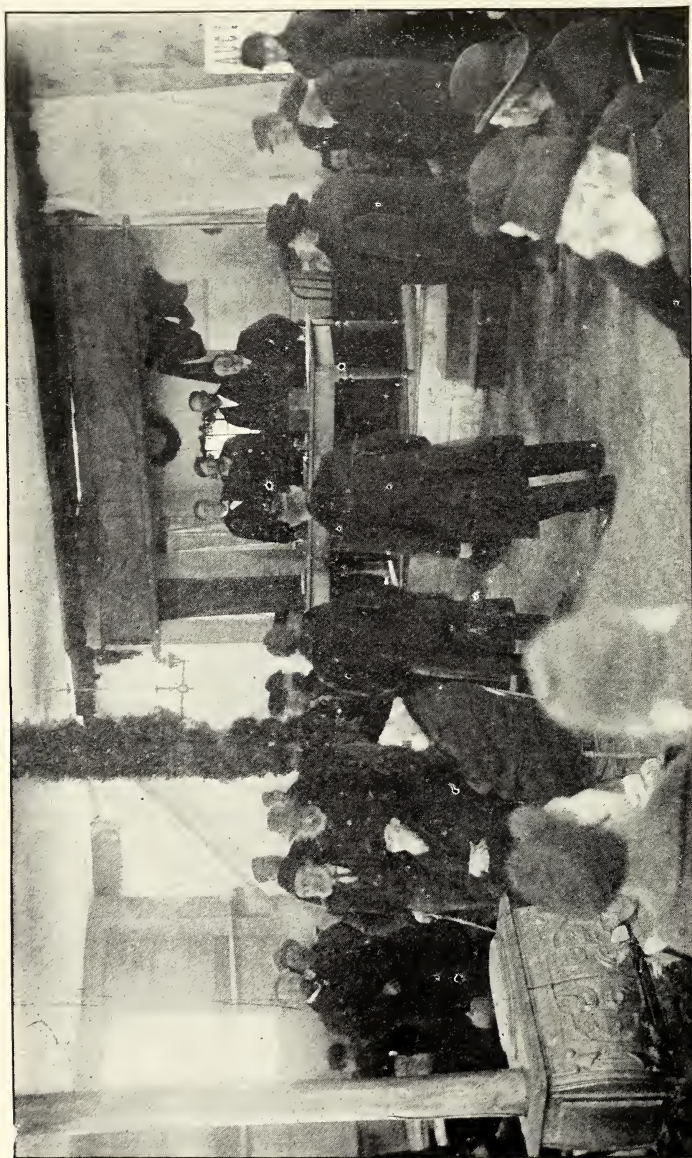
last day of January, 1854, a special town meeting was convened for purposes thus set forth in the warrant:

"2d To see if said Town is willing to give up and surrender her town charter and become disfranchised as to all privileges and rights.

"3d To act on the subject of having said Town divided in any legal way and manner and having the parts annexed to adjoining towns, and to use any legal means to accomplish the same."

At the meeting it was voted: "to surrender this Town's Charter according to the warrant calling this meeting. Seventy-three in favor (73); thirty-six (36) against." To carry this action into effect, committees were chosen to urge petitions already forwarded to the Legislature, to circulate petitions in Pelham, and to work up annexation sentiment in the adjoining towns. In Amherst, however, these advances met with a chilling reception. A special town meeting was called to determine the town's will, and by a vote of exactly two to one (168 to 84), February 27, 1854, it was "Resolved: as the Sense of the Town of Amherst, that as at present advised, and in the present state of proceedings before the Legislature, on the petition of the town of Pelham for leave to surrender its Char-

NOTE.—The illustrations used in this article are from "The History of Pelham," by permission of Mr. C. O. Parmenter, the author.



A TOWN MEETING

ter, and to be annexed to the adjoining towns, we are opposed to the surrender of its Charter, and to the annexation of any portion of its territory to the town of Amherst," and the town's representative in the General Court was forthwith instructed to oppose Pelham's petition.

In Pelham the annual town meeting was approaching. In view of Amherst's action it was decided to bring the matter up again, and an article was inserted in the warrant: "To see if the town will vote to rescind a vote . . . to surrender the Charter of the town." Excitement ran high, but when the town meeting day came, March 6, 1854, the attempt to rescind the previous action was defeated, and the town re-asserted its determination to give up its corporate existence, not this time, however, by a vote of more than 2 to 1, but by the close vote of 87 to 84,—in a ballot which must have called out nearly every voter in town, for in the following year the population of Pelham was but 789. Making the ordinary computation of one voter for every five inhabitants the enrolment would have been 178;—there were 171 votes cast upon this question.

Two years later, January 28, 1856, another special meeting was called "To see if the town will Vote to surrender her Charter & be divided by the Legislature and set to the different Towns adjoining." Upon dividing the house on this question, the vote stood 73 to 36 against surrendering the charter. The smallness of the vote and the reversal of attitude are remarkable, in contrast with the votes of 1854. For almost a dozen years Pelham thereafter seems to have life, without further protest; but in the early winter of

1867 a special town meeting again considered the proposal that the charter be surrendered. By a vote of 45 to 43 the project was defeated.

But in 1870 the struggle was renewed with great determination. The principal article of the warrant for the March town meeting, March 15, 1870, was "To see if the town consent to surrender its Charter and divide its territory between the towns of Amherst, Prescott, Enfield, and Belchertown as already petitioned for to the Legislature by the citizens of the town of Pelham, and also to designate lines of Division." The town's action is thus recorded:

"Voted: that we Surrender our Charter—86 in favor; 36 against.

"Voted: that we draw a line Strait across from the North Northeast corner of Belchertown to the Northwest corner of Enfield, and merge all territory now belonging to Pelham in Belchertown or Enfield. And then, starting at the centre of the North line of Pelham, run parallel with the West line of said Pelham to the South line, merging all West of said line in the town of Amherst, and all East of said line in the town of Prescott."

A large committee was appointed to confer with representatives of Amherst, and another committee to attend any hearing upon the subject which might be given by the Legislature's Committee on Towns. Both Amherst and Prescott, in special town meetings, took vigorous action to oppose annexation.

Meantime the State Legislature was considering the problem. As early as February 5, by what authority is not apparent, the Pelham selectmen had caused to be presented to the General Court a petition that Pelham might be divided and merged in the adjoining towns. This was referred to the Committee on Towns, to which, shortly after the March town meeting, there was

referred also the remonstrance of certain citizens of Pelham, against the proposed division. Presently, on the recommendation of the Committee, both the House and the Senate voted to give the selectmen of Pelham leave to withdraw. But the matter was not ended without one more struggle. Pelham was at that time represented by a man who for fifteen years had been one of the most urgent advocates of the dissolution of the town. He therefore, on May 5, prevailed upon the House to pass the following order: "That the Committee on the Judiciary inquire whether the town of Pelham has a legal existence, it having voted to surrender its charter." It was indeed an interesting question. Must a town live in spite of its wish to die? A week later (May 12, 1870; House Doc., 373) upon the question "Whether Pelham has a legal existence?" the Committee returned the following report:

"That, in the opinion of the Committee, no town can vote to surrender its charter or dissolve its corporate existence, without the consent of the legislature had and received. A town is the creature of the legislature, and has only the powers given it by statute, and among these is not the power of annulling its existence. Its general powers are to provide schools, maintain its highways, protect the lives and property of its citizens and support its paupers; its general duties are to furnish its part of the State tax, its quota of soldiers, etc., etc.; it is, in fact, an intermediate agent between the State government and the people. And as it is strictly limited to the powers conferred by statute, and as the town of Pelham has not the power of surrendering its charter without the consent of the legislature given it by statute, and as it clearly cannot relieve itself of the obligations imposed upon it without such consent, the Committee are unanimously of the opinion that the town of Pelham has a legal existence, any of its votes to the contrary, notwithstanding.

"Per order. WM. COGSWELL."

It having been thus authorita-

tively decided that Pelham must needs live until the Legislature gives her leave to die, it remains to ask: what were the causes of these repeated attempts at self-destruction? Were the Pelhamites a disorderly rabble who wished to throw off the restraints of law? Or were they theoretical anarchists, resolved to make an end of government, in order that they might revert to that blissful "state of nature" in which each might be a "law unto himself"? In either of these cases, novel experiments might have been the result. Indeed, when these episodes were first called to my notice, there were put before my imagination scenes like these: Tommy, in the early fall, would ask: "Papa! Don't I have to go to school pretty soon?" and would be answered: "Oh! There won't be any more school here, for now we don't live in Pelham any more; but your mama'll teach you how to read." Or Susan, after a tedious drive over from Packardville, would ask: "John, what in the name of goodness is the matter with the roads? Why don't your highway surveyors 'tend to their business?" And John would reply: "We don't have highway surveyors any more. P'raps some of us will patch up the roads a little, by and by."

Unfortunately for the interest of this story, such scenes as these find not the slightest basis in fact. It is true that in the period of suspense some features of Pelham government were at loose ends, and her officials indulged in crazy book-keeping. At the State House there is on file a curious letter from the town clerk of Pelham, dated January 29, 1873, in response to a request for the town reports, to be

filed in the State archives. In part it reads as follows:

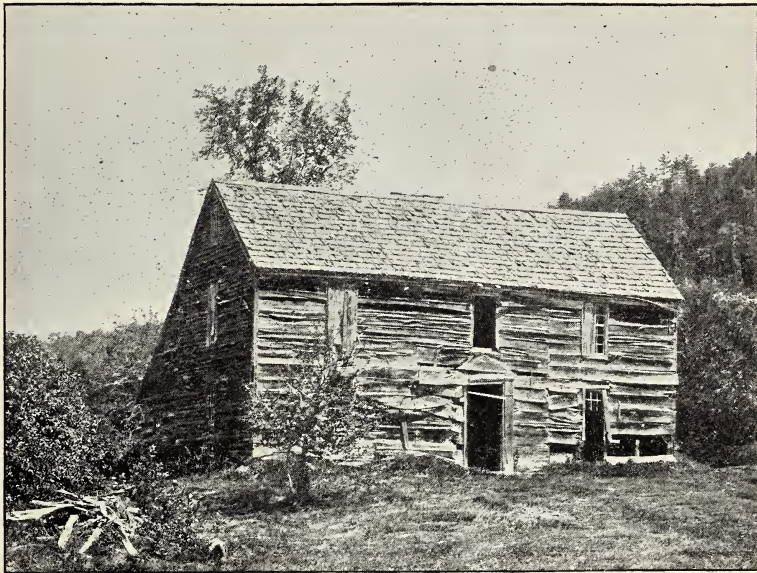
"I doo not think our town affairs are in such shape or have ben for the years 1870 & 1 that a report could be made thay doo not Know how much thay are in debt much more than you do whare thay have borowed money thay keep no Account of it on book as can be found and ther is interest money cauled for that has not Ben paid for 3 or 4 years and in fact our present Board of Selectmen New nothing about
"Perhaps i am Saying to much But Such are the facts.

"Yours Respectfully,

"*.*.*"

"Clerk of the town of Pelham, Mass."

lution of the town, a regularly summoned town meeting was held, and the regular appropriations were voted, including \$1,000 for the maintenance of schools, and \$1,200 for highways; it was also voted "to raise \$500 for breaking and opening roads next winter, if needed to be expended"; and "to set up the Poor to the lowest bidder." It was still an open question, whether Pelham now had a legal existence, yet here were her citizens making provision



THE OLD CONKEY TAVERN

But these men of Pelham never expected anything other than that they were to be citizens of some town. They had no wish to revolt against State authority, and until the question of dissolution and merger should be decided, they had not the faintest notion of suspending the regular functions of local government. On the very day following the vote of the house, refusing to grant the petition for the disso-

lution of the town, a regularly summoned town meeting was held, and the regular appropriations were voted, including \$1,000 for the maintenance of schools, and \$1,200 for highways; it was also voted "to raise \$500 for breaking and opening roads next winter, if needed to be expended"; and "to set up the Poor to the lowest bidder." It was still an open question, whether Pelham now had a legal existence, yet here were her citizens making provision

for carrying on all the ordinary functions of local government. The reasons for Pelham's strange action, then, are not to be found in any abnormal turbulence of disposition, nor in vapid theorizing as to government. The reasons were more prosaic, and better fitted to appeal to the sensitive "pocket nerve" of the descendants of those frugal "North of Ireland Scotchmen" who, by reason of Worcester's

religious intolerance, had shaken the dust of that inhospitable town from their feet, and had settled upon the bleak Pelham hills. I say "on the bleak Pelham hills," for in those words is found the key to the whole situation. The influences which were at work in Pelham have been felt in scores of our Massachusetts hill towns, but here a combination of circumstances made them exceptionally burdensome.

Pelham is a small town, about six miles in length by three and a half in width. Looked at from the west, it presents a long range of hills, for the most part covered with forests. From the level of Fort River, at the western boundary, in the course of about four and a half miles, the traveler makes a steady climb of nearly nine hundred feet to Pelham Centre; from here to the east there is an abrupt descent of nearly nine hundred feet in about two miles, to the west branch of the Swift River; then the land rises rapidly to the East Pelham hills, now in Prescott, parallel to the Pelham range of about the same altitude, and but three miles distant from them. Such conditions make travel difficult. The land, too, is not of great fertility. As a result Pelham has always been sparsely settled. Three small hamlets have been built up, but there has never been a village of any considerable size. The old Conkey tavern, where Daniel Shays and his discontented neighbors hatched their insurrection, was built for a tavern on a spot from which not a single house was in

sight; no one lived within half a mile of it, yet a still extant bill for liquors to supply the tavern's trade indicates that a lively custom was anticipated.

These straggling hill towns, capable of progressive development under the old order of things, have been hard hit by the industrial changes which the last seventy-five years have brought to Massachusetts. Indeed, Pelham's population reached its maximum in 1820, and since 1850 has dwindled steadily until now it is barely a third of what it was eighty years ago.* In 1822 Prescott was incorporated, being made up of parts of Pelham and New Salem; this accounts for quite a large loss in Pelham's population.

In the half decade, 1850 to 1855, this little town lost nearly a tenth of its population. (If the Federal census figures are trusted, the loss was fully a fifth!) It was in the year 1854, it will be remembered, that it was first voted to give up the town's charter. The later attempts to commit suicide, it is to be noted, also occurred during a decade, 1865 to 1875, when the falling off in population was portentous. The evolution which was then in process may have meant the "survival of the fittest," but it was not in Pelham that they continued to survive. In 1855 no town in Hampshire County supported more paupers than did Pelham; Northampton, with a population seven or eight times as great, was burdened with precisely the same number, eleven;

* PELHAM'S POPULATION.

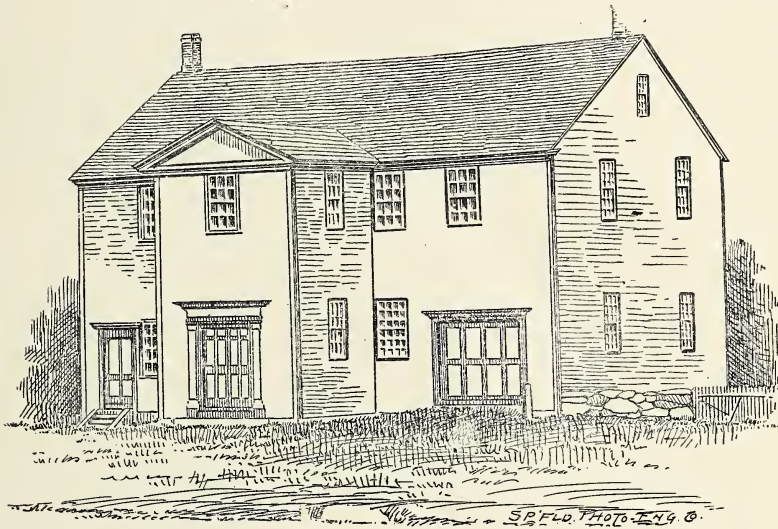
Year.	Population.	Year.	Population.
1820	1278	1875	633
1850	983 (U. S. ; Mass. 872)	1880	614
1855	789	1885	540
1860	748	1890	486
1865	717	1895	486
1870	673	1900	462

(N. B. the variation between the Massachusetts and the Federal census returns for 1850.)

next came little Prescott, Pelham's neighbor to the eastward, with nine. The thinning numbers did not make the eight school districts any fewer nor did it shorten the miles of straggling highway, which kept open communication with a few remote farm-houses. In the midst of such discouragements, and with such a gloomy outlook, it is not surprising that the Pelham citizens should have become pessimistic.

Pelham has never had a real focus. The oldest church and the post-office were located on almost

off from Pelham and annexed to Amherst, but it was voted to "pass" that article in the warrant. But the farmers of that district felt it to be a great hardship to be obliged to support church services at Pelham Centre, which they could reach only by that weary climb of five miles, when close at hand lay the church at East Street, in Amherst. Accordingly, in 1812, six of these men petitioned the General Court for leave "to be set off to Amherst for Parochial purposes." But the parish had no notion to lose some of its



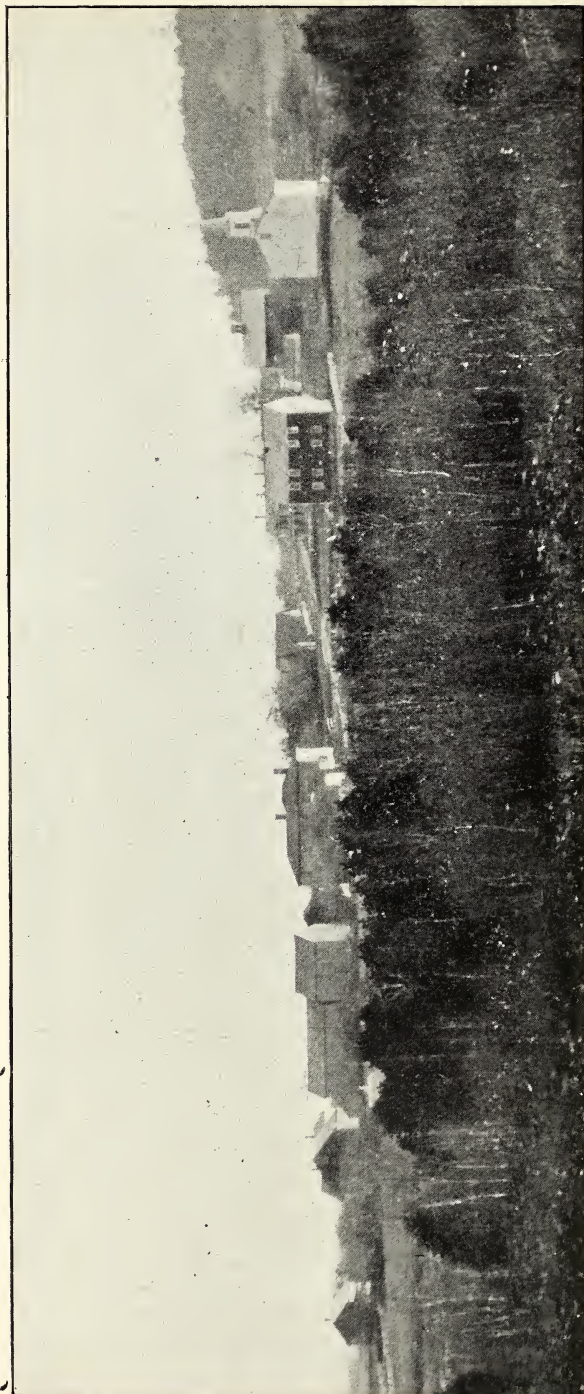
THE OLD MEETING HOUSE

the highest land in town, at a distance of six miles from Amherst, which was destined to be the town's chief market. The best lands in town, as well as the most accessible, were in the valley of the Fort River, along the Amherst border. The residents of this section of the town early saw that their natural affiliations were with Amherst, not with Pelham. As early as 1807, two men living in the southwest corner of the town had petitioned to be set

most well-to-do members; it therefore voted not to set them off, and chose a committee to oppose their petition at Boston. This attempt came to nothing. But it was in this western strip of the town that the sentiment in favor of dissolution was always strong, for they wished to be merged with the more prosperous Amherst. Again and again, both the town and the General Court were importuned that individual residents of this section

might be set off. And indeed Amherst would doubtless have been glad to receive them. In the winter of 1854, after having opposed the petition for the surrender of Pelham's charter, in the Amherst town meeting it was voted: "To receive John Russell, if the Legislature will set him off from Pelham."

Even after the final refusal of the Legislature to allow Pelham to go out of existence, in the very next year her representative,—and in all her history no other man ever served the town as an officer more often or more faithfully,—petitioned to be thus set off from Pelham; but in vain. Pelham was willing to blot her own name off the map, but not to allow the farms of one or two of her residents to be merged with Amherst. Amherst, on the other hand, was willing to annex a few farms, but did not care to take with them six or eight square miles of sparsely settled country, with all its charges for schools, roads, etc. As a Pelham man put it, "Amherst was will-



PELHAM CENTER FROM THE NORTH

for this season of the year!" "Yes!" was the rejoinder, "we do sometimes have fine days up here, as well as all in Amherst!" To the invitation to sign this same petition one of this woman's neighbors replied, "By thunder! I guess I won't sign, but the old town's got to go to hell, anyhow!"

This gloomy prophecy has not been fulfilled, yet the conditions which prompted it were obvious. In the transformations which were coming over New England, Pelham's population had inevitably dwindle. He who drives over her hills to-day sees almost as many fire-scarred chimneys as houses; here and there, an old garden rose or lilac blossoming by the wayside, is the sole surviving trace of a vanished homestead. The varied industries which found here a favorable location in the early part of the Nineteenth Century have disappeared, and the little water powers are for the most part unused. There is but one manufacturing enterprise in the town, a fishing-rod factory, and this is near the Amherst line. The old Pelham family names figure now on the tombstones in her eleven cemeteries, not on the voting list: there they have been replaced by those of newcomers, men who are nomads in spirit, who virtually "camp" in Pelham, until some less unattractive opportunity for earning a scanty livelihood presents itself—then they "move on."

Yet indications are not lacking that Pelham's nadir is well passed. The process of readjustment has been painful and depressing; but Pelham is working out her own salvation, if with fear and trembling yet also with intelligence.

Only four schools are now kept open, in place of eight, but the school buildings are neatly painted, and in good repair. The State aids in paying a part of the salaries of experienced teachers of good grade, and high school opportunities are available in Amherst. Indeed, of the sum, approximately \$1,500, annually expended for schools in Pelham, only about forty-five per cent. is raised by local taxation; the rest is furnished by the State. The churches and the ancient meeting-houses look well cared for. Post-boxes for rural free delivery are scattered along the highway all up the weary climb to Pelham Centre, linking her people more closely to the outer world. The State Highway Commission has put in a section of excellent gravel road. Finally, an electric railway, with all its civilizing and transforming powers, has invaded Pelham's borders, has begun to climb her discouraging hill, and already aspires to work its way across Pelham and Prescott to the larger towns beyond. With the State's aid in education and with the replacing of isolation by ready accessibility through free delivery and rapid transit, Pelham finds life better worth living. It will be strange indeed, if, in this day of awakening delight in the beauties of nature, the attractions of her wind-swept hills with their splendid views, of her picturesque valleys, and clear streams, remain undiscovered and unappreciated. Pelham is becoming adjusted and reconciled to the new life, and her persistent attempts to commit suicide have already become an almost forgotten episode.

The Second John Winthrop

By HOLMAN S. HALL

THE fame of John Winthrop, who, as recorded by Cotton Mather in his "Magnalia Christi Americana," was "the father of New England and the founder of the colony which, upon many accounts, like him that founded it, may challenge the first place among the glories of New England," has been so greatly exalted by colonial historians, that the record of his son of the same name, who was perhaps second only to his father in influence in the founding of New England, has hardly received full recognition until the present year, when the people of New London, Conn., have dedicated a heroic statue in his

honor, and in the attendant exercises have placed his name and achievements on perpetual record. The Winthrops came from a Puritan family of great prominence in the east of England. Three Adam Winthrops preceded the Massachusetts governor, and were men of mark in the social and political annals of their time.

More than ten years ago the New London County Historical Society inaugurated a movement for the erection of a proper monument to the founder of their State, and succeeded, after long delay in securing a legislative appropriation. The monument was dedicated May 6th, 1905, in the presence of the Governor of the State, ex-Governors, State, army and navy officials, and an immense concourse of interested citizens.

The memorial is a heroic portrait statue in bronze, standing on a high boulder of undressed native granite. The figure is the work of Bela Lyon Pratt, a native of New London, who has achieved international fame as a sculptor. While studying abroad he received three medals and two prizes in the National School of Fine Arts, and since his return to this country in 1892 he has been instructor in modelling in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. That he was worthy of his task may be inferred from a list of his principal works already in place in various honorable positions in this country. They include: Two colossal groups on



STATUE OF JOHN WINTHROP, JR.,
AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

the water gate of the peristyle at Chicago; the "Lady of Sorrows," a life-size figure at Auriesville, N. Y.; the Eliot medal for Harvard University; six seven-foot figures for the main entrance to the library of Congress at Washington; twelve-foot figure, "Philosophy," in rotunda of the library of Congress; medallions, series of four, "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn" and "Winter," in pavilion of library of Congress; "Victory" for battleship Massachusetts; Puritan bust for the Avery memorial monument at Poquonoc; bronze group for battleship Kearsarge; decorative tablet for battleship Alabama; Yale bi-centennial medal; two groups for Pan-American exposition, Buffalo; group and three single figures for Manufactures and Liberal Arts building, Pan-American exposition; Butler monument, Lowell, Mass.; three groups for electricity building, St. Louis fair; two marble figures for Fountain of Youth; and cenotaph for Bishop Neeley at Portland, Me. He is at present at work upon a cenotaph of John Cotton for the First Church at Boston; General Stevenson, heroic relief, for the Massachusetts State House; bust of Bishop Huntington, Emanuel Church, Boston; medallion of Dr. Homans for the new Harvard medical school and several other creations.

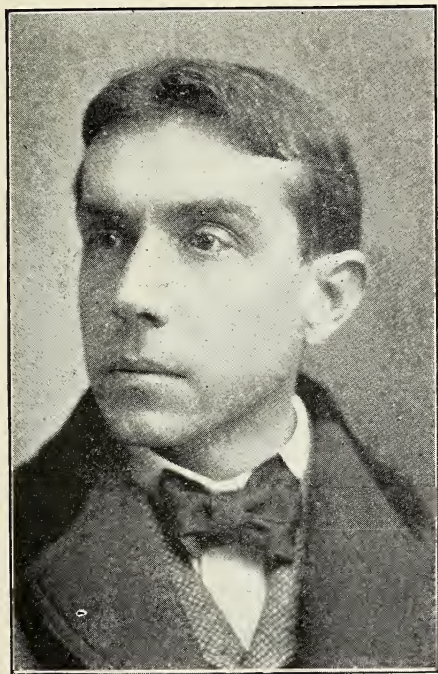
During the exercises, across from the grand stand, gathered in a small group on the sidewalk, was a handful of people whose darker skin showed them to be another race. They came to the unveiling of the statue, and to march in the procession, in honor of the man who began the progress that robbed them of their lands and of their rights, not the less pathetic that they came

willingly and were all unknowing of the sad pathos of their banner which might well in the midst of our congratulations make us pause and reflect—"The Last of the Mohicans."

In the great onward march of the strongest there are always a few who still have time to remember those who are cast to one side and, not, alas! to the honor of the town, but to an individual, Mr. Henry R. Bond, whose family has for years been interested in the Mohegans, gave a dinner to them at the Mohegan Hotel, and after the banquet this group of them was photographed, mute illustrations of the survival of the fittest. During the ceremonies of the morning one of the Fieldings, who preserves in his face the best of the Mohegan type, was dressed as an Indian, and mounted on horseback, was a fitting counterpart to the British uniforms. As the foot guards marched off at the conclusion of the ceremonies, the Indian going alone in another direction, halted and looked back. Truly with our self-glorying and pride we seemed to be saying, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom," and the stern face of that departing Indian brought back the answer, "But I was free born."

The monument was unveiled by Henry C. Winthrop, Jr., a lad who is a lineal descendant of the Winthrops. Speaking for the Historical Society, its president, Mr. Ernest E. Rogers, said the statue was to honor "the most conspicuous historical figure of the colonial period of this commonwealth," and the Governor of the State, Henry Roberts, said: "John Winthrop, the younger, for many years Governor of the Connecticut colony, and who played so prominent a part in its affairs and future destinies, was a character for

whom it was meet that long ago some memorial appreciative of his services should have been erected. A person so accomplished as Winthrop—scholar, scientist, traveller, pioneer, man of affairs, one who was so beloved and honored and to whom the largest and most vital interests of the colony were intrusted—is justly honored to-day, and his achievements emphasized as an object lesson for future generations.”



BELA L. PRATT, THE SCULPTOR

The formal historical oration was by the Hon. Daniel Davenport of Bridgeport, Conn., a direct descendant of one of the Connecticut pioneers, who was associated with Winthrop, and to his research and that of others similarly interested credit is due for the facts here presented.

John Winthrop, son of the Mas-

sachusetts Governor, was the founder of New London, and afterward, when he was Governor of Connecticut, was instrumental in giving the settlement its name, expressing his loyalty to the old country and its memories, in the language of the act of incorporation, which he drew up: “Considering that there has yet no place in any of the colonies been named in memory of the city of London, there being a new plantation within this jurisdiction of Connecticut, settled upon that fair river Mohegan in the Pequot country, being an excellent harbor and a fit and convenient place for future trade, it being also the only place which the English in these parts have possessed by conquest, and that upon a very just war upon that great and warlike people, the Pequots, we therefore, that we might thereby leave to posterity, that the memory of that renowned city of London, from whence we had our transportation, have thought fit, in honor to that famous city, to call the said plantation New London, and the river the Thames.”

He projected the settlement, selected its site, and embarked his fortune in the enterprise. He accompanied the first colonists, organized its first government and conducted negotiations with the aborigines for a permanent peace, and while afterward resident of Hartford as Governor of the State, he continued his interest in all that pertained to the prosperity of his earlier home.

He was born at Groton, Eng., Feb. 22, 1606, N. S. His early education was at Bury, St. Edmunds, and later he was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin. His father had a high opinion of the youth's capacity and saw to it that he had ample opportunities for extensive

and thorough acquaintance with ancient and modern languages and literature, and all that made up the most liberal education of his time. He chose the law as a profession, and was admitted to the London Inner Temple in 1624. Here he acquired the special knowledge which fitted him so thoroughly for his career as a pioneer legislator and statesman in a new country, adding to his legal acquirements a good degree of knowledge in physics, chemistry, medicine and architecture.

He was fully in touch, through his father's influence and his own associations with all the subjects which occupied the thought of active and cultured Englishmen of his time, and probably through these influences he decided to abandon the law for a more stirring career. He desired to go to New England with John Endicott in 1628, but his father restrained him, and sent him on the grand tour of Europe as a necessary equipment for the high political career which the father's ambition had marked out for him. He travelled for more than a year, and his father has recorded that "God gave him favor in the eyes of all men with whom he had to do, by land or sea."

During his absence the father had engaged in the work of founding New England, and although the young man, then twenty-three years of age, had before him the prospect of a brilliant career at home, he preferred to join in the larger and more difficult work in which his father had engaged. The spirit in which he undertook this work is shown in a letter to his father on the subject. He wrote:

"For the business of New England, I can say no other thing, but that I believe confidently that the

whole disposition thereof is of the Lord, who disposeth all alterations by His blessed will to His own glory and the good of His; and therefore, do assure myself that all things shall work together for the best therein. As for myself, I have seen so much of the vanity of the world that I esteem no more of the diversities of countries, than as so many inns, whereof the traveller that hath lodged in the best or in the worst, findeth no difference when he cometh to his journey's end; and I shall call that my country, where I may most glorify God, and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends. Therefore, herein I submit myself to God's will and yours, and with your leave, do dedicate myself (laying by all desire of other employments whatsoever) to the service of God and the company herein, with the whole endeavors both of body and mind."

The difficulty of the work is well described by Mr. Davenport, who said:

"It was in the northeastern corner of what is now the United States, a space no larger than a man's hand upon the national map, reaching from the borders of Canada to Long Island Sound, and from the Hudson River on the west to the Atlantic on the east, that the great enterprise was to be achieved. That region, while of great natural beauty, with its forests, mountains and lakes and bold rocky coast, its surface broken into hills and crossed by noble rivers, was destitute of material gifts. The soil was thin, sterile and hard to cultivate, excepting the few acres along the rivers, and particularly in the valley of the Connecticut. The climate was most uninviting to Europeans, very cold in winter in the northern section, and

chilly and variable on the coast, while in summer the heat was tropical. There was no mineral wealth; granite, marble and sandstone being the only riches beneath the surface. The products of the soil, the forest and the ocean were all that was to be depended upon as the material basis of that civilization which was to be. In the southern section of this region, upon the northern shore of Long Island Sound, lay a small tract, one hundred miles long and fifty broad, as yet unexplored by

for its accomplishment. Indeed, it existed only to give the settlers disturbance, to increase their dangers, and to cause them loss. They were to come here at their own charges and often at the ruin of their own fortunes, as private adventurers. The barbarous and warlike inhabitants resisted from the first all coalescence with the newcomers. To subdue this waste, to plant corn fields in these primeval forests, to establish here orderly governments and educational and religious institutions,



THE LAST OF THE MOHEGANS

civilized man, and inhabited by wild beasts and warlike barbarians. Its beautiful shore was dotted with islands and indented with bays, and here three great rivers, as yet unnamed, flowing from the north reached the sea.

"To transform this New England wilderness into a civilized country was a vast undertaking. A mighty ocean separated it from the elder world. The home government was to give no aid, nor even protection

to face all the physical ills of life in these strange surroundings, was enough to appall the stoutest heart."

During the ten years after Gov. John Winthrop came twenty thousand people came from Great Britain to New England, and this body was the nucleus of all that has made New England so potent a factor in the development of this country, for after that period there was no considerable immigration for a hundred years. With inciting this immigra-

tion the younger Winthrop is credited with an influence surpassing in effect even that of his father. When he undertook the work there were less than five hundred white settlers in New England, and ten years later Plymouth Colony could boast of only three hundred people. As was said by Mr. Davenport: "That persuasive tongue to which the Indian in his wigwam, the Dutch Governor of New York, and the English king upon his throne were, in after years, alike to yield, was a potent instrument in bringing about the Puritan exodus between 1630 and 1640. Among all the great men, from Columbus down to the present time, who have labored consciously or unconsciously, to make the United States what it is to-day, a just sense of historical proportion requires us to place the younger Winthrop in the front rank."

The father came to this country in 1630, but the son remained for more than a year making final disposition of the family affairs. During this time he married Martha Fones, and he reached Boston in December, 1631. He was soon chosen an assistant in the Massachusetts colony, and in 1633 he was selected to settle the town of Ipswich as a frontier protection against the Indians. His wife died at Ipswich the following year, and he returned to England on business for the colony. He was shipwrecked on this voyage and narrowly escaped death. He travelled through Great Britain, stimulating the interest in emigration, and found time also to select and marry a second wife, a step-daughter of the celebrated Hugh Peters, with whom he returned to Boston late in 1835.

In 1630 the Council of Plymouth had granted to Robert, Earl of War-

wick, the territory now known as the State of Connecticut. This was transferred the next year to Lord Say and Seal, Lord Brook, John Pym, John Hampden and other distinguished men, who had made ineffectual attempts at settlement. Parties from Massachusetts and New York were active in endeavors to get possession of the tract by "squatter sovereignty," and to forestall them the proprietors engaged young Winthrop, then in England, to proceed to the territory and build a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut river, and they commissioned him as "Governor of the River Connecticut." On his arrival at Boston he issued a proclamation asserting his authority over the territory, and organized an expedition to forestall an anticipated settlement by the Dutch of New York at the mouth of the river. This party reached the ground first and had works of defence in readiness when the Dutch appeared, who, seeing their defeat, returned to New York.

Winthrop named the place Say-Brook, thus giving the first English name to a Connecticut locality. A permanent fort was built the next year, and the town was established. The town thus founded in the very inception of the settlement of the State was the scene of the repulse of Governor Andros from Connecticut in 1675, forty years later, in the midst of King Philip's war, under the direction of the same Governor, John Winthrop, whose instructions to the commanding officer were in these words: "And you are to keep the king's colors standing there, under his majesty's lieutenant, the Governor of Connecticut. But you are required in his majesty's name to avoid striking the first blow; but if they begin, then you are to defend

yourselves, and do your best to secure his majesty's interest and the peace of the whole colony of Connecticut in our possession."

Winthrop, while thus commanding the situation in Connecticut, continued his residence in Ipswich. In 1638-9 he bought Fisher's Island, off the coast, which, then Massachusetts territory, was afterward held by Connecticut and later, after prolonged controversy, became a part of the State of New York. He established a homestead on Fisher's Island, although his actual residence there was hardly permanent. The Winthrop Homestead on the island, on the site of the original and still standing, was built in the eighteenth century.

Winthrop made another visit to England in 1641 and brought back workmen and tools for the manufacture of iron two years afterward. He established smelting works at Lynn and at Braintree, and was the pioneer iron master in this country. In 1645 he began the settlement at New London, and the next year he removed his family there, remaining until he went to New Haven, 1656-7, near which location he established other iron works.

In 1651 he was chosen an assistant of the Connecticut colony, and received from its Legislature a license to mine for metals in the public domain; in this work he was engaged for several years. In 1657 he was elected Governor of the colony, and continued in his office until his death, in 1676. During all these years the colony was constantly engaged in controversies with its neighbors as to boundaries and other delicate matters, and in internal strife of the bitterest character, and the wisdom, moderation and tact which he showed in composing and

settling them proved him to be one of the best administrators.

In addition to his other interests he practiced medicine during his entire residence in New England. He had a large library and was esteemed one of the foremost New England scholars of his time. He was one of the founders and a fellow of the Royal Society of England and published many papers in its transactions. He brought the first telescope to this country, and it is now preserved at Harvard University.

The death of Oliver Cromwell and the restoration of Charles II. wrought trouble for the people of New England, who had been adherents of Cromwell. In 1661 the Connecticut colony recognized Charles II. as its sovereign, and sent Winthrop with a congratulatory address and to procure a royal charter. The men in power were those whom he had opposed and his friends were either executed or in hiding. With only one friend at court, Lord Say and Seal, Winthrop proved his skill as a diplomat and a statesman by securing the desired charter, which, the royal edict declared, was granted "upon the confidence reposed by us in Mr. John Winthrop." In 1664, when the Dutch surrendered New York to the English, he was present at the request of the English commander and conducted negotiations to a successful conclusion. During King Philip's war Winthrop was one of the commissioners to the congress of the United Colonies of New England, and was at Boston on that duty when he died, in April, 1676. He was buried beside his father in the tomb in King's Chapel burying ground.

Both the Winthrops sacrificed large interests that they might accomplish their purpose in New Eng-

land, and freely spent their resources to that end. The extent of these sacrifices and the spirit of patriotism which prompted their action is well shown in a letter from the father to the son:

"You are chief of two families; I had by your mother three sons and three daughters, and I had with her a large portion of outward estate. These now are all gone; mother gone; brethren and sisters gone; you only are left to see the vanity of these temporal things and learn wisdom thereby which may be of more use to you, through the Lord's blessing, than all that inheritance which might have befallen you; and for which this may stay and quiet your heart, that God is able to give you more than this; and that it being spent in the furtherance of this work, which hath prospered so well, through His power hitherto, you and yours may certainly expect a liberal portion in the prosperity and blessing thereof hereafter; and rather because it was not forced from you by a father's power, but freely resigned by yourself, out of a loving and filial respect unto me, and your own readiness unto the work itself. From whence as I often do take occasion to bless the Lord for you, so do I also commend you and yours to His fatherly blessing, for a plentiful reward to be rendered unto you."

The father's prophecy was fulfilled, for the son left to his descendants not only landed estates of great value, but an imperishable name as a patriot, a statesman and the founder of a grand commonwealth. Father and son, founders of two such States as Massachusetts and Connecticut, stand unique among men whose names are recorded as most honorable in New England history.

The wife of the Connecticut Governor died shortly before him, was supposed to have been buried at Hartford. His family consisted of two sons, Fitz John and Wait Still, and five daughters. The two sons and daughter Lucy lived in New London. Lucy was the wife of Edward Palmes, but as there is no record of her death she probably died abroad. She left one daughter, Lucy, who, though twice married, left no children.

Only eleven distinct lineal descendants from him are known. Of these, six reside in New London, one at Saybrook Point, one in New York, one in Brooklyn, one in Boston and one at San Mateo, Fla. Three of the number bear the surname of Winthrop and all the rest use the name of Winthrop in their signatures. The three Winthrops are Henry C. of New London, Robert C. of Boston and Frederick W. of Brooklyn. The boy who drew the veil from the statue of Winthrop is son of Henry C. Winthrop, and bears the same name. The names of the eleven lineal descendants, with their residences, are as follows:

Mrs. Mary Smith (Mrs. R. B. Smith), New London.

Mrs. Margaret Winthrop (Mrs. Benjamin Carroll), New London.

Mrs. Isabella Winthrop Beebe (Mrs. Nathan Beebe), New London.

Mrs. Ella Winthrop Leeds (Mrs. Albert Leeds), New London.

Mrs. Anna Winthrop Colby (Mrs. Edward Colby), New London.

Henry C. Winthrop, New London.

Frederick W. Winthrop, Brooklyn.

Robert C. Winthrop, Boston.

Dean Winthrop Pratt, New York.

Mrs. Mary Winthrop Pratt (Mrs. Dean Pratt), Saybrook Point.

Mrs. Jane Winthrop Chester (Mrs. George Chester), San Mateo, Fla.

THE EDITORS' TABLE

Law makers have troubles of their own, and they are never more numerous than when they undertake to handle questions relating to commerce and industry. Here competing and conflicting interests assert themselves, and the most strenuous and unscrupulous advocate is most likely to make his influence effectively felt to the harm of the general interest. The prime difficulty is that the legislator's vision is constantly in danger of strabismus, through the presentation to him of questions in such a guise that he is almost compelled to view them without either proper perspective or accurate focus. This difficulty appears very distinctly in the efforts, past and present, to regulate the internal transportation system of the country. Railroad managers are confronted by peculiar and complex problems. They have, first of all, to so manage as to secure an income to meet expenses, fixed charges and dividends. This was a comparatively simple problem when lines were short, and only local conditions were to be considered. But with the growth of the country, the extension of traffic and travel, and the development of the export interests the problem has grown very complicated and difficult. With this expansion another factor has come in—the study of future possibilities and advance provision for industrial development all along a given line, that permanent and profitable business may be built up and future prosperity be assured.

Managers have been forced to study all these features, and to plan to meet present and prospective conditions from their own responsible standpoint. It is impossible that they should wilfully leave out of consideration the interests of any particular class of patrons or any particular location, but they are nevertheless compelled to decide and arrange matters on broad grounds, and with clear vision in which perspective and focus are taken account of. Friction between the managers and the public is inevitable, for the public usually sees only the requirements of a limited territory or the especial interest of a limited class of railroad patrons, while the managers are compelled, both by their broader outlook and their responsibility to a larger public, to say nothing of the claims of their stockholders, to look at the situation differently.

The public is quick to resent either real or fancied wrongs or discriminations, and has learned to believe that its remedy can be secured if only legislation can be influenced by its appeals. Years ago this sentiment made itself felt in Congress, and

the Interstate Commerce Bill, with its "long and short haul" section was enacted. Business conditions had compelled railroad managers to accept lower rates per mile, especially on bulk freight to competing points, than were practicable to nearer points where there was no competition. The "long and short haul" clause forbade this discrimination, but in this, as in other contingencies, conditions have proved more potent than theories, and railroad managers have found ways by which to evade the restrictions.

Just now the aggrieved parties in the controversy are agitating a proposition to establish, through Congress, a national commission which shall have full and final control and authority in the making of rates of transportation on all the railroads of the country, and several States are attempting work within their own limits. Indiana, Washington, Wisconsin and Montana have just passed bills for railroad rate commissions to control local rates. In Montana the Governor vetoed the bill. It hardly seems practicable for a single State to act independently in this matter; conflicts of interests and of jurisdiction appear inevitable.

Those who advocate the national measure see no difficulty in its application, and believe it will be a complete remedy for all the ills of which they complain, but that is not so certain as they imagine. Railroad managers are only human, but their own interests are involved in the wisdom and equity with which they do their work. Like other business men, they are sometimes compelled to do business at a temporary loss, expecting a future compensation for the sacrifice, and usually this is done to the ultimate advantage and benefit of the public, as well as to the corporations. Such a course would be impossible at the hands of a government commission, for it could only establish a uniform and unyielding tariff of rates on a "distance basis." It could not compel a railroad to do business at a present loss in expectation of future profit through the building up of a new industrial or commercial centre, and the restriction would result in the delay if not the destruction of new enterprises in embryo. To make a flat rate of so much per mile, regardless of the length of the haul or of the local conditions affected, would inevitably increase the "long haul" rates or compel the "short haul" business to be done at a loss. The former would be a severe blow to both the producer in the West and the consumer in the East, and the latter would

check or destroy all development of local business along the line, for no governmental authority can compel a corporation to do business at a loss. Of course, "trusts" and "combinations" have worked some temporary harm to the public interest, but soon or late they defeat themselves. In the long run the interests of the railroads and the general public will prove to be identical, and wise managers will find a way to subserve both without governmental interference except on very broad and general lines.

The subject has had serious consideration in the Canadian Dominion, and its Board of Railroad Commissioners was given authority, about a year ago, to take full charge of the rate question. It is too soon, of course, to judge of the final outcome, but while some valuable reforms have been secured, their final effect on the whole situation is not yet apparent, while on the other hand it is clear that even with "the largest authority with which any railway tribunal is endowed," and the extra favorable conditions under the Canadian form of government, the situation is very complicated, and the Board is, as yet, not fully confident of its power or ability to solve, with equity, all the problems that have already presented themselves, while it is quite apparent that new and difficult problems will continue to appear.

* * *

The beginning of the evangelistic work of the Rev. William J. Dawson, which was described in our March number, is, as was then announced, to be carried forward next autumn with an elaborate and systematic campaign, plans for which are now engaging the attention of committees in various sections of the country. The Rev. Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn, New York, is general chairman, and is in touch with the whole work. Here in the East much is expected. The campaign will probably begin early in November with ten days of work in Buffalo, after which New England will be covered. The ten-day service will be the usual feature, but there will be briefer sessions at intervals, in less important locations. Mr. Dawson's work thus far has been largely in arousing the churches. Whether they will stay aroused until he comes around again, or whether he will have to do his work over again, is the interesting question.

* * *

There are multitudes of very excellent people who call themselves intelligent, but who have little conception or appreciation of distinction between the essentials of a religious life and their own notions. Their limited judgment is asserted to be the "end all" of discussion, and whoever disagrees with them is classed as not only "unregen-

erate," but "given over to the evil one." If such we must class the members of the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, which, at a recent session in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, solemnly and seriously declared against the observance of Christmas and Easter as being "without divine authority!" The entire Christian world, and indeed every civilized community, speaking generally, holds a different opinion, and we imagine the "R. P.'s" will remain an infinitesimal minority until the end of time. There are many things ingrained in the affection and reverence of Christian people which lack the letter of "divine authority," but which are approved by their almost universal conscience. True, the early Pilgrims and Puritans disapproved the observance of Christmas and Easter, through their sentiment of separation from the Church of England and that of Rome, but the time has come when the whole Christian world can join in recognition of at least these two festivals as a common heritage. There are those yet living who remember an issue which came near disrupting an Orthodox Congregational church not ten miles outside of Boston, and it was the placing of a cross on the spire of the new church! But the cross is still there, and everyone is content. The "U. P.'s" cannot afford to maintain the issue they have raised. It is a relapse into barbarism.

* * *

The book stores are full of volumes on psychical and metaphysical subjects, and various cults of mind-healers are very busy explaining their theories. One peculiarity marks nearly all of them. They claim that the things which are tangible to the objective senses are only concepts of mind. That if mind is not present there is nothing material in existence, and that mind is the all in all of the universe. But common sense, which is not based entirely upon observation through the senses, but involves the exercise of some of the "subjective" faculties, teaches otherwise—that objects exist independent of human observation. Light is not non-existent because a man is blind nor because he is in a dark cellar; others can see. And it is probably true that what is invisible to man, even with his artificial "scopes," exists objectively to others of God's creatures with finer faculties of objective observation. A savage, choking an adversary to death, is ignorant of the fact that the process interferes with the relation between air and the blood in the lungs and thus causes death. Possibly his adversary is equally ignorant, but in spite of their ignorance the objective fact of the aeration of the blood as a necessity of life exists; no "subjective concepts" will account for the facts nor prevent the death

of the victim. The trouble with the "healers" is that they misapply certain discovered facts and insist that what they do not know is non-existent; fortunately their ignorance does not limit the power that governs the universe.

* * *

We have all heard of the schoolboy who was the champion speller while standing in class, but an utter failure while in his seat! It is curious, but true, that a little later in life he could not spell with his pen or pencil until he had learned all over again, and through life if asked as to the correct spelling of a word he was helpless until he could use pencil and paper. And then, when he got a typewriter he was obliged to learn again how to spell. The three channels of expression would not interchange, but each insisted on its separate function. Does not this experience illustrate the possible truth of the theory of a duality or trinity of mental organization, each acting only in its own sphere and through its own channel of manifestation?

* * *

Some years ago there was a large gathering of gentlemen at the country home of a rich and respectable Massachusetts man. A laborer about the place in some way offended the owner and was brutally knocked down by the fist. Almost at the same instant a flock of pigeons circling above the crowd attracted attention and the host with a whistle called them about him, several alighting on his head and shoulders. The contrast—anger and brutality against love of birds and their confidence in him—was most striking, as revealing two diverse sides of human nature, and it started a wondering in one mind at least which characteristic was destined to survive the present environment?

* * *

We need to get away from home, occasionally, if for no other reason than to "see ourselves as others see us," and to learn to appreciate some things which are so common here as to be uninteresting. It is an old story of the Yankee woman who was entertained at an English country seat, and found her hostess in ecstasies over a recent acquisition to her conservatory—"the American velvet plant." Madame Jonathan was puzzled, but on being shown the treasure found it to be only the commonplace and despised "mullein" of her native pastures, and for the first time she recognized its peculiar beauty of leafage. Later instances are the introduction abroad of our mountain laurel and our stag-horn sumach, as shrubs worthy of especial cultivation and care in ornamental grounds. The former, to be sure, has a degree of appreci-

ation at home, but it is rarely seen except in its native thickets, and the latter's unique seed-horn and brilliant autumnal foliage is hardly thought worth mentioning. We may also mention the native rhododendron, a more beautiful first cousin of the mountain laurel, which has been ignored by "cultured" people, who pay large sums for Japanese cousins of the same family, but which is a late discovery to New England landscape gardeners. It is coming in, however, and at least one thrifty Yankee is making a good living by propagating it in a Kingston (Rhode Island) swamp. Perhaps in time he will be putting other New England "novelties" on the market.

* * *

Dr. Osler would have no use for the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, for he is past "the productive age," but he is still valuable for counsel, based on experience, observation and a matured judgment. He "hits the nail on the head" in a recent publication, in which he discusses the old and the new in theology. He says: "There are many ministers brought up in the old school who are opposed to the modern view of the Bible, not because they have studied it and come to an intelligent decision against it, but because to accept it would compel them to throw away their old learning and begin again. They are opposed to evolution, not because they have studied the scientific arguments *pro* and *con*, but because they do not know what it means and lack either the inclination or the time, or both, to find out. The lawyer cannot continue to practice unless he keeps up with the legal progress of his time. The doctor loses his patients if he does not know the latest medical discoveries and even the latest hypotheses which are not discoveries. But the minister can continue to preach with his seminary learning as his equipment; and too often he is so busy writing sermons, making parish calls and conducting parochial affairs that he has, or thinks he has, no time to follow untrodden paths into new learning. . . . It is safe to say that there are not a few parishes in which are a score or more of men and women, some of them fresh from college, others instructed through mediatorial books and magazine articles in college ideas and ideals, who know more about evolutionary science, the Higher Criticism and the new sociology than their preacher knows; it is equally safe to say that there is probably no one in Dr. Bradford's congregation who knows as much on these subjects as he does. It is this fact which has given him recognition as a leader, not only through the pulpit, but also through the printed page, not only in America, but also in England."

We are acquainted with a most excellent woman who will not allow her little boy to bestride a broomstick and cavort about the nursery, calling it "my horse," because it isn't true; it's not a horse, only a broomstick. She is a devotee of Truth, always with a capital T. Several of her recently infested the recent National Council of Women at Washington with protests against allowing school children to sing or hear martial songs, lest they should grow up to be fighters! Of course, they would bar all allusions to warfare in the Bible or in history, and reduce all knowledge to a scheme of blissful peacefulness. Darwin's "Struggle for Life" and Drummond's "Struggle for the Life of Others" would be equally suppressed, and President Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life" would be worst of all. Would these gentle souls ever "scat" a cat away from a pan of milk?

* * *

Adjectives are a failure when one seeks for a word fitly to cover the benefactions of Andrew Carnegie to various public and quasi-public educational and charitable institutions, and their total involves figures which are beyond the grasp of ordinary thought. The list is still growing, for every month adds something to it. Thus far it stands about as follows:

Libraries in the United States....	\$28,000,000
Heroes' families' relief fund....	5,000,000
Libraries in foreign countries....	5,000,000
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg....	7,852,000
Polytechnic Institute, Pittsburg.	2,000,000
Employees' pension fund, Pittsburg	4,000,000
Carnegie Institution	10,000,000
Allied engineers' societies.....	1,500,000
Peace Temple at the Hague....	1,500,000
Dunfermline endowment	2,500,000
Scotch universities endowment..	15,000,000
Gifts to small colleges.....	17,000,000
Miscellaneous in United States..	19,000,000
Miscellaneous in Europe.....	2,000,000
Aged college professors' fund....	10,000,000

Total\$130,352,000

How fortunate for the tender consciences among the responsible recipients of these funds as trustees or otherwise that their accumulation came through iron and not through oil!

* * *

It's a good many years since pharmaceutical science began to mask unpleasant prescriptions with sugar, and now tasteless or sweet-flavored doses are the rule. This is, in a way, a tribute to a higher civilization, whose general aim is the greater comfort of humanity. And literature has snatched a leaf from the book of medicine, so that the book-makers have perfected a new art—the sugar-coating of the most

dense, abstruse and distracting problems in psychology, ethics, economics and sociology by the adoption of the romance form. The love story, which humanity always loves and reaches for, is now made the vehicle for the enunciation of the most elaborate theories and disquisitions upon topics which in their undraped selves cannot command nor hold popular attention. Religion, the new psychology and social science now come from the press under most seductive titles, and the reader, attracted and pleased by the romance element involved in the natural loving and mating of well-drawn personalities, is seduced into a more or less thoughtful consideration of the most tremendous problems of the time—problems from which he would turn away with indifference, if not with repugnance, if presented only in their naked and unappetizing form. Many readers, of course, will appreciate only the pleasant flavor of the sugar coat; some will skim the serious portion so superficially as perhaps to gather only imperfect and strabismic appreciation of the argument; but many will have their knowledge of the great problems of life broadened and clarified, and their interest in unusual but vital questions aroused and stimulated, so that there is hope that the modern novel reader may be led into the paths of real learning, and his education developed and extended, while he is unconscious that he is in the schoolmaster's hands, and thereby there will come a general interest and a more thoughtful attitude, on the part of the public toward much that it needs to learn.

* * *

Solomon is credited with remarking, "There is no new thing under the sun," and also with "He that spareth rod hateth his son," but both proverbs are apparently contradicted by a scheme now on foot in Brooklyn, New York, to establish a boys' school in which there shall be no rules of conduct. Its advocates aim at the "development of character," and so long as they are not particular as to the kind of character developed, their scheme should be a success. But so long as boy-nature remains as at present, school authorities will probably prefer that a part of the curriculum for which they are responsible should be the development of a reverence for authority and a respect for law. Postmaster-General Cortelyou has said many good things—one on this subject in a recent address to a public school. He said: "If my boy should leave school with his head full of history and grammar and the classics and modern languages, and all the other studies of the curriculum, and yet should not have it in his heart to yield a willing obedience to law—the law of the school, the law of the community in which he lives,

the law of the State and of the nation—I should feel that his time had been thrown away. We need in all our schools insistence upon obedience to proper authority, for these boys of to-day are the citizens of to-morrow, and everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land we must have more prompt and willing obedience to law."

* * *

Critics of "paternalism" in government will find something to condemn in the recent action of the English Local Government Board in instructing Boards of Guardians to feed children who are sent hungry to school, charge the cost monthly to the father, and collect the bill by legal process, which will send him to jail in default of payment. Thus the state becomes the poor man's banker, loaning him money, but with a sure grip upon him by a collection process. It should be but a step from this to the stopping of the Britisher's beer and applying its value to the feeding of his children, which in very many cases would be a salutary reform. "We should smile" to see the English idea advocated here, where there are frequent cases in which it might be a public benefit.

* * *

Look about you! Appearances are often deceptive. It is related of the Peary party in one of its Arctic expeditions that on one occasion they were travelling toward the Pole, ten miles a day. "Pretty good progress that," you might say, but the ice floe on which they were "progressing" was drifting southward twelve miles a day, so that they were "advancing backward" at a discouraging rate. Much individual and collective effort, in business, society, morals and religion, will, if fully understood, disclose similar deception. Only by finding and clinging to an immovable and unvariable standard can real progress be estimated.

* * *

"A dollar's worth of trading stamps with a peck of potatoes—price twelve cents" is an alluring placard but the merchant who used it didn't give away anything of value. He got his profit on the goods. Chromos, glassware, and a score of other "baits" have deluded the public into believing that it was "getting something for nothing," but the public pays full price for the goods all the same. Half a dozen books at half price and a magazine "thrown in" is just now a popular "bait," but just examine the goods offered and find that you are paying for what you don't want, as well as for what you do want.

* * *

It is a curious illustration of the weak-

ness of human nature that ministers will encourage the bright boys of their flocks to study for the ministry, and encourage their wealthy parishioners to give the boys pecuniary aid—even sending them abroad to secure the wisest and best thought of experts in theology, etc.; and then, if the young men do not adhere strictly in their opinions and teaching to the dogmas which were accepted half a century ago, the elderly ministers have convulsions over "higher criticism" and the "new light" which John Robinson was advanced enough to foresee even in the good old Pilgrim days as sure to "break forth from God's word." In what does such an attitude differ from claiming for "the Church" "supreme and immaculate authority?"

* * *

Mr. George P. Rowell, once a prominent Boston advertising agent, is reminiscing interestingly in *Printer's Ink*. He tells about the famous "Porter's," the North Cambridge road-house, where the sporty horsemen of Boston "baited" half a century ago. The house and the sign are still there, but its ancient glory is only a memory; soon it will be a legend. But its name is perpetuated in a choice cut of wisely cooked beef—the Porterhouse steak. Mine host was a skilled caterer, and his specialty was a thick cut of sirloin and tenderloin segregated by a shred of the shoulder-blade. It was soon christened, and is now known everywhere, but few know the origin of its name.

* * *

Occasionally the Associated Press disports itself in a way to make all serious-minded editors blush. All sorts of impossibles are sent out, usually from some western point, for eastern consumption. The last is from South Bend, Ind., where abides an A. P. agent with a vivid imagination. He tells of a travelling animal-show whose monkey smoked cigarettes, and was arrested and fined therefor by the local guardians of animal morals. Of course, if he hadn't paid the fine he might have been made to "work it out" by exposure under police supervision, as "a horrible example." But then, perhaps it's only a "freak advertisement" by the ingenious press agent of the show!

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. published last month a most valuable book by Russell Sturgis, "The Interdependence of the Arts of Design," which is a series of lectures delivered at The Art Institute of Chicago; another of Mr. Sherwin Cody's useful compilations, this time "A Selection from the Great English Poets"; and "Iowa: The First Free State in the Louisiana Purchase," from its earliest discovery to the admission of the State into the Union.

BOOK NOTES

THE HOUSE OF CARDS. By John Heigh.

The writer of this romance works with a serious purpose, and analyzes and discusses modern political, business and social conditions with a keen and incisive pen. A Boston-bred lawyer of the "Brahmin class" goes to Philadelphia, where he is made welcome by a multi-millionaire, prospers in business, and sees the seamy side of corporations and politics—the world of graft, without being submerged in it. Within this story is another of before and during the Civil War, where the actors of the present are shown in their forebears, and the reason for the present is seen in the past. It is a clever study of life, and cannot fail to phase even the serious-minded, while there is plenty of wit and humor for "the others." (The Macmillan Company, New York: \$1.50.)

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from 986 A. D. to 1905. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and William McDonald.

Colonel Higginson needs no introduction to American readers, young or old, and his collaborator, professor of history at Brown University, is well equipped for his work. The present volume is Colonel Higginson's "Young Folks' History of the United States," ending with the close of President Jackson's administration, which is the young people's standard, revised and brought down to "the newest history" of Cuba and the Philippines. The narrative is lucid and brilliant, and the picture of the growth of the United States is vividly presented. Not the least interesting is the "pre-historic" history which covers Mexican and mound-building peoples, and the Viking voyagers, with the latest conclusions of students in these departments. While the book is primarily for "young folks," every reader is young enough to enjoy and profit by its perusal. Its maps and illustrations are numerous and instructive, and a generous index adds greatly to its practical value. (Harper Brothers, New York: \$2.00.)

STUDIES IN CONDUCT. By George Thomas

Smart, D. D. This volume will appeal to all who have come to think deeply upon human life. Its title hardly conveys its character. It is a close and comprehensive study of human life, evidently the fruit of mature and thoughtful observation based upon a wide experience; experience of the

writer's own thought and reflection, and observation of a broad outlook upon the lives and actions of others. The book reveals a wide range of reading and a wise judgment in weighing the real values of human life and action. It demands and merits thoughtful reading, for every page bears at least one thought or suggestion that is worthy of pause and consideration, and one wishes the possibility of committing them all to memory. To read it once is to desire to read it again, and its possessor cannot exhaust its value except by frequent reference. For a "take up" which will give a helpful thought that can be carried through the busy hours of life it will prove attractive and valuable. The book is full of practical Christian thought, without any infiltration of controversial topics, and in this respect is a relief from the many current productions which seek to declare the incomprehensible. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston: 75 cents net.)

THE LIBRARY INDEX TO PERIODICALS AND CURRENT EVENTS.

This new publication is an indispensable addition to the table of every editor, professional man, teacher, student or general reader who desires a full and convenient reference to current literature or events. It gives authors and titles to all articles in the leading monthly and weekly literary, mechanical and industrial publications, in alphabetical order, and in addition an index of principal events which is really an index to the daily press. Reference to it should be more frequent than to a dictionary or an encyclopedia. (Office, 298 Broadway, New York: \$3.00 a year.)

SANNA. By M. E. Waller.

This is a Nantucket story, full of the breath of the sea, and of the quaint characters of the island before it degenerated into a summer resort. A romance of two generations linking the islands of Guernsey and Nantucket, and another romance later and less painful make up a very interesting and pleasant tale. The "nobility" of Nantucket and its common people are cleverly portrayed, and the story has a healthful, invigorating flavor of the sea, the traditions and the sentiment which attaches to the island. The characters are well contrasted and most happily drawn. (Harpers, New York: \$1.50.)

Renewed Opportunity.

"The mill can never grind
With water that has passed!"—?

The subtle water, heard
and chafed the shore,

Thought, harnessed of the
cool spring on the hill,

Of frolics down the
sparkling brook
yore.

Then softly stole
thro' mist and cloud once more

Back to the spot
and turned again the mill!

Edmund Spenser

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Onset, a Famous Camping Ground

By C. B. VAUGHAN

A LONG the southeastern coast of Massachusetts is a stretch of water known as Buzzard's Bay, separated from Vineyard Sound by the Elizabeth Islands. Upon its shores are the towns of Bourne, Wareham, Marion, Mattapoisett, Fairhaven, and the city of New Bedford.

At the head, where lies the town of Wareham, the Bay tosses out an arm known as Onset Bay, upon whose bosom are upborne islands that yet show where camp-fires were built; for Onset, encircled by the Bay, was originally an Indian settlement, and those whose ears are fine enough may hear the tread of moccasined feet as they pass.

The Indians named the land *O ní set*, in honor of a chief who ruled the tribe with much wisdom. *O ní set* at that time was also an island at high tide, the water continuing from East River, crossing what is now the public highway and flowing into the Bay. Massasoit's domain included *O ní set*, which was a part of the original "Agawam Purchase," a tract of land sold to



THE WIGWAM
(Photo copyright by Burrell & Co.)

the English by King Philip after it came into his possession, the deed bearing his signature. Onset has certainly cause to be as proud of her lineage, as she is of the prominence she has achieved in later years as a health-giving summer resort and the camping-ground of believers in spiritualism.



ONSET BAY
(Photo by Spring)

The trail of the Indian, as well as of modern spiritualism, is over Onset, and the combination is not incongruous when we consider the nature of Indian worship. There is romance in abundance here. Here are preserved in their completeness, Indian legends and landmarks, Indian implements and handiwork. Even the spirits of dead and gone Indians, it is said, revisit their olden haunts, and speak in floods of eloquence to rapt audiences through the intelligence of mediums!

The natural charms of Onset were known to few beyond the parent town previous to the forming of the Onset Bay Grove Association. This organization had its origin in the successful search of a few gentlemen who were interested in finding a suitable place upon the coast where camp-meetings, under the general auspices of Spiritualism, could be held annually, and which might also be made a permanent summer resort. Many places were visited, and both shores of Cape Cod

carefully examined, but no locality seemed to combine all the advantages sought until Onset was found. The searchers, however, had been so favorably impressed with Buzzard's Bay that they tried to get the land which later was sold to Joseph Jefferson for a summer home—known as "Crow's Nest"—and which had been bought of the Indians by the former owner, and paid for with fire-water. His widow refused to sell to Spiritualists, and they next sought the town of Wareham, for they were told of a still fairer spot upon its shores.

They found a thickly wooded grove of oaks, growing to the very edge of high bluffs commanding a fine view of the Bay, and surrounded on three sides by water. The beauty of the place moved them strangely, and they felt that they had been led by the Giver of all Good; here they could get in touch with Nature and gain inspiration from her varied loveliness.

An Association was formed, the

preliminary meeting being held in Boston November 9, 1876, a constitution adopted, and a temporary board of directors elected who were instructed to purchase the land on Onset Bay.

On the 31st of March, 1877, a charter was granted by the legislature, and on the 11th of April, Onset Bay Grove Association was legally organized under that charter, by-laws adopted, and officers chosen. A day was appointed for the sale of lots and many availed themselves of the opportunity to purchase.

Improvements were at once begun, the undergrowth was removed, the surface made smooth and level, and streets, avenues, and parks laid out. Boulevards appeared along the bluffs, and the first cottage was erected by Mrs. Elvira S. Loring of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, who selected a site with view unsurpassed. The sparkling waters ebb and flow, presenting an ever changing scene, the islands adding to its beauty, while beyond the Bay at the left, Monument Beach stands out against a background of trees whose exqui-

site tints in spring are not less beautiful than the brilliancy of their autumn foliage, mingled with the deep green of the pines. Across the Bay, "Gray Gables," the summer home of ex-president Cleveland, may be seen, as well as a portion of the proposed route of the Cape Cod Canal.

"Woodbine Cottage," the summer residence of Mr. Simeon Butterfield, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, was built about the same time, upon the spot where once stood the wigwam of an Indian chief. The grounds show many varieties of trees, shrubs, and flowers. Onset is unusually attractive in this respect: the charming grounds of Mrs. Helen Berry Robinson turn many feet from the straight path they would otherwise choose,—for who can resist temptation when it appears in the guise of a lily-pond?

Other cottages followed in swift succession, white tents gleamed among the trees, and some entered into the spirit of the place with such heartiness that they constructed



WICKET ISLAND

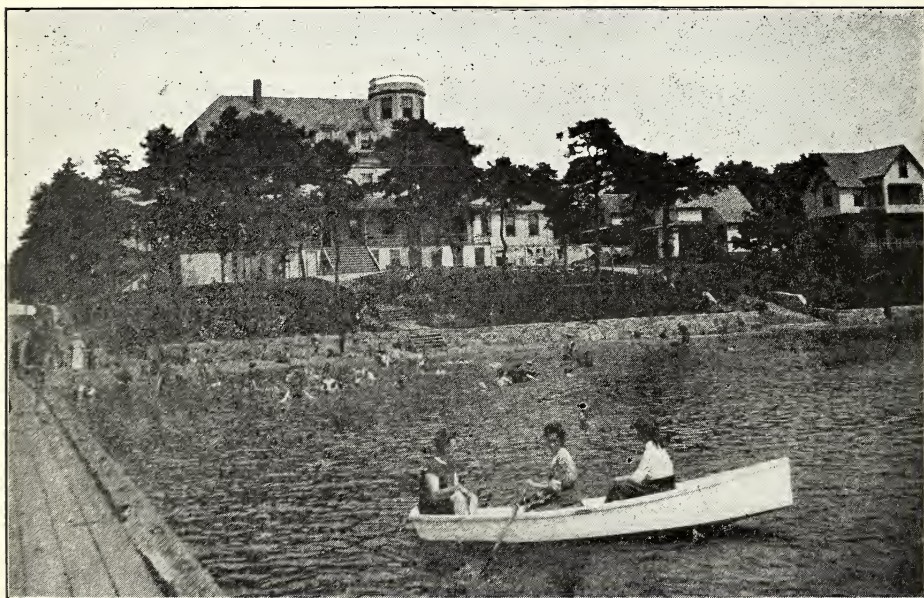
wigwams and faced the blue water when lying down to rest.

The names chosen for these summer homes were suggestive, many turning to history or legend for those which would keep in remembrance the long gone braves and their beloved: "Sunset," "Evening Star," "Wamsutta," "Forest Flower," "Weetamoe," "Ramona," "Sagamore Cottage," and "Forest Lodge." The last named is the home of Mary, the "Mind Reader,"

well as more gaudy effects, which find a ready sale, people often leaving orders for the following season. One would give much to read the thoughts woven with every strand—they must be fine to inspire such handiwork.

Facing Prospect Park, with "Old Glory" floating over it, the Wigwam greets one and all with the sentiment:

"Liberty Throughout the World, and Freedom To All Races."



PINE TREE INN

while close beside it is pitched the tent of her aged mother, "Aunt" Mary Tony, the last survivor of the Micmacs, a once powerful tribe of Indians who dwelt upon the coast of Nova Scotia, where "Aunt Mary" still spends her winters, returning with the spring to display the work of hands that have not lost the power to create beauty. Sitting just within the tent she weaves baskets of the daintiest coloring, as

Beneath, directly above the entrance, is inscribed:

"Erected to the Memory of the Red Men 1894."

The Wigwam is located in the northern part of the grounds, near East River. It is octagonal in shape and has a seating capacity of more than two hundred people. Each morning during the summer it is filled with people some of

whom come to worship, or to be healed by spiritual forces. The morning service is wholly for healing and seats are reserved for those who go for treatment. At this hour, healing mediums freely give their services and many assert that they have been greatly benefited. With some healers the work is wholly mental, while others use what is called the "magnetic touch." The silence is very impressive, and is seldom broken except by move-

from another, and the listener longs for power to translate. Improvised poems are often given by a medium while under control. Music, both vocal and instrumental, forms a prominent part of the afternoon meetings, a large organ belonging to the society.

The interior of the wigwam presents a study, the walls being nearly covered with emblems, Indian implements, and portraits of both Indians and pale-faces, some



THE CASINO
(Photo by Spring)

ments of healers and patients. It is claimed that Indian controls bring wonderful powers for healing because when on the physical plane they held communion with spiritual forces. During the afternoon service tests are given. Sometimes an Indian "takes control" of a medium and a torrent of musical, liquid words comes rushing forth in his own tongue, meeting quick response

of them full length. There you will find the dignified countenances of Big Mountain, Red Jacket, the Seneca, renowned as an Indian orator, Gray Eagle, Standing Bear, Little Hawk, Massasoit, King Philip, with many others whose names have been prominent in the history of our country, and the benign face of William Penn radiating peace to the race with whom he so



THE TEMPLE

squarely dealt. A full-length portrait represents the marriage of Pocahontas to Rolfe, and another her appearance at the English Court when she was christened "The Lady Rebecca." Indians from different parts of the country have freely contributed articles to make the Wigwam a genuine memorial of their race. There are cruel-looking war clubs, calumets, bows and arrows, blankets, gaily colored fabrics, baskets, and many other interesting curiosities—including Indian dolls; among these is one as large as a pappoose which was carved from wood, dressed, and strapped upon a board by an aged Indian; the doll has reached the ripe age of one hundred and ten years, yet its beady eyes still shine with great brilliancy and it smiles as sweetly as when young. There are several cabinets of Indian curiosities, including moccasins, head-dresses, etc.

The building was erected through the untiring efforts of the O ní set Wigwam Co-Workers, of which Mrs. Josephine Stone was president until her death in 1894. Mrs. Mary C. Weston was elected to fill the vacancy and still serves. The lot on which the Wigwam stands was the gift of Mrs. Weston, who lavishly bestows time, health and money to make the society a success.

The Co-Workers are very patriotic, many of the women being members of the Woman's Relief Corps, and some of the men are "soldiers mustered out." Mrs. Weston is a member of many societies and deeply interested in the work involved. She annually arranges fitting Memorial exercises and issues invitations to a large number of Corps and Posts. Twenty-eight Corps and thirty-two Posts were entertained one year. Prospect Park on such occasions is strewn with



AUNT MARY, INDIAN BASKET MAKER

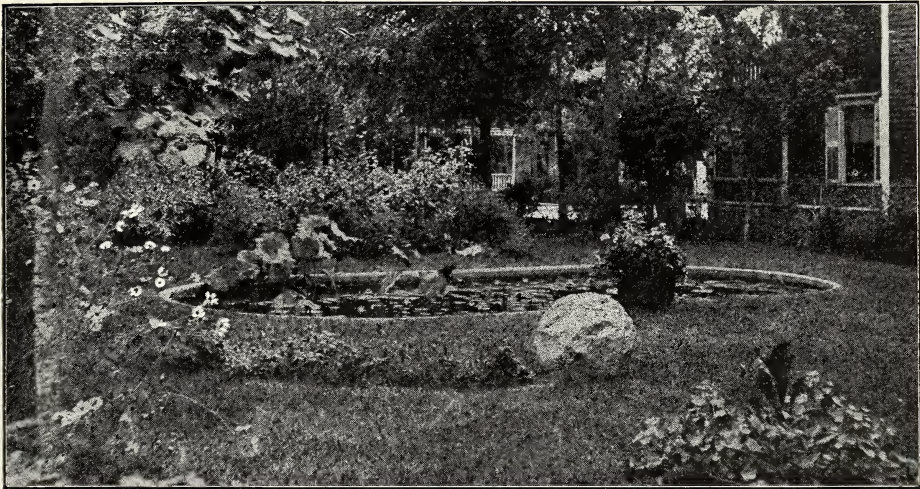
[Photo copyright by Burreil & Co.]

rugs and gaily decorated in honor of the day, and the exercises are held under the trees, while the doors of the Wigwam stand hospitably open.

One of the most interesting buildings in Onset is Eagle lodge, on Onset Avenue, which was built wholly of material with a history. Its massive front door once swung open to admit George Washington as a guest to a Vermont mansion where Lafayette was also a guest, and both heroes without doubt looked through the tiny panes of glass in the windows which were

from the old-fashioned fireplace, for nothing modern was allowed to destroy the harmony. The house was at one time filled with quaint, old furniture, much of which has been removed, but what remains still speaks of olden days.

The Onset Bay Grove Association prepares an interesting program each year for July and August, and able lectures on many subjects are enjoyed through their efforts, for Spiritualists welcome truth in whatever guise it appears. Noted mediums also occupy the



MRS. HELEN BERRY ROBINSON'S LILY POND

also used, wooden shutters and all, in the construction of this new-old house. When T. Starr King's Hollis Street Church was remodelled, the original pew doors were removed; they now form the entire ceiling and panelling in one chamber and the ceiling of the entry of Eagle Lodge. A closet door from the "Old County Tavern" can be seen in the little bed-room downstairs. The kitchen, with its slanting roof and time-stained rafters, grew cheery under the ruddy flames

platform and deliver addresses and poems under inspiration. Weather permitting, meetings are held in the large open-air Auditorium in the rear of the building which forms headquarters for the Association. The audience is sheltered only by the trees in whose branches the squirrels frolic above their heads, while the soft call of the mother-bird floats down as she broods her young. When too damp in the grove, the Arcade or Temple affords shelter. The latter

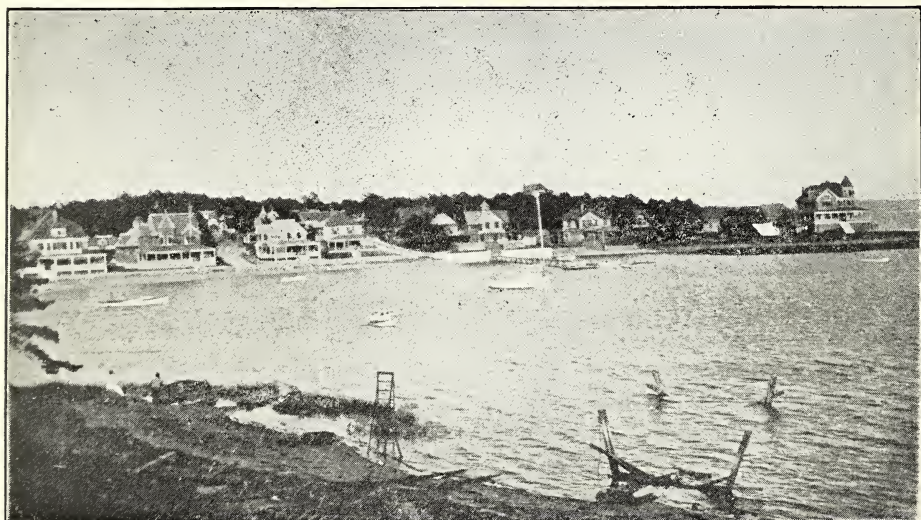
is not always available, as it is used for various purposes. Dances are held there, travelling "shows," and some lectures, to which admission fees are charged. The Temple was erected at a cost of ten thousand dollars; the decision was rendered that as it was not strictly a church, it should be taxed for six thousand dollars, and it was decided to make it a source of income. It has a large seating capacity and presents an attractive appearance.

Though Onset is thronged during the summer, people coming from

breeze. At Holmes' Casino, which is the only general news stand, some charming views of Onset may be found.

Near the shore lies picturesque Wicket Island, which is a favorite and interesting subject for photographers, the moonlight views being especially beautiful. The Island was owned by an Indian named Joseph Wicket, who was allowed to retain it until his death. It is now owned by Professor Ela of Dartmouth College.

Onset's natural advantages as a



POINT INDEPENDENCE

every state in the Union, ample accommodations are provided. Cottagers rent their rooms, there are several boarding-houses, and a number of good hotels, such as Hotels Washburn and Marcy, Union Villa,—the only one kept open the entire year,—Hotel Onset, and Glen Cove, in Onset proper. Crossing the bridge to Point Independence, the Pine Tree Inn is seen among the pines on the right. The prevailing winds are southwest

and these hotels get the direct Bay summer resort are unusual. The Bay has a sloping, sandy bottom, and the water is several degrees warmer than that of the ocean, making bathing a delight. Bluefish, tautog, scup, and other salt water fish are plentiful, and clams, quahaugs, scallops, lobsters and oysters also abound, though oysters are controlled by grants. The Bay is filled with boats of every description and forms a continual scene of

animation and charm. There is an excursion steamer called the "Genevieve," which has been a much appreciated feature of Onset for years, taking excursion parties to many points of interest.

Those who seek renewed health can find, regardless of creed, no better place than Onset for a summer vacation, for the air is life-giving, being impregnated with the

healing balm of the pine forests of Plymouth.

If the natural advantages do not attract; if both its Indian associations, and the presence of the zealous body of religionists, who have brought it so vividly into public ken, fail to interest, then go and hunt for Captain Kidd's hidden treasure, —'tis said that a part is buried on Onset Island, which lies beyond Wicket.

Boston Nursery for Blind Babies

By BERTHA M. SNOW, SUPERINTENDENT

"HOW did you happen to think of it?" "What is the object of the nursery?" "Are there many blind babies?" These are the three questions among the many asked me which I am most frequently called upon to answer. I happened to think of it because for three years I was a teacher in a kindergarten for the blind in Hartford, Connecticut, which had a nursery department in connection; and the distress and helplessness of the little ones so appealed to me that I felt called to return to my native city and do something for the babies there who were suffering from a similar affliction.

The object of the nursery, or rather objects, for there are several of equal importance, is to get the babies first of all into good condition physically, then, either by operation or dieting, to try to restore normal, or partial vision whenever it is possible; and when this cannot be done, to so train them that they shall become self-reliant and alert, and gradually learn how to make

the most of those two faculties which must be made to take the place of sight—touch and hearing. Sight is the main channel through which impressions are received, and the progress and development of the seeing baby is in proportion to its powers of observation. Deprived of this source of information concerning his or her surroundings, it is quite natural that the faculties of the blind baby should in a large measure lie semi-dormant unless stimulated and forced into action by outside influences. Thus it is that in a great many cases by the time the blind child is of school age, five years old in Massachusetts, it is mentally, as well as physically defective. It was to prevent this terrible combination of mental and physical blindness that the nursery was brought into existence.

As to the number of blind babies, I am very happy to say that comparatively speaking, it is not large, and yet is much larger than those not acquainted with the facts would suppose. When I came to Boston about five years ago, and announced

my intention of establishing a nursery where sightless infants might be properly cared for, the public gravely doubted the necessity for such an institution: "I never saw or heard of a blind baby" was the declaration that greeted me on all sides. I saw that the first thing to be done was to produce evidence that what I proposed actually needed to be done; and with this

copied the names and addresses of nearly forty children who had been discharged from the hospital with destroyed, or defective vision. I next visited the various other hospitals and dispensaries in the city having eye departments, and all the superintendents and head ophthalmic surgeons were unanimous in their approval of my plan.

Long before I had gone over the



THE BOSTON NURSERY FOR BLIND BABIES, 66 FORT AVENUE, ROXBURY, MASS.

end in view, I called upon Dr. Farar Cobb, superintendent of the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, laid my plans before him, and gained not only his sympathy, but his hearty coöperation as well. The eye records were placed at my disposal, with a list of diseases and terms designating total or partial blindness, and from these records I

records of these institutions, my list numbered between sixty and seventy eligible cases, all children under five years of age. Armed with this list, I next began the work of investigating the individual cases; of calling upon the children and ascertaining what their home surroundings were. With few exceptions, the addresses I had led me

into what we call the "slums." Down into damp, dingy basements where a ray of sunshine never found its way; and up flight after flight of narrow rickety stairs and through dark hallways reeking with foul odors I went; knocking at every tenement door and making known my errand. If the people chanced to be French or German I could easily make myself understood, but when, as was so often the case, they were Italian, Russian, Hebrew, or Polish, I was forced to search through the house, sometimes through the entire street, for some



BABY FLORENCE, WHOSE SIGHT WAS RESTORED
AFTER A YEAR'S STAY IN THE NURSERY

one who could speak English, and act as my interpreter. In many instances weeping mothers told me that the little one I sought had died soon after its dismissal from the hospital, and in many others, the families had moved, leaving no clue to their whereabouts; so that the number of children actually found was small compared with the number of names on my list, but it was amply sufficient to warrant the establishment of a nursery. With the names of nine blind babies, ranging from two weeks to four

years old, and all of whom were in homes of extreme poverty often coupled with intemperance, and suffering for the want of life's commonest necessities, I put an appeal for money and a brief account of what I had done and what I proposed to do into the "Boston Transcript" and a little later into all the leading Boston papers. There is nothing that appeals to the hearts of well-balanced men and women more strongly than little children and when they are friendless, neglected, suffering, or afflicted, then is the strength of their appeal increased tenfold. Boston people are famed for their generous giving, and so promptly and liberally did they justify their reputation that in less than three months more than enough money to guarantee the running expenses for a year had been subscribed.

On the first day of January, 1900, in a shabby, unpretending house in the Roxbury district, the work of rescuing and reclaiming blind babies was fairly begun. Compared with the pomp and ceremony with which many far less important undertakings are inaugurated, our beginning was as shabby and unpretending as the house in which it took place. For a month previous to our opening, we had been busy cleaning, papering, painting, and putting the house in a thoroughly sanitary condition. An appeal for cast-off furniture, dishes, bedding and all the various household necessities had been circulated, and again the response was as prompt and liberal as it had been to our appeal for money. One lady contributed three little white beds, each furnished with a hair mattress, a rubber sheet, one dozen crib sheets, a



A NURSE AND TWO OF THE BABIES

pair of blankets and two white spreads, as a thank-offering because her own three children were blest with perfect sight. Another kind friend fitted up the day nursery with rocking-horses, baby-tenders and all sorts of toys—that is, all sorts that make a noise, for blind children naturally are not attracted by dolls, picture books or any of the bright-colored toys that appeal to sight only; so we had requested our friend to send bells, rattles, horns, drums, clappers,—in short anything that made a noise of any sort, and she complied with our request so generously that the day nursery resembled

a toy shop at Christmas time. When the opening day came, everything was in readiness, the house was clean and well furnished, the night and day nurseries, though not luxurious, lacked nothing that could make babyhood comfortable and happy; and the best of it all was, not a cent of our precious money had been spent; everything had been donated.

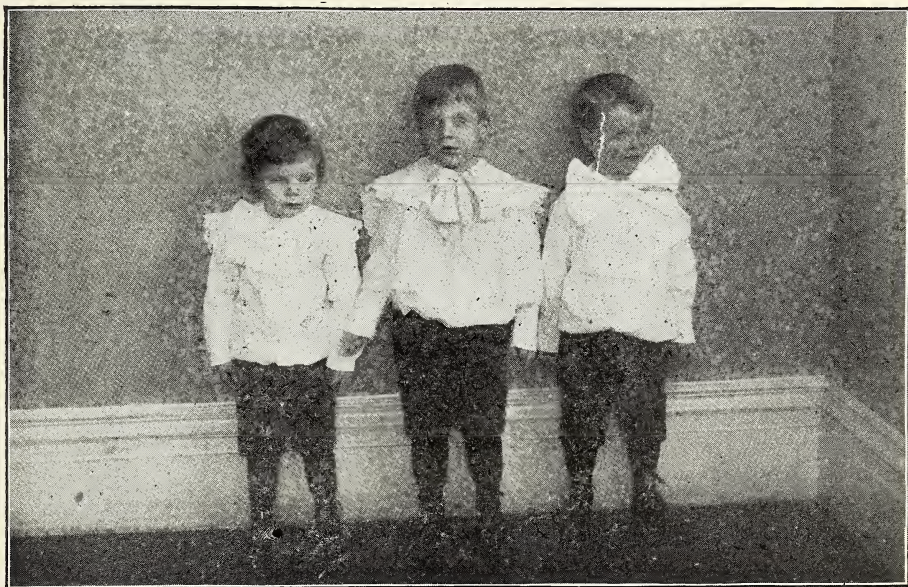
The first inmate to arrive was a little colored boy, two years and a half old. He had been found tied into a chair in a basement kitchen. His mother was obliged to go out to work by the day to support herself and children, so she tied the little blind fellow into a chair that he might not run against

things and get hurt. She told me that she gave him some bread and butter and coffee in the morning before she went to work, and that she always left plenty of doughnuts on the table near him so he could put out his hand and find them when he was hungry. Unable to move about, and with no one to attend to his needs, the little fellow sat tied into his chair alone day after day and week after week; with nothing to occupy his time or attention, nothing to eat but baker's bread and baker's doughnuts, and nothing to breathe but the foulest of foul air. When I found him he

was trying to amuse himself by shaking his bony little fingers before his disfigured sightless eyes, and singing, in a thin, quivering baby voice, snatches of the popular melodies of the street. His legs and arms were like pipe stems, and starvation and neglect were written in big letters all over his emaciated body.

It may be well to explain just here that the habit of shaking the hands before the eyes is one that is common to nearly all blind children, even to those who have not the faintest perception of light. It is not therefore in all cases because they see the shadow produced by the motion of the hand; but rather because they feel upon their sensitive little faces the vibrations in the air currents. When we took this little fellow in, it was not with the least hope of restoring either health or sight; we knew it was too late for that; nature had been too long

and too grievously outraged, and consumption had set in, making it only a question of time for him. We took him in simply for humanity's sake, to try to bring a bit of comfort and sunshine into the last few months of his pitiful apology for existence. Strange to say his mind was not impaired, and his aptitude in catching on to things, coupled with his sweet, patient disposition soon endeared him to us all. We never tried to do anything in the way of teaching him even the simplest elementals of daily living, such as walking, feeding, and dressing himself, we just let him enjoy himself in his own way. So day after day he sat in his favorite little rocking-chair and amused himself by singing in his plaintive voice bits of melodies characteristic of his race, such as "I's mammy's li'le Alabama coon," "Go to sleep, ma hunny," and several others that he had somehow picked up. He finally grew



THREE LITTLE "GRADUATES" WHO WILL ENTER THE KINDERGARTEN
FOR THE BLIND IN SEPTEMBER, 1905

too weak to sit up or sing any more, and then we sat beside his crib and told him stories whenever a spare moment could be found. Early in the autumn he died, and though we missed the patient little sufferer, we were glad to have him go where we knew he would have another chance, and a fair start.

If the nursery had done no more than to bring a few months of comfort and happiness into this dwarfed and barren little life, I should feel that in no small measure had it justified its excuse for being, but it has done more, oh so much more than this. In the four years of its existence it has sheltered more than sixty helpless little unfortunates, many of whom were found in a condition similar to that of the colored baby. Some of them had even been abandoned by fathers and mothers when it was discovered that they were blind, and would have had no other shelter save the state or city almshouse, had not the nursery stood with open arms waiting to receive them. If it were possible to relate all my varied experiences in my search for blind babies, I am confident that the most skeptical could be convinced of the crying need of such an institution, not only in Boston, but in every large city where there are great masses of ignorant people crowded together in unsanitary, unventilated and practically unlighted tenements.

Surely no human heart could turn away deaf to the weak wail of a nine months' old baby who, judging from its vermin-covered, sore-eaten body, had seldom if ever been washed, and who tipped the scales at barely four pounds, indicating that it had seldom been fed; or from the piteous moans of a little

girl of four who has always lain on her back in a cradle with her legs tied up in a position where she could play with her toes, to amuse herself day after day, while her mother was out washing or scrubbing, until now the bones of the legs are badly deformed and the muscles so contracted that she is unable to place her legs in a normal position. These and many similar cases are often brought to our attention, and yet withal, our work has its bright side, and that side is just as bright as the dark side is dark.

A little more than one-fourth of the children for whom we have cared at one time or another have been given normal or partial sight through surgical operations, or by careful and constant treatment of the eyes. It is safe to say that in these cases the children without exception would have grown up nearly, if not totally blind. It is probable that the sight of a much larger number might have been improved could we have reached them in early babyhood, but when we find them three and four years old, as is often the case, it is usually too late to help them.

The little house in which we began our work soon proved inadequate for the demands made upon it, and after the first year was over, we moved into larger quarters. The present nursery is delightfully situated on a hill where there is always plenty of fresh air and sunshine. It is a big, old-fashioned house with light, spacious rooms and it would be hard to find a place more suited to our requirements. Since this change, the work has slowly but steadily grown, until now we are caring for twenty little ones. Owing to the limited means at our disposal,

our progress has necessarily been slow; we have made it a rule never to undertake more than we saw our way clear to accomplish. As time goes on our circle of friends and helpers grows larger, and I earnestly hope the time is not far distant when we shall be able to branch out into a wider sphere of action.

All over New England, hidden away in obscure towns and villages as well as in the dismal tenements of our great cities, are scores of these unfortunate children whose parents are either too poor, too ignorant, or too indifferent to see to it that their eyes receive proper attention. Not infrequently I come across children in the heart of the city, hardly more than a stone's throw from some hospital or dispensary, whose parents have allowed them gradually to become blind without ever having taken the trouble to find out whether it might not be prevented. As soon as our means permit, we shall employ some one whose especial business it shall be to travel over New England searching diligently for blind babies. With a few exceptions, the parents are always willing to let their children come to us when they are made to understand that we may be able to do them good.

To carry on our work in this way would mean a rapid growth, and a still more rapid increase in the running expenses, but the amount of suffering we should be in a position to alleviate, and the ultimate benefit to the community at large which would result from the prevention of blindness are incalculable. With this broader field of labor in view, a blind babies' aid society has been organized, the membership fee of which is one dollar a year. Already

many friends in Massachusetts and some of the neighboring states have expressed their sympathy with our efforts by becoming members of this society; and it is hoped and believed that many more will be glad of an opportunity to assist in such a work when once it is presented to them. Membership fees in this aid society should be sent to the treasurer of the nursery, Miss Isabel Greeley, 175 Winthrop Road, Brookline; they will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged.

Though lack of money has prevented our reaching out as far as we should have liked to do, still we have not turned a deaf ear to a few appeals of blind babies in other states. Vermont is represented by an unusually beautiful little girl not quite three years old, who was rescued from an epileptic mother, and a drunken father, and placed under our protection. We also have a bright little girl of four from Maine, who displays marked musical ability, and a little girl of the same age from New Hampshire, whose sight we hope to restore in time. The children remain in the nursery until they are five years of age, and then they go to the Kindergarten for the Blind, which is a branch of the well known Perkins Institution, but with which we have no connection.

Last September we sent our first little graduate to the kindergarten. He came to us a baby of a year old, and remained with us for four years, and it is most gratifying to learn from his teachers that they have never before had a child of his age come to them so well prepared to begin school life. Though the little fellow could see hardly more than the light, he was very self-reliant

and fearless, and made his way about the nursery grounds with precision and accuracy. It is not unusual, I am told, for children of nine or ten to be brought to the kindergarten who can scarcely walk, and have no idea of feeding or dressing themselves. The little boy whom we sent to them could do all these things exactly as well as a seeing child of his age, and much better than many seeing children two and three years his senior. Next fall we expect to transfer three children to the kindergarten, and they will all go from us as well developed and prepared to enter upon school life as was their little predecessor.

There is one other question which perhaps I am as frequently called upon to answer as the three I have stated above, and that is: "Are the babies born blind?" No, they are not, and that is the saddest part of it all. The blindness of these unfortunate children is, in a very large percentage of cases, the result of immoral living on the part of their parents. A few days after birth the eyes become swollen and inflamed, and discharge profusely. If they could have immediate attention by men skilled in the treatment of the eyes, they could in nine cases out of ten be saved, but they do not have such attention. In many of the cases that come within my experience, the families are too poor to employ a physician, so a midwife is employed instead, and sometimes it is only a friend or neighbor who comes in to help. When it is noticed that the baby's eyes are sore, all sorts of home remedies are applied with the expectation that to-morrow they will be better; but

to-morrow finds them much worse, and after trying in vain to heal them, the child is finally taken to some hospital, but by that time, it is too late. In many cases where a physician is employed it often happens that he makes only one visit and so is not responsible for what occurs after the baby is born. There is still, however, a number of cases in which the family physician has attempted to treat the eyes, and in each case, so far as I know, it has resulted most disastrously. A bill has been introduced into the Massachusetts legislature requiring all physicians, midwives, or whosoever shall act in that capacity, to report to the board of health, selectmen, or town authorities any case of unnatural discharge from the eyes, or any redness or swelling, within forty-eight hours after birth, under penalty of a fine if they neglect to do so. Inasmuch as the disease which causes blindness is of an extremely contagious character, such a law would not only save many lives from comparative ruin, but prove a safeguard for other members of the family and the community at large. Several states already have such a law, and all the others should make haste to enact a similar one. The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, we are told; but it is not humane to stand by and allow the innocent to suffer for the guilty when we have it in our power to prevent it. We can, in a measure at least, see to it that helpless infants are given a fair chance and not forced into a seriously handicapped life for the want of proper medical or surgical attention.

The Daughter of the Stars

By W. LEVETTE WILSON

"IT'S a dream, an iridescent dream!" declared Thornton, as he finished the profile of the day's survey; "but I suppose even syndicates have them sometimes."

"What is?" asked Harford, the chief engineer.

"This scheme of running a railroad up the Andes," replied Thornton, scornfully.

"Um-m-m, maybe it is," Harford admitted; "but if it hadn't been for the dreamers, this ragged strip of land wouldn't have been known to the world."

"Of course not," agreed Thornton, as he packed away his instruments and records, "but those old Piruas or Quichas or Incas or whatever they were, would have been here, and from all accounts they had a civilization that ours has no reason to sneer at. Hello! Here comes Moreland. I wonder where he's been all day."

"Umph!" snorted Harford. "Taking long chances on getting lost, as usual, I suppose. I'll bet I never take a crank on this kind of an expedition again."

Moreland was a crank of the scientific variety. With a Winchester under his arm, a geologist's hammer in his belt and a specimen bag over his shoulder, he wandered far ahead of the surveyors, or lagged far behind, in a manner that kept Harford uneasy all the time.

"Find anything to-day?" asked Harford.

"I think I did," replied Moreland, in the conservative manner of the scientist.

"Snakes, bugs or gold?" asked Thornton.

"Neither."

"What, then?"

"Stone."

"Stone? What the— Did you bring back a specimen of it?"

"No; I didn't want to break it."

"Valuable, eh?" suggested Harford. "Jade, jasper, onyx—"

"Fossil," interrupted Moreland, laconically.

"H'm!" grunted Harford. He had lost interest.

Thornton was younger, however, and with more curiosity—even about fossils.

"What sort of a fossil was it?" he asked.

"A woman, I think."

"What!" exclaimed the two engineers, in chorus.

"I'm not quite certain whether it is a woman or a man," Moreland went on. "I didn't want to stay away from the camp after dark, so I didn't make a careful examination; but I'm going back to-morrow to investigate further."

"Where is it?" asked Thornton, excitedly.

"Back in the mountains a little way. There's a cave with a flight of steps cut in the stone leading up to it, and inside is a kind of altar on which the figure lies."

"Some remains of your old

friends the Piruas, Thornton, eh?" suggested Harford.

"Something of that kind, I think," said Moreland. "Suppose we all go take a look at it tomorrow."

The harvest was over, and on the terraced mountain side, the long stretches of maize no longer rustled in the breeze. Nature had dealt unstintingly with the season of growing, and plenty rewarded the labors of the people. So it was with joyful and grateful hearts that they prepared to celebrate the festival of the new year, Yntip Raymi. Then Uillac Umu would bless the stores, and the formal offerings to the sun for its beneficence would be made.

The tropic moon slowly climbed the star-studded heavens with a radiance that lit the heavy stone houses and the huts to a silver grey, and bleached the palm-thatched roofs to a bluish white. The Temple, standing in the centre of the city, surrounded by its broad plaza, shone almost pure white as it towered over the other buildings.

From one of the larger houses not far from the Temple, came a young woman, wearing the blue hair-band of a maiden of noble birth. Crossing the garden quickly, she passed through a small gateway in the wall, and ran lightly down the roadway, keeping well within the shadow. As she approached the plaza, she paused a moment, then moved quickly across the unshadowed stretch to the great stone basin fed by a mountain stream, where man or llama could always find cool, fresh water. Here under the shadow of the trees she stopped and looked about her.

"Sinchi!" she called, in a tone that was little more than a whisper.

"Ocllo, my loved one!" responded a deep, low voice, as she was lifted in a pair of strong arms and held close to a breast which seemed to her a place where she could ever rest in happiness. "You come at last, little sweetheart! I have waited, waited so long!"

"But it is only now time, impatient one! The shadow of the peak has just touched the palace. Then was I to come, and—here am I."

"But the shadow moved so slowly," he complained, after another kiss. "And I feared—"

"Sinchi feared?" she laughed joyously. "Sinchi, whom the warriors say knows no fear? Why, where was your macana, the big, heavy war-club?"

"Ah, Ocllo, my little one, the fear I felt cannot be beaten off with the macana. It was in my heart, and—Did I not see Apu Panaca, the high priest, move with his escort to your home to-day? He is sometimes set to do strange duties by the king."

"Then you would not have me one of the Vestals of the Sun, faithless one?"

"No, I would not have you—" he checked himself and drew in his breath suddenly. "I would only have you for my own little spouse," he added. "But, tell me, why came Apu Panaca?"

"I am to read the future," she boasted, with coquettish importance.

"The future?"

"Aye, the future, faithless one. There is need for the king and the wise men to know what is to come, that they may protect the people. I am to tell them."

"But how can you—?"

"Sit here with me on this stone bench while I tell you.. When Apu

Panaca told my father I was to read the future, if the gods so willed, he bowed his head to his knee, for it was a great honor. He understood, because he had seen it many moons ago—before you and I were.

"Then a couch with fine drapery of white wool was prepared in the worship chamber, and I lay down and closed my eyes as Apu Panaca raised his hands above me. And I slept, and knew nothing until I awoke with my mother and father standing by me, and Apu Panaca invoking the sun at the western door."

"And your father and mother were with you all the time?"

"Yes, dear one."

"Tell me more," he said, with a sigh of relief.

"They tell me that while I slept, Apu Panaca asked questions, and I made answer and spoke of many things outside the circle of my knowledge. Is it not wonderful?"

"Yes, my little one, wonderful, indeed. And did you speak of the future?"

"They say not, but that I promised to speak at Yntip Raymi in the sacred cave."

"And till then?"

"Till then? Why, nothing, except that I love you, and—"

He caught her in his arms and held her close to him. For a long time they were silent; then she released herself tenderly.

"See!" she exclaimed, softly. "The shadow of the peak covers all of the Palace, and I must go."

Sinchi went about his duties at the Palace the next day with a heavy heart. In spite of Ocllo's pride in the honor that had come to her, he could not repress a feeling of apprehension. It seemed to him

that the hand of Fate was on his love. When the sun was low, and he was free to leave the Palace for a time, he sought the shelter of the palms around the great basin where he had last seen her. It was as near as he could get to her until after—He almost shuddered as he thought of what might be after. For he had learned that when Ocllo slept at the will of Apu Panaca, she woke only at his command. To no other voice could she respond. Only the high priest, and—suppose he should fail!

From every part of the realm came the people in their brightest holiday attire to welcome the new year at the festival of Yntip Raymi. The streets and squares were filled with warriors, priests, soothsayers, state officials from afar, traders, tillers of the soil and all who made up the population. When the sun rose on the day of celebration, his first beams were greeted with a blast from a shell trumpet by a priest on top of the Temple; and the people, kneeling before the canopas in their homes, poured out their thanks for past blessings and their hopes for the future. Then the night's fast was broken, and all prepared for the day's pageant—the few to robe themselves to take part, the many to occupy vantage points to look on. When the rising sun had withdrawn the shadow of the peak entirely from the Temple, the great golden gong, heard on no other occasion, sounded the signal for the procession.

Quickly out of the streets radiating from the plaza, marched the different bands of warriors marshaled by their chiefs. As they formed in the broad, open space between the Temple and the Palace, the general, wearing on his head the yellow llantu of his office and

accompanied by his arms-bearers, took his place at their head. Again the golden gong sounded, and the great doors of the Palace, through which only the king might pass, swung open. A shout went up from the people as he appeared in the portal with the red fringe of royalty bound around his forehead, the graven golden disk hanging on his breast, and wearing his state dress, a long yellow robe of fine wool, crusted with golden ornaments and embroidered with gold thread. Immediately from the smaller doors on each side of the great portal, moved his personal guards, the chosen few from the flower of the army. Surrounding him at a measured distance, and carrying their war clubs over their shoulders, they moved to the centre of the plaza.

Uillac Umu, the supreme priest, and Apu Panaca passed from the Temple to the open space in front of the assemblage and stood waiting.

Then down the street was heard the singing of women. The crowds strained forward as much as they dared, and watched eagerly the advance of Ocllo and her escort of Vestals of the Temple. Twenty of them formed a circle around her, and, singing a sweetly monotonous chant, moved toward the plaza, strewing flowers from brilliantly dyed baskets as they went. In the centre of the circle walked Ocllo, dressed in a long, loose robe of pure white, and wearing no color except the blue hair-band of her birth. The rose was gone from her cheeks and her eyes were downcast. She seemed as one walking in a dream.

As they reached the plaza, the deep note of the gong was heard again, and the two priests moved

forward at the head of the procession toward Tampu Tocco, the sacred cave, passing between lines of warriors on each side of the road. Ocllo and her vestals followed closely, and then, at the prescribed distance came the king and his guards, followed by the priests and the people in order of rank. Silently, except for the chanting of the Vestals, the pageant passed in solemn grandeur toward the place where Ocllo was to speak of the future.

As they approached the flight of steps cut in the stone of the mountain side, which led up to the cave, the chant of the Vestals grew louder and their walk quickened to a gliding dance, by which they sinuously circled around their charge as they moved forward. At the foot of the steps all halted except Apu Panaca, who led on, with the singing Vestals and Ocllo, followed by the king and the two finest members of his guard. One of these was Sinchi.

Slowly up the steps they moved to the measure of the vestals' chorus, until they stood on the rock-faced platform in front of the broad entrance of the cave. Then the king turned and raised his hand, and a mighty shout went up from the multitude below.

"May the sun shine on the king forever, and the gods grant his desires!"

Again the royal gesture was given, and silence fell on the people.

Fifty paces back in the cave, stood the onyx altar carved with the figure of the great god, Illa Ticsi, holding in its four hands the sacred sceptres, each terminating in a condor's head. Over the top of the altar was spread a fine white cloth, edged with the dyed feathers of the macaw and falcon. Toward this,

moved Ocllo, followed by the priest, the Vestals ranging themselves along each side of the cave as she passed. On each side of the entrance stood the king's guards, and in the centre, where all could see, stood the king. No word was spoken, and all stood like statues in their places—all except Sinchi, whose chest heaved and whose eyes rolled in his excitement and apprehension. It was more than soothing saying to him—his heart was being laid on that altar. Ocllo was to sleep, but suppose she should not wake again!

When Ocllo had silently lain down on the altar, the priest moved his hands slowly over her head while he continued singing in a low, crooning voice the chant of the Vestals. Ocllo's eyes closed and her breathing became slow and deep. The priest's voice dropped lower and lower until it was lost in a whisper. Then he lowered his hands slowly to his sides.

"Sleep you, O Daughter of the Stars?" he asked, softly.

Ocllo's eyes opened, but they showed no sign of vision.

"I sleep," she answered in a voice, low but clear. Sinchi trembled as he heard it.

Apu Panaca turned to the king and bowed low; and as the king moved toward him the priest prostrated himself on the floor of the cave.

"Son of the Sun," he said, reverently, "the Daughter of the Stars waits your questions."

"It is well," said the king. Confident of himself, his face showed no sign of perturbation as he was about to lift the veil of the future.

"Tell the Sun and the Stars my homage is theirs," he commanded.

"I can only answer your ques-

tions," replied the sleeping girl.

The king frowned slightly.

"Let it be so," he said. "Will my reign be of many suns?"

"I cannot tell when the end will come."

"Will it be of peace and plenty?"

"No."

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "War with the tribes is to come?"

"No."

He took a step forward, but checked himself.

"Pestilence and famine?"

"Yes, and—" she paused.

"And?"

"And strangers."

"Strangers?" The frown was again visible. "Strangers whence?"

"From far over the sea. Pale strangers in large boats, with arms that we know not of, and beasts of burden that we have never seen."

"Come they in peace or in war?"

"They—" Again the voice of the girl hesitated.

"Speak!" commanded the king, fiercely.

"They come for conquest."

"I will fling them from the mountains into the sea!" he shouted, with a scowl of rage.

"They will succeed, and will rule our people, who will be forced to give way before them until there is none left to bear our names or recite our traditions."

The voice was calm and even, as if the speaker had no interest in the calamities she was predicting. During the awful prophecy, the king moved closer; and even the Vestals, under the strange spell, crowded forward from their places. The two guards had followed close behind their ruler. Apu Panaca, crumpled with fear, crouched against the base of the altar.

"And what," demanded the king,

in a voice that shook with anger, "will be my fate?"

"Your treasure will be taken from you," the sleeping girl went on, calmly, "your family will be scattered and you will lie in prison until Death's messenger touches you."

"The curse of a rainless sun be upon you!" shouted the king, as he sprang forward, and swung his bronze ax over the motionless, unflinching white-robed figure on the altar.

But the ax did not descend on its victim. The king's raised arm was gripped and twisted with a power that made him drop the weapon. Sinchi had stepped in between Ocllo and death, and—had invited his own doom.

"Dog!" shrieked the king, as he tried to tear himself loose. "Down on your face! Dare such as you lay your hands on me! Down on your face that I may stamp on your neck!"

"The men of my tribe neither murder women nor allow them to be murdered," hotly replied Sinchi, as he threw the king from him in angry disgust.

"Seize him!" shouted the king, as he started toward the mouth of the cave.

The other guard made a motion toward Sinchi, but the terrible glare in the lover's eyes and his threateningly raised club made his fellow draw back.

"Aye, seize me!" returned Sinchi, in tones high with defiance. "Seize me, but you will pay the penalty! My life is his who can take it! It is nothing to me for there is none who can wake her now!" And he pointed to the motionless figure of the priest lying in a pool of blood that gushed from a wound in his

neck, where the king's falling ax had struck him. He was dead.

"There is none to wake her now!" repeated Sinchi, with a half sob that almost overcame his defiance, as he followed the king to the mouth of the cave. "She will sleep forever, and so shall I!"

The Vestals had run down the steps into the crowd, which was surging below with the exciting knowledge of what had happened just beginning to spread through it.

"Seize him!" roared the king again. "Up, and seize him!"

"Come, seize me!" shouted Sinchi, in despair that knows no fear. "Pay the price of blood, and seize me!" He swung his heavy club menacingly toward the guards who had started up the steps. "The gods have smiled on Ocllo, and have taken her to her long home. There she will wait me. Come, seize me! that you may pay the price you owe me before I go to her. Quick, for the gods beckon me! I can see their shining faces and their temples of glory. What you call death is only freedom for me to go to Ocllo! Come!"

Sinchi's tones had become wild with his increasing despair, and his eyes rolled with the frenzy of his rage against the world for the sleep of Ocllo.

A dozen guards sprang up the steps, brave warriors whose loyalty to their ruler was greater than their fear of death. Sinchi must surely have fallen at their hands.

"Peace!" called a deep voice. It was Uillac Umu, the supreme priest, who spoke.

The men on the steps paused, for it was seldom that this holy man's voice was heard, except ceremonially, in public, and when he spoke, even the king must listen.

"Peace! He is mad!"

The guards on the steps shrank involuntarily; the crowd pressed back with a surge, and even the king looked up in apprehension. For those who were mad had been touched by the gods, and none might harm them.

"Mad?" Sinchi's despairing cry broke the momentary silence. "Yes, mad, but not so mad that I cannot give and take death. Seize me, ye who would, and feel the weight of my macana!"

"To the Temple!" shouted the king. "The cave is cursed!"

The crowd rushed down the road, forgetful of all dignity and precedence in its terror, except that the king's faithful guard kept him surrounded and protected him from the crush.

Sinchi, with a bitter laugh, watched them fly. Then he turned and went back into the cave.

"Ocllo!" he exclaimed, in a low, eager voice, as he leaned over the motionless girl.

She gave no sign.

"Ocllo, my little one, awake! It is I, Sinchi. All the others have gone."

He spoke in a louder tone, but still the girl slept. Her breathing was so light as to be almost imperceptible.

"Oh, my little sweetheart, open your eyes to me once more!"

It was the wail of despair, the cry of a man who feels that the inevitable has come, and that he is helpless.

He stooped down and kissed her lips. They were warm with life but there was no answering pressure to his caress. He straightened

up and drew his hand across his eyes.

"The gods have taken her," he said, slowly, choking with tears: "let them take me, too."

Then he kneeled down by the altar, and laid bare his soul. There was none now left to waken her, and, unless the gods relented, she must sleep forever. Until the gods took him, too, he would watch by his loved one, and wait. He rose from the altar, and taking the body of Apu Panaca, threw it down the steps.

None of the people ever mounted those steps again. From day to day, Sinchi prayed before the altar and kissed the lips which became cold and stiff, but seemed to him to change in no other way. From the mountain afar, the people watched the madman as he wandered about the heights near the cave. Their children's children knew him as a stooped, haggard, feeble, old man, of whom strange tales were told, and whose very name was enough to frighten the little ones. Finally he was seen no more, but the curse of the cave was never forgotten, and none ever went near the place.

But the gods never relented, and Ocllo slept on.

* * * * *

"Well," said Thornton, as the three men stood before the petrified figure, "what do you make it out to be?"

"I'm convinced," said Moreland, who had been making a careful examination, "that it is the petrified body of a woman, and I think she must have been an Inca of the higher type."

The Pitch Candidate

By CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

THE long, sociable afternoons spent by German ladies over coffee, buns and crocheting, have received from them a distinctive name that carries with it the lingering fragrance of femininity, flowers and coffee with much sugar and warm milk. They are called "coffee wreaths," a very poetic idea which suggests that the gentle participants in such gatherings are so many blossoms bound together by mutual affection. This title is likewise bestowed upon the delicacy most in favor on these occasions, a generous cake with a hole in the middle, like the apotheosis of a doughnut, sprinkled with sugar and chopped almonds.

In the masculine mouth these meetings are characterized by the more vigorous appellation, "coffee gossips."

On a certain afternoon, the fair and full-blown flowers wreathed around the broad board of the amiable Frau Doctor—, were Frau Privy Councillor —, Frau Consul —, Her Excellency Frau General —, Frau Attorney General —, and their hostess herself. The last three were sisters.

Gentle reader, be not afraid; these are not new women. Gott bewahre! These are merely the husbands' titles, which, as community property, are born by all German women from the Frau Apothecary up.

According to the custom of women when alone together, the conversation turned naturally to affairs of the heart. They first dis-

cussed the newest among their acquaintance, which led to reminiscent comparisons, so that presently they were relating their own lesser romances; the wooers they once had and would have none of.

These same young gallants, now gray-haired professors or Philistines, might have blushed again under their wrinkles to hear their amatorial follies retold, but the kindly fates kept them elsewhere and unsuspicious. For if they ever recalled the mist-veiled portrait of Lili or Lottchen, it was always as a slight, bashful girl, fearful of her own blushes;—and she would never tell.

It was the charming little Frau Doctor who finally related the following bit of her girlhood life, once in a while assisted as to the details by her sister, the Frau Attorney General.

Our childhood was spent in a very quiet village on the Weser, not too far from Göttingen, and one of my earliest recollections is the delight with which we girls looked forward to Sunday, when we were almost certain to have company from thence and to hear something of the outside world.

Our father, the village pastor, always had callers enough, usually embryo theologians or students of jurisprudence; once in a while, too, our cousin, the young lieutenant, rode over to spend the afternoon, for the family consisted of seven daughters and as long as I can re-

member, at least one of them had a suitor.

One of our most frequent visitors was a young theologian, a tall, loose-jointed figure, whose body was a sort of a knot from which the limbs radiated. Under such circumstances it is not strange that his clothes fitted him only approximately. His large, round head was but insufficiently protected by a growth of neutral-toned hair, which was always kept brushed smooth and glossy. Only the ends around the nape of the neck would not be subdued, and curled sharply outward.

His beardless face was of the kind that in youth looks older, and in middle age younger than its years. The complexion was yellowish pale; the features angular, and, with the exception of the chin, very large. No one had ever seen him without his spectacles, whose circular, silver rims gave him an appearance of great learning.

Although he had already entered into the thirties, he was still a candidate for the ministry, not having, as yet, made a successful examination in theology. I believe the fault lay in his too speculative nature that always directed his thoughts into the side paths of a proposition so that he never was able to come to the end of his reasoning. Many less intelligent students had outstripped him.

Of his piety there was no doubt, and I believe it was this that made him such a favorite with my mother and her sister, a spinster of five and forty, both of whom were delighted at his beautiful sentiments about humility, self-denial, and the subduing of the carnal passions. At any rate they were his outspoken friends on all occasions, and it was always one or the other of them who in-

vited him to stay a little longer.

The Sunday programme was usually this: In the morning he came bright and early to escort my mother, my aunt and her seven nieces to church, which was just across the graveyard from the parsonage.

There we heard our father's discourse, after which he accompanied the pastor home, usually going with him into the more subtle questions of the sermon. This dissertation was never finished before we reached the front door, and then my



DOZED OVER HIS PIPE

mother would always say: "Oh, pray don't stand on ceremony; won't you come into the parlor, Herr Candidate?"

And regularly the candidate would answer: "Oh, thank you; I *will* take the liberty."

While they were discussing the "fourthly," my mother would go to the kitchen to see that dinner was being prepared, and casually direct that an extra plate be put on at my father's right. Then she would come back at twelve o'clock and say in

her most winning way, for our mother was a gracious lady: "Oh, won't you stay to dinner with us, Herr Candidate?"

The candidate would start in great confusion, turn red, pull out his great silver watch and hesitate.

If my father did not at once second his wife's invitation, she would add: "But you really must stay; your place is already set."

And as if that were a calling of destiny, the candidate would invariably reply: "Oh, thank you. I will accept your kind invitation, but the honor is too great."

So he stayed, and I think he must have been denying himself and subduing the carnal passions all week, for his appetite was remarkable. Meanwhile he kept up his discussion with the pastor, so that the pudding and the "finally" were usually finished at about the same time.

Directly after dinner, my father would go to conduct the afternoon service, and the candidate, who had as a professional and personal, as well as a religious interest, would of course go, too. This always put my father in a good humor, for the second sermon had few hearers, so from sheer gratitude he would bring the young man back to the garden.

Here was my aunt's opportunity, because the pastor went directly from the service to his study, where, for a whole hour, he dozed in the easy chair over his long-stemmed pipe—the one with the green tassels and the porcelain bowl. As I said, this hour belonged to my aunt, and she forthwith remarked, as the candidate affected to look for his hat: "But you are not going yet, Herr Candidate! Do come into the garden; it is so shady there and the plums are just ripe."

To which the candidate always answered: "Oh, thank you, gracious Fraulein; I *will* allow myself the pleasure."

While we girls washed the dinner dishes, he went over the morning's sermon once more for my aunt's benefit. He also talked botany with her, for she was fond of pressing flowers.

These she arranged in flat wreaths, together with ferns and grass, and pasted them on cardboard. Whenever a relative or friend of her youth died, she would manage to get a quantity of the deceased person's hair, from which, with the aid of a little glue and much patience, she designed weeping willows leaning over tombstones, and other such graceful tokens of mourning, which served as centres for the wreaths. In case no one had died for a good many months, she would substitute an appropriate verse or text to be drawn and illuminated. Sometimes the candidate selected the colors, for he had an artistic eye.

These wreaths, when framed under glass, made beautiful ornaments for the parlor wall, so, besides hanging several in each room of the house, our aunt had regularly presented such testimonials of affection to all of her relatives on birthdays and Easter. Our lieutenant cousin gave all his to the good creature who washed his shirts. He never could keep up with his laundry bills, and she was a very pious woman who appreciated them highly.

Thus my aunt spent her happiest hours at the feet of the candidate, making wreaths and gathering the pressed flowers of Christian precepts that dropped from his lips.

When my father had finished his nap, we would have a table spread

under the grape arbor, a beautiful, cool retreat where the afternoon sun could only play through the leaves, projecting here and there a few sunbeams on the snowy cloth. Meanwhile the outside world was flooded with the summer light and warmth, and was drowsy with the droning of bees, that hovered among the prim rows of dahlias and hollyhocks.

Then one of us girls, following a nod from our mother, would say: "Of course, you will stay for coffee, Herr Candidate; you mustn't go in this dreadful heat."

To which the candidate would stammer, with a profound obeisance: "Oh, thank you, it will give me great pleasure, gracious Fräulein."

Perhaps a young law student would now drop in to visit the pastor, or perhaps it would be that cousin of ours, the lieutenant, although I didn't understand at that time what should make the dashing young hussar so very fond of papa.

So with coffee and gossip, religious, legal and military, the long, still afternoon passed away. Not so the candidate! By sundown the lieutenant had accompanied my next elder sister, Charlotte, to examine a curious foreign plant that grew in the extreme corner of the garden; the law student helped Theodora water the flowers, but the candidate sat still in his chair and told our aunt and our dear mother all about Christian forbearance, which they heard with much devotion.

Finally, noticing that we were becoming restless, she would say: "If you children would like to waltz, I will play for you."

Then in the dusk she would sit at the old square piano and play a Rhineland melody, and my father would smile benignly and lead the

spinster aunt to the low, cool parlor. We all followed, and at last came the lieutenant, too, with Charlotte. They were very anxious to explain that it was a cotton plant.

The candidate could not dance at all and was not fond of music, but we could not leave him alone, so I sat with him in the corner and he talked about—I don't know what; some indifferent subject.

The lieutenant took a hurried leave, as he had to report for duty that evening; my elder sister accompanied him to the gate. The young law student was already gone.

Then mother would apologize: "We have only a cold supper on Sundays, but if you will do us the honor of sharing it——".

And the candidate regularly responded: "Oh, thank you; the honor is mine; I *will* be so free."

After supper we sat on the horse-hair chairs in the parlor for hours and hours, until my sisters dropped out one by one; father dozed in his chair, and my dear, patient little mother, my aunt and the candidate discoursed on the guidings of providence, till finally some kindly providence guided him homeward.

It was after such a vigil that my younger sister, who was only fifteen, and as the baby of the family had many privileges, remarked that she thought there must be pitch on that part of his trousers nearest the chair.

The saying stuck; thenceforth among us girls he was known only as the "pitch candidate."

It was a distinct shock for me to find out that the pitch candidate stuck so fast all on my account.

The revelation came in a way that to us was highly dramatic.

One Sunday, my father, against his wont, took a long walk into the country. It was one of those sultry

afternoons when the world seems asleep; only the rye fields waved a trifle to and fro, glancing golden in the sunlight; the lazy chirping of crickets drowned all other sounds. We girls sat in our bedroom, sewing by the open windows.

This was not a day for active exercise, so we were much astonished when we presently saw our father returning between the fields at a rapid pace that increased at every step. His long, quick strides, his upright head, and even the way he gripped his cane, not putting it down gravely as was his custom, showed him to be in a state of high excitement and indignation.

A few yards behind him marched the pitch candidate, drooping in every limb. He appeared to be walking slowly, but the great length of his legs kept him ever at an even distance of about five paces behind the pastor.

Arrived at the house, my father called mother and the spinster aunt to his study, in a voice so impatient that I hardly recognized it. An hour later we heard the front gate shut very gently, and peeping out of our window, saw the pitch candidate, still dejectedly drooping, vanish across the fields.

It was presently whispered about that he had asked papa for my hand, which had surprised and annoyed the good pastor extremely, for he had thought, as did we all, that the spinster aunt stood highest in the candidate's affections. Through my mother's pacific intervention, my father was brought to temper his first refusal with the condition that he would consider it when my theologian once became a full-fledged divine.

After the first surprise had passed, I found the idea of having a suitor

very flattering and agreeable, the more so as I knew my mother favored the match, and I often pictured to myself the parsonage in some neighboring village, over which I might preside some day when that dreadful examination was passed.

To be sure, if I had been allowed a choice of the young gentlemen we knew, I might have preferred the clever little law student with his face full of duelling scars, or even the godless hussar lieutenant, but I knew from the first that he was the property of my elder sister and was quite reconciled to my fate.

You see, at that time, I had never read a novel nor heard an opera, so I knew nothing at all about "consuming passion," "Liebestod," nor any motive for marriage stronger than a mild liking and my parents' will. That, by the way, was two years before I met my own Herr Doctor. (And the dear little lady blushed a trifle as she continued:)

My sisters were very cruel to the young man, who, in his melancholy, deserved more sympathy than he ever got from any of us. One of their favorite pranks was to dress in my frock and wander in our garden by the river. My younger sister usually did that, for she had my figure and could imitate me to perfection. Presently she was sure to see the poor candidate on the opposite bank, half concealed by the bushes. He carried a pocket spyglass, which he would glue to his eye and so gaze for hours into our garden, in the fond delusion that he had before him the idol of his soul. Sometimes she was naughty enough to wave her little cambric handkerchief, to which he always responded promptly with his bandana.

Father saw this maneuver once

and it resulted in a severe punishment for my sister. She was sent to bed for the day, and got no butter on her bread for a week. As papa would sternly remark whenever the butter-dish passed her: "Every misdeemeanor brings its own punishment."

Shortly after this I was thrown into a flutter of excitement by a prospect so dazzling as to make me utterly forget my unhappy candidate. My mother had a sister married to a German in Paris, who, as she had no children of her own, offered to take one of us to help her in the household. It was an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the great world, and at the same time relieve the pastor's narrow salary of a bit of strain. The lot fell to me.

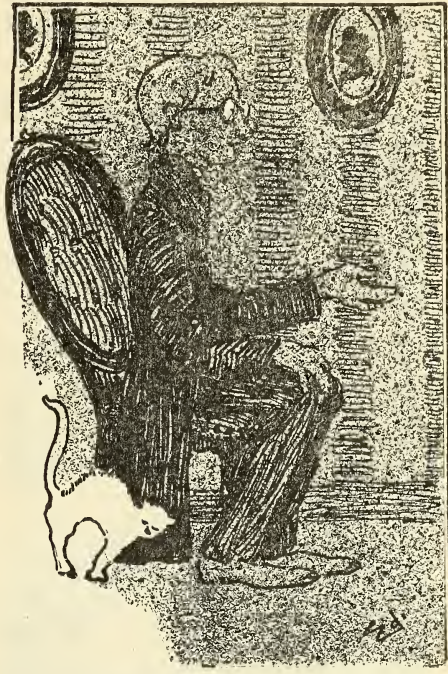
Paris! Never had my ambition soared that high. I had been taken to Göttingen once, to be amazed at its life, its gaiety and its enormous size. In my secret heart I had cherished the hope that, some day after I had become Frau Pastor, we might invest the savings of three or four years in a week's trip to Berlin. But Paris, the city of fantasy and dream! It was like a trip to fairyland. Even the worldly-wise hussar had never been that far. And I was to go within a fortnight.

Shortly after that, I met the pitch candidate for the last time. It was evening. My packing was almost finished. I was walking, meditating, alone in the garden, trying to decide whether I should put the leg-horn hat into the round, green band-box or into the square brown one, when I heard the splash of oars in the river. I supposed it to be the fisherman, looking after his nets, and thought no more about it, till presently the bushes on that side were

parted suddenly, and there stood the pitch candidate before me. I started as if it had been his ghost, so totally had he passed out of my life.

In the dusk he was almost handsome as he towered above me. He was even paler than usual in his black, ministerial suit. The glasses were gone; I noticed the wires sticking out of his pocket.

"Is it true that you are going away, gracious Fräulein?" he said.



DISCOURSED ON THE GUIDINGS OF PROVIDENCE

"No,—yes,—that is, I start day after to-morrow."

"And, as they tell me, to Paris, to live there?"

I explained to him that I intended to keep house for my aunt, and would doubtless be with her several years; then, to fill a fearful gap in the dialogue, I ventured desperately: "If you ever come to Paris, I should be so glad to have you call."

He looked at me earnestly; his eyes were less learned than I had ever seen them before. "You are playing with me," he said. "How can you be so cruel?"

It had never occurred to me that I was cruel, and I resented it, so I replied with some asperity that it was not my fault. If my father had not given his consent for the present, he could blame no one but himself. He had nothing to do but to pass his examination and then come and claim me: I was perfectly willing.

"I have passed my examination," he said quietly, "with honors. I will soon have a pastorate."

"How nice!" I answered. "Then when I come back from Paris we can get married."

"When you come back!" he exclaimed. "Do you still intend to go?"

"Of course; for three years at least."

Well, the end of it was this: the whilom candidate declared it impossible that I could ever have loved

him as a husband ought to be loved, otherwise I could never willingly absent myself from him so long, not even for Paris.

Then and there a great light dawned on me, and I saw that something more was required for marriage than mere absence of dislike, or even the willingness of both parents. I told him I was very sorry he felt so badly about it, but that I was afraid he had guessed the real reason. The same week I was in Paris.

The last I heard of the pitch candidate was that he had settled in Schwieberdingen, a village some two miles away.

When I returned from Paris, after an absence of five years, I found that my spinster aunt was no more. With her mourning-wreaths of dried flowers, and her deep love of pious precepts, she had passed into a higher sphere, and now with all propriety adorned the parsonage of Schwieberdingen as the Gracious Frau Pastor.

White Poppies

By FRANCES JOSEPHINE GILES

Fringed flowers of Sleep!

Fold in your heart of white

One hour for me, and keep

It guarded through the night,

With all your White Flower Host, and let

Them hold it—dreamless—until I forget!

A Great Negro Enterprise

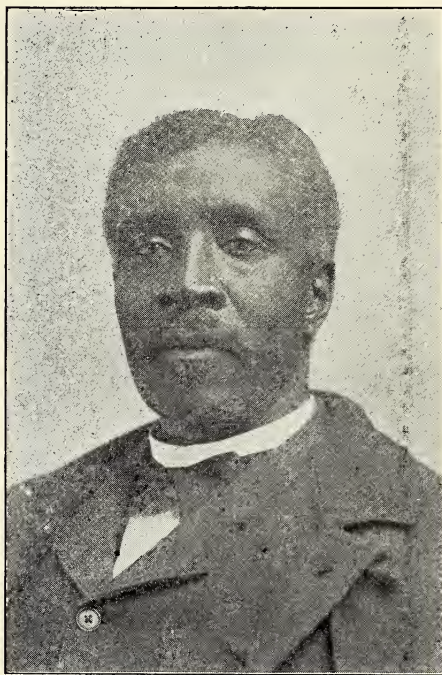
By KELLY MILLER, PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS, HOWARD UNIVERSITY

“THE Grand Fountain of the United Order of True Reformers,” more briefly and conveniently known as “The True Reformers,” is a Negro secret organization whose operations have assumed far-reaching and significant economic proportions. Starting from the most meagre beginnings a little more than twenty years ago, the society has multiplied and extended its lines of activity until to-day it stands as the most remarkable and successful practical organization among the Negroes in this country.

In 1881, two significant movements were inaugurated which were destined to arouse and quicken the industrial and economic life of the colored race. It was in this year that a beardless youth, just from school, established the great Tuskegee Institute in a sleepy little village which, at that time, seemed to hold no more hope or promise than a dozen other lazy Alabama towns with curious Indian names. Embarking upon the industrial current, just then setting in, he both followed and directed it, until to-day he has immortalized the town, and made his enterprise synonymous with the progress of a whole race.

Tuskegee teaches the Negro the secret and method of material development. Shut out from apprenticeship in the higher phases of the industrial arts by a proscriptive and unreasoning prejudice, a rational knowledge of the mechanical crafts

is vouchsafed to him only through the medium of the school. The old slave mechanic possessed the knack without the knowledge. He was not rooted and grounded in the rational principles of his trade, and consequently could not transmit it to his descendants. Tuskegee thus



REV. W. W. BROWNE,
FOUNDER OF THE "TRUE REFORMERS"

stands as an industrial renaissance. The black boy is enabled to get a tighter grip upon mechanical science than could his more ignorant forbears with whom it was purely a



RESIDENCE OF W. W. BROWNE, AND ORIGINAL OFFICERS' BANK

handicraft, without intellectual conception.

But method without incentive avails little. Brickmaking is but an incident of the building trade. If cities are to be built, bricks will be forthcoming even though they must be made with straw. Teaching a boy bookkeeping will not make him a banker; but if, by any good hap, he finds himself in the banking business, he will be sure to learn or command good bookkeeping. It is perfectly clear to the careful student of the race problem that the economic salvation of the Negro depends not so much upon his becoming a skilled workman, in possible default of a demand for his skill because of his

color, but upon his ability to take advantage of the necessities which his race creates. It is not merely learning how to work, but how to organize and conduct industries that give incentive and stimulus to labor. Otherwise the proscriptive power of race prejudice will force the Negro, despite his skill, into the crudest lines of occupation and compel him to loiter round the outer edge of higher industrial pursuits. He will be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water to the end of the chapter.

There are five cities in the United States in which there are more than sixty thousand Negroes; fifteen cities have over twenty thousand, thirty-two over ten thousand per-

sons of color. These people have ample educational advantages to prepare them for the practical everyday purposes of life, and yet they live in a state of abject economic dependence. The only escape from this fate seems to be the development of self-sustaining and self-directed industries. That Dr. Booker T. Washington appreciates this principle is seen by the alert interest which he takes in developing the "Colored Men's Business League," of which he was the organizer and whose president and guiding spirit he has continued to be.

The "True Reformers" have accomplished this purpose in an unexpected degree. Rev. W. W. Browne founded the "True Reformers" in Richmond, Va., the same year that Booker T. Washington established his famous institution in Alabama. If Tuskegee is calculated to furnish the industrial method, the "True Reformers" supplies the economic

motive for industrial endeavor. But if these two institutions are at all comparable in their effect upon the well-doing and well-being of the Negro race, why is it, one might ask, that the one is so far famed while the other is so little known? Tuskegee has caught the ear of the world, while the "True Reformers'" fame is limited chiefly to the benefited class. Mr. Washington based his institution upon philanthropy, Mr. Browne upon self-help. The one appealed to the white race to reach down a helping hand to uplift the backward black brother, the other appealed to the Negro, no longer to stretch forth his mendicant hand to the white lord and master, but to wield it in manly independent self-endeavor. While Tuskegee has been built upon the basis of millions of dollars contributed by white philanthropists, every cent of the millions which the "True Reformers" have handled

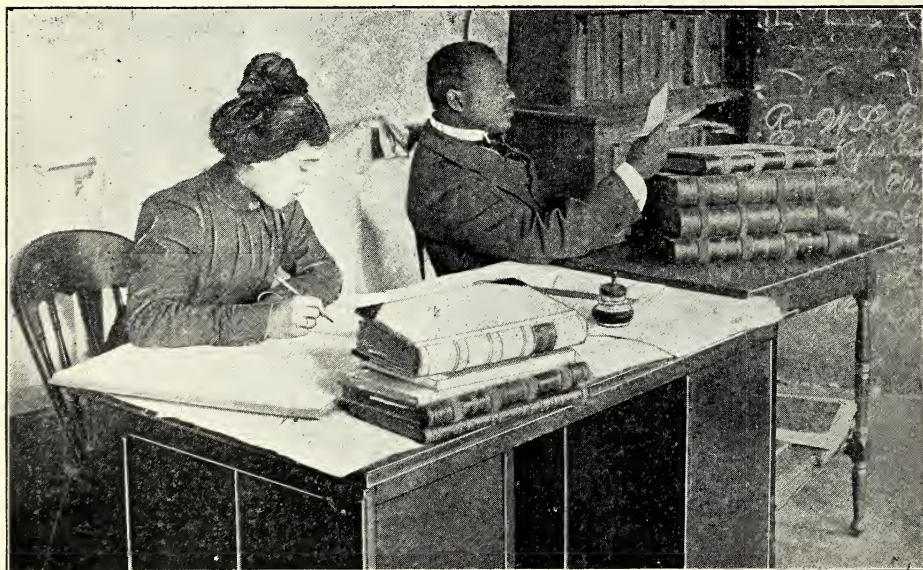


PART OF OFFICE FORCE OF THE "GRAND FOUNTAIN." A DEVOTIONAL MEETING

has been contributed by Negroes themselves.

Rev. W. W. Browne, the founder of the order of "True Reformers," was born a slave in Georgia, in 1849. At the age of eight years he was sold in Western Tennessee, near Memphis. When the Union Army reached that city, young Browne was sent into Mississippi for safe keeping. But the spirit of independence early took possession of him. He ran away from his master and joined the Federal troops. After a

to suppose that Mr. Browne had any hope or expectation beyond that entertained by the founders and promoters of the thousand and one secret, benevolent and fraternal organizations among colored people that assume such quaint scripture names and bedeck themselves in such showy regalia. As to the purely secret and mystic feature of this order the outsider knows and cares little. It is its economic operations that arouse wide interest. In dealing with a backward and unde-



GENERAL ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE

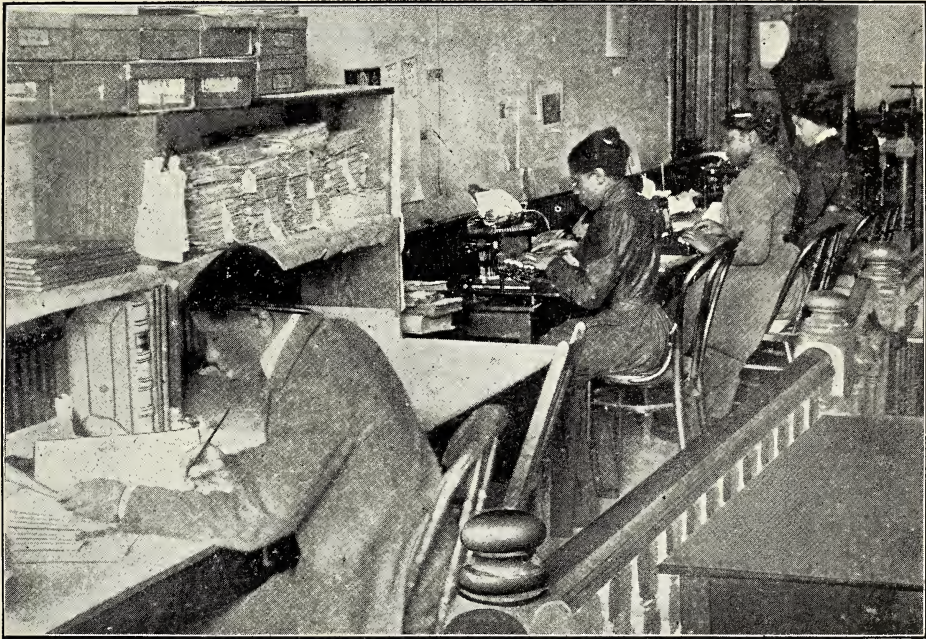
somewhat varied experience as servant, jockey boy, pupil in the public schools of Wisconsin, school teacher in Georgia, preacher, temperance lecturer and general promoter of race interests, he found himself in Richmond, Va., where in 1881, he founded "The Grand Fountain of the United Order of True Reformers."

This movement was purely a one man idea. There is no good reason

veloped class of people, approach can be made easiest through religion and emotional appeal. The prophet Dowie well understands this principle. Even Fra Elbertus in order to give zest to an industrial enterprise has invented the Philistine cult. Any practical proposition can best be presented to the Negro on the blind side of religious or mystic formulary. The Negro church possesses practical business possibili-

ties to which its leaders are just beginning to awake. Secret societies are the colored man's most effective mode of organization. It is hardly fair to say that Mr. Browne seized upon this mystic propensity of his race with forethought and set purpose as a means of promoting a business project. And yet this is just the conclusion that has been effected through the logic of events. Indeed Mr. Browne

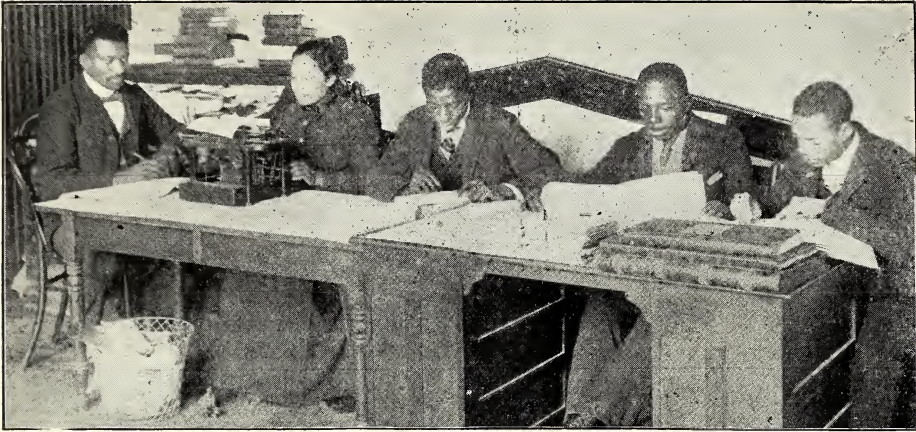
mighty dollar. In all his lectures he was careful to call attention to the fact that it were better for the Negro to make the best of the conditions by which he found himself surrounded, and at the same time to strive to improve every moment to get a dollar to be invested if possible, in real estate or some other good security. His advice to the young man was: 'If you have education stay in a dining-room only



BANK CORRESPONDENCE

was deeply imbued with the belief that it was only through business development that the Negro would be able to overcome the difficulties that beset him. Mr. W. P. Burrell, the present secretary of the "True Reformers," who was Mr. Browne's most intimate and devoted disciple, says of him: "It was always the desire of W. W. Browne to teach his followers the value of time and the

long enough to get money to go into some kind of business whereby you can benefit yourself and your people. If you are uneducated stay in a dining-room only long enough to get money to go to school to prepare yourself to be a man and serve your people." It was with this motto and this motive that the "True Reformers" began with one hundred members and one hundred



REFORMER DEPARTMENT—EDITOR'S OFFICE

and fifty dollars in 1881. During the last twenty-three years the order has expanded so as to include seventy thousand members to whom it has distributed over two millions of dollars in relief and benefits. The business possibilities of so large and so docile a clientele would have suggested themselves to a mind much less perspicuous than that of W. W. Browne.

The first by-product of the "True Reformers" was its Savings Bank, chartered under the laws of Virginia in 1888 with capital stock of not less than \$10,000 nor more than \$100,000. The charter provides that the bank "may receive money on deposit and grant certificates therefor, and may levy, sell or negotiate coin, bank notes, foreign and domestic bills of exchange, and negotiate notes in and out of the state. It may loan money on personal and real security and receive interest in advance; may guarantee the payment of notes, bonds, bills of exchange or other evidences of debt, and may secure for safe keeping gold and silver plate, diamonds, jewelry, and other valuables, and

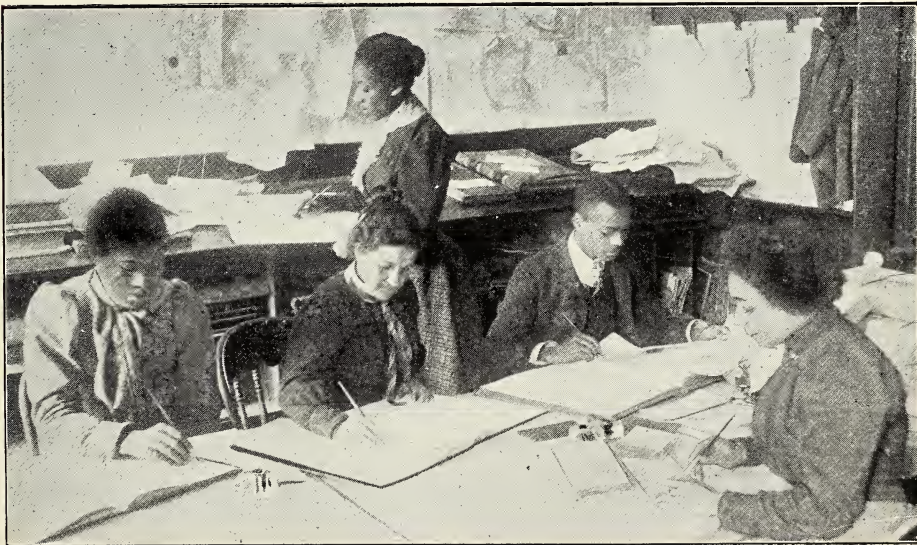
charge reasonable compensation therefor; the money received on deposit by said bank and other funds of the same may be invested in or loaned on real security or be used in purchasing or discounting bonds, bills, notes or other papers." It is thus seen that this Negro bank is invested by its charter with all the powers and capacities of the most favored financial institution. On the broad basis of its liberal charter, this bank, as the financial organ of the "True Reformers," began operations April 3, 1889, with a paid up capital of \$4,000 and \$1,200 in deposits. The amount of business during the first year was \$15,000, which had swollen to more than \$100,000 for the second year. Its progress has been uninterrupted, until to-day it has over ten thousand depositors and has done a volume of business exceeding ten millions of dollars. The last report of the auditor of public accounts of Virginia showed its assets to be over \$500,000.

This showing is indeed most creditable when we consider all of the difficulties that had to be met

and overcome. The failure of the Freedmen's Savings Bank had profoundly shaken the Negro's confidence in fiduciary institutions. Mr. Browne with rare acumen overcame this prejudice, declaring that the Freedmen's Savings Bank never was a Negro institution except in name; but that it was managed, manipulated and scuttled by white men. He urged upon the people the necessity of business confidence in one another as the only means of becoming an independent and self-respecting people. By his earnest and persistent plea and appeal, he completely overcame the prejudice of the people, and the "True Reformers'" Bank was soon looked upon as one of the solid financial institutions of Richmond. During the panic of 1893, when every other bank in the city was compelled to use script, in transaction of its daily business, this bank continued to pay dollar for dollar on all checks presented by its depositors. It was enabled, when no other bank in the

city would do so, to advance money to the superintendent of public schools to pay his salary accounts. This coup of course brought the institution favorably into public notice.

The second difficulty which the institution had to encounter was to find persons who were competent by training and experience to conduct such an enterprise in a manner to command public confidence. The old experiment of learning to swim by swimming was again tried and succeeded, as it usually does. If the Negroes of Richmond had to wait until they got the requisite practical knowledge of financial matters by apprenticeship in established institutions, they would indeed, wait for many a long day. But instead they ventured for themselves, with common intelligence and honesty of purpose, seeking diligently such help and information as they might get from books and personal contact, until in course of time they have developed a compe-



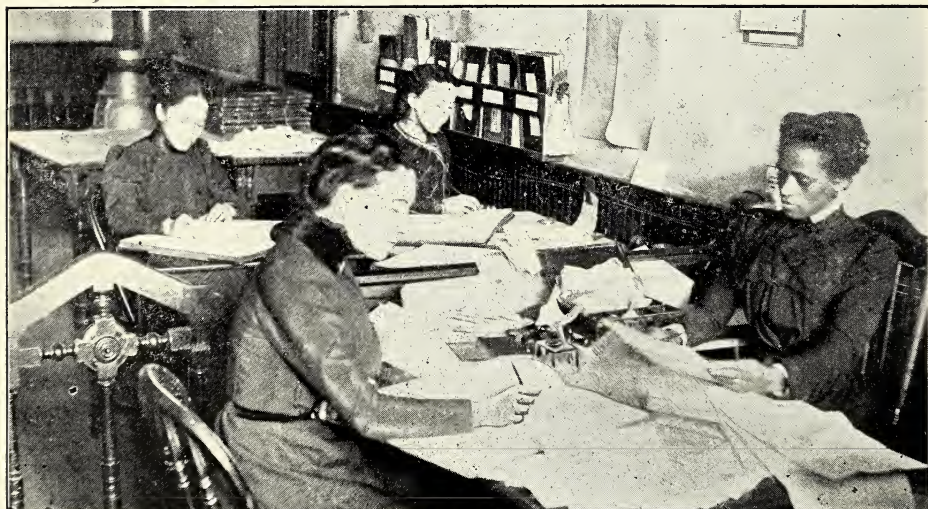
SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

tent corps of officials whose methods stand the test of the most scrutinizing investigation by the public accountant.

The Real Estate Department was organized in 1892, and grew out of the obvious necessity for the order to have its own offices, halls and buildings in which to hold meetings and transact business. It grew speedily, however, beyond this limited necessity, and furnishes a convenient channel for the investment of the funds of the bank. The rents and profits constitute a remuneration

agricultural paper, an economic journal in the interest of the Negro race." This paper appears weekly, and has a circulation of over ten thousand. It is perhaps the largest Negro newspaper in the country. A job printing department is attached, where is done miscellaneous printing for the organization as well as for the public at large.

The "True Reformers" also operate an Old Folk's Home for the benefit of the aged and infirm. In 1893 a farm of 634 $\frac{1}{4}$ acres was secured in the suburbs of Richmond



FINANCE DEPARTMENT—GENERAL OFFICE

nerative source of income. The property of the various branches of the order amounts to over \$400,000. In several large cities the organization owns business buildings ranging in value from \$20,000 to \$75,000.

The order also publishes a newspaper called "The True Reformer." This is, of course, the organ of the order, and its function is described as "the headlight of the organization, an industrial, financial and

as a site for this institution. The charter empowers this department to own and to operate real estate not exceeding \$200,000. Part of this tract has been subdivided into building lots of half an acre each. More than two hundred of these lots have been already sold. Here it is proposed to plant a town named "Browneville" in honor of the founder of the order.

There is also an Industrial and Mercantile Association. This de-

partment operates a system of stores in several cities and owns more than \$200,000 worth of property. The annual business of the five stores already established is over \$100,000. "The Hotel True Reformer," also operated under this department, is located in Richmond and has a capacity for one hundred and fifty guests. Dr. Booker T. Washington regards it as the finest Negro hostelry in the South.

Rev. W. W. Browne was the Grand Worthy Master of the "True

fruits of his genius. It is doubtful whether the mental production of any other American Negro has ever commanded such a marketable value. Whether judged by practical intellectual acumen, the rare prescience which enables its possessor to see and seize the psychological moment, the persuasive ability to impress his conviction upon others and have them fructify in actual deeds, or by the magnitude of visible achievements, W. W. Browne deserves to rank with the



MAKING REFORMER REGALIA

Reformers" from the organization in 1881 until the time of his death in 1897. The idea of the order was the creation of his genius, and its practical achievements the fruit of his indefatigable endeavor. A few years before his death, when he felt the seeds of disease, engendered by overwork, growing upon him, the directors of the organization, out of appreciation for his conception and in just compensation for his services, paid him \$50,000 for the

most distinguished names to which the American Negro can lay claim.

Since the death of Mr. Browne, Rev. W. L. Taylor has been the Grand Worthy Master of the organization. He received his training under the founder and has caught a good measure of his spirit and boundless energy. Mr. W. P. Burrell is the efficient secretary upon whom devolves the ordering and regulating of the immense volume of business of the entire organiza-

tion. Mr. Burrell is said to be the only known Negro insurance expert in America. Mr. T. R. Hill is the custodian of the bank, through whose fingers have passed ten millions of dollars every cent of which has been satisfactorily accounted for. These, with the heads of other departments, constitute the controllers of the order under whose management the work is being carried forward with enthusiasm and vigor.

A visit to the headquarters in Richmond affords an interesting and picturesque sight. There are one hundred and ten Negro clerks, typewriters, stenographers, accountants, tellers, cashiers, superintendents and directors, conducting their various lines of work according to the best approved business plans and methods. The example is contagious. The Negro race is not inspired to high endeavor by the

achievements of white men, but by the accomplishments of those who are of their own color and degree. The gigantic business schemes and practical projects conducted by the white race do not awaken the lethargic energies of the Negro. But when he sees a member of his own race accomplish such things, he at once concludes that like success is also possible to him. The "True Reformers'" organization has been the means of inspiring numerous like and allied undertakings. Whatever the future may hold in store for the fortunes of this order, the past at least is secure, and a wholesome and far-reaching impulse has been imparted to the economic life of the colored race. Indeed its highest value to the Negro race does not consist in its remarkable individual achievements, but in that it has inspired economic courage and business self-confidence.

Thoreau

By FLORENCE KIPER

After seeing Walden Pond

The green things in their growing knew his heart
As quick with budding impulse as their own.
The solitude had found a solitude
As wild and holy; the keen starlight knew
A gleam as keen and subtle; the high trees
Heavenward reaching, reached and yearned through him
And in his blood their living sap was quick.
The candor of the good brown earth he knew,
The wide simplicity of growing fields,
The mystery and rapture of the dawn
Shimmer and depth of his dear pond he held,
Shimmer and liquid depth and glancing beams
Of sunlight on its surface; these he knew
As in himself, this lover of the woods.

Alaska: Present and Possible

By A. G. KINGSBURY

Nome, Alaska, July 5, 1905.

IN attempting to write either of the past, the present or the prospective future of Alaska, for eastern readers, it seems necessary, first of all, to convey some idea of the vast area of country involved. It is a land of magnificent distances. Its area is nearly 600,000 square miles, or nearly 370,000,000 acres. This is greater than the combined areas of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee. Seattle, in the State of Washington, which is the port of departure for the larger portion of Alaska, is 650 miles southerly of the extremity of the Alaska coast-strip which separates the Canadian territory from the Pacific ocean. From Seattle to Skagway is 1,000 miles. It is another 1,000 miles from Skagway to the navigable head of the Yukon river. From Seattle to Circle City, the centre of mining operations on the Yukon, is nearly 1,900 miles. From Seattle to Nome by the most direct route is about 2,500 miles. From Seattle to the most northerly point in Alaska is about as far as from New York to San Francisco. With land-travel restricted to dog-team trails, and this and sea-travel complicated by Arctic weather perils, it has been work requiring courage and endurance even to get to the ground where gold is to be expected.

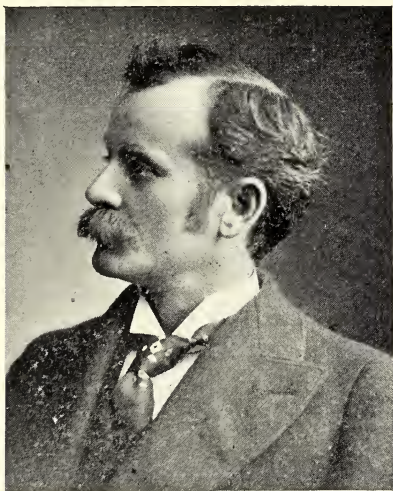
Each season, however, simplifies the question of transportation, and even now the water trip from Seattle is not severe in the open season, and trails to the principal points are improving. Several railroad lines are projected. But the prospector who proposes to penetrate outside the area already pretty well covered by his predecessors is still confronted with the primitive conditions with which some of us are already painfully familiar.

Alaska was purchased from Russia by a formal treaty in 1867, for the sum of \$7,200,000, an inconsiderable sum in view of the commercial importance of the country, as already demonstrated. In view of its prospective value it is not too much to calculate that the importance of the transaction will rank second only to the famous Louisiana Purchase. Up to June, 1903, the revenue from Alaska to the national treasury had amounted to over \$9,500,000, of which about \$7,600,000 was from tax on seal skins, \$1,000,000 from rent of Seal and Fox Islands, \$500,000 from customs and \$30,000 from sale of public lands.

At the date of the purchase the population was estimated at 30,000, about equally divided between Eskimos, Indians and Russians, with a considerable intermixture of the races. In 1900 the population was about 64,000, the increase being largely from the immigration attracted by the discovery of gold, from 1895 to 1890. Nome City is

the largest centre, its population including tributary mining camps, in 1900, being about 12,500, and it has since materially increased.

Although a considerable portion of the country which attracts the mining prospector lies close to the Arctic circle, the climate, especially in the southerly section, is largely affected by the "Japan Current," but when it is recognized that Alaska's shore line is over 26,000 miles, or more than the circumference of the earth at the equator, varieties of climate are inevitable, and as its



MR. A. G. KINGSBURY

northern portion is inside the Arctic circle, there is cold enough for all practical purposes. Near the mouth of the Yukon river the mean summer temperature is 50 degrees Fahrenheit. In the Yukon valley there is only five or six hours of daily sunlight in the winter, while in the summer the day is twenty hours long. In the interior the mean summer temperature is from 60 degrees to 70 degrees, while the winter temperature ranges as low as 47 degrees below zero.

Three large but well defined gold areas have thus far been exploited in Alaska, but there seems to be no good reason for disputing expectation of other rich finds. The first discovery in 1863 was in the narrow strip in the southerly section, skirting the Canadian dominion, of which Juneau is the centre. The second was in the valley of the upper Yukon about Circle City, and extending westward into Canadian territory—the Klondike region—with Dawson as the Canadian centre, and the third was at Cape Nome on the coast, 100 or more miles south of Cape Prince of Wales. In the Juneau district the gold is mostly in quartz, while that of the upper Yukon is largely in placer deposits. In the Nome district the first strikes were in placers in the creeks and along the beach between high and low tide and in the "tundra" or alluvial deposits reaching several miles back toward the mountains, but later prospecting has opened quite important quartz deposits, and while the placers will doubtless yield good returns for many years to come, the quartz veins are most likely to supply the richest and most permanent yield, when conditions make their full development possible.

This full development rests largely on the question of fuel supply. Timber is not sufficiently abundant for building material and cannot be relied upon for fuel. There are coal deposits not far from Nome, and others near the Juneau district, but for the present it seems probable that the fuel supply must come from the large deposits already opened on the northerly coast of Kotzebue Sound. Here is an abundance of bituminous or semi-bituminous coal of good quality. On the south side of Seward peninsula there is no

standing timber within forty miles of the coast of Behring Sea. On the north side the timber line occurs about thirty miles from the coast of Kotzebue Sound. Nearly all the timber is spruce, trees seldom exceeding twenty inches in diameter. We estimated that when we first landed at Nome something like 20,000 cords of driftwood was scattered along the beach within fifteen miles of Snake River, at the mouth of which stands the city. It has all disappeared through the miners' stoves, followed by several thousand tons of coal from Southeast Alaska, the State of Washington, Wales and Australia.

The Eskimo dog is our mainstay in transportation in Alaska. He is a rugged animal, too near his wild ancestry to show the tractability and affection of his more civilized brethren in the States, but susceptible to training and somewhat responsive to kind treatment. He is, as he should be for his work, a big, strong fellow, weighing from 75 to 160 pounds, and capable of pulling more than his own weight on a long and difficult trail, while in and about Nome four of them will pull a ton of merchandise on a good trail. Of course, they are valuable, some of them being valued at \$150, although just now a third of that sum will buy a very decent sort of a dog. Reindeer are used by the natives and to some extent by prospectors, but they are not so reliable as the dogs, and in a hard place they will lie down in disgust or despair, while a dog, properly persuaded, will try again. The government is taking considerable interest in introducing Siberian reindeer, and has placed a contract for a thousand animals to be delivered early this season. Some of them have been wintered in captivity, and

the remainder will be "rounded up" early in the season from the Siberian wilds. Domestication of the reindeer has not yet progressed so far as to "breed out" any of their wildness nor "breed in" even the rudiments of civilization.

Gold is by no means the only mineral upon which the commercial and industrial importance of Alaska is to rest in the near future. Several years ago, while prospecting for gold on the Seward peninsula, near the extreme westerly point of the mainland of Alaska and about one hun-



MR. KINGSBURY
IN KLONDIKE COSTUME

dred miles north of Nome, we saw in and near the beds of streams frequent mineral indications which we supposed to be of common magnetic iron, of no especial interest to us at the time. The mineral was in the form of water-worn pebbles, dark in color, and as we were not all-round mineralogists and were searching only for gold, we did not recognize the fact that we had stumbled upon a deposit of tin ore which, all things taken into account, should have

given us success far above that attained by the average gold-seeker. Other later and wiser prospectors have "looked twice" at what was under their feet, have begun a development which promises to land them permanently on "easy street," while we, poor fellows, are still uncertain as to our ultimate fortune in the gold fields. Our ignorance was not singular, for many other gold prospectors and miners had found the tin ore pebbles in their pans and sluices and passed them by as we did, without notice.

It is already determined that there is a large area of alluvial deposits on the Seward peninsula, in which the loose pebbles of tin ore are abundant. There are considerable areas exploited which will average about five feet in depth, and yield from eight to twenty-five pounds of ore to the cubic yard. As this ore carries about sixty per cent. of pure tin, worth when smelted at least twenty-five cents a pound, its commercial value is not in question. Work already done has disclosed deposits that may be depended on for several thousand tons a year for an indefinite period.

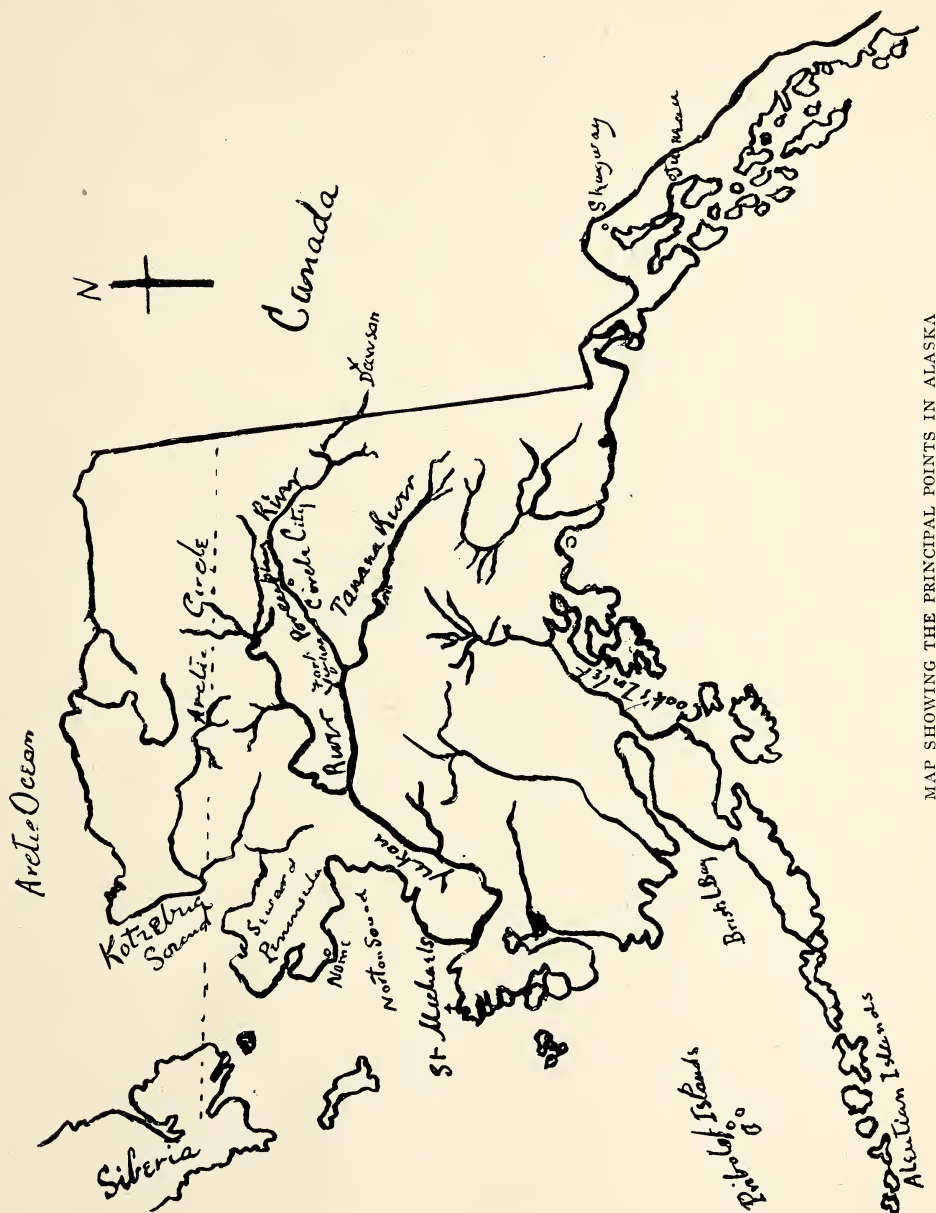
Besides these placer deposits exploration has uncovered very considerable veins of tin ore in the highlands back from the coast, and those familiar with the situation express the opinion that an area of at least 450 square miles is prolific of good prospecting ground for tin. The peninsula does not present any difficult problems in topography, for its greater portion is of reasonably smooth upland, from 200 to 600 feet above sea level. The highest point is only 2,900 feet in altitude. The large streams occupy broad valleys, but the smaller streams are cut more sharply through the soil and

rock. Along both the placer tin is found in the gravel debris. None of the ore-bearing streams are navigable, but all are sufficient for hydraulic work and for sluicing. Only experimental work has thus far been attempted, but nearly 300,000 pounds of ore were shipped last year. There are already two smelters within reasonable distance, and the erection of a third, to handle tin ore especially, is expected at Seattle this season. As fuel is plentiful near Seattle, no unusual expense in smelting is expected. Over five hundred tons of tin ore have been collected, awaiting its welcome at the Seattle smelter. The full commercial importance of these tin deposits does not depend upon a far-away market, for tin is an indispensable factor in the success of another Alaskan industry — the salmon fishery. In 1903 nearly twenty million pounds of tin plate were imported into Alaska from the United States, for canning purposes, and nearly half a million pounds of block tin, for the use of local tin plate manufacturers. This represents about \$1,000,000 for salmon cans in a year. Such a demand, at home, and one which will be largely increased as capital comes in to develop the almost inexhaustible fishery resources of the country, gives the tin industry no unimportant rank among its commercial possibilities of the near future.

This tin episode opens the way for me to tell something, in brief, of the fisheries of Alaska. All the islands which have running streams, and all the streams of the mainland are literally full of salmon. Canning began as early as 1878, and at the present time some \$20,000,000 of capital is invested in this industry. There is need, however, of government con-

trol of the business, for the rivalry of the canneries is such that thousands of fish are destroyed every year, each establishment working to destroy what they cannot use, rather than let another secure a share of the business. I have no late statistics at hand, but the output of 1901

is reported at over 100,000,000 pounds, and its value about \$7,000,000. There is a government regulation which requires the salmon packers to maintain hatcheries, but thus far compliance has not been general, and in view of the obstacles to supervision, etc., complete suc-



MAP SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL POINTS IN ALASKA

cess cannot be expected at present.

Other fishing prospects in Alaska are more than 125,000 square miles of capital cod-fishing ground, and the prolific character of this fish is such that over-fishing seems impossible. As yet, however, cod-fishing has not been extensively exploited. Herring, however, have received more attention, and oil and fish guano have become a considerable commercial item. The values in 1903 were nearly \$100,000.

As is shown by the government receipts above quoted the fur-seal is an important factor in Alaskan commerce. The Pribilof Islands, two hundred miles north of the Aleutian chain, the habitat of the fur-seal, are rented by the government, the number of seals taken being limited by law, and the present tax is something over \$10 per skin. From 1870 to 1902, the capture of 2,209,621 seals is reported. Of late the catch is reduced by government restrictions, and the former wholesale destruction is controlled. It is estimated that skins to the value of \$35,000,000 have been taken from these islands since they came into the possession of the United States.

With its established climatic restrictions, it cannot be expected that Alaska should be developed in agriculture beyond its own essential needs, but careful study of the field by government experts leads to the belief that much is practicable toward home support in this direction. The northerly limit of cereals runs to the north of Fort Yukon and St. Michaels, and in the district southerly of this limit soil and climate are favorable for the production of wheat, oats, rye, barley, buckwheat, flax, potatoes, clover and all the hardier vegetables. The gov-

ernment experts note that all the grains grow with rank straw, so that there is danger of "lodging" before maturity, which is, of itself, a sufficient test of fertility. Dairy animals thrive, and the silo has been successfully instituted for winter feeding. The agricultural conditions south of the Yukon are compared by the government experts with those of Finland, in the same latitude, where, with less than 50,000 square miles of arable land, a population of two and a half millions is supported in thrift and comfort, and large exports of dairy products, live stock and grain are recorded.

Of course, the mining prospector will be most in evidence in Alaska for the present, but as a permanent population is established more attention will be paid to agriculture, and in time new and more hardy farm and garden crops will be evolved, so that what is as yet a desert may be expected to become to a large degree self-supporting. Nothing but gold is the present cry, but there is much besides in Alaska yet to be developed. Coal, copper and oil are already in sight, and these, with agriculture and the fisheries, will doubtless become large factors in the basis of the prosperity of Alaska in the future. Many of the readers of the New England Magazine can remember when California was only "the land of gold," but it is now much besides. Alaska's climate is, of course, not that of California, but even with its limitations, the country promises to develop into an "all-around" State, fitted no less by its resources than by the hardy and enterprising character of its inhabitants for its place in the stars in the union of the United States flag.

The New Trustee

By JEANNETTE A. MARKS

Author of "*Toddum Vita*," Etc.

THE Board of Trustees and the President of the Faculty sat in solemn conclave. College securities had depreciated and they needed money. They wanted a new chapel, a music hall, an added instructor in the Department of Ornithology, a porcelain bath-tub for the president, a new stereopticon lantern and sand for the Geology Department, slides for the botanical work, beakers in liberal supply for the Chemistry Department, hairpins for the experiments made by the Department of Psychology and some cats and a pair of steel forceps for the Zoölogy Department. The President was willing to relinquish the bath-tub, the head of the Geology Department had said she could, if it were absolutely necessary, do without a stereopticon lantern but she must have sand. The Professor of Zoölogy thought the cats might be caught if not bought but was uncertain about the forceps. The Head of the Psychology Laboratory was the only uncompromising, needy one for she had said the hairpins must be supplied by the College or she would "raise them," as she expressed it, by public subscription.

The President of the Board of Trustees, with a courteous inclination to the President of the Faculty, rapped on the table for attention.

"My Friends"—he always began in this ingratiating fashion—"my

friends, we are indeed in great difficulty; our needs are pressing; every one of the items just presented for our consideration by the President is necessary. Miss Maxwell is generous in her willingness to do without that most essential article—a porcelain tub. If Miss Maxwell insists upon giving up the tub, I think it will be possible to secure both the cats and the forceps for the Zoölogy Department, a very large and flourishing department whose needs must be supplied." The President of the Trustees stopped to caress his beard and then continued: "But any arrangements we may make will be merely temporary alleviations. We must go deeper; we must strike at the roots of the difficulty and tap a spring that will make our College flourish like the young bay tree." The President of the Trustees had been a minister and cherished a dignified address and a figurative habit of speech. "Yes, that is the word, flourish, and in this present day world, money is necessary for the success of any institution. We can cut down our instructors and our courses, but equipment we must have, buildings, money. Carefully consider the items presented to you by the President; they are all for the equipment of the College work. Does it not seem to Miss Maxwell that with the ample number of trees so generously pro-

vided by the College and so attractive to the birds, that we might do without the added instructor in ornithology?" Miss Maxwell looked troubled but polite.

"And," illogically continued Dr. Bradford, "we cannot do without a new Trustee."

Ten heads nodded "yes" in concert; certainly the idea was brilliant and original. The Board was unanimous.

"The qualifications of this Trustee—ahem!" coughed Dr. Bradford, "are—ahem! must be a little peculiar. Our needs would dictate in the selection of a new Trustee that he or she be possessed of means—of wealth. I deplore this necessity on account of the increased commercialism in our educational life, but we alone cannot expect to escape the demand. President Maxwell and I have prepared a list of candidates. I will read the list to you and then we will take up the names one by one:

Dr. Jane Anne Oddsbuckle.
Perry Carter.
Louise Biddle.
Pierrepont Stoneham.
Mrs. Randolph Carmicle.
Andrew Gorman."

"Ah," "Yes," "Indeed," "Splendid," commented the Trustees.

"Dr. Jane Anne Oddsbuckle."

Mrs. Lemuel Gaylord, a former graduate of Needham College and its alumna trustee, coughed.

"Yes, Mrs. Gaylord?"

"Well, Dr. Bradford, I hesitate to say anything. Dr. Oddsbuckle is of course a brilliant woman and an unselfish one too; she is devoting, as we like to have our graduates do, all her time and her money to work for those less fortunate than ourselves. But I remember when we were in College together, distinctly

hearing Jane doubt the authenticity of Jonah and the Whale. Of course she may have changed somewhat, but I had always thought, if it hadn't been for that, she might have been a missionary. Not but that New York City affords plenty of opportunity. Still I cannot forget that Dr. Oddsbuckle was always a little—a little iconoclastic!"

Mrs. Gaylord used the last word with pronounced effect.

"Ah!" chorused the Trustees, sensing at once the meaning of the word.

"Naturally, we are very glad," replied Dr. Bradford, "to hear so fully and frankly from our alumna trustee, whose opinions we value so highly. I cannot believe that it would be right to have intimately connected with this institution a woman whose views on sacred matters we cannot all heartily endorse. Unless there is some objection we will pass on to the next name.

"Mr. Perry Carter."

Silence greeted this announcement. No one seemed to know anything about him except that he had money and had been known in a moment of desperate recklessness to give publicly a large sum to a Baptist Educational College. Since then he had had to keep a special secretary to answer petitions for money from presidents of institutions and well-meaning alumni.

"Dr. Bradford," Dr. Gamaliel James spoke, "I have heard that Mr. Perry Carter is addicted to alcohol and I—"

"Ah, ah!" interrupted Dr. Bradford, "I had not heard that; certainly I should not have placed his name on the list. Ah, let us pass on."

"Miss Louise Biddle."

"Have you heard of her? Who is

she?" flew around the sedate Board in audible and inaudible whispers.

"Ahem!" coughed Dr. Bradford, "Miss Biddle's name may be unfamiliar to you. Miss Biddle is very young." The Trustees looked sceptical. "She is not yet thirty-five and has lived, until the recent death of her uncle, who left her twenty millions, in Idaho, Mohawk City. But she is East now and through family connections, I have seen something of Miss Biddle. She is, as I say, unfortunately young; she has not had a college education, and she has travelled very little. She, however, wishes to do good with her money, and although I fear in educational questions she might not take, probably would not take any interest at all, yet I have no doubt but that she would supply us with those funds which in this crisis of our beloved College we so sorely need."

The last sentence had a bit of the ring of a concluding line in a funeral address and Miss Maxwell and the Trustees looked sober.

"Naturally, I do not wish to thrust my preferences upon you and perhaps we would better leave this matter for the present so that you may have time to think about Miss Biddle."

The lines in the faces of the Trustees smoothed out and there was an air of pleased expectancy as Dr. Bradford announced:

"Pierrepont Stoneham."

Miss Divine Struthers alone looked grieved and reproachful.

"Pierrepont Stoneham!" she exclaimed, "but my dear Dr. Bradford, do you know what you are talking about?" Miss Struthers had this pleasant way of asking questions. "Pierrepont Stoneham! But my dear Dr. Bradford, he is the man who says that women's colleges are

schools of manners and that he has better uses for his money. On this ground he has just refused to give to Jones College. On the other hand he does not believe in the higher education for women and so has declined assisting Waverley, Vanessa, Brynton, and Hollywood. My dear Dr. Bradford!"

The President of the Board of Trustees blushed and stammered something. Miss Divine Struthers had just donated \$25,000 towards the new chapel and her word was most convincing and most confusing.

"Yes, yes, well, I did not know these important points. His name merely occurred to President Maxwell and myself. Let us pass on to the next name—Mrs. Randolph Carnicle."

"She is very rich, is she not?" asked Mrs. Simon Bodichon.

The Trustees were embarrassed at this bald question but Miss Maxwell replied hopefully:

"I believe she is."

"Was she not Mrs. Gordon Childs before she became 'Mrs. Randolph Carnicle?'" asked Miss Sarah Connors. "She was, I am sure, and I think I am not wrong in saying that there was something very shocking connected with her divorce from Gordon Childs."

"Divorce!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaylord. "Divorce! My dear President Maxwell, did you and Dr. Bradford know of this?"

Miss Maxwell hastened to assure her they did not and gave Dr. Bradford a glance which meant the next name.

"Andrew Gorman."

"I understand Mr. Gorman will give for nothing except swimming tanks and gymnasiums," mildly

commented Mr. Hemans. "We have neither on our items."

Miss Maxwell's face fell; her heart had lingered selfishly for a moment on the seductive porcelain tub. But she had dedicated herself to a life of self-sacrifice, and resolution quickly assumed the place of disappointment upon her countenance.

The Trustees gasped; the list had been disposed of.

"There is Miss Louise Biddle," gently suggested Dr. Bradford. "Of course Miss Biddle is young and not really educated and not likely to prove a power in the educational direction of our dear Needham College. But she wishes to do good with her money and I do not know that we have a right to keep from her this beautiful opportunity. I had taken the liberty of sounding Miss Biddle a little and she seemed most interested, in fact she said she would be glad to give sixty thousand for a chapel, and—"

"Ah!" murmured Mrs. Lemuel Gaylord, "I do not see how we can do better. Do let us ballot, Dr. Bradford."

And when the box was opened there were twelve little balls, all white, and Miss Louise Biddle was elected a Trustee of Needham College.

II

Miss Louise Biddle's life had been limited in its opportunities. She loved her uncle, a close, hard-fisted man, and her uncle loved her. Mohawk City having provided his wealth, he was unable to see what superior advantages socially or educationally existed elsewhere. Besides her uncle, Miss Biddle had a brother to whom the uncle had after much debate given a college education.

When Dr. Bradford sent her the announcement of her election to the Board of Trustees of Needham College, Miss Biddle felt the responsibility deeply. To her innocent face with its big, unwinking, blue eyes, there came a look of serious concern. Evidently duty and not vain-glory was uppermost in her mind and heart. She had never known a College Trustee that she could recollect, except the suave Dr. Bradford whom she had recently met. There was no picture in her mind of what such a dignitary should or should not be. But she had heard her brother Gus say that trustees "were mean old skimps who didn't care a rap about a college except making it pay and half of them couldn't decline 'amo' or tell prepositions from prolegomena if they tried." The sad conviction came over Miss Biddle that neither could she. She valued her brother's opinions highly and here evidently she was to fail at the very beginning in the *sine qua non* for a trustee. She had money certainly, and she intended to do good with it, but the gravity of knowledge and not of giving weighed upon her heavily.

As she left the Boston station with her maid, bound for Needham College and a first visit, she resolved at whatever cost to herself, she would not shirk her educational duties at that institution. Manifestly they must be most important since colleges are generally established to instruct the uninformed. It would mean, the pursuit of this duty, an astonishing revelation of ignorance on her part. She had heard that Colleges had a great many specialists and it was a comfort to realize that it would not be difficult to obtain special information upon any subject. She re-

flected, however, that it required a certain amount of intelligence even to ask questions. She began to wonder what subjects professors taught and what questions she ought to ask. To Norah, the maid, she had at the last moment confided a two-volume dictionary and a book of quotations for insertion into the trunk. These works might help her. With her she had a catalogue of Needham College. That might give some hints. She opened it and ran her eye over the subjects in the curriculum. There was Philology, Anthropology, Biology, Pathology, Neurology, Morphology, Osteology, Toxicology, Vector Analysis, Geodésy, Petrology, Patristic Greek, Pedagogy, etc. She thought she knew what Philology meant, something to do with words; Toxicology had a familiar sound but she did not believe it could really mean that; and Greek, without the Patristic, she thought would be a language men used to speak in Athens. Her heart was very heavy. But Pedagogy she did understand, it meant the art and science of teaching. Literature, too, was a possible field in which she might seek help. Geology her uncle had been interested in, and Botany she adored. Pedagogy, since she must get to know something of the educational life of Needham College, would be the best point of attack.

It was inspiring to think she had so much to do and all the way to Needham, the color mounted in her cheeks higher and higher, and her eyes were more unwinking than ever. President Maxwell met her and was so cordial, too, just as if she truly deserved to be honored for giving away her uncle's money. When Miss Maxwell suggested that she might like to meet some mem-

bers of the faculty at dinner and that she had left the invitation open in case Miss Biddle was too tired or had preferences, Miss Biddle laughed delightedly. It was, she asserted, precisely what she wanted, an opportunity to meet the faculty, especially the Professors of Pedagogy, Geology, Botany and Literature. Miss Maxwell, thinking of Dr. Bradford's prophecies, was surprised but too polite to express her surprise. As soon as Miss Biddle had gone to her room for rest, the invitations for that evening's dinner went forth, one to Professor Alphonso Peabody of Pedagogical fame, another to Professor Anne Beckford of Geological renown, another to Dr. R. Chapin Johnson (a woman) of the Botanical Department and still another to Professor Susie Smith of the Department of English Literature.

Once in her room, Miss Biddle and Norah lifted out the three tomes from the trunk and Miss Biddle canvassed her afternoon's work. Of course it would be distinctly impolite to make it too evident that she wanted, nay, even needed, information. Yet she wished to express an interest in the educational life of the college and to have the professors feel that she was thoroughly aware of her duties as trustee. To this end she must show some adroitness and tact; questions must not be too frequent and they must be timely. Miss Biddle's life had not equipped her as a conversationalist and she dreaded the ordeal. But she had accepted the opportunity and she should meet her duties courageously. Perhaps it would come easier as she went on. By the time the first bell rang for dinner, she was prepared with a few questions.

The meeting at dinner time was very pleasant. Miss Biddle's youthful aspect disarmed the entire table; her fresh color, her slight figure and those big, unwinking, baby-eyes captivated them all. Even Professor Alphonso Peabody raised his spectacles slightly that he might see her the better. The conversation went on easily and without interruption from the weather in general to earthquakes in particular. At this point the new Trustee saw her opportunity and turned with the sweetest innocence to Professor Anne Beckford of geological renown.

"Dr. Beckford, may I ask you what the diameter of the earth is?"

Dr. Beckford blushed, hesitated and then plunged. "Why, I haven't heard that question asked recently, but—why, 5,280 feet, of course. No, I mean—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," interrupted Miss Biddle kindly; "5,280 feet, that's very interesting, I'm sure."

Dr. Anne Beckford, who was young and sensitive, retired into silence for the rest of the dinner, and President Maxwell who was not sure whether or not that really was the diameter of the earth, but who was very certain of Dr. Beckford's embarrassment, came to the rescue. The Russo-Japanese war was broached and the superior civilization of the Japs commented upon. Dr. Alphonso Peabody dwelt feelingly upon the splendid education they were giving their young men. Again Miss Biddle saw her good fortune and chance. She had three pedagogical questions in mind: (1) to what extent does history affect the moral nature; (2) what ethical importance have geography and arithmetic; (3) how do reading and

natural science develop a child. Then she might discuss "How Gertrude Teaches Her Children," or "Beckonings from Little Hands." But Geography and Arithmetic were practical subjects and their ethical value important.

The question was put and Professor Alphonso Peabody blinked and began. There flowed from his lips a continuous stream of wisdom. Miss Biddle caught wildly at such phrases as "classical monopoly," "formal studies," "moral notions," "moral culture," "personal sympathy," "character development," etc. It impressed her simple mind as wonderful. But Dr. Anne Beckford thought Professor Peabody's facility of address disgusting. Dr. R. Chapin Johnson (the R. stands for Rosalie) was growing distinctly more and more nervous and Professor Susie Smith's face was a study. Conversation, after the flow from the Pedagogical Department ceased, became jerky. The President did her best without avail; Professor Peabody was lost in a trance concocted of his subject and a pair of large blue eyes; Dr. Anne Beckford was sulky; Dr. R. Chapin Johnson nervous and Professor Susie Smith's well trained literary tongue seemed paralyzed. She endeavored to say pamphlets and enunciated "famflets," she wished to use "futile" and finished by saying "putile," a word which although it sounded well, she knew she had never heard.

The President plunged into a discussion of the stage, its melodrama, vulgarity and degeneration. She was a minister's daughter and had been brought up to think play-acting wicked. Although her convictions had altered, she still knew very little about anything connected with buskins; no matter, the quiet at the

table was unendurable. In the meantime the new Trustee was engaged in happy reflection. It was not nearly so hard as she thought it might be for here was another golden opportunity.

"Professor Smith, could you tell me when Shakespeare was born? I was looking it up in my—I was looking it up and could not find out."

Professor Susie turned as white as the damask cloth. She could think of nothing but 1616, this she knew was the poet's death. She glanced frantically about the table. There were some of her students, the president of the college, some of her colleagues, and this new twenty million dollar trustee. It might be 1564; but then, too, it might be 1654; she had a momentary suspicion that it ought not to be 1654, but there light left her.

"Why—why,"—oh! how many times had she instructed her students not to begin a sentence thus—"he died, Miss Biddle, in 1616 and—and—" Professor Susie gasped weakly.

"Shakespeare," murmured Professor Alphonso, "was born in 1564. In 1664 Waller wrote his poems; in 1764 there was Walpole's Castle of Otranto, and in 1864 Swinburne's Atalanta in Calydon. A remarkable date," dreamily concluded the Professor in Pedagogy.

"Well, did you ever," slangily remarked Dr. Anne Beckford in an aside to Dr. R. Chapin Johnson as they left the dining room, "did you ever? Isn't she a deep one?"

The new trustee was delighted with her evening. It was so much easier than she had expected and no one seemed to mind her being ignorant. For the morning the President had been good enough to

promise her an interview. She was sure to learn more then and with a regular system of visits, in a year's time she might be really equal to her responsibility and in full touch with the intellectual life of the institution.

The diameter of the earth had unsettled President Maxwell and she passed a restless night. It was very necessary for her personally to make a pleasant impression on the new trustee; perhaps thousands of dollars would be involved. But she was not certain that she could answer any and every question this attractive but inquisitive trustee might ask. She dreaded the interview and fell asleep, anxiously revolving in her mind what the questions might be and, when they were put, how she could escape them. The morning came all too soon and with it Miss Louise Biddle. The President, with that presence acquired from much warfare, welcomed her cordially. After a few preliminary remarks Miss Biddle began,

"I have been—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the President, "before I forget it, I want to mention a few of the needs of our College. Dr. Bradford said you would be glad to assist us in little ways, as well as big. The Geology Department needs a stereopticon lantern, the cost would be about \$375."

"Yes, certainly, it will give me pleasure to give the lantern, President Maxwell; and I have been wondering—"

"I beg your pardon again," interrupted the President, "but the same Department needs sand. This would be a matter of \$10 or so."

"Yes, indeed," replied the new Trustee, "get it by all means. I

have just been wondering what—”

“Excuse me but before it slips my mind I want to mention the Botanical Department. It needs slides. They would cost \$15.”

“Certainly that Department cannot get along without slides. That seems like a very small amount; would you not like more? No! Well, I have just been wondering what de—”

“And there is the Chemistry Department, it needs beakers,” rushed in the President. Miss Biddle had never heard of them but she encouraged the President to get them in any quantity.

“Charge as many as you like to me, President Maxwell. I have been wondering what denom—”

“And cats,” shouted the President, quite beside herself with excitement. “Cats for the Zoölogy Department. They cost a quarter apiece. In the spring, they are cheaper.”

“Get any number,” assented Miss Biddle, “I have just been wondering what denomination—”

“There are the hairpins,” wildly interrupted the President, “the hairpins for the Psychology Department. They haven’t been raised and—”

“Surely,” soothed Miss Biddle, to whom by this time the President’s nervousness had communicated itself, “surely they would not cost much and they must be useful. I have been wondering, President Maxwell, what denomination you belong to?”

“O,” gasped the President and she had not once thought of the white porcelain tub.

III

Miss Biddle came twice a month throughout the entire year. She

gave liberally to everything, \$60,000 for a chapel; \$35,000 toward a Music Hall; and up to the amount of \$50,000 for incidentals. Needham College was flourishing upon her bounty, while Miss Biddle’s innocent delight in learning grew apace with the weeks. She was familiar with every department and all the intellectual aspects of the life. So zealous was she that her questions had created a reign of terror. The Departments sympathized with one another, consulted encyclopedias, dictionaries and various notes and queries corners, hoping to be properly primed for the very fundamental and alas! mortifyingly elementary questions Miss Biddle asked. Dr. R. Chapin Johnson declared that if they could only discover the genus of the new Trustee’s dictionary, they would no longer have to endure this monthly humiliation. Informal mass meetings of the faculty denounced this new species of trustee and decided unanimously that Miss Biddle’s questions were not only derived from some encyclopedia, but that they were used with evil intentions. All the instructors were worried and especially so, as the Educational Committee of the Trustees was to meet in April and confirm or change the appointments of the faculty. Miss Biddle had asked to be a member of this committee and naturally her request was granted, for her interest in the educational aspects of the life had more than kept tally with her financial support. The Faculty knew she was a member and in the stress of the winter and the approaching event, even Professor Susie Smith’s tongue had lost its eloquence.

Professor Alphonso Peabody

alone remained unmoved and serene. In fact, this winter there was a bloom about his middle life that his youth had lacked. The new trustee found him an invaluable source of information on all imaginable subjects. His answers never failed and in Miss Biddle's eyes he was a wonderful man. He had hesitated in his answer to but one question. It was so unexpected; he had never given the subject a thought. It had never seemed to him necessary to consider the matter. With her innocent directness Miss Biddle one day said:

"Professor Peabody, why have you never been married?"

"Why, why," stammered Professor Alphonso, "I—I—I, I—have never been asked."

It occurred to him afterwards that it was not quite the right answer to have given. To Miss Biddle's fearless, inquiring turn of mind, the reply was a stimulus.

The afternoon for the meeting of the Educational Committee arrived. The President had prepared her docket of salaries. The increase was appalling, more than \$10,000, and she was not sure that she could get it through. The names of the Faculty were taken up in rotation. The Trustees showed a disposition to cut down. There was a long haggle over Miss Amelia Dove's name. She taught English for \$600 a year and the President suggested a "raise" to \$700. Miss Biddle saved the day and President Maxwell was triumphantly putting through every raise until she came to Professor Alphonso Peabody's name. The Trustees seemed unanimous. Certainly, \$1200 instead of \$1000 was not too much for a man as distinguished as he. No one

noticed the new trustee until she spoke.

"Of course we don't want to be extravagant; that is \$200 more on the salary list and—and," Miss Biddle repeated, "and—well, President Maxwell, there are reasons why I think Professor Peabody is not likely to need the money. Of course \$200 is \$200," she ended.

Not a word was said. The new trustee had gained a reputation for depth and intention altogether out of proportion to her youth, and Miss Biddle was palpably agitated, her big, unwinking, blue eyes fixed in their intensity, her face highly flushed. The President said nothing and passed on to the Qs on the faculty list.

The week following the meeting of the Educational Committee, the College was ablaze with news. Miss Biddle and Professor Alphonso Peabody were engaged and the wedding was to be in June at commencement time. Professor Susie Smith recovered her eloquence sufficiently to announce her belief that "he was proposed to, for he would never think of doing such a thing himself."

June arrived and with it the much anticipated wedding. The students were dressed in white, carrying wreaths of forget-me-nots; the faculty were in academic regalia, each one the proud possessor of a pearl pin given by the Bride, a pin which was accompanied by a personal note thanking the instructor for information which had been such a help to Miss Biddle in her new duties as Trustee. In short, when the Bride, leaning on the arm of the President of the Board of Trustees, and the President of the Faculty, leaning

on the arm of Professor Alphonso Peabody, swung triumphantly up the church aisle, no one could doubt that everyone was happy; even the countenance of that modest woman

who had dedicated herself to a life of self-sacrifice was full of a worldly joy for she had received as a gift from the Bride the seductive, long-coveted porcelain tub.

The Gentle Art of Mending Broken Hearts

By ELSIE CARMICHAEL

Author of "Miss Barber's Nephew," etc.

MRS. MAXON'S funeral was to be that afternoon so I prepared myself for callers, for it is one of the social customs of the Kelmscott people to make all their calls when they are dressed to go to a funeral. To begin with, the funeral furnishes a topic of conversation, and then, as Mrs. Deacon Sumner says, it seems such a pity not to get all the good you can out of your dressing up for it. Funerals are really social events in Kelmscott and by most of the women are thoroughly enjoyed, for there are some people who are never so happy as when they are a little miserable. Miss Piper, the village mourner, who has never missed a funeral in forty years except once when she "had pneumonia and came purty nigh goin' to her own," told me once that it always does her good to go, for it makes her think how short life is and reminds her of her sins, and besides she gets ideas for making over clothes.

On the day of Mrs. Maxon's funeral she was the first to come to call upon me, bursting with gossip. She had partaken of the lunch that is often provided in the country for

those coming from a distance and she was full of indignation.

"It's enough to make old Mis' Maxon turn in her grave," she said, "to see that lunch the mourners provided. There wa'n't enough to go round in the first place and then the bread was soggy, the ham wa'n't tender and as for the coffee it was just sloppy and cold."

I did not wonder that the luncheon gave out if the nearby neighbors ate up what was provided only for the mourners from a distance. She soon veered off to a subject that seemed to lie even nearer her heart than Mrs. Maxon's funeral.

"Haven't you heard of Jed Hunter's bein' in town? Well, well, you don't hear much down at this end of the green, seems tho' you never do know what's goin' on in town." But then I had been away for a fortnight and undoubtedly that explained it, though I knew, at the bottom of Miss Piper's heart, she thought I did not take a proper interest in the affairs of Kelmscott.

"Why Jed Hunter—he's old Mis' Hunter's son in the white house down beyond the meetin' house," she explained; "he's just ben jilted,

so they say, by a girl over'n Boston where he's ben livin' for some time and now he's come on here to stay fer awhile with his ma and git over his feelin's. But Mis' Dexter," she leaned forward eagerly on the edge of her chair and spoke in a sepulchral whisper, "They do say as he's keepin' company with Eliza Hazelton, Jemima's niece." She sat up and folded her hands complacently over the place where her waist may once have been and observed me as she rocked vigorously back and forth.

"You don't mean it?" I cried, trying to appear properly impressed. "That's very nice, isn't it? If she could only make him forget his broken heart it would be delightful."

Before Miss Piper could give me any more of the news that she could hardly contain, Mrs. Deacon Sumner came puffing up the walk supported on either hand by Miss Pendleton and Miss Jemima Hazelton. The presence of the latter was felt at once to be a check to the subject of conversation that lay nearest their hearts when they had settled themselves with loosened bonnet strings prepared for a visitation. They discussed Mrs. Maxson's funeral at great length over their tea and cake, but I knew that at least three of my visitors were longing to get rid of Miss Hazelton, who placidly stirred her tea and rocked and told me how "beautifully Mis' Maxon's remains" looked.

My Aunt Agatha came in for a moment, dear stately Aunt Agatha, whom the village ladies always considered a "reg'lar wet blanket on conversation," as she did not approve of the petty gossip of the little town. However, to the relief of the

others, she had only come to ask Ralph and me to supper on the following evening and so her restraining presence was soon removed. I could see that Miss Pendleton, Mrs. Sumner and Miss Piper were determined to outstay dear, innocent Miss Hazelton, and I groaned in spirit for I longed for a walk before dinner.

At last Miss Hazelton put down her cup with a sigh. "I really must be going, Mrs. Dexter," she said reluctantly. "Aren't any of you ladies coming my way?" But they all sat still.

"I'm only goin' as far as Miss Barber's when I do go," explained Miss Piper. "So 'twouldn't do you no good, Jemimy. I know Miss Barber'll want to know all about Mis' Maxon's funeral, so long as she wa'n't there."

"I'm goin' to set a spell longer," said stout Mrs. Sumner. "I'm some het up yet and I guess I'll stay and cool off awhile."

Miss Pendleton had to stay because she was going to stop at Mrs. Sumner's to borrow a pint of molasses, as she was out of it and there wasn't time to go to the store. When their elaborate explanations were all made Miss Hazelton went away without an escort, sighing a little that she had to resign such a pleasant time. When she was safely out of ear-shot Miss Piper began breathlessly:

"Mis' Dexter ain't heard a word about Jed Hunter and Eliza."

The others looked surprised and very superior at their own knowledge of the facts.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Sumner complacently, "if that don't beat all, why it's the talk of the town."

"I've been away," I explained, trying to feel humble. "Miss Piper

tells me that Mr. Hunter is quite devoted to Eliza."

"I should think he was," sniffed Mrs. Sumner," and he just jilted to. He's walked home from church with her twice now and I think he must have gone to prayer-meetin' on purpose to see her, for he never had much religion to speak of. No, he didn't walk home with her then, 'cause he had his ma with him, but he sot and looked at her and I saw him speak to her afterwards."

"What did he say?" asked both ladies, bursting with excitement.

"He just said, 'It's a pleasant evenin', Miss Hazelton,' and she says, says she, 'Yes, it is, Mr. Hunter.' 'T'wa'n't so much what they *said* as the way they *looked*. Nobody could ever say I was a gossip, Mis' Dexter, I don't never believe in repeatin' things I hear so I hope this won't go no farther, but they do say," here she leaned forward and spoke in a sibilant whisper, "They *do* say that Eliza is dead in love with him."

Miss Pendleton and Miss Piper were nodding their heads like two mandarins. "Yes, that's true, Mis' Dexter," they said in chorus.

"Well, I hope she will comfort his broken heart," I said, trying to look serious. "I don't believe it was ever more than slightly cracked and I think probably Eliza could mend it as well as any one."

"Yes, Eliza is a nice girl," admitted Mrs. Sumner, "tho' she does seem like a child to me yet. It don't seem any time sence she was runnin' round the green in a little blue dress and a long yaller pig-tail."

"That was at least thirty years ago," snapped Miss Piper, who had a relentless memory for dates, "Eliza's thirty-eight and seven months. She's comin' on."

I smiled involuntarily, for I had always considered Eliza Hazelton almost middle-aged. Then I remembered that my dear, dignified great-aunts were sometimes called the "Randolph girls" and so, in comparison, Eliza seemed a mere child. If I had not been a married woman, I suppose I should have seemed like a babe in long clothes to them.

"There must have been a funeral this afternoon, Constance, to account for all your callers," said Ralph at dinner that night. "Such an array of berigged women as I met as I came from the train. Why, Kelmscott was almost gay! I counted as many as three people at one time on one side of the green."

"I don't doubt it," I said. "Yes, there was a funeral over at Mrs. Maxon's. The luncheon was very poor indeed, Miss Piper assured me. The funeral baked meats, however, very nearly furnished a marriage table, for the ladies of Kelmscott are doing their best to persuade me that Jedidiah Hunter is going to marry Eliza Hazelton. He is here for his broken heart, you know he has just been jilted by a girl in Boston. But to the certain knowledge of the Sherlock Holmeses of Kelmscott he has walked home from church with her twice and spoken to her in plain sight of the congregation after prayer meeting! As far as could be learned, all he *said* was, 'It's a pleasant evening,' which I should not consider very lover-like, but I was assured that just that civil greeting was accompanied by a *look*, Ralph!"

"Not really," he exclaimed. "You astonish me. I should not consider that that remark carried so much weight," he said, judicially. "But still a look. That's evidence against

them surely. What are you going to do about it, you inveterate match-maker? Now that Paul Barber and Natalie are safely engaged, I suppose you are looking for other game."

"Exactly," I assented, "I do want to see Mr. Hunter's cracked heart mended and I would like to see that nice Eliza Hazelton escape the fate of remaining one of the 'Hazelton girls' until she is eighty."

"How are you going to start the affair?" he asked.

"I told you it had a good start," I said. "Didn't I tell you he had walked home with her twice from church, not to mention that look after prayer meeting! In Kelmscott that is almost equal to announcing the engagement. Well, I am going to help matters on by giving a tea party for them—a real high tea. Not to make it too pointed I shall ask six others besides them so that will be ten altogether—that's a large party for Kelmscott."

"Do have the Robertsons any way," begged Ralph who had sighed resignedly; "then there will be one other man besides Hunter to keep me in countenance. Besides, the minister should be here to add dignity to the occasion."

"Yes, Mr. Robertson must give his sanction to my party and Anna is a host in herself. They two and Miss Jemima and Miss Barber will make enough besides Mrs. Hunter and Aunt Agatha. Aunt Mary is not well enough to come."

So the next day Ralph and I drove out to invite our guests to supper. Although we knew they would have no engagements at all, yet we thought it would add much dignity to the affair to ask them a week in advance. It was one of

the Kelmscott customs, that if there were more than six at high tea, the occasion became one of great importance, requiring much preparation. Ancient dresses were refurbished, the ideas obtained at the last funeral for making over clothes were utilized and for several days beforehand every one was busy garnishing and mending.

It was a glorious summer day as we drove down the village street. The square white houses about the green looked cool and shady under the stately elms, and over at Aunt Mary's the doors were opened through to the garden behind, and we had a charming glimpse of box-bordered paths and gay flowers and dear Aunt Mary under her parasol picking sweet peas, all framed in the wide colonial doorway.

"Kelmscott is a dear, peaceful old place," I sighed rapturously. "I hope I shall end my days here like the dear aunts among my flowers."

We drove around the green with loosened reins as we talked, and narrowly escaped running into Mr. Capron's horse, which was meandering off by itself in a way village grocers' horses have. Mr. Capron himself was delivering provisions at the minister's and came out just as we passed the house. As Mrs. Deacon Sumner once remarked, he was the worst old maid in Kelmscott. He looked at us curiously as we returned his nod and Ralph murmured, "I suppose Capron is consumed with a desire to know where we are going this afternoon arrayed in purple and fine linen. He must see 'calls' written on our faces."

Yes, Mr. Capron was one of the institutions of Kelmscott. He kept the one store, where he sold everything from postage stamps to calico,

from red and white peppermint sticks to meat and potatoes. There was nothing about the village or any one in it he did not know. When he delivered his provisions he left behind him, besides his butter and eggs, an assortment of choice gossip that was further augmented by the matrons themselves before they carried it on, until the most trivial little stories assumed scandalous proportions.

We had gone but a short distance and were stopping in front of Miss Hazelton's house to invite her and the fair heroine of the Jedediah Hunter romance to tea, when Mr. Capron drove up behind us, clucking and pulling on his reins to urge on his twenty-year old Pegasus. Breathless with his exertions, he pulled up beside us as Ralph stepped out of the carriage.

"Oh, Mr. Dexter," he cried, "taint no use your stoppin'. The girls are both aout. They went daown to Mrs. Deacon Sumner's just naow, and I calk'late they're goin' to set a spell with her as they both had their sewin' with 'em."

"Oh, thanks," said Ralph ironically, as he took up the reins. "Please tell them that we called. Mrs. Sumner was right," he said laughing, as we drove away. "Capron is by all odds the worst old maid in Kelmscott."

Our tea party was a great success in some regards. Mr. Hunter proved to be a very interesting man, who had traveled a good deal and had had the provincialities of Kelmscott quite brushed away. He and Mr. Robertson and Ralph kept the ball of conversation rolling, while Mrs. Hunter, inordinately proud of her son, sat placidly back and hardly ate her chicken croquettes for admiration of him. Miss Barber

with her delicate appetite, pecked daintily at her salad in her bird-like way and was evidently enjoying the great affair. She told me in an aside that she had not been to such a grand party for years and years. My cook had covered herself with glory and I knew that the supper was a success, but I was disappointed in the lovers.

Although I sent Eliza out to tea with Mr. Hunter, I could see nothing in the actions of either to warrant all the remarks I had heard. Eliza talked pleasantly enough to him, but she was apparently far more interested in the conversation on her other side, and Mr. Hunter insisted on telling me about a trip he had taken the summer before to Canada. I tried in vain to draw Eliza into the conversation, but after a polite smile and remark, she would turn again to Mrs. Robertson and talk about the sewing society and the last missionary box-packing.

I determined to send them out into the garden after supper, feeling confident that the moonlight on my beloved flowers would make the most prosaic middle-aged lovers romantic for the time. So in the last glow of sunset we strolled out into the moonlit garden, all except Mrs. Hunter and Aunt Agatha, who were afraid of possible dampness and preferred the lamp-lit drawing room.

I manœuvered vainly to throw the prospective lovers together. The Robertsons corralled Miss Jemima and bore her off to see the new sundial and Ralph and I tried to induce Miss Barber to join us, but she was consumed with a desire to walk between the young people with a hand on the arm of each. Since she had discovered that Mr. Hunter knew her dear nephew Paul, it was impossible to part her from him. The

quaint little figure with the huge crinoline, her little reticule and her bobbing grey curls strolled down the moonlit path blissfully happy and utterly unconscious that I was making frantic efforts to draw her away.

"Ah, Miss Barber," I said behind her, "I want to show you my sweet peas. They are such beauties, though I am sure they are not half so lovely as your pink ones. You must promise me some of your seeds next year."

"Certainly, Mrs. Dexter," she called back over her shoulder, "you may have all you want. Did you say that you and Paul went to the same school, Mr. Hunter?" she went on, chattering to him for all the world like a plump, little English sparrow.

Eliza, however, fell back with me. "Show me your sweet peas, please, Mrs. Dexter," she begged politely, and I, feeling foiled in all my match-making schemes, had to stop to expatiate on the beauties of larkspurs and sweet peas in that glorious moonlight.

"I do not believe there is anything in all this romantic talk of these Kelmscott gossips," said Ralph, after they had all gone and we were taking a last stroll down the moonlit garden path. The air was heavy with the spicy scent of the box and the more delicate, subtle fragrance of the late roses, honey-suckle and sweet peas and the thousand vague, sweet odors that float about a garden at night. And I, enthralled by the beauty of it all, thought that my lovers must indeed be very staid and middle-aged not to feel a little sentimental on such a night, in such a garden.

For some time I heard only vague rumors about Eliza and Mr. Hunter,

but I felt the suppressed excitement that charged the air of Kelmscott and knew that, although the interesting pair might be all unconscious of it, closed blinds hid prying eyes and they never exchanged a look or a word without some of the Kelmscott women knowing it.

"Poor innocent lovers," I thought, "no wonder no one ever gets married in Kelmscott if they have to run this gauntlet."

One day, a fortnight after my tea-party, as I lay swinging idly in the hammock on the veranda, Mrs. Sumner burst in through the gate, her fat face quite purple from her hurry. As usual she subsided in breathless silence for a moment or two after her sudden entrance.

"How fine your larkspurs are growin', Mrs. Dexter," she said at last, though I knew that that was not what she had come to say. From larkspurs she veered to marigolds and cosmos, the passing of the summer, Gladys Robertson's attack of mumps, the last church social and then, suddenly, to the subject nearest her heart.

"It's just scandalous the way Eliza Hazelton is goin' on," she burst out at last. "She goes walkin' all over creation with that Jed Hunter, who's nothing but a fickle creature anyway. It's the talk of the town. Some of us began to think it was high time someone spoke to Eliza, so long as Jemimy don't look after her niece better, so I made up my mind I'd do it. Why, Mrs. Dexter, they go and take long walks way down to Somerville, and they set in the summer house on Jemimy's lawn for two hours one afternoon by my clock. I finally made up my mind I'd go over and see about it and I went round there, sudden like, pretendin' I thought

Jemimy was there and Mis' Dexter," she was breathless again at the impropriety, "he was readin' *poetry* to her."

A sudden, uncontrollable laugh shook me and I was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

"Here's a cough lozenge," said Mrs. Sumner solicitously, hunting in her reticule. "It's awful to cough that way in summer-time too. You do look real delicate somehow." She shook her head and muttered something about consumption.

"If there were more men in Kelm-scott," I said at last, wiping away the tears, "people wouldn't think so much about it. It's because Mr. Hunter is the only eligible man about, you know, Mrs. Sumner."

She looked at me severely through her spectacles. "Well, it's lucky there are no more if it's to lead to all this sort of thing, readin' poetry in summer houses. Why, do you suppose that when the Deacon was courtin' me we had any such goin's on?"

"Oh, no," I ejaculated fervently, "I am sure you did not." Another paroxysm seized me.

"Eliza is a real foolish girl," she went on. "Perhaps you'd like to see Jemimy and Miss Barber and even old Mrs. Squires gallivantin' round with some sprig of a man," she said sarcastically. "Well, I knew I'd ought to speak to Eliza, so that same evening I went over to see her special 'cause I knew Jemimy was out, and I says to her as soon as I could lead the conversation round that way, I says to her, says I," (here Mrs. Sumner pursed up her lips, folded her arms and looked defiantly at me), "I says to her, says I, 'Eliza, now what's to be the outcome of all this?' 'Of all what?' says Eliza, as innocent as you

please. 'You know perfectly well,' I says, "your goin's on with Jed Hunter." Eliza blushed and looked real mad. 'I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Sumner,' she says, real prim and pert. 'You know perfectly well,' I says, as severe as I could, 'every one is talkin' about the way you go on with Jed Hunter; now what is to be the outcome? You know the only outcome should be marriage.'"

"Did you really say that, Mrs. Sumner?" I asked severely. "You certainly are a very brave woman." If she had been my own age, I should have taken up the cudgels for Eliza, but I felt that she would only consider it very impertinent in one of my years and so I bit my lip and kept silent.

"She *was* real mad," admitted Sumner, "but before she could say anything more, Mr. Hunter walked right into the parlor. He looked so mad that I am sure he had heard us talkin' about him. 'I knocked,' he said to Eliza, who turned fiery red, 'but I guess no one heard me and so as the door was open and I heard you talking in here, I took the liberty to come in.' At first, I thought I'd ought to stay and chaperone them so long as Jemimy was out, but Mr. Hunter was so disagreeable and looked so grumpy that I thought I'd better be goin' where people wan't so snappy. I've washed *my* hands of them an' if they want to be town talk they can for all of me, I'd done *my* duty."

"Yes, I think no one could have done more," I remarked. I was thinking that Mrs. Sumner had probably done more to bring Eliza and Jedediah together than all of us put together.

A few days later, I had another call from Mrs. Sumner. "It's just

as I knew it would be," she snapped; "Jed Hunter has gone off. I *knew* he'd jilt her. Eliza puts a bold front on it, but every one is talkin' about it. Mr. Capron he told me first yesterday when he brought the marketin'. 'He's gone off, Mis' Sumner,' says he, 'gone for good too. I calk'late he's gone to Europe 'cause he took one of them small steamer trunks covered all over with furrin labels.' Eliza always was a kind of a fool. She's had real hard luck all her life so far as I kin see and I'm real sorry for her now."

I felt very much puzzled and sad over Eliza's little romance. Could it be possible that there was nothing in it?

I lay in the hammock that afternoon, thinking about Eliza. My dainty little copy of Cranford fell on the grass beside me as I lay quietly swinging. Everything was so beautiful around me, the swaying elms, the lovely garden, the blue sky, and I felt sorry to think that any one in the world was not so

thoroughly happy and content as I.

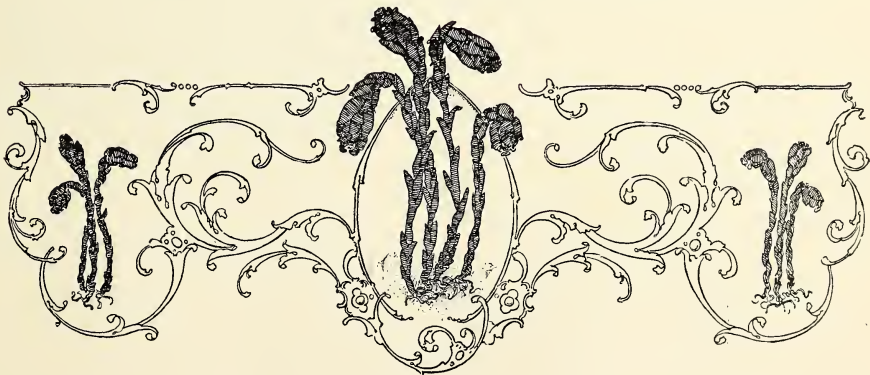
Suddenly the gate clicked and up the box-bordered path came Eliza Hazelton, a soft color in her sweet face and her eyes sparkling. She wore a very becoming blue linen gown and looked not a day over twenty-eight.

"Dear Mrs. Dexter," she cried, holding out both her hands to me joyously. "I want to tell you, the very first of all, that I am engaged to Mr. Hunter."

I gave her a joyous little hug. "Oh, you dear," I cried; "*I am so* glad, so very glad. I do want to see Mr. Hunter to congratulate him."

"He has gone to Boston for two days," she said, blushing adorably. "He—he—has gone to get me a ring."

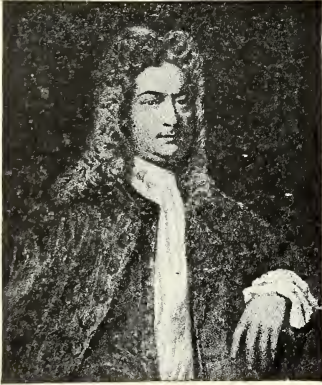
"Oh, yes," I said, the mystery being explained, and I smiled as I thought that Mrs. Sumner had all unconsciously assumed a new role, that of Kelmscott match-maker, and adept in the gentle art of mending broken hearts.



Dummer Academy

By AMY WOODS

AMONG the early settlers on the American shores, our New England forefathers were pre-eminent in matters religious and educational. Leaving the old world as they did in search of religious freedom, this trait became typical in the New England character. Mr. John Higginson said in 1663: "New England is originally a plantation of Religion, not a plantation of Trade



LIEUT.-GOVERNOR WILLIAM DUMMER

—worldly gain was not the end and design of the people of New England but Religion. And if any man amongst us make Religion as twelve and the world as thirteen, let such an one know he hath neither the spirit of a true New England man nor yet the spirit of a sincere Christian."

Taking this as a standard of reckoning, "Trade" has perchance at times of high fluctuation reached thirteen, but Religion has stood fast at twelve and Education has been rated a full eleven. Perhaps there

is no better place in all New England to exemplify this than the little corner of Essex County, Massachusetts, known as Byfield, where religion and education have played so prominent a part in starting forth many eminent men. Rev. Edward Everett Hale says, in an address delivered at the bi-centennial celebration of Byfield:

"It has long since been observed that Newbury and Newburyport and Byfield form a sort of confederacy. It has also been observed that from this confederacy almost every person in the United States known to history has originally sprung. Whether it is a Noyes, a Moody, or a Coffin, or a Greenleaf, or a Lowell,



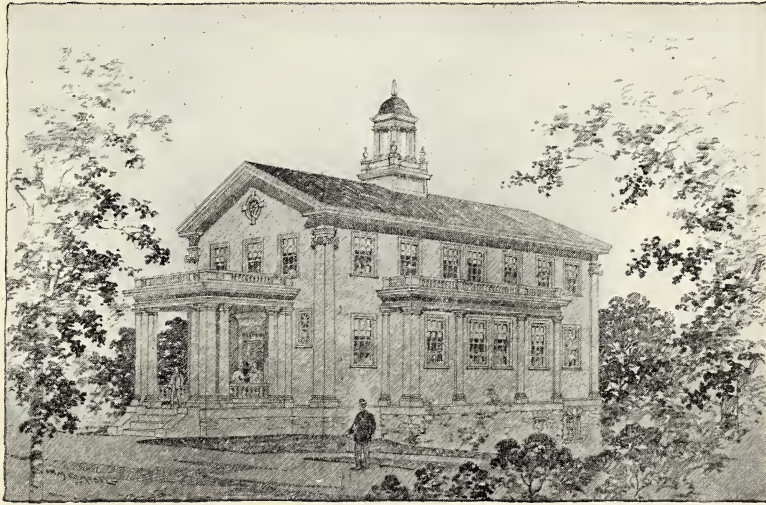
THE OLD SCHOOL BUILDING

or a Jackson, or a Perkins, or a Clark, or a Dane, or Rufus King, or John Quincy Adams, or Lloyd Garrison, or a Long, or a Story, or a Poor, a Sanders, an Osborn, a Shaw, a Raymond,—as you run the genealogy back, you come out at some one of the Newbury or Byfield families."

Byfield was named in honor of Judge Nathaniel Byfield who, besides holding many other high public offices, received commissions for the position of Judge of the Vice-Admiralty from three sovereigns of Great Britain, and had the honor never to have had one of his decisions reversed. It is not a town but a parish, the only one now extant in Massachusetts, and it is made up from three adjoining towns. It is a relic of ye olden days when a tax was levied for the support and maintenance of the church.

Long hill and Joyned with the farmers of Newbury that doth border on us in building a New meeting house for the worship of god Shall be Abatted their Rattes in the ministry Ratt in the Towne of Rowley: if they do maintaine with the help of our neighbours at Newbury an Athordaxs minister to belong to and teach in that meeting house that they have buildt.

Since 1838, when part of Rowley was set aside and incorporated as Georgetown, Byfield parishioners, though joined as one in religious matters, have performed their civic duties in three separate towns, Rowley, Newbury, or Georgetown according to the location of their



NEW SCHOOL BUILDING

In 1701 or 1702 certain residents of the towns of Newbury and Rowley, finding the distances to their respective churches too great for convenience in the harshness of the New England winters, determined to establish a new meeting-house nearer by, and

“At a legall meeting of the Inhabitants of the Towne of Rowley, March the 16th, 1702-3, It was Agreed and voated that the Inhabitants of the Towne of Rowley living on the North west side of the bridg called Rye plaine bridg and on the North west side of the hill called

houses. And curiously the boundary line between Newbury and Georgetown runs through the present meeting-house in such a way that a man and his wife may worship together in the same pew, and yet be sitting in different towns.

Here, in the first meeting-house of Byfield parish, worshipped the descendants of Richard Dummer and Henry Sewell, two pioneer founders of Newbury, whose names, which stood for honor, integrity, and ad-

vancement in the earliest colonial days, have been handed down through succeeding generations with added honor and renown. From an intermarriage of these two families have come five Judge Sewells, three Chief Justices, Longfellow, our New England poet, ex-President Grover Cleveland and many others whose names may be found in the records of famous men and women.

Richard Dummer was probably the richest man of the colony. He came from England in 1632 on the "Whale," bringing with him a goodly number of cows, which must have prospered and multiplied, since a town record of Rowley shows that in 1660 it was voted to put up "a substantial and strong three-railed fence between Newbury and Rowley, to prevent cattle coming from Mr. Dummer's farm." The farm comprised a thousand and eighty acres.

Soon after his settlement he

erected a sawmill on the banks of the Parker River, and five years later an entry, "in case Mr. Dummer doe make his mill fitt to grynde corne," proves pretty conclusively that he established a grist mill. Who can doubt that with his energy it proved a success and the old mortar and pestle were put by to serve henceforth only as an heirloom.

Richard Dummer's four sons were Shubael, Richard, Jeremiah and William. Shubael became a minister and was massacred at York by the Indians. William died when quite young. Richard received the home farm and remained in Byfield. "Jeremy," as he was called, was a silversmith of Boston. To him were born Jeremiah and William.

In the early catalogues of Harvard College, the names of students were arranged in order of rank of the family, and in that of 1699 Jeremiah Dummer heads the list. He was, moreover, at the head of the

THE ORIGINAL
ACADEMY BUILDING

1763





MANSION HOUSE, THE MASTER'S HOME !]

scholastic list, and President Increase Mather said "he was far the best scholar that had ever been there." It is, however, upon his brother William that the searchlight of history has been more often thrown.

William Dummer was born in 1677 and received his education in the grammar schools there. There is little known of his early life and the lack of anecdotes concerning eccentricities would lead one to judge him a normal, unostentatious, simple and dignified man. During his maturity he held the foremost position of the Province of Massachusetts. He was appointed Lieutenant Governor in 1716 by George I.

Massachusetts, having been deprived of her colonial rights twenty-



COLONIAL STAIRWAY IN THE MANSION HOUSE



APPROACH FROM ROWLEY

four years before, was chafing under the restriction of provincial rule, and the position was one requiring great tact and diplomacy. After six years of constant friction, Colonel Shute, then governor of Massachusetts, shifted his responsibilities to the lieutenant-governor's shoulders and secretly sailed for England, and it was not until five years later that a new governor was appointed. In the meantime William Dummer, as acting-governor, guided the administration through the sea of discontent with a strong but understanding hand. The latter part of his life was spent for the most part in Boston, although he took an active interest in Byfield, belonged to the parish and occupied his house there during the summer months.

This house to all outward appearances stands to-day as it did then. In reality some years ago restoration was imperative, and the timbers were removed one at a time and new ones substituted. The exact date of its erection is missing, but as it, with the surrounding three hundred and thirty acre farm, was deeded to William Dummer by his father, at the time of his marriage, it was doubtless not long after 1713 that it was built. Under its hospitable roof Lieutenant-Governor Dummer and his highly esteemed lady entertained Governor Shute and his retinue, and many distinguished men and women have crossed its threshold.

Had Governor Dummer been blessed with children, the fate of the Mansion House might have been

different, but dying without direct heirs, he left the home farm with the buildings thereon for the "establishment of a grammar school," the simple requirement for admission to be that "no scholar be admitted into said school but such as can read English well." It was the first school of its kind to be founded in any of the colonies.

Four years had not passed since the settlement of Newbury when provision for teaching the young was made and the records, showing intermittent terms of schooling, attest the value placed upon education. Schools in those days were not free, the town and parent sharing the expense, while the pastor usually taught the week-day school and preached on Sunday.

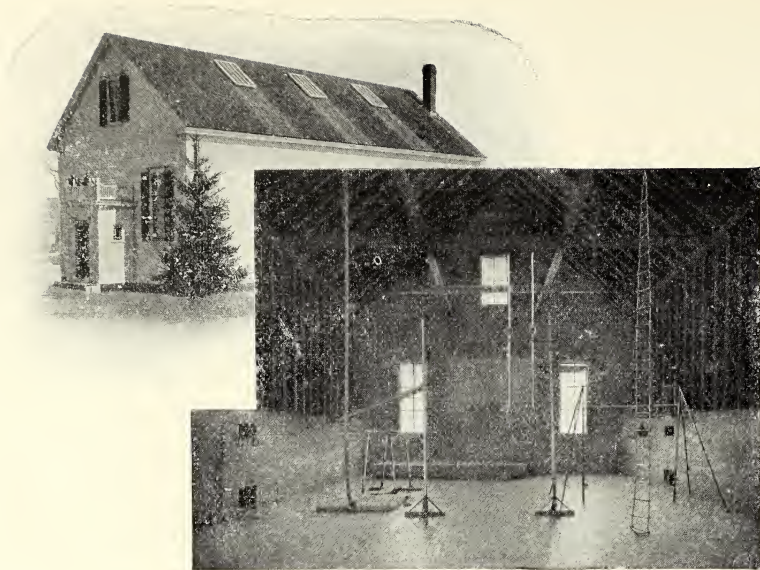
Fourteen years after the building

of the first meeting-house, Byfield Parish boasted its first schoolhouse and regular teacher on the Rowley side. The teacher received sixteen pounds, the school year lasting three months, and in eleven years his salary had increased to thirty pounds a year and "3d. for readers and 6d. for writers per scholar" in addition. These attempts at public schooling, with one private school that was carried on for a little while in Byfield, were all the opportunities offered in this line for learning until the reading of Governor Dummer's will in 1761 made known this munificent bequest.

We of to-day, with our thousands of graded schools, cannot realize the full meaning of such a gift. Up to that time English grammar had never been taught and the construc-



ENTRANCE TO THE CAMPUS



THE GYMNASIUM

tion of our own language was studied only through the Greek and Latin lexicon. Dr. Johnson defined a grammar school as a school for "teaching grammatically the learned languages."

Steps were at once taken by the trustees for the building of a school-house twenty feet square and one story high, and the parish committee, in whose hands it was left to select a teacher, decided upon Samuel Moody of York, Maine, for master.

Rev. Moses Parsons, the pastor and friend of Governor Dummer, preached the dedicatory sermon from the text, "But the liberal deviseth liberal things and by liberal things shall he stand," which has stood for the motto of the school from then until now. In an almanac of 1763, belonging to Mr. Parsons, are these notes:

"Dummer charity school opened Feb. 28 1763." "Pd. upⁿ ye occasion a public Lect. fr'm Isai.: 32, 8 when Mr. Samuel Moody of York took the charge thereof." "Said school began the next Day, viz. March 1, 1763."

Twenty-eight pupils were enrolled the first year, mostly neighborhood boys, but the fame of the school and its master spread until for many years there were from seventy to eighty boys, a third of them coming from such a distance as to necessitate boarding in the Mansion House under the supervision of Mr. Moody's brother Joseph and his wife, who took charge of the farm and the housekeeping, thus relieving Mr. Samuel Moody of all responsibility save that of teaching.

Historically speaking, Master Moody is perhaps the most famous teacher of America. His appreciation of boys, his accuracy and absolute thoroughness in training, and his many eccentricities of method have been handed down by word of mouth from his many pupils to their descendants. Besides the English grammar, he laid strong emphasis on Latin and Greek. It is somewhat doubtful if mathematics or the sciences received any attention during

his régime. A story is told, however, concerning him and a new French dancing master, which would lead one to suppose that the cultivation of the social side of life was not wholly neglected. He himself was in the habit of studying the

There are numerous versions of the "Preble Story," but the main fact remains in each. The boy Edward Preble, afterward to take so high a place in the navy, committed some misdemeanor. Master Moody, to frighten him, brought



HOME OF WILLIAM DUMMER, ERECTED 1716

French and Latin dictionaries in order from A to Z.

He permitted and even urged his pupils to study aloud, saying that silence was much more distracting than noise, and at high tide he adjourned lessons for the daily swim; the big boys going for a plunge in the deeper waters, while the little boys went to the more shallow stream.

down the coal shovel with great force close to his head. The boy did not flinch and the Master exclaimed in delight: "Boys, did you observe the brigadier when I struck? He never winked! He'll make a general yet."

For more than twenty years Dummer Charity School remained the only school of its kind, and of the five hundred and twenty-six



OLD STONE BRIDGE



THE HISTORIC CHAIN BRIDGE, NEWBURYPORT
OLDEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN AMERICA 1810

boys who attended while Mr. Moody was teacher, many became world renowned and "made their mark."

President Willard of Harvard College and the three academic professors of the same time, Eliphalet Pearson, Samuel Webber, afterward president of Harvard in his turn, and Professor Tappan, all attended Dummer under him. Chief Justice Theophilus Parsons, son of the Rev. Moses Parsons, was his most eminent pupil. A large quota of Dummer boys fought in the Revolution, while fifteen were members either of the Continental or United States Congress. In the vicinity of Calcutta is an imposing monument erected to the memory of Sir David Ochterlony, Major-General in His Majesty's army, which won for England her Asiatic Empire. He was honored by Hindoo and English alike for his nobleness and generosity. Sir David in Mr. Moody's time was a little boy in Dummer Academy.

After leaving Dummer a large proportion of the boys went to Harvard or Dartmouth. Is it to be wondered at that Samuel Moody in his

old age delighted in reminiscences of his school and scholars?

According to Governor Dummer's will the property was placed in the hands of a board of trustees, while the right to control the spending of the interest on that property was vested in a committee to be chosen annually by the Parish of Byfield. The power of removal of the master from office for incompetency or immorality was given to the overseers of Harvard College. The duties of each being indefinite, this division of trust led to such dissension that, in 1782, in compliance with a petition, the General Court passed an act incorporating the Dummer Charity School under the name of Dummer Academy, and gave the control of it to a board of trustees, fifteen in number.

Phillips Andover was opened in 1778 with Eliphalet Parsons as master. It laid claim to being the oldest incorporated academy in the country, but Dummer, although not receiving its charter until 1782, takes precedence in age by more than fifteen years. Samuel Phillips, who was instrumental in the found-

ing of both Andover and Exeter Academies, was an alumnus of Dummer.

After twenty-seven years of faithful teaching, the mastership of Dummer passed from Samuel Moody to Isaac Smith, at the time librarian at Cambridge. It was under his supervision that the first printed catalogue of the college library was issued. The first ten years of his stay at Byfield were prosperous years for Dummer, owing to the reputation which Moody had built up for it.

There was, at the time, a lively West Indian trade carried on along the seaboard, and many a merchantman brought pupils from the Islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe to the famous school. But Preceptor Smith, though a worthy gentleman and admirable scholar, lacked Mr. Moody's power of control, and the attendance of the school dwindled until Mr. Smith's resignation in 1809 left the place open for a more vigorous disciplinarian. Dr. Benjamin Allen next followed, and in two years renewed, to a certain extent, the old reputation of early days. His most famous pupil was Mr. Gould, one of the most distinguished classical teachers in the country, who revolutionized the Boston Latin School. After Dr. Allen came Dr. Abeil Abbott.

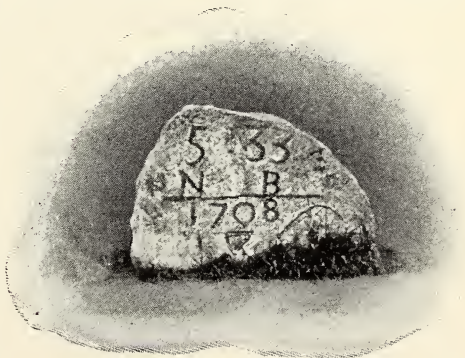
Meanwhile the character of Byfield Parish had changed very little and the records show a continuation of religious fervor which, with the modification of the times, has continued as deep and sincere to the present day. Two long sermons were preached each Sunday, and a note reads that they used to appoint committees "to read some suitable Discourse to such as tarry at ye

Meeting House between Public Exercises" and to see "y't ye Sabbath be not profaned."

In worldly affairs the Parish had prospered, and besides the first academy of the country, it can claim with pride the first cotton mill, the first cut-nail factory, the first iron foundry, the first manufactory of wooden shoe pegs, and—perhaps without pride—the first snuff mill. Inventive genius prospered in Byfield, too. Paul Pillsbury invented the machinery for the making of shoe pegs, which completely revolutionized the shoe-making industry. He used to sell his pegs for eight cents a quart or two dollars a bushel, and was known thereby as "Peg" Pillsbury.

Of Paul Moody, Edward Everett said, "To the efforts of his self-taught mind the early prosperity of the great manufacturing establishments of Waltham and Lowell was in no small degree owing." His coworker and inventor, John Dummer, "made his wheels like cabinet work so that one of them was a thing of beauty."

Another son of Byfield, who fitted for college at Dummer was Professor Parker Cleveland. Born in the midst of the war, he entered Harvard in 1790. When he left college



OLD MILE STONE AT ACADEMY ENTRANCE

he did not know one stone from another, but afterwards he became the greatest authority in mineralogy in America, if not in the world.

In 1821 Nehemiah Cleveland became the Master of Dummer Academy, and during the nineteen years in which he held the position the average attendance was greater than in Master Moody's day. Shortly after his installation, the society called "Sons of Dummer Academy" was formed. It was very energetic in the interests of its Alma Mater for many years, and since the early eighties has increased its activities, and is largely responsible for the new impetus in the life of the Academy since then. Feeling that the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary was a fitting time for such a step, the Society, in collaboration with the trustees, issued a general invitation to friends and alumni to gather on the grounds for a general celebration. The affair was an unlooked for success.

So through all generations past the school has grown. At first the buildings on the grounds consisted of the little red schoolhouse, the Mansion, and the farm. But as early as 1819, Master Moody's school was moved to a spot near the Academy grounds, where it stands to-day, a building of historic interest. A new schoolhouse of larger proportions took its place, and it in turn was moved away and superseded by a more pretentious house, white, with green blinds and a tower. And now it too is called "the old school building." This summer, on the twelfth of June, in addition to the usual commencement exercises, Dummer celebrated the laying of the cornerstone of the fourth schoolhouse.

The new building is to embody

the old, excepting the tower, for the sake of the sentiment, and the cornerstone, which was laid by Mrs. Susan E. P. Forbes, is the same one that lay under the second and third buildings, and in all probability the first.

Mrs. Forbes is a very old friend of the school, and some few years ago gave a tablet in memory of Governor William Dummer, which is over the fireplace in the Mansion House parlor. She is a resident of Byfield, and lives in the mansion on Fatherland Farm, one of the most beautiful of the historic houses thereabouts. She is the great granddaughter of the Rev. Moses Parsons, whose name is so closely connected with the founding of the Academy. The new building will be erected in his memory and will be known as the Parsons Schoolhouse. It is to be a two-story building, with a basement fitted for laboratory work. Besides all the other accessories of a school building of to-day, there will be a library room, on whose shelves will rest in a place of honor Governor Dummer's valuable library, consisting of between two and three hundred volumes of the best English classics. The location of the building has been changed, making the entrance to the grounds more spacious and beautiful.

Besides the schoolhouse and the Mansion, placed in a semi-circle overlooking the campus, where the successive classes have planted their trees as a farewell rite on Commencement Day, are three other buildings. Many of the trees have grown to goodly size and added the final touch of substantiality and settled dignity that only New England elms and horse-chestnuts and the sturdier trees can add.

The Commons and the Peirce Building have supplied the needs of the modern boys, who would consider it hard lines indeed to sleep five and six in a room, in an unheated attic, as the pioneer pupils did in the Mansion House. The gymnasium is a spacious building, well equipped. But better than campus or buildings or rolling landscape, so beautiful in Essex County, is the feeling of hominess which pervades the place. Professor William Dudley Sprague, the present principal, who is a direct descendant of Governor Dudley, the father of Lieutenant-Governor William Dummer's wife, and Mrs. Sprague have gathered the boys around them into one happy family. Ye ferrule, which played so important a part in education in the early part of the last century, is laid away,

and medals for scholarship, team athletics, glee club, debating society and monthly newspaper have taken its place as an incentive to good work.

At various times, girls have attended Dummer, but co-education, although successful at other academies, has proved inexpedient here, and the question has been settled for all time by an interpretation of Governor Dummer's will, which provided for "youths." Since in his time education was deemed unnecessary for girls, the word youth is construed to apply only to the masculine gender.

Two thousand youths or more have gone forth from "Old Dummer," and the record of their achievements in after life is the highest praise that could be accorded any school.



Neglected Gifts

By ELIZABETH BARNET TOLDRIDGE

A song, a word—that might have raised the ban
Of darkness from some soul that went astray—
Is all unsung, unwrit: because a man
Forgot his mission and dreamed out his day!

The New Treatment of Bad Boys

By HOLMAN S. HALL

PERHAPS nothing more vividly illustrates the practical philanthropy of modern times than the change that has been wrought in the methods of treatment of juvenile offenders against the laws. All are aware that the last hundred years has brought to the civilized world a new and better conception of the relation between criminals and the State. In the place of three or four score offences punishable with death the number has been steadily reduced until murder and treason alone are in the death category of the most highly civilized nations, and even these are invariably treated more leniently if mitigating circumstances can be presented. The entire abolition of capital punishment has been accomplished in several of the states of this Union, and in nearly every state philanthropists and students of criminology are each year becoming more insistent that the death penalty is not only a relic of barbarism, but is a sin against morals and against society, while some of them take the extreme ground that all crime is the symptom of disease and subject only to therapeutic treatment.

The same advanced thought in relation to the general treatment of crime has had a marked but not so conspicuous an effect upon the treatment of juvenile offenders. It is hardly more than a quarter of a century since the statutes and the courts came to recognize the unwisdom and the injustice of dealing with a

boy law-breaker by the same rules and penalties that are imposed upon mature offenders. Methods more or less elaborate and thoughtful have been adopted by various states and municipalities, intended to modify the harshness of the application of statute penalties designed for adults and hardened criminals in the cases of juveniles whose offences are often the result of thoughtlessness, or the fruit of an environment for which they cannot be held responsible.

Mr. Samuel J. Barrows, commissioner for the United States on the International Prison Commission, has made an exhaustive study of the efforts toward the wiser methods of dealing with juvenile offenders in the various states, and their results, and his conclusions are embodied in a recent report to Congress which furnishes abundant data for an intelligent view of the progress of public sentiment in this regard.

In his letter of transmittal Mr. Barrows says of the children's courts that it is "a subject which has assumed great importance in our judicial system as a means of child saving and the prevention of crime." His opinion is that the most notable recent development in judicial principles and methods in the United States is the introduction and establishment of juvenile courts; and this is not so much a matter of new method as of a new spirit and a new aim. He points

out that heretofore the application of machinery for the repression of crime has been the same for all ages; that children have been sent to the same jails and have often been confined in close contact with hardened criminals; they have been judged by the same laws and in the same spirit. In contrast to this, the attitude of the juvenile court is benignant, paternal, salvatory, and therefore more efficiently corrective. It is not merely a smaller court with a separate session but it represents an entirely different principle; it is a life-saving institute in society. The children's court, in its best form, still retains some relations with the reform school, but it appeals to that only as the last resort. It represents in itself active and vital forces of its own, and invokes a whole range of influences and motives which are personal and formative, rather than minified copies of the earlier procedure in the courts. It has been discovered that the offending child is only a child and that he deserves treatment as a child, the ruling idea being formation rather than reformation, and that punishment as an example has little place in the treatment of juvenile delinquencies.

Massachusetts was the pioneer in this country in providing for the separate trial of children and the presence of a state agent, with a provision for placing proper cases in the care of religious organizations. For several years in New York city the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has assumed the care of children under sixteen years of age who come before the courts. The placing-out system has been found successful in several states. But all this is distinct from the children's courts which Mr.

Barrows describes, although the partial grasp of the situation in the states alluded to has to a considerable degree satisfied the public, while it has not covered the entire ground.

The first children's court was instituted in Chicago in 1899, as a protest against the established judicial method of dealing with children. In commenting on the previous situation there, Judge Tuthill, who is in charge, says: "Under such conditions children developed rapidly, and the natural result was that they were thus educated in crime, and when discharged were well fitted to become expert criminals and outlaws who have crowded our jails and penitentiaries. The state had educated innocent children in crime and the harvest was great." It was not an easy matter to secure the establishment of this Chicago court, as a law providing such a departure from the "old order" was naturally criticized and opposed. The law was not perfect but it was a successful beginning. Police officers were detailed as probation officers, and women with the same functions were soon supplied by the Chicago Woman's Club. A member of the city's law department was made chief probation officer. Children instead of being sent to jail were allowed to remain at home or were kept in the "detention home." In Buffalo, Denver, Indianapolis, Philadelphia and several other cities similar beginnings in the new method have been made.

The parental idea underlies this new method, and Judge Tuthill wisely says: "The law recognizes the truth, which sometimes has been lost sight of, that the parental care of the State can be exercised only through individuals. The passing

of laws will amount to nothing unless there be men and women to exercise, in the name and in behalf of the State, over each child, the care which wise, patient and loving parents exercise over their own children, so far as is possible." In several cities, the paid probation officers are aided by volunteers from among the citizens who have at heart the solution of the problem of child redemption.

Much of course depends upon the "personal touch," and this compels great care in the selection of the presiding judge and the probation officers of a juvenile court. The children who come before it are acute and suspicious and need first of all to be convinced that the treatment to which they are subjected is not punitive but helpful. Judge Stubbs of Indianapolis says: "It is the personal touch that does it. I have often observed when I sat on a high platform behind a high desk, such as we had in our city court, with the boy on the prisoner's bench some distance away, that my words had little effect upon him; but if I could get close enough to him to put my hand on his head or shoulder, or my arm around him, in nearly every such case I could get his confidence."

Mr. Barrows is especially pleased with the result of the work in Denver, where Judge Lindsey is in charge. He is said to be "not a legal hair-splitter; he is a moral dynamo. He understands the boy nature and he makes boys understand him. He knows their dialect and uses it; he gets their ear, their confidence and their heart. He gains their affection so that boys keep straight in order to 'keep square with the judge.' The judge, instead of being looked upon as an enemy,

as is the average policeman, is regarded as a friend and an ally, who even protects the boy against the nagging policeman when necessary, and who will stop a civil proceeding in the county court, a 'million dollar case,' to listen to the story of such a boy and give him a note that will do it. What chains and handcuffs and jails could not do has been done by this courageous judge, who has smashed the police and judicial traditions, and after frightening the police captains and other conservative people has ended by converting them. If there is any place where the people believe in the juvenile court it is in Denver."

Before Judge Lindsey's court was established, over two thousand Denver boys from ten to sixteen years of age, were sent to jail in six years; all this is changed and such an imprisonment is now very infrequent. He says: "It is not so much a question of law as a question of work for and with the children. It is a question of doing the thing." Of course Judge Lindsey's methods cannot be universally applied. They work well in Denver, but might need modification in a larger city. And besides, we believe that such men as he is, with so keen an appreciation of the needs and the opportunities of the situation, controlled by high common sense, are not easy to find.

As the result of the five years or less of experience in this class of courts in various cities, Mr. Barrows says it has been established that more than half of those who are placed in the care of qualified probation officers do not need to be brought again into court. In Indianapolis the number of those charged with second offences is less than ten per cent. In Denver

out of five hundred and fifty-four children placed on probation in the first two years of the court, thirty-nine of whom were girls, only thirty-one, all of them boys, were returned to the court because of the hopeless life of home surroundings. Out of seven hundred and fifteen brought into court, it became necessary to commit but ten per cent. to the State Industrial School. Before the establishment of the children's court at least seventy-five per cent. of those tried were committed to institutions. Judge Lindsey has had phenomenal success in inducing boys to come and confess their offences without the intervention of the police. Over one hundred and fifty such boys have come to him voluntarily during the last two years. In several other cases, similar if not so striking results are reported.

One new and startling result of juvenile courts has been to reveal the sources of contamination of child life as never revealed before. It has been found that when children are returned to court and committed, it is largely owing to evil home surroundings. In this class of cases of course a changed environment is necessary. The facts disclosed in the Denver court have led to the enactment of a law in Colorado holding parents and others responsible for the moral delinquency of children, which covers not only parents but saloon-keepers. In the first three months of the Denver court there were over twenty cases for petty larceny about the railroad tracks; there has not been a single case of this class in the last eighteen months. Mr. Barrows concludes that the whole range of preventive effort must be enlarged and

intensified. In some cases it appears that physical defects are the cause of moral delinquency, and the treatment should be by the physician rather than by the court. Playgrounds, baths, club-rooms, manual and industrial training, parents' meetings, detention schools, rigidly enforced laws holding parents responsible, enforced school attendance, and an intelligent coöperation between parents, police, the school and the court, are among the essential features emphasized by Mr. Barrows for the reformation of the rising generation.

Mr. Barrows' general report is followed by details of the work of juvenile courts in several of the states, which supply much interesting material.

The law of Illinois has for its basic principle that no child under sixteen years of age shall be considered or be treated as a criminal; that a child under that age shall not be arrested, indicted, imprisoned or punished as a criminal. The law distinguishes between "dependent" and "delinquent" children. Its enforcement is by one of the justices of the highest court of the state, which indicates the estimation by the legislature of the importance of the work in hand. Judge Tuthill, the present justice at Chicago, says he uses little formality, but has always felt and endeavored to act in each case as he would were it his own son who was before him in his library at home charged with some misconduct. He endeavors to make a boy feel that there is no purpose on the part of anyone to punish, but rather to benefit and help, to make him realize that the State—that is the good people of the State—are interested in him, and want to do

only what will be of help to him now and during his entire life. The point of inquiry is not to find out whether he has done an act which in an adult would be a crime and punish him for that. The idea of punishment is eliminated. The facts are considered merely as evidence tending to show whether the boy is in a condition of delinquency, so that the State, standing in the place of parent to the child, ought to enter upon the exercise of its parental care over him. If this is affirmed, the child is put under the supervision of a probation officer and allowed to return home. The officer visits him frequently and he is required to report at regular dates. In a large majority of cases this treatment has so resulted that it has been found unnecessary to have the child brought into court again; this fact is evidence of the wisdom, efficiency and economy of this course of treatment.

In Buffalo practically the same system prevails. If a case is too serious to be met by reprimand and advice, the boy is introduced to the probation officer who gives him an address card and requests him to call at a given time. The boy is then questioned whether he is at work or at school, and is made to understand that work and study are the service the boy owes to the community, and that in his next weekly report he must show that he is doing something useful. In the few cases where a boy proves incorrigible he is committed to a reform school. The probation feature is considered the keystone of the system, and if the probation officer is what he should be the results are very satisfactory. The probation officers all testify to the good work

accomplished; generally the boys are willing to reform as soon as they realize that the State desires to help rather than to punish them.

The cities of New York and Brooklyn perhaps present the most trying test of the new system, but even here similar good results are reported.

The report from the juvenile court of Denver, Colorado, is most interesting and instructive. The justice, Hon. B. B. Lindsey, seems to be an ideal official, and his success is remarkable. He makes, however, one startling statement, which he claims is justified—that "leaving out duplicates and taking individual cases of children arrested for a period of say six years, between the tenth and the sixteenth year, you will find that in most cities probably one out of ever five mothers' sons land behind the bars in this important period. This was true of Denver, and Denver is better off in this respect than many other cities." He emphasizes the necessity of teaching these children to obey, to respect law, authority and the rights of others, for their own good and happiness, as well as that of others. If the parent fails the State must handle the problem as a wise parent should; this can never be done through ordinary courts and prisons. He sends the worst cases to the industrial school, of which he says: "It no longer has about it the odor of degradation. The time is almost here when a boy from an industrial school, as those institutions are now being conducted, may hold as honorable a place in the community and be as proud of his record at that school as his more fortunate brother from the university."

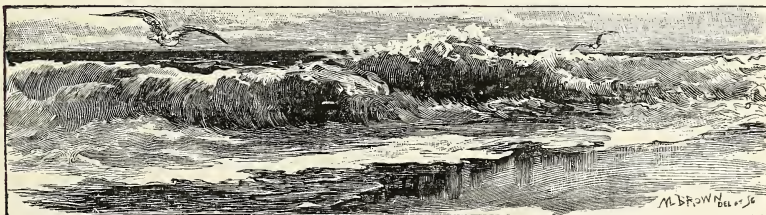
One of Judge Tuthill's interesting

and representative cases was the following: A boy who had been "difficult and dangerous," but who had confidence in the judge, brought four other boys to him. The leader said, "Judge, I told dese kids that they was sure to get caught by the cop for swipin' wheels, and we's been talkin' it over, and just concluded that the best thing to do was to come up here and snitch up. I told de kids they would get a square deal." He talked to the boys as one of themselves and advised them. They had thirteen stolen bicycles to their credit, but they stole no more, and for over a year they have been honest and industrious. In one case a boy said he "wasn't going to steal any more, because it wouldn't be square with the judge." In another case where several boys had been before the court for annoying offences, one of them was heard to say to a comrade: "Now, look a-here, John, if you know what is good for you, you'll stay by de judge; he's square, he is, wid de kids, and de kids has got to be square wid him, and de first kid dat

goes back on him is going to git smashed. See!" Another said to the judge, relative to the stopping of some objectionable practices: "De only way you can ever git it stopped is to git the gang up here and tell the push you want it done, and dere aint a kid among 'em, in my opinion, dat won't go down de line wid you!"

Judge Lindsey constantly keeps before his boys the idea that they are working together, and that if they fail to do right it will reflect upon him. One kid said to his mother: "Well, ma, it's this way: If I gits bad again, the judge, he will lose his job, and, you see, he's my friend, and I've got to stay wid him because he stays wid me, and I ain't going to steal no more!"

The whole report is full of interesting and suggestive matter, and deserves the careful attention not only of legislators and police and court officials but of the public, whose knowledge and opinion must be involved in any attempt to rescue the wild boys of the streets from their evil courses and put them in the way of achieving true manhood.



Shore Lights

By SARAH A. BURLEIGH

Purple clouds with golden linings,
On a sky of misty-blue—
Tinted with the sunset's radiance
Of the rainbow's every hue—
Shift, and scatter, by the breezes
That across the ocean sweep,
Now that day is slow declining,
And the boats to harbor creep.
Shoreward, look! The old York steeple,
Agamenticus' bold crest,—
Both brave landmarks of the sailor—
Catch the lustre from the west.
And the distant low of cattle,
Mingling with the bell's sweet chime,
Merge, with ocean's diapason,
Into symphony sublime.
Here and there, a magic twinkle
In the drowsy space above,
Whispers low that kindly heaven
Trims her beacon-lights of love.
Then, as falls the witching twilight,
Rife with fantasies in gray,
Bright beams fling across the water,
Pathways where the fairies play.
From the south, the Shoals' proud beacon
Lends her flashes to the night;
While from nearby, grassy headland,
Warmly glows the Nubble's light.
Beyond cliff, and tide-washed reaches
Where the surges never tire,—
Far on ocean's heaving bosom,
Gleams Boon Island's quick'ning fire.
Now, as though in calm derision
Of these guardians of the sea,
Steals abroad a sheen of silver;
Lo! the Queen of Night! 'tis she!
Filled with charm, the rare effulgence
That is lavished from her store.
Yet, our eager eyes, at gloaming,
Seek the lights along the shore.

The lights here referred to are those in the vicinity of York Harbor, Maine.

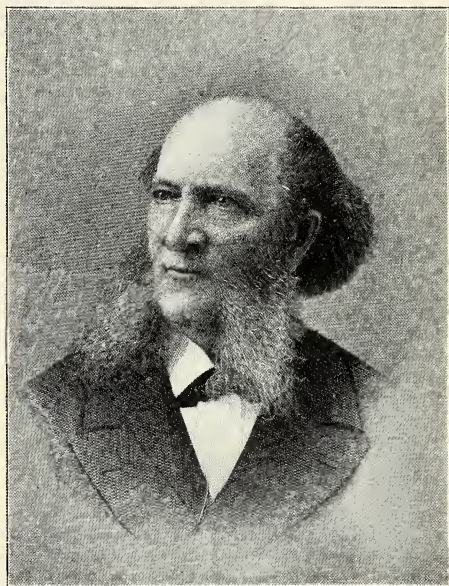
The Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University

By CHARLES H. MOORE, DIRECTOR

FOR more than thirty years liberal courses in fine arts have been maintained in Harvard University, but until the establishment of the Fogg Museum, in the year 1895, instruction in this subject had to be carried on without the means that are requisite to make it most effective. For the proper study of the fine arts examination and comparison of works of art themselves are essential, and liberal study, such as it is the function of a university to foster, must have a wide range and embrace the manifestations of artistic culture of all peoples and all epochs. Collections of objects illustrating the history of this culture are therefore indispensable.

The primary purpose of a university museum is not so much to stimulate and guide contemporaneous activity in the direction of artistic production (though this is important) as to furnish materials for the study of man in the exercise of his highest human faculties. We get an expression of this exercise in literature, it is true, but not a complete expression; and this important fact has lately begun to find recognition in university teaching by the establishment of regular courses in fine arts, and by the introduction into courses primarily devoted to history and literature, both ancient and modern, of much that relates to the fine arts.

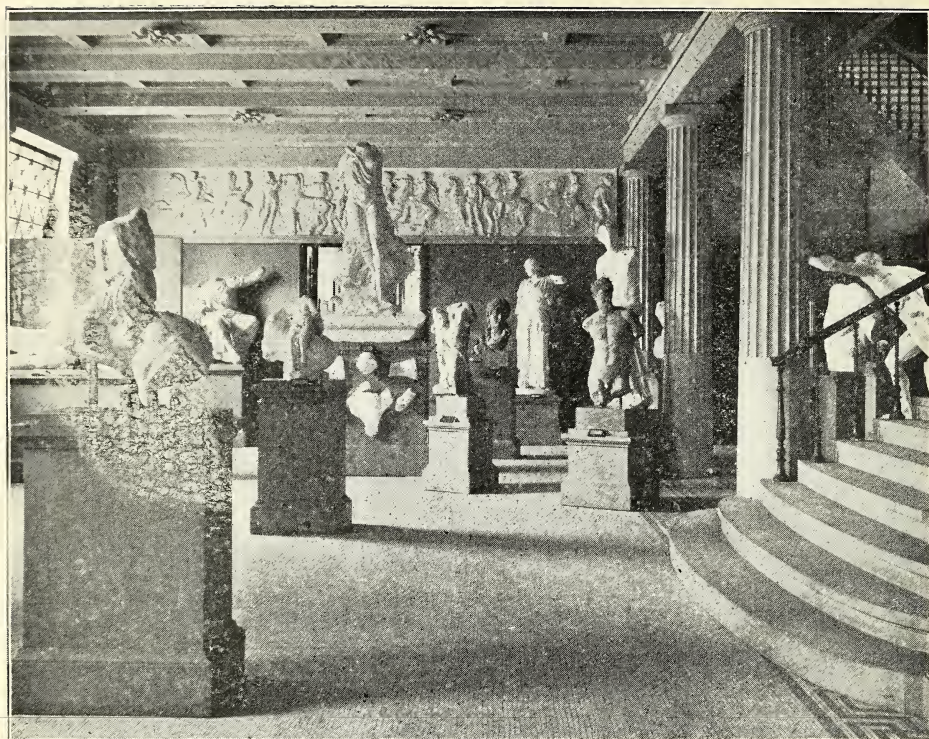
The chief aim of a university museum of fine arts is to show what these arts have been in the past. Contemporary art is, for the most part, accessible enough all about us. It has therefore been the policy of the Fogg Museum not to include the works of living artists, or those



WILLIAM H. FOGG

of very recent times, except in cases where a large consensus of judgment has given such works an exceptional importance.

As for the function of a museum of fine arts as an educational agency for the improvement of contempo-



HALL OF GREEK SCULPTURE

reaneous artistic production, it ought to be understood that it is both limited and imperfect. We do not enough consider that in past times, when the fine arts have most flourished, there were no museums, and no need for them. Men in those times lived in an atmosphere of artistic aspiration, were surrounded with objects of beauty in their daily walks, and were thus stimulated and guided in the most effective way. We, however, owing to causes and conditions which need not be here discussed, are not so surrounded. But while recognizing their limitations we can hardly overestimate the value under present conditions of properly equipped museums as agencies for the improvement of our own art, as well as for general cul-

ture, and the larger study of man, especially in connection with university study of the fine arts.

During the ten years that have elapsed since its foundation the Fogg Museum has grown beyond the original expectation of its most sanguine friends, and has already acquired working collections of wide range and of the highest value. Our museum has had a truly remarkable start. In the beginning it was not supposed that we should soon obtain original works of art of the great schools of the past such as are most desirable for a working university museum. But several public-spirited graduates, acting under intelligent advice, have obtained, and deposited with us, a considerable number of objects of rare

excellence, some of which are such as have never before been brought into the country.

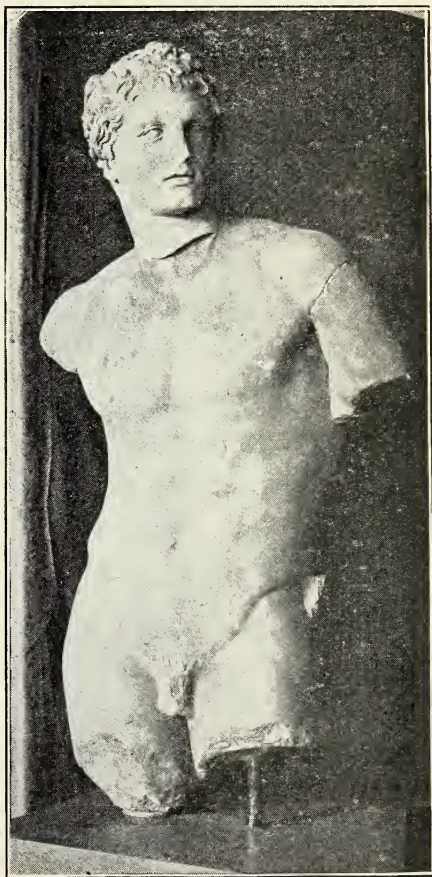
Chief among these is the marble statue of Meleager, having the character of what we know of the art of Scopas, the first great Greek sculptor of the early part of the fourth century B. C. This beautiful work was found in the year 1895 at San Marinella not far from Rome, and although, like all other Greek sculptures of the great age that have come down to us, in a sadly mutilated condition, the head and trunk still retain a large part of their original beauty; and in some parts the surfaces are quite uninjured.

This work exhibits much of those monumental qualities that distinguish the sculpture of the Phidian age. It is quiet in pose, though animated in expression in a way that was new to Greek sculpture at the time when it was wrought, without having the excessive animation, and overwrought naturalism, that mark the decline of Greek art. The modelling is superb without any exaggerated anatomical development. It is manifest that the sculptor enjoyed the beauty of the visible anatomy, but did not pry too curiously into the hidden mechanism of the human frame.

Among several other original works of ancient Greek sculpture we have one of an Aphrodite which was given to the Museum by members of the class of 1895. This beautiful figure has lost the head, arms, and feet, but what remains is well preserved, and it will be noticed that the pose, and the casting of the drapery, bear a striking resemblance to the well known Venus of Milo. The drapery is,

however, thrown in the reverse direction. Both of these noble works exhibit the restraint of action, and the temperance of modelling that characterize the greatest Greek art.

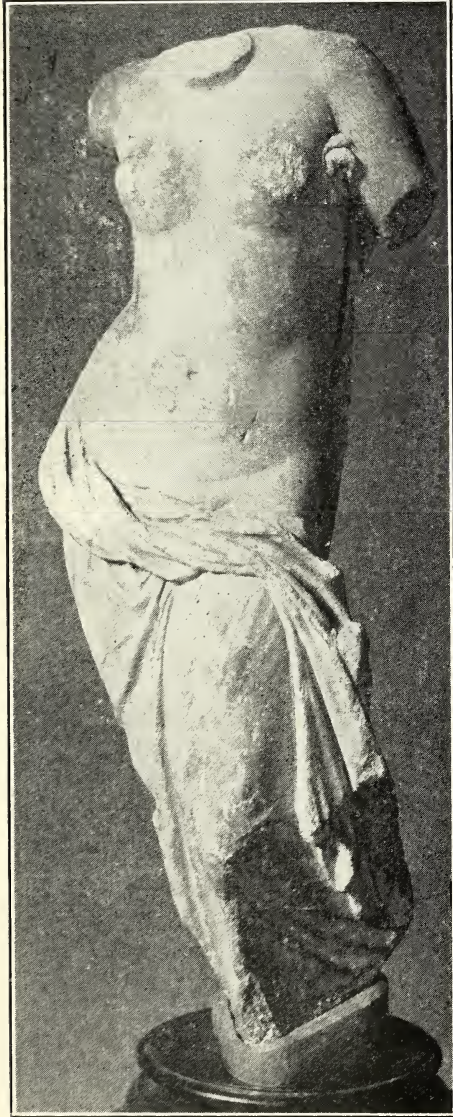
Our Museum has also a small, but select, collection of ancient Greek vases and bronzes, some of which are of great beauty. Fine Greek vases are not now easy to procure, and obtainable Greek bronzes are very rare and very costly. These, in connection with our large collection of photographs, to be spoken of presently, afford a wide range of



MELEAGER

material for the study of Greek art in these classes of works.

Of Italian painting we have some original works illustrating the early stages of development, and the early stages of a great school are always, in many fundamental points, the most instructive, and the most beau-



APHRODITE

tiful. It is impossible always to say positively by what individual artists these works were produced, and it matters little. For in times of best artistic activity individuals do not develop personal peculiarities of conception and treatment that give their works a widely different character from those of their contemporaries. Men were, of course, in those times, as in all times, endowed with different degrees of artistic imagination, and some excelled others in executive ability; where the peculiar gifts of the greater artists are distinctly marked in their works these works may be distinguished with tolerable certainty. But so strong was the influence of common traditions, common ideals, and common aspirations, and so great the force of example, that what are called school pictures are often impossible to distinguish from the works of leading masters, and in point of artistic quality the works of lesser men may be little inferior. Thus it is that the uncertainty of attribution of many well known and famous works is still very great, and is likely to remain so. The question of attribution is apt to absorb the attention of connoisseurs to the exclusion of proper appreciation of the essential qualities of works of art. But while we cannot affirm that any one of these early panels is by the hand of any particular master, most of them have so many of the characteristics of well known masters as to justify us in assigning them to the followers of these masters if not to the masters themselves. Among the masters thus represented are: Spinello Aretino, Lippi, Pesellino, Benvenuto di Giovanni, Niccolo di Alluno, Vivarini and Bellini. Very few such



ROOM OF COINS AND VASES

works have ever before been brought into the country, and they are invaluable to the student of painting since they afford first-hand illustration of the beautiful Italian art which in this early, and most instructive phase, is not enough studied at the present time.

These panels show, for instance, how the early masters of the Florentine, and other central Italian schools, based their designs on a clearly traced outline, with measurably flat coloring,—a survival of a very ancient style, and developed their slightly modelled forms on this foundation by delicate hatchings of shaded color, never shading enough to destroy the general heraldic effect of the pure color fields. This is a characteristic which survives in great measure in

the most mature art of the central Italian schools, and is very noticeable in the early works of even Raphael and Michael Angelo.

On the other hand, the Venetian art rarely shows an outline, and never such flat coloring, but develops form in the solid mass, yet without losing color in shadow.

Coming down to the later art of the North of Europe, the Fogg Museum has a series of original works by the early English water colorists, Varley, Edridge, Cozens, De Wint, Cox, Girtin and Turner. These, except the maturer works of Turner, have the conventions of the primitive English landscape school, but they have also admirable qualities, and are classics in their way. Of Turner's art, which is at its best in his water color drawings, we have



THE MAIN GALLERY

six examples affording a synoptical illustration of the development of his genius from boyhood to his latest maturity. Chief among these are: The "Devonport," formerly in Mr. Ruskin's collection, a highly finished drawing of his best period, and "The Simplon," a splendid example of his latest manner when detailed elaboration had given place to great freedom of execution, yet without loss of that expressiveness of touch for which Turner's art is always remarkable. All of these together make up a collection of original works of very high character, and of the greatest value in connection with the work of teaching carried on in the University.

In addition to these The Fogg Museum has a really great collection of prints, which are also to be classed as original works of art, though of a multipliable kind. The Gray and Randall collections of Harvard College afford materials for a

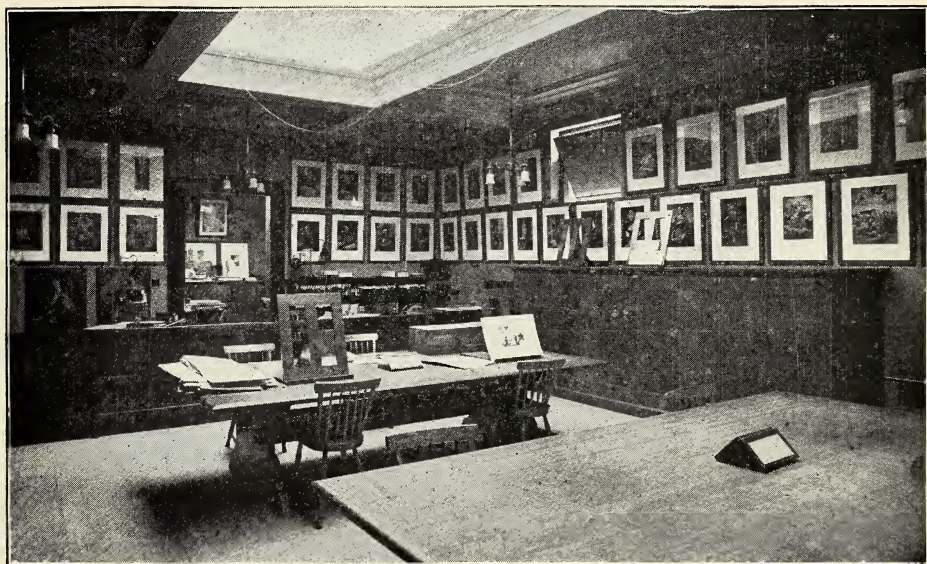
practically exhaustive study of the history and principles of the beautiful art of engraving in all its forms. I say for the practically exhaustive study; for no collection in the world includes materials for an absolutely exhaustive study of prints. Of important early engravings comparatively few impressions are extant, in many cases very few. Of the so-called Otto prints, for instance,—a remarkable early Italian series illustrating the very beginning of metal engraving—our collection has the only print in existence of one plate in the series. This unique set, which for many years formed part of the famous Otto collection, was broken up a few years ago, and acquired by the British Museum, the Albertina collection of Vienna, the National Library of France, the collection of Baron Rothschild, that of M. Dutint of Rouen, and our own Gray collection of Harvard College. Of early Italian, German, Flemish and

Dutch prints we have a large collection including some rare and valuable impressions. Of Dürer's famous plate of the Knight and Death, the Museum has two prints, one of which was pronounced by the late Mr. Koehler, a high authority on the engraved work of Dürer, to be the finest in existence. For one rare Italian print we paid the sum of three thousand dollars, and many of our other early prints have large money value. Among our most valuable prints are those of Turner's *Liber Studiorum* of which we have a large number, including many fine impressions, and many prints in the etched state.

Thus our University Museum is, by the generosity of its friends, already enriched with no inconsiderable number of original works of art of the highest quality, and of the greatest value in instruction. But naturally the largest part of our collection consists of reproductions in the form of casts, electrotypes, and

photographs. Indeed, at the start we had no reason to expect that we should soon have anything else.

Of plaster casts we have not, and do not need to have, a large collection. While casts afford valuable illustration of great works of sculpture, they represent the original works very imperfectly. The beauty of a marble surface, and its translucence, give a character to the originals of which the opaque plaster conveys no true idea. On this account a good photograph is in many ways better than a cast. And by having a series of photographs taken from different points of view, a marble statue may be remarkably well illustrated. The photographs have the further advantage of taking up very little room, and of being easily carried about. Casts take up a great deal of space, and to house any extensive range of examples enormous buildings would be necessary. It is well, however, for a working university museum to have



THE PHOTOGRAPH ROOM

some casts, and in our Museum we have a sufficient synoptical series taken from Greek sculptures, including a large number of the slabs of the Parthenon frieze. We have, also, a small selection of casts from sculptures of the Italian Renaissance, and a very few from mediæ-

purposes of study they are quite as good; so that in London they are shown in the Museum cases instead of the originals which are accessible only to special students of numismatics. The value of these ancient coins as works of art is great. They not only show that in such very



MADONNA BY GIOVANNI BELLINI (?)

val and ancient Egyptian and Assyrian works.

Of electrotypes we have the extensive British Museum series representing ancient Greek and Roman coins. These reproduce the originals with such exactness that for all

small objects the Greeks put their best art, so that when we magnify them to the scale of larger sculptures in bronze and marble they do not suffer in comparison; but they also afford illustration of the range of the Greek genius, and give us a

new idea of their artistic interests, which embraced not only the better known subjects embodied in the familiar statues of gods and heroes, but included a great variety of more common objects. The reliefs on these small coins exhibit all of those fundamental qualities of design

finished flexures of surface, and strict observance of the conventions proper to the material in which the work is wrought.

An important group of reproductions in the Fogg Museum is a selected series of bronze casts from Italian and French medals of the



FLORENTINE TEMPERA, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

which distinguish Greek art. Breadth of conception and treatment, rhythm and relation of line, intelligent abstraction together with essential truth to nature, orderly arrangement of details, as of locks of hair and folds of drapery, subtle and

Renaissance. The art of the medalist reached a high state of excellence in Italy in the fifteenth century, and also in France in the early part of the century following; and the medals produced in both countries were in most cases, like the coins of

Greek antiquity, works of art in no respect inferior to the contemporaneous relief sculptures on a larger scale. The Florentine medals are often five or six inches in diameter, and each one bears on the obverse

and leafage. These medals are like the originals in every way, being solid bronze castings from moulds made on the originals.

But our largest, and most varied collection consists of photographs,



SPINELLO ARETINO

a portrait of some distinguished personage, while on the reverse is some heraldic device, or ornamental design, often including admirable representations of birds, animals,

representing works of art of all epochs and all countries, in architecture, sculpture, and painting.

We have now nearly forty thousand photographs of which between

eight and nine thousand are of classical subjects. These are all catalogued, and arranged in cases so that any photograph in the collection is readily accessible in a moment. While photographs do not represent the element of color in works of art, they are almost as good as the originals themselves as to form and design.

Photography has thus vastly increased our working facilities. It has made a thorough comparative study of the fine arts for the first time possible. For we cannot bring monuments of architecture, or even all other objects that we may need to investigate, together for comparison, but photographs of them may be readily brought together with perfect convenience. If we have photographs enough of a given monument, taken from the right points of view, we may learn practically all that we need to know about its structural and artistic character as to form. To facilitate study we try to have in the Fogg Museum many photographs of every important monument; for instance, we have one hundred and seventy-three photographs of the Parthenon at Athens, about seventy-five photographs of the great Byzantine church of St. Sophia of Constantinople, one hundred and forty-two photographs of the Gothic cathedral

of Reims, and many other buildings are represented in our collection almost as fully, while there are hardly any buildings of which we have not more than one photograph. But it is obvious that no collection can be so complete that every conceivable work of art will be found represented in it. Some gaps will always occur; we are, however, constantly supplying deficiencies so far as our resources allow, and while we may not always be able to produce a photograph of every object or detail that may be called for, it can be said that abundant material is already included in our Museum for a practically exhaustive study of every important phase of the fine arts of every country in the world.

While a portion of our wall space remains unoccupied by original works of art it is used for the exhibition of photographs by relays, and in this way the works of different schools, or of individual masters, are shown in rotation, while any others in the collection are accessible on application.

The Fogg Museum is open to the public, without charge for admission, every week day from nine until five o'clock, and on Sunday afternoons, except during the summer vacation, when it is closed on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays.



The Obedience of Parents

By ZITELLA COCKE

WHEN Ruskin, who has bequeathed to the world many profound thoughts on nature, and on human nature, wrote, "Children develop their powers of invention as naturally as a bird its feathers of flight," it goes without saying that he realized the need of time and opportunity for that development. In consideration of this fact it behooves us to be, not patient only, but hopeful during a long and laborious process which ultimately leads to a triumphant and glorious fruition,—the entire and unquestioning obedience of parents!

Let us remember that scarcely more than one generation has passed away since the fifth commandment was not only advocated but most strenuously enforced. Let us not forget that no less an authority than Saint Paul, as the opening verse of the sixth chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians demonstrates, commanded its observance, and in the epistle to the Colossians imposed upon children an obligation even more rigorous in the inflexible mandate, "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." It is quite true that in the next breath, so to speak, he urges parents to beware of provoking children to wrath, but there is no implied diminution of parental authority.

Nous avons change tout cela. Yet it is incumbent upon us to reflect that history, tradition and example, and, forsooth, the force of habit

through centuries, militate against the efforts of the child who is nevertheless manfully struggling to maintain his latter-day right of supremacy and authority. There are, too, notwithstanding the present enlightened condition of society, a few notable instances of parents who might be said to be afflicted with the disease of conservatism, not to say ignorance, so persistently do they adhere to the methods and means of a past age, and to the perpetuation of doctrines and theories long since exploded. There are still such male and female phenomena as parents who refuse to recognize the law of progress, and even to submit to it when the keener perceptions of their children have already perceived it, and their actions have already demonstrated it,—obstinate and obtuse minds resolutely clinging to those teachings of paternal and maternal instinct, which the logic of events has relegated to a dead past. Such gross stupidity, such unelastic adherence to an old custom, would doubtless find much to admire in the heart of Shakespeare's drama, King Lear, and under the spell of that pathetic and exquisite legend see additional reasons for the maintenance of old and worn-out conventions. Youth, they would argue, may recover from any wound and seek new fields of pleasure, even when harassed by the goad of disappointment, but old age and royal pride insulted and trampled upon,—

paternal love pierced to the heart by the serpent's tooth of filial ingratitude,—alas, what can they do but sink in despair, rage in madness, and die.

In the Lear of the Steppes, which Turgeneff has offered to the world as a corresponding picture, we plainly see that Russia and her sons are not yet delivered from bondage to effete ideals; and Balzac, in his Père Goriot, reveals the truth that even progressive France was not, in his time, at least, altogether emancipated from the influence of the law of precedent; but, fortunately, Mr. Henry James, in his novel, "The American," has presented such graphic counter-pictures that a discerning public is still able to descry a light ahead in the midst of surrounding darkness. The worship of ancestors may linger in the decrepit Orient, but the progressive children of the West will find a charm in the fearless Gonerils and Regans of to-day which can never be rivalled by the most dutiful Cordelia who ever graced a legend or emanated from a poet's brain.

The author of the story entitled "Vice Versa" has also contributed not a little to the proper appreciation of the rights of children, as well as to the intimidation of bigoted and fatuous parents who insist upon marching outside the line of progression. Hence, it is not illogical to infer that the reversal of the orthodox conception of the relations of tutelage and authority is by no means so remote as the uninformed and the undiscerning have believed. Every day but serves to multiply the instances of infant and adolescent philosophers who know their rights, and know-

ing, dare maintain them; while, on the other hand, many a parent whose natural density of mind or prejudice of education has led him to cling earnestly and unwisely to the once popular fetich of parental authority, has been persuaded to surrender it and to think and do exactly as his child tells him. Surely no reasonable person will contend that there can be any legitimate argument in favor of the ripe experience of age, against the vivid and unprejudiced perceptions of youthful minds, and it is equally true that there is just cause for congratulation and even rejoicing, in the fact that the yoke of superstitious veneration for parents is at last broken, and the right and power of governing placed in the very capable hands where they properly belong.

We know that the early Anglo-Saxons told a child to study his lesson until he learned it, and if he neglected so to do flogged him for disobedience. The ancient Persians, during their most heroic and illustrious period, enforced truthfulness by severe castigation when all other incentives had proved unavailing, and the inexorable sternness of Spartan discipline is too well known to require comment here. In Roman jurisprudence, the type of parental authority, under the designation of *patria potestas*, was preserved in substantial force to an astonishingly late era, nor was restriction made to the legislation or authority of the pedagogue. These examples of austere, and not unfrequently unjust, administration of social and domestic law have in no small degree promoted the recognition of the individualized entity of the child, and

consequently furthered the growth of that sentiment which holds his rights sacred and secures them from invasion.

Thus it is plain to see that Solomon's oft-quoted and sententious apothegm, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was not written for the children of this age. Indeed, the children, who of course ought to be the best informed on the subject, admit as much themselves, and among their ranks may be found many who are far wiser than this ancient exemplar of wisdom, who, it must be conceded, had never enjoyed the advantages and opportunities of twentieth century enlightenment, or realized, what they so thoroughly understand, that it is impossible to reach the soul through the fleshly organism which encompasses it.

These incisive and undaunted judges of the general fitness of things and the universal law of right, like the famous Cornish men so chronicled in song, will have their way, or know the reason why, and the time is past when the arguments of the most ingenious sophist can persuade them to abandon their purpose. Indeed the whole scheme of filial duty, based originally on the belief that it was very good of parents to bring children into the world, is now met with the converse of that absurdity, and public opinion is beginning to realize that it was very good of the children to confer the blessing of their presence upon parents, who are to be trained and educated into a proper appreciation of that presence.

But we must acknowledge that in the lamentable transition period through which we are passing at this day, Herculean difficulties

startle and bewilder the most spirited and enterprising child. Refractory parents will hark back to old precedents rather than accept new theories, and we know that none are so blind as those who will not see. There are people who live, and breathe, and have their being in the exhilarating atmosphere of contemporaneous culture, and nevertheless read Miss Edgeworth, respect the wisdom of Solomon, and in ways too numerous to mention show a froward, unsubmissive and unconverted mind.

Again, there are so many persons of weak and unstable opinion who hardly know themselves upon which side they stand, and thus children, whose courage and ability ought to insure the most eminent success in parental discipline, are so thwarted in their endeavors from day to day, and so tormented by absurd argument that the wheels of progress are effectually clogged, and we behold at last the sad spectacle of a perfectly capable child in abject submission to a rebellious parent! And strange to say there are people living to-day—and well we know how many have lived in the past—who will not hesitate to tell a child he is bad, and *O, mirabile dictu!*—will even insist that he should humbly acknowledge it, and declare in words the same thing of himself. The following example of humiliating self-aspersion, surely can mean nothing else:—

"I think the world is really sad,
I can do nothing but annoy,
For little boys are all born bad,
And I am born a litt'e boy.

"It doesn't matter what the game,
Whether it's Indians, trains or ball;
I always know I am to blame
If I amuse myself at all."

It cannot be denied that a boy who is, for any reason and through any means, induced to take such a view of himself, and so depreciate his own value, and so belittle his own competency, can hardly rise to the high calling of training his own parents, or even directing them in the way they should go!

It may not be irrelevant to state in this connection that for this temporary eclipse of talent, or frustration of noble endeavor, Mr. Fröbel is not responsible. On the contrary he has formulated the new doctrine in most pronounced and unambiguous language, when he issues the command: "Come, now, let us live for our children!" And he also expressly declares that it is cruel, barbarous and utterly destructive of healthy development to tell a child that he is bad. Entire mornings spent in learning how to hop like a frog, or fly like a butterfly, or gambol like a lamb will impart a knowledge of animal, insect and reptile life infinitely more desirable than any moral lesson which the most practical and conscientious teacher could suggest. Besides there are in all probability no immoral frogs, and no disobedient butterflies, and little birds, we know, soon leave the parental nest and go their own way and often are smarter than their mothers, and so a child must not only be allowed, but encouraged, to think and act for itself. The most unyielding and exacting Fröbelian will admit that the modern child is coming on, as the phrase goes, in the matter of doing its own thinking and regulating its own actions, as was clearly demonstrated by the reply of the little girl to her grandmother, who had told her that she must never cherish unkind thoughts

of her playmates: "I shall if I want to, you shan't boss my think!"

"My house is for my children," said a parent who was an unquestioning convert to the new school, "and they shall do as they please in it." As the parent was financially strong, the newly engaged butler, to whom these words were addressed, resolved to improve all the opportunities of the situation, and consequently, with the most obliging readiness, changed the hour for breakfast, at the ever-changing caprice of the young master, who ordered his morning meal at four different hours, and alternately to be served in five different places. Nor was this unconquerable mastery confined to the meals or routine of the household regulations, for on one bright morning the sound of blows with a cane was distinctly heard by the servants, who soon discovered that they issued from the library, and upon investigation the fact stood revealed that the indomitable young master was manfully administering upon his father's personal estate, or in other words, as the chambermaid said, as she hastened to relieve the anxiety of her associates below stairs: "Oh, it's only Master Tom beating his father!"

It is quite true that after these personal encounters the father and son would not be on speaking terms for several days, but this fact by no means impaired the resolution of the young gentleman, who, having dutifully enforced obedience, consistently demanded an apology for rebellion, and obtained it, which result finally brought satisfaction to both parties.

One young gentleman of six discovered a plan for securing implicit

and immediate obedience from somewhat reluctant parents, which can be safely recommended to others of his age and circumstances. Whenever there was the slightest hesitation to submit their will or preference to his own, he exclaimed with imperturbable coolness, "If you don't I'll tell on you!" and as this declaration of his intention was frequently made at table in the presence of company, or in the drawing room when strangers were invited guests, it never failed to accomplish the desired result. The weaknesses and faults and alas! the misdoings, as well as mistakes of parents, are not unknown to the young and inquisitive mind, and this knowledge is a most powerful aid which is always at hand, and, persistently and relentlessly exercised, will hardly fail to tame the most insolent parent.

Another plan is scarcely less effectual, although it may involve some discomfort in its execution; and that is, the practice of screaming and yelling, until the rebellious parent surrenders for the sake of peace and quiet. "Whenever I want anything, and they don't give it to me at once, I yell and yell and yell, and then I'm sure to get it!" said an enterprising maiden of seven years, who was known to possess two of the most thoroughly trained parents in the neighborhood. The most conservative and unpenetrating mind must perceive the immense advantage in this method of education. Men who have commanded armies have been known to surrender without discretion or condition before this formidable weapon. It is like the steel bayonet, which, glittering and relentless, strikes terror into hearts that have never quailed at the crack of the

rifle, or trembled at the thunder of the cannon.

Those who are not familiar with the strategy and tactics of the infantry of the present age are often amazed at the resourcefulness of boys and girls of such tender ages as five and six and seven, but it goes without saying that the child who has begun at these years to assume the duties of government will, before he has reached the maturity of ten or twelve, have his parents so well in hand that strategy and expedient become utterly unnecessary, and the slightest expression of his will must at once be followed by absolute and unquestioning obedience.

Other methods, such as the unscrupulous plying of reproach and abuse, have also accomplished wonders in making the child's administration of authority a most gratifying success, as many notable examples have proved. At a fashionable watering-place, quite famous throughout America, and not unknown to Europe, an elegantly attired lady, whose coiffure, in conformity to the reigning fashion was, it must be confessed, somewhat startling to eyes unaccustomed to the eccentricities of style,—sat at dinner with her son, who had but recently attained the dignity of six years. This young gentleman, after having eaten a substantial dinner, accepted the dessert with that unction which is not unusual in gentlemen of his age. He rapidly disposed of one piece of cherry pie and calling the waiter, demanded another slice. The mother interposed, with a tone of expostulation, and said, "Freddy, I wouldn't eat another piece of pie, if I were you; you are not well and I'd rather you wouldn't; don't eat any more pie, dear." The undaunted Freddy, un-

heeding the affectionate expostulation, called the waiter a second time and ordered a second piece of pie, whereupon the mother, with a courage which seemed like daring in the presence of the son, whose black looks threw a cloud over the whole table, said in a quiet voice to the waiter, "You need not bring another piece; he must not eat it." Then, with a scowl which could only have been acquired by continuous practice, he looked upon the offending mother, and clenching his fist, shouted, "You tousle-headed bull!" Whether or not his familiarity with the curled Assyrian Bull suggested this speech cannot be determined, or whether he had employed the same epithet on previous occasions it is impossible to say, but it must be said that the means did not fail of the end so devoutly desired, for the mother immediately called the waiter, and whispered, "You can bring him a very small piece,—very small, please remember!" And the complacent Freddy, who evidently was not treading untried paths, subsided into as quiet and peaceable a small boy as one might wish to see. The conqueror can of course always afford to be generous to the vanquished, and the mother's obedience, though reluctant, was rewarded with a smile and caress from her victorious son.

To the careful observer of these potentates in pinafores it seems wonderful how they make commonplace duties and every-day exercises subserve their ends. The good Sunday school attendant is by no means unmindful of his rights, and often maintains his authority with a resolute persistence which is not surpassed by the child who never goes to Sunday school, or never knows his lesson when he gets there. All

knowledge is useful to them for reproof and instruction, and the unprogressive parent is often subjected to a wholesome discipline by the punctual little church-goer, who uses the information thus acquired to bring the erring parent to a proper frame of mind. A little girl of seven years, who could show innumerable cards for constant attendance and good behavior in Sunday school, was one day reprimanded by her mother for impertinence, and told to go upstairs and remain an hour, in which she could tell God how very naughty she had been. At the end of the hour, she descended the stairs with a very solemn and deliberate demeanor, and when asked by her mother if she had told God of her behavior, replied without hesitation: "Yes, I did, and He said, 'Oh, don't you mind about it. I really think you are not half as much to blame as your mother was.'"

It is easy to see that the possibilities of this child for governing a household are almost without limitation, and however numerous or onerous her magisterial duties she will not be likely to fail in performing them; nor will another maiden of same age and environment be found wanting either in power of adaptation or ability to manage a household, as is evinced by the answer she made to her mother, who had asked her to return thanks to God for her beautiful birthday presents: "I thanked God for every one of my presents, and He said, 'Oh, don't mention it, Miss Smith, I was glad to give them to you.'"

But even these two maidens are successfully rivalled by the young lady of five years, who, having been sent out of the room by her grand-

mother, whom she had teased beyond endurance, took leave of the old lady at bedtime with the words: "Good-night, Grandma, I'm so glad to see you in a better temper to-night than you were this morning. You feel better, don't you, Grandma?" The diplomacy of this leave-taking was worthy of a Kaunitz or a Machiavelli, and with such examples before us, we cannot despair of the ultimate triumph of those young, but intrepid souls, who are bravely seeking to overcome the prejudices so long established in favor of parental authority.

That these infant legislators are

amply endowed with the power of making logical deductions from accepted premises is seen in the reply of the boy to his father, who had told him never to strike a boy smaller than himself, as such an act was mean and cowardly:—"Then what a coward you were to whip me yesterday; you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" This practical demonstration of the poet's declaration, that the boy is father of the man, offers another proof that the most uncompliant, and even rebellious, parent must at last be brought to cheerful and unresisting obedience.

The Deluding of Aunt Thankful

By WESTON JENKINS

IT DOESN'T follow, because Miss Mahra, aided and abetted by the rest of the Sippiwissett folks, kept her mother in ignorance of affairs all the time, that old Aunt Thankful was a fool, by any means. She had her own notions and could express them vividly enough. For instance, when they were putting up the telegraph line—in '57, I think it was—the old lady watched the workmen from her invalid chair in the window with great interest, and questioned the minister, when he called, as to the method of operation. After listening to a somewhat labored explanation, she exclaimed: "O, I see it's like a most tremendous big tom-cat stretched out along them poles. You tread on his tail over to the office there in Solly Williams's harness shop, and he hollers out 'Me-ow' way off in Boston."

Her condensed and luminous statements of problems in physics were matched by her definite views on social questions. The anti-slavery ferment was working pretty strongly in the little Cape Cod village, and so Miss Lorena Pettingell called on Aunt Thankful to ask her to join their society, "The Friends of the Slave." "Surely, Mrs. Baxter, your heart beats in sympathy with the sufferings of our brethren of the colored race."

"Why, yes; slavery is all wrong, I s'pose—and I'm sorry for the poor colored folks—and a whole lot sorrier for the poor white folks who have to put up with 'em. Think of havin' a pack o' them lazy, shif'less critters dawdlin' around, and you can't go out an' pay 'em off and clear 'em out. No more faculty, they haven't, than a settin' hen; an'

lazier than a black snake a-layin' out in the sun."

In her capacity as tax-payer, she reviewed carefully the statement of town expenses, and on one occasion criticized sharply what she considered the excessive compensation allowed to the road commissioners. "It's like throwin' meal through a ladder; what sticks to the rungs goes to build roads; what goes through, lands in the commissioners' pockets."

But the subject on which she felt most deeply, and expressed herself most forcibly was the folly and wickedness of war.

She had reason. Her father, Barachiah Brewster, of the Continental line, fell shot through the head in that last assault led by Alexander Hamilton, on the British works at Yorktown. You know it is of him that the story is told that he was noticed, in the midst of a hot skirmish, to raise his musket and lower it again without firing. To the sergeant, inquiring with profane emphasis why he didn't shoot, he replied: "Waitin' to get two on 'em in a line."

Then there was her husband, Cap'n Zenas Baxter, the handsomest man, it was said, in the county; as smart a sailor, too, as the Cape could show, and so devoted a husband that old ladies,—unmarried ones especially, were wont to shake their heads and to express a pious fear that "Cap'n Zenas worshipped the creatur' more than the Creator." He enlisted in the navy in the war of 1812, fought on the Niagara at "Perry's Victory," and, when a shower of grape had struck down every man at the last available gun, crawled, a mere rag and tatter of a man, across the deck, fired

the shot, and fell dead at the cannon's breech.

The news was brought to Thankful Baxter as she sat holding on her knee the little baby, the first in her twelve years of married life, and born after her husband had left for the war. She fell violently ill with brain fever, and the little one was also attacked so severely that its life, as well as the mother's, was despaired of. So the minister came to attend the dying mother and to baptize the infant.

"Shall I name her 'Thankful,' after you?" he asked.

And the mother remembering the story of Naomi, answered: "Call her 'Mahra,' for the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with her."

But a young and vigorous body and a wholesome soul are hard to part, and both mother and child recovered.

I remember her expressing her opinions on military glory, on hearing of the Austro-Italian war, in 1859. "Of all the gumps, the men that go to war. And they always the smartest and strongest, too. Nothin' will do for 'em, but they must go and get their heads shot off, fightin' the enemy. What's an enemy, I sh'd admire to know? Ever see one? I did. When Cap'n Wesley Johnson capt'ed the privateer 'Retaliation,' in the last war, he brought the crew here and I helped Mis' Johnson get dinner for 'em. 'Enemies,' they was. 'Britishers.' Well, I never see a finer set o' supple, man-fashion sailor-men than what they was. An' mannerly, too. One of 'em—hardly growed up he was—he says to me, 'Thank you for your kindness to us,' says he. There's nobody makes bread like this, only my mother, home to De-

von,' says he. An' the Cap'n, after dinner he comes up to Mis' Johnson an' he says to her: 'Madam, you certainly have a brave man and an able sailor for a husband,' says he, 'an' he has a most charmin' woman for a wife.' An' that's 'enemies' that you kill, like they was skunks, or copperhead snakes, an' then go an' thank God for a 'glorious victory.'"

During the heated political campaign of 1860, there began to be hints of the possible issue of civil war. Aunt Thankful declined to entertain the possibility of such a result. "Scalded dog fears lukewarm water," she said. "Too many widders an' orphans made in the last war to want any more now."

But the passions on both sides grew hotter and hotter. The election resulted in an anti-slavery triumph. State after state seceded. A military company was formed in Sippiwissett, to serve if called on, and one day a caller was discussing the matter with Aunt Thankful and mentioning the young men who had joined—the pick of the town.

"Yes," said Aunt Thankful, "the school master was in here the other day, talkin' to Mahra. Seems he had a new book, showed Adam's great great grandfather was a monkey. I don't know about that—him and the minister can fight it out between 'em if they want to, but one thing—if they keep on havin' wars our great great grandsons will be monkeys, sure enough. It's these red-blooded, **strong-hearted** men goes to war and gets killed—like my Zenas. I'll tell you what he was. One day, before I'd said 'Yes' to him 'twas, we was out a-walkin' and here come the butcher's big white bull-dog, straight for us, the foam slobberin' down from his

mouth. Zenas, he just stepped out quick in front of me, and out went his foot like—did you ever see a rattlesnake strike? well, like that, and caught the dog under the jaw and knocked him endways, and quicker'n lightnin' he was on top of the critter an' had him by the throat an' choked the life out of him. Then he threw the thing away and turned to me an' looked—well, there was never any eyes looked at me like that only my mother's when I was little and I'd hurt myself proper bad. And he—well." Aunt Thankful looked out of the window, but what she saw wasn't what you and I would have seen, sitting where she was. Her caller, Mrs. Wilcox the doctor's wife, rocked gently to and fro, in a discreet silence broken only by the ticking of the tall clock. After an interval she resumed: "So you think the men have degenerated, Aunt Thankful?"

"Degenerated? I don't know. I s'pose there's lots of smart men and lots of good men yet. But I tell you true; the smartest men and the best men will be the ones to go off and get killed if you have a war. There was my father, now. I never saw him, but I've heard tell. From what they say, when he stood in a doorway he pretty near filled it up, from top to bottom, and sideways, too. And light on his feet! He jumped across Wood's Creek, there where it flows between the two big rocks, twenty feet and more. Nobody done it since, nor likely to. And a big heart! Once Levi Ellis, they say, got mad at him about nothin'—regular tinder-box he was—and struck him in the face. Father he just grabbed him by the front of the vest and lifted him clear of the ground with one hand. 'Levi,' says

he, just as ca'm as a May mornin', 'I could break you in two as easy as nothin',' says he, 'but I don't believe I could put you together again so 's 'twould fit.' Degenerated? I tell you what. In my time there wa'n't no man like my father, but they was men—not little pindlin', meechin' critters like some you see goin' around now-a-days. No pith in their back-bone and no sand in their gizzards. Sort o' half men, I call 'em—and a scant half at that. Minds me of Mahra when she was little, an' I was showin' her a picter of Adam and Eve. 'Ma,' she says, 'how can you tell which is which, when they ain't got no trousis nor petticoats to tell 'em apart by?'"

But when Aunt Thankful began to feel that fighting was really imminent, her feelings of scorn and hatred for those inciting to war were submerged by the rising tide of sympathy for the poor women who would be the chief sufferers. She moaned and muttered to herself unceasingly, and lay awake through the long nights in an agony of dread. She began eagerly to read the weekly paper, but found her glasses, hitherto used chiefly on the large type of her Bible, rather weak. Strangely, however, it seemed that all the glasses brought to her by Mahra, represented as exhausting the local dealer's line, proved to be weaker still, and when she wished to try her old pair again, they couldn't be found. However, Mahra showed the greatest readiness to read aloud to her, and from that time the daily news, filtered through her daughter's optimistic interpretation, began to lose its threatening turbidity. Mr. Lincoln had made an address expressing the kindest feelings toward the South, and it had been favorably received. A

convention of leading statesmen of both sides had been called, to try to adjust the opposing claims, and their imaginary deliberations, as reported by Mahra, were of the most encouraging nature. Charles Sumner and William L. Yancey had shaken hands 'on the platform, amid wild applause, and had pledged themselves to the cause of peace and union. Finally, about the time of Lincoln's inauguration, an agreement was reached. Slavery was to be abolished, the owners to receive full compensation, and provision made for training the negroes for self-support. Impressed by so noble an example, European nations were likely to reduce their armaments, and the reign of universal peace might be hoped for.

Aunt Thankful had now regained her usual composure and agreed to Mahra's proposal to discontinue the weekly paper, since there was no more exciting news to be expected, and to be content with the Tract Society's monthly publication, the "American Messenger."

Outside that quiet home, as we know, the warclouds grew thicker and darker—excitement and preparation more intense and more active. In May, the "Sippiwissett Fencibles" were mustered in, as Co. F, 11th Mass. Vols., and marched away to the war. The state of affairs at the Baxter home was so well known and so deeply respected that the captain marched the company out on the Quashnut road and across through the woods—two miles out of the way, so as not to pass within sight or hearing of Aunt Thankful.

Then followed the anxious days that older people so well remember. By this time, friendly calls at the Baxter home had become infre-

quent. Mahra, at what cost of nerve-strain she only knew, managed to preserve in a measure, the local atmosphere of peace and content, but visitors from without could not help bringing in the smell of fire on their garments from the seven times heated furnace of war-like enthusiasm. Yet even Mahra couldn't live—who could?—without sharing with others the griefs, the anxieties, the hopes, of those days of severest tension. She, like other women, must find an outlet for her womanly sympathies in working for the hospitals, she must even find an occasional coin for the cause, from her scanty store. The old lady's spiritual senses were by no means so blunted that she did not perceive some unwonted exaltation, some profound emotion in the air. "What you goin' out so much for, Mahra, what you so solemn about? Is there a revival?"

"M—m, well, there is a very solemn feeling among us, Mother, there are great searchings of heart."

"Lord grant it!" ejaculated the old lady; "I used to be sot against revivals—old Uncle Jabez, now, how he'd holler and ra'ar under conviction. And when he saw light, what unction he had in prayer! And then in a month or two, he'd be back to his old mean tricks again. But, after all, they mean it while it lasts, and I guess it is good for some of them little seven-by-nine naters to get the power of the Lord hold of 'em, even if it don't last long. For that matter, the Injin-summer weather in November don't last long, but it does you good all the year 'round to remember it. While the outpourin' lasts, them young converts feel like they want to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

"There are a good many feeling that way in Sippiwisset just now, Mother," said Mahra. But, as the "meetings" continued with unabated frequency, far beyond the duration of any previous "revival" which Aunt Thankful could remember, she mildly resented Mahra's assiduous attendance. "Needn't be always goin' to meetin', Mahra—wearin' out your shoes!"

Months went on and the pressure of hard times began to be felt in the Baxter home. The tall clock in the Sheraton case looked down, as always, on the mahogany "secretary" with its heavy claw feet, glass drawer-knobs and leaden-sashed doors enclosing the old minister's books of theology; on the long mirror over the mantelpiece, framed in gilt, with a bunch of purple grapes carved in relief in each corner, and a crude landscape painted on each end of the glass; on the faded and threadbare Wilton carpet.

But it now saw more scanty suppers spread on the little table by the big fireplace, and saw always the same plain frocks, fresh and tidy indeed, but faded and pieced and turned and darned over and over again. "Seems to me we're gettin' tolerable poor," remarked Aunt Thankful one day. "Yes; times are getting pretty hard, Mother; the Government taxes are so high on account of the war—that is, paying for the slaves which you know saved us from war."

"O, well, Mahra, I guess I can live on bread and water the rest of my days, if it's goin' to keep any poor woman from losin' her husband, how I lost my Zenas." But it didn't quite come to that.

Cap'n Ezra Gould sent over a couple of hams when he made his Thanksgiving killing, with the word

that Cynthia had a new recipe for curing, on which he wanted Aunt Thankful's opinion. Mrs. Meigs's Tom had sent her a chest of tea, and wouldn't Aunt Thankful try a pound of it? And hardly a churning or a baking was made in the village but a liberal sample was submitted to Aunt Thankful's criticism. A load of cord-wood might be left in the yard by night, and on Saturday the school-boys would have a "frolic" sawing, splitting, and piling it in the shed.

Meanwhile, there were other "searchings of heart" in Sippiwissett than those Miss Mahra had alluded to. There it was, plain before their faces; she a "professor" and always hitherto a consistent one, too; one unquestionably possessing "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," one "who suffered long and was kind," who "vaunted not herself," "was not puffed up," "sought not her own," "did not behave herself unseemly." Yet there it was also: "Speak every one the truth to his neighbor." "Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord." Should she be "dealt with," or—what? On the one hand was the "New England conscience," on the other the Protestant spirit of individualism.

Every one had a pleasant word ready for Miss Mahra, would gladly do her a kindness, would carefully avoid anything that might shatter the shell of fiction which protected Aunt Thankful from the knowledge of the cruel truth; but—dare they approve Mahra's conduct? The old minister was once appealed to on this question:

"Brethren," he said, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness. You know that no selfish advantage could attempt Mahra Baxter to say

the thing that is not. She must judge; I couldn't judge her. But I've sometimes thought, in this connection, of Paul's words: 'I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my kinsmen's sake according to the flesh.'"

Months grew into years, and at last the war was over. One lovely day, late in May, the Sippiwissett boys,—a score or two of all that company that had marched gaily away with full ranks, came back. The old town welcomed them home joyously—even recklessly. How else could it ever have happened that they forgot all about Aunt Thankful and marched the procession straight before her window? The old lady had grown still more feeble, but, as sometimes happens, had regained something of her sight. Here they came, under her very eyes, marching along, sturdy, serviceable fellows, and good enough faces too, but, as you would expect, utterly commonplace, from the squat, red-faced man with gold leaves in his shoulder-straps, down to the last private. But here, following the soldiers, comes the naval squad; headed by a man as different from the rest—you remember what Oliver Wendell Holmes says about the pitch-pine and the white-pine type of Yankee? Well, here **was** a sample of the white-pine, and of the clearest, straightest grain at that. A man you would turn to look at again, whether you saw him in his shirt-sleeves, shovelling sand, or in a court-dress at a royal drawing-room. Thirty years old, or so, of medium height, slight rather than heavy in build, yet with a deep chest and a neck springing from it, as his open sailor collar let you see, **light** and strong as a Greek column—**su-**

premely graceful, yet supremely virile.

Under his flat cap showed a mass of short, close-curling brownish-red ringlets, his features were clean-cut, and his eye blue as the sea, full of daring, of fun, of good-fellowship. He walked with the easy grace of the athlete, as if he might just as easily fly,—a nineteenth-century reproduction of an Olympian victor. Paul Baxter it was, a grand-nephew of Zenas, from the "East End" of the town.

When Aunt Thankful saw him here eyes lighted up, she exclaimed, "My Zenas," started to her feet and headed for the door, but before she could reach it, fell in a swoon on the floor. Mahra, who had been in the kitchen and so had not known of the excitement, came running in, and appraised the situation at a glance. Aunt Thankful was got to bed and the doctor was summoned. The old lady soon revived, but was still under the spell of the vision. "Zenas has come back; it was all a lie about his being killed. He isn't changed a bit." By the use of sedatives and of pleasing fabrications as to Zenas's whereabouts and purposes, Aunt Thankful was composed into a quiet sleep. When she awoke

she was very weak, but her mind was clear. Her talk with the minister was quite rational.

"I thought I saw Zenas again, just as he was when I saw him last—clothes and all. I know now it was a dream—only I was as wide awake as I am now. God sent the dream to show that he is going to let me go to Zenas. He might have sent him with his harp and crown, I s'pose, but I guess He knew I'd like him better in his sailor rig." And, after a pause: "I don't s'pose Zenas is in all ways equal to some of them angels, but I tell you, there ain't nobody, all through Heaven, more of a *man* than what Zenas is."

At the funeral I thought it strange, I remember, that the minister didn't read the usual chapter about the resurrection. Instead, he read a selection of his own, bringing in, I should think, about all the texts in the Bible about peace—the nations not learning war any more, and beating their swords into plowshares. And one text I remember because it isn't so often read: "Many waters can not quench love, neither can the floods drown it." And this: "Love is stronger than death."

The Garland of Life

By EDWIN HENRY KEEN

Blossoms and leaves,—roses and eglantine,
And cypress leaf and bay,—aye, let them twine
Together so. Life's garland were too gay,
With the dark leaves of sorrow left away.

THE EDITORS' TABLE

"Guarded like the Czar" was a staring headline in one of Boston's ultra-sensational papers on the occasion of President Roosevelt's last visit to the city. The pity and the shame of it is that such precautions are considered necessary in this country, but three presidential murders have inculcated the lesson. It is likewise a pity and a shame that no agency has been more potent in stimulating and promoting anarchy and murder than has the sensational press. A large section of it caters to the ignorant, the unthinking and the unintelligent, with tirades against capital and corporations, and mawkish expressions of sympathy with the working classes, whose effect is to inflame passion and stimulate riot and bloodshed. It has no word of reproof when a "labor leader" threatens the President of the United States with a "labor war" if the teamsters of Chicago cannot be granted their demands, nor for the language of the same "labor leader" when he told a public meeting in Boston that he would soon have an organization in the city so strong that within six months every teamster "would belong to our union or be in the hospital!" Until all classes are taught to respect law and civil authority, of course we must bear the shame of seeing our chief magistrate "guarded like the Czar."

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A man, or a part of a man, calling himself Harold Townsend, was extracted from a freight car at Haverhill, Mass., recently. He had no legs, only one arm, and part of his nose and a portion of his skull were missing, and his body was twisted on account of several broken ribs. He said his injuries were received ten years ago while stealing a ride on a freight train. He was a tramp then, and has been a tramp ever since, in some way managing to secure transportation by concealing himself in freight cars. The pluck and persistence of the fellow are commendable. What a man he might have made if he had put these faculties to more conventional uses!

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Medford was among the earliest incorporated towns in Massachusetts, dating from 1630, and the name has been carried all over the world by one of its products—New England Rum, or "Old Medford," as it has been almost equally well known. Almost from the first settlement the distillery was the leading local feature, and its product has cheered and inebriated humanity from the circles of high society

to the tribes of darkest Africa. But last month the distillery ceased to distill. The world will have no more "Old Medford" after its present stock is exhausted. Doubtless there will be a continual supply of stimulus, but the aroma of the old name will be wanting. New England has done much for the good of civilization, but she has not been a model of perfection. She has done some mischief. In emergencies her titular beverage has promoted and sustained the strenuous life, but too much strenuousness has its disadvantages, as thousands of the imbibers of "Old Medford" might testify if summoned to court.

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The circuit court of Arkansas has sustained the recently enacted anti-trust law, under which a prominent New England fire insurance company was recently fined for its membership in an association designed to establish and maintain rates. If the Supreme Court sustains this action the company will be excluded from the state, besides being heavily penalized. It is proposed to carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, on the ground that the agreement between the companies was not made within the state, and that the law conflicts with the federal statutes relating to interstate commerce. But the United States Supreme Court is on record in at least five decisions that insurance is not commerce, and unless this record can be reversed there would seem to be no relief there for the companies.

Legislation similar to that in Arkansas has been had in several states in the South and West, and it has been quite generally attempted. This legislation seems to be unwise, for the usual combinations are directly in the interest of property owners and the public. Fire insurance rates must, in prudence, safety and equity, be based upon an inspection of the property. To compel each company to maintain an independent inspection force in every locality would so largely increase the expense of the business as to compel very high rates of insurance. To avoid this the companies maintain inspectors at their joint cost, each covering all the insured property in his district. Naturally this inspection determines the risk involved, and the charge for insurance is based on the reports of the inspectors. The mutual interest of the companies possessing the same information concerning the risks naturally leads to an agreement as to the proper premium to be charged, and this agreement is generally observed, as experience has proved that

rate-cutting is too expensive, resulting in disaster to the companies, and ultimate loss to the public through the failure of the companies which have done business at a loss.

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Massachusetts has held her head very high whenever laxity in political morals has been alleged against her sister states, but just now she is under criticism. She elected Governor Douglas, a Democrat, by an unprecedented majority while giving all but the head of the Republican state ticket the usual support. This triumph was on state issues entirely, his predecessor having failed to satisfy the rank and file of his party in two or three important matters. Governor Douglas has, however, declined to stand for a second term, alleging that he has no desire for public life, but under this is the fact that he has disappointed the leaders of his party, and that they do not care to renominate him, preferring a more pliable man. This situation has attracted the attention of the Syracuse, (N. Y.) Telegram, which makes comment as follows:

"Governor Douglas has had good reason to become dissatisfied with officeholding. All his life an honest, liberal business man, he now finds himself up against the cunning and littleness of the professional politicians, and the atmosphere is oppressive. He has discovered that the governor who is honest has a hard row to hoe. Governor Douglas has not been supported by the managers and politicians of his party nor by the democratic members of the legislature. He has been too business-like and loyal to the interests of the people. He has vetoed bills for graft and spoils that his own party leaders had supported. He has declined to make purely partisan appointments. Some sore politicians accuse him of treating republicans and independents as though they really have rights under a democratic administration. In short, he has found the office anything but a bed of roses, and he has had enough. But has it come to this—that an honest man can not be persuaded to hold the governorship of one of the oldest and most highly cultured states in the union?"

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It is interesting to note the frequency with which New England people are establishing monuments to perpetuate the memory of persons or incidents connected with the early history of the country. Connecticut and Rhode Island have done creditable work this season in this direction in monuments to John Winthrop, Jr., and the

Rev. John Myles, and now Thomaston, Maine, has unveiled a tablet in memory of Captain George Waymouth, the discoverer of the Maine coast. It bears the inscription:

"To commemorate the voyage of Capt. George Waymouth to the coast of Maine in 1605, his discovery and exploration of the St. George river and planting a cross on the northerly side of the harbor, where the river trended westward, the earliest known claim of right to possession by Englishmen on New England soil, this tablet is erected by the town of Thomaston."

The Maine Historical Society was sponsor for the exercises which included addresses by Governor Cobb, Congressman Littlefield, General Joshua L. Chamberlain, and by the Hon. J. B. Keating of Portland, British vice-consul and several others. Besides the dedication of the tablet, a crew dressed in the costume of Waymouth's time unveiled a granite cross in the town of St. George, on Allen's Island.

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Solomon is credited with the opinion that of making of books there is no end, but the books of his day were as nothing to modern production. It would be interesting if one could get his opinion of the contents of the New York Public Library, just under construction. It is to have eighty miles of shelving, the cost of which will be almost a round million dollars. This will be one of the greatest, but only one of many great libraries in the world. All the books that Solomon ever heard of would probably not fill a single one of the thousands of sections in the "stacks."

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There is quite apparent a great change in the moral standards of life. In too many aspects there is far too little respect for law, while the punishment for violation of law is less and less insistent. Secretary Taft, in a recent address, called attention to the fact that since 1885 there have been 131,051 murders and homicides in the United States, with only 2,286 executions. In 1904 there were about one hundred cases of capital punishment—about the same as in 1885, while murders and homicides increased from 1,308 to 8,482. If we eliminate from the record the crimes in the few states where capital punishment is abolished, it is still apparent that there is a remarkable laxity in the execution of the law. Law is more and more disregarded, and the evasion of its penalties is accomplished with greater ease. There seems to prevail a lapsing of the moral sense in the community which threatens much evil, for obedience to and respect for law are the basis of

public and personal safety. In a recent address before a mercantile association in New York, District Attorney Jerome stated one explanation of the situation that is worth consideration. He said: "The trouble is that the moral sense of most people is governed by the statute books. Thousands of us are blind on our moral side. Too many do not know that they are doing an immoral thing until it is pointed out to them as a felony on the statute books." It used to be said that "laws were made for the lawless," but when there is a surrender or a subversion of individual moral sense, to be controlled only by specific penal statutes, it is time for a revival in public and private morals.

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The press of the civilized world seems practically unanimous in recognizing the wisdom and success of President Roosevelt in securing the opening of negotiations for peace between Russia and Japan. In his note suggesting the negotiations he abandoned precedent and made a direct and practical suggestion that the parties should negotiate directly, without outside intervention. This being gained he has secured a second point—that the representatives of the two powers be authorized to formulate and arrange definite terms of peace. These terms of course must be submitted to the home governments, but there seems little doubt that the terms so agreed upon will be approved. The honor of thus securing so long a stride toward peace is universally credited to President Roosevelt and the United States. The result establishes this country as a leader in the diplomatic counsels of the world, and can hardly fail to aid in the larger recognition of future peace among the nations.

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Groton, Mass., celebrated the 250th anniversary of its incorporation on July 12th. Francis M. Boutwell, son of the late ex-Governor, was chairman of the committee of arrangements, Major-General William A. Bancroft of Cambridge and Groton presided at the public exercises, and the formal historical address was by Dr. Samuel A. Green, ex-Mayor of Boston and the well known local historian. Groton was settled under the direction of Deane Winthrop, a son of governor John Winthrop, and the town has had a remarkable history, especially in its influence on public affairs through the men who were born there. Among them have been two United States senators, two cabinet officers, three governors of states, one envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to England, eleven congressmen, two attorney-

generals of states, three justices of supreme courts of states or of a United States court, three justices of the superior courts of states, two speakers of the Massachusetts House, besides many holding other public offices of dignity, and many eminent in the professions and in affairs, both in war and in peace; a list probably unequalled by any similar location in this country.

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The enforcement of "Sunday Laws" results in some very queer complications. Just now the police of Buffalo, N. Y., are compelling all retail dealers in bread and other food-stuffs to close at 10 o'clock A. M. on Sundays, while cigar stands and confectionery and ice-cream stores are allowed to keep open all day, and Saturday night dances can run until daylight on Sunday. If the Buffalo city ordinances justify this discrimination their rigid enforcement is an excellent means for bringing about their repeal or reconstruction.

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The death of John Hay, Secretary of State in President Roosevelt's cabinet, is a national calamity. He was of the finest type of the American statesman. Identified with national affairs ever since the presidency of Abraham Lincoln, he has always been wise, energetic and honest. In one position and another of trust, responsibility and honor he has ever proved himself broad-minded and incorruptible. No smirch of questionable politics attaches to his name, but he will go down to history as one of the greatest and most influential of statesmen. His influence for peace has been most powerful and beneficent in international councils, and his work has immeasurably enhanced the respect in which the United States is held by all the other nations of the world.

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Recent reports from the United States Agricultural Department suggest whether this country is to continue to be "the granary of the world." The statistics show that last year's exports of wheat and flour were smaller than in any year since 1872. Contrast is made between the 43,797,188 bushels last year, with the 225,665,812 bushels of 1892 and of 234,772,512 of 1902. Last year, the report says, no wheat went to Europe from Boston, Portland or Newport News. New York sent out 82,590 bushels, Philadelphia 8,000 bushels, and Baltimore 116,000 bushels. With average crops it is plain that there is less wheat for export, the country consuming a large part of what was formerly a large surplus crop. The figures suggest that the wheat

farmer of the next few years is to enjoy a good market. The deficiency in the European supply from the United States is being met by the rapid development of agriculture in the Canadian Northwest, and also in the Argentine Republic, which last year sent 76,864,000 bushels of wheat to Europe besides a considerable amount of corn. The increase of population here with the corresponding increase in the consumption of bread-stuffs, together with the constant diversion of energy into industrial fields other than agriculture, suggests that in the near future "home consumption" will absorb the cereal crop of the country.

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It is noticeable that the "bicycle craze" of a few years ago has gone by. Once riders were almost numberless, and most of them rode to excess, and "track events" stimulated undue activity and effort among riders. The machine suffered from an excess of popularity, and like all other excesses it resulted in a reaction. But that period is passed, and bicycle riding is settling down into a practical, sensible, healthful and convenient practice. In England there is already a great revival in the business of manufacture, and lighter and more thoroughly built machines are in great demand, both for pleasure and business. The bicycle is the poor man's horse, and gives him easy transportation to and from his work, and access, without cost, to the fresh air and country delights outside the city limits. It is better than the trolley car for it supplies desirable exercise free of cost, and opens to the rider a world of rural life which the trolley car does not reach. People who once rode, but tired of the novelty, will do well to take out their abandoned machines and renew their acquaintance with "God's country." Their wise use is better and cheaper than medicines.

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History is said to repeat itself, and flights of oratory have the same habit. At a recent dinner in London to welcome Whitelaw Reid, the new United States Minister, Premier Balfour said, "It is almost as inconceivable that the United States should remain in ideal isolation as that some vast planet suddenly introduced into the system should not have its perturbing influence on the other planets." It was a striking suggestion, but a meddling antiquary has unearthed the fact that Thomas Pownall, a governor of Massachusetts under the crown said, in Parliament, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, that a new member from the western side of the Atlantic was about to enter the planetary family of the nations, and that it

would have a powerful influence on every other member of the system. Was Balfour a plagiarist?

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Huntington, Conn., is to have an "old home" celebration, August 13-15. A hundred years ago it was a place of note as a port of entry and a large West India trade, but it has fallen back in the race, and is now a delightful old farming town, with a little coasting and fishing fleet. Among its ancient worthies were the Rev. Jediah Hills, and the Rev. Dr. Ely of Yale, and its scenery and some of its traditions are well presented in Jane DeForest Shelton's "The Salt Box House." Like many other New England towns that have been asleep it is waking up, and modern progress promises it a future fit to be compared with its past.

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The Portland, Ore., Chamber of Commerce has just addressed a memorial to President Roosevelt; in favor of more generous treatment and welcome to Chinese immigrants. It says the hostility against the Chinese of thirty years ago has largely disappeared under the influence of a better understanding of the situation. It argues that prejudice against the Chinese is unreasonable, and that they are needed, especially in the undeveloped portions of the country, to do the work that remains undone, because there is an insufficient supply of laborers to do it, and they are wanted as household servants, because the sons and daughters of American laborers aspire to higher positions and are not content to perform menial service. The objections to their admission for these purposes come mainly, it is believed, from those laborers who think the standard of wages and the position of the wage earner will both be lowered by their competition, but the memorial submits that the average condition of the laborer in this country has constantly improved and still continues to improve, in spite of an enormous immigration of working people from nearly every country of Europe, and that there is no objection to the admission to Pacific coast ports of a moderate number of Chinese that does not lie with equal force against the entry into New York, Boston and Philadelphia of Italians, Poles, Slavs, Russians and the inhabitants of southeastern Europe. The memorial declares that the objections of the laboring classes to the importation of Chinese in limited numbers are no more reasonable than the objections urged by the same classes in the past to the introduction of labor-saving machinery, which, as we all know, had no effect to degrade the laborer, but, on the contrary, to make of him a better man than he was before.

